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“HER VOICE WAS DELIGHTFUL, HER TEETH NOT HER OWN—
AND A CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR WHEN SHE SAT SEEMED A THRONE.”

THE FINISHING SCHOOL.

THE SCHOOL.

MISS MARY DEGAI, at the age of sixteen,
Was as pretty a maiden as ever was seen.
Her eyes were deep blue—
Not that meaningless hue
That one sees on old china, and sometimes on new ;
Which really implies
Hers were not saucer eyes,

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Though the people declared—and I'm not sure which worser is—
That though not saucer eyes they had worked many sorceries.
Her hair was that shade of which poets are fond,
A compromise lustrous 'twixt brown and 'twixt blonde.

Her figure was fragile,
Yet springy and agile;
While her clear pallid skin, so essentially Frenchy,
Neither brunette nor fair,
Just gave her the air
Of a sort of Fifth Avenue Beatrix Cenci.

With a spick and span new, superfine education,
Befitting a maid of such fortunate station,
Miss Mary Degai had just made her *début*,
From the very select,
Genteel, circumspect,
Establishment kept by—it can not be wrong
Just to mention the name—by one Madame Cancan.
This Madame Cancan was a perfect Parisian,
Her morals infernal, her manners elysian.
She was slender and graceful and rouged with much art,
A mistress of dumb show, from ogle to start.
Her voice was delightful, her teeth not her own—
And a cane-bottomed chair when she sat seemed a throne.
In short, this dear, elegant Madame Cancan
Was like a French dinner at some restaurant—
That is, she completely was made *à la carte*,
And I think she'd a truffle instead of a heart!
But then what good rearing she gave to her pupils!
They dressed like those elegant ladies at Goupil's
One sees in the prints just imported from France;
With what marvelous grace did they join in the dance!
No Puritan modesty marred their *tournaure*—
Being modest is nearly as bad as being poor—
No shudder attacked them when man laid his hand on
Their waists in the Redowa's graceful *abandon*,
As they swung in that waltz to voluptuous music;

Ah! did we but see

Our sisters so free,

I warrant the sight would make both me and you sick!
Thus no trouble was spared through those young misses' lives
To make them good partners, and—very bad wives.
Receptions were given each regular Wednesday—
Which day by the school was entitled "the men's day,"
Because on such date young New York was allowed
To visit *en masse* that ingenuous crowd,
When they talked threadbare nothings and flat shilly-shally,
Of Gottschalk's mustache, or Signora Vestvali,
Followed up by the *thrillingest* questions and answers,
Such as—which they liked best, the Schottische or the Lancers?



..... "THEIR GAIT IN THE STREET
WAS FIVE-BARRED—ONE MIGHT SAY—'T WAS SO HIGH AND COMPLETE."

No flirting of course was permitted. Oh dear !
If Madame Cancan such a word were to hear
She would look a whole beltful of dagger-blades at you,
And faint in the style of some favorite statue.
The men were invited alone to impart
To her young *protégées* that most difficult art
Of conversing with ease ; and if ease was the aim
That Madame had in view she was not much to blame,
For I vow she succeeded so well with her she's,
That her school might take rank as a chapel of ease !
Au reste, Madame's *pension* was quite the fashion :
None better knew how to put shawl or pin sash on
Than did her young ladies ; 'twas good as a play
To watch the well-bred and impertinent way
They could enter a room in. Their gait in the street
Was five-barred—one might say—'twas so high and complete.
Then their boots were so small, and their stockings so neat—
Alas ! that such dainty and elegant feet



"SMUGGLED CANDY IN SCHOOL; SMOKED CIGARS, AND—OH, FIE!—
READ A GREAT MANY VERY QUEER BOOKS ON THE SLY."

Should be trained *à la mode*
In that vicious gymnasium—the modern school—
To trip down the road
That, while easy and broad,
Conducts to a place that's more spacious than cool!

Miss Mary Degai
Was the pet *protégée*
Of dear Madame Cancan. She was excellent pay.
In her own right an heiress—a plum at the least—
A plantation down South, and a coal-mine down East—
I can't state the sum of her fortune in figures,
But I know she had plenty of dollars and niggers.
She was petted and *fêted*,
And splendidly treated,
Lay abed when she chose, and her school-teachers cheated;
Smuggled candy in school; smoked cigars, and—oh, fie!—
Read a great many very queer books on the sly.
She'd a love-affair, too—quite a sweet episode—
With a wonderful foreign young Count, who abode
In the opposite dwelling—a Count Cherami—
A charming young beau,
Who was *très comme il faut*,
And who was with our boarding-school Miss *bien pris*.
So he shot letters on to the roof with an arrow,
From whence they were picked by a provident sparrow,



"THAT MILLION
OF MARVELOUS MAZES—THE GERMAN COTILLION."

An amiable housemaid, who thought that the course
Of true love *should* run smooth,
And had pity on youth—

So, sooner than leave the fond pair no resource,
She disinterestedly brought all the letters to Mary,
At a dollar apiece—the beneficent fairy!

THE BALL.

'Twas the height of the season, the spring-time of Brown,
Who sowed invitations all over the town.

Soirées musicale, tableaux, matinées,

Turned days into nights, and the nights into days;
And women went mad upon feathers and flounces,
And scruples gave way to auriferous ounces.

Amanda came over her father with new arts

To grant her a credit at amiable Stewart's,
And sulked till he'd promised that, if she'd not miff any,
He'd give her the bracelet she wanted from Tiffany.

As a matter of course,
 Young New York was in force.
 Tight boots and loose coats,
 Stiff, dog-collared throats ;
 Champagne under chair,
 Drunk with dare-devil air.
 Mr. Brown's light brigade
 Was in splendor arrayed.
 Oh ! that season, I wot,
 Will be never forgot,

For 'twas then that young Belzebub proved all his vigor
 Of mind by inventing a wonderful figure,
 To be danced every night by "his set," in that million
 Of marvelous mazes—the German cotillion.



"THE POOR SUMMER FLOWERS
 WERE FORCED TO COME OUT AT UNREASONABLE HOURS."

'Twas the height of the winter. The poor summer flowers
 Were forced to come out at unreasonable hours.
 Camelias, amazed at the frost and the snow,
 Without asking their leaves, were requested to blow ;
 And gardeners, relentless, awaked the moss-roses
 From slumbers hybernant to tickle the noses
 Of maidens just budding, like them, out of season ;
 And pale, purple violets, sick and etiolate,
 Tried in vain to preserve their wan blossoms inviolate.
 In short, 'twas the time of the ball-giving season,
 The reign of low dresses, ice-creams, and unreason.
 And the greatest event of the night—not the day—
 Though the latter's the phrase the most proper to say—
 Was the *bal de début* of Miss Mary Degai.

What a ball that one was ! All the city was there.
 Brown reigned like a king on the white marble stair,

And whistled—perhaps 'twas to drive away care—
 Loud, shrilly, and long, to each carriage and pair
 As it landed its burden of feminine fair.
 And Kammerer hid in a nice little lair
 Of thick-tufted laurels, played many an air,
 Soft waltz, wild mazourka, quick polka, slow schottische,
 With all those quadrilles called by Jullien “the Scottish.”
 Globed lamps shed soft light over shoulders of satin,
 While men, hat in hand—fashion *à la* Manhattan—
 Talked in tones that were muffled in sweet modulation
 To all those fair flow'rs of the fairer creation,
 About—whether the play or the ballet were properer?
 Or—they did not observe them last night at the Opera.

Oh! the nooks and the corners—the secret expansions—
 That are found in the depths of Fifth Avenue mansions—
 The deeply-bayed windows, screened off by camelias,
 Just made for the loves of the Toms and Amelias;



“TÊTE-A-TÊTE, THAT IS, CLOSE AS 'T WAS PROPER TO BE,
 MISS MARY DEGAI AND THE COUNT CHERAMI.”

The dim little boudoir

Where nestles—*proh pudor!*—

That pair of young doves, in the deep shadow cooing—
Which means, in plain English, legitimate wooing.

The ancients, I know, or I've got the idea,

Placed Love in some spot that they called Cytherea—

A commonplace garden, with nothing but sparrows

To shoot at—and that would be wasting Love's arrows—

And where, if he sat on the grass with his Psyche,

He'd probably start before long with, "Oh, Criky!

There's a bug on my—tunic!" But that was all gammon.

The true home of Love is the palace of Mammon,

Where gardens grow up, under glass, nice and neat,

And lovers may wander,

And ever grow fonder,

Without even once getting wet in their feet!

In one of those bowers, remote and secluded,
With pale-blossomed roses ingeniously wooded,



"THE COUNT WAS EXACTLY THE MAN FOR SIXTEEN,
HE WAS TALL, HE WAS DARK, HE WAS HAUGHTY OF MIEN."

Through whose light-scented leaves a faint music stole in—
 Like perfume made audible—here might be seen
Tele-a-tete, that is, close as 'twas proper to be,
 Miss Mary Degai and the Count Cherami.
 The Count was exactly the man for sixteen,
 He was tall, he was dark, he was haughty of mien,
 He had beautiful feet, and his smile was serene,
 Though his hair might have needed a little wahpene—
 Still, what he had left was of glossiest sheen;
 His age—let me see—well, his age might have been
 Between thirty and forty—a dangerous age—
 All the passions of youth, and the wit of the sage.



"DISCONSOLATE WANDERED IN SEARCH OF MISS MARY—
 SEEKING HERE, SEEKING THERE, THAT INVISIBLE FAIRY."

The Count was an exile—a matter of course—
 A foreigner here has no other resource,
 Saving labor—and, what! ask a noble to work?
 Ask a Scotchman for money, or a Jew to eat pork!
 The Count was an exile, for reasons political,
 Though some said—but people are really so critical—

That he was but a *croupier* who'd made a good swoop,
 And had tried change of air for his fit of the *croupe*.
 And 'twas true that his eyes had a villainous flash—
 But then he had got such a lovely mustache,
 And his English was broken to exquisite smash!

There he sat *tête-à-tête* with Miss Mary Degai,
 Talking low in her ear, in his Frenchified way,
 Of his chateau at home, and the balls at the Tuileries,
 Longchamps, and Chantilly, and other tom-fooleries,
 While poor Madison Mowbray—a rising young lawyer
 Who promised, his friends said, to be a top-sawyer—
 Disconsolate wandered in search of Miss Mary—
 Seeking here, seeking there, that invisible fairy,
 Who'd promised him a turn in the very next waltz,
 And who now was accused as the falsest of false.
 Oh, Madison Mowbray, go home to your briefs—
 To your Chitty and Blackstone, and such like reliefs!
 For though Mary Degai pledged her hand for the dance,
 And though Mr. Degai promised it in advance
 To your keeping forever, you'll never possess it,
 Or swear at the altar to hold and caress it;
 For while you are moping in blankest amazement,
 Two black-shrouded figures slip out of the basement,
 And so to the corner, then into a carriage—
 Which looks rather like an elopement and marriage.
 But, to cut matters short, of the whole the amount
 Is that Mary Degai has run off with the Count.



"AND SO TO THE CORNER, THEN INTO A CARRIAGE—
 WHICH LOOKS RATHER LIKE AN ELOPEMENT AND MARRIAGE."

DÉNOUEMENT.

There's a tenement-house in Mulberry Street,
 Where thieves, and beggars, and loafers meet—
 A house whose face wears a leprous taint
 Of mouldy plaster and peeling paint.
 The windows are dull as the bleary eyes
 Of a drunken sot, and a black pool lies
 Full of festering garbage outside the door.
 The old stairs shudder from floor to floor,
 As if they shrank with an occult dread
 From the frequent criminals' guilty tread.
 And blasphemous women and drunken men
 Inhabit this foul, accurséd den,
 And oaths and quarrels disturb the night,
 And ruffianly faces offend the light,
 And wretches that dare not look on the sun
 Burrow within till the day is done.

Here, in a room on the highest flat—
 The playground of beetle and of rat—
 Almost roofless, and bare, and cold,
 With the damp walls reeking with slimy mould,
 A woman hung o'er one smouldering ember
 That lay in the grate—it was in December.
 Oh, how thin she was, and wan!
 What sunken eyes! what lips thin drawn!
 Her mouth how it quivered!
 Her form how it shivered!
 Her teeth how they chattered as if they'd cheat
 Each skeleton limb
 With the pantomime grim
 Of having something at last to eat!

There is no sight more awful, say I,
 To look upon, whether in earth or sky,
 Than the terrible glare of a hungry eye!

The woman sat over the smouldering ember
 Pinched with the cold of that bitter December,
 Passing her hand in a weariful way
 Over the sparkles that faded away,
 Till one could see the faint red ray
 Gleam through the thin, transparent palm
 As one beholds the sunshine calm
 Through a painted window play.
 Who that beheld her in sunnier day,
 Lapped in roses and bathed in balm,
 Would credit that this was Mary Degai? •

But where was the money in stocks and in rents?
 All squandered! The niggers? All sold! The per cents.?
 All gone! The magnificent Count Cherami
 Had made with her money a seven-years' spree
 In Paris and London: had known *figurantes*,
 Played at poker and bluff with one-thousand-franc antes,
 Bred racers, built yachts, and in seven years' time
 Neither husband nor wife had as much as a dime.

There was no help from father. The old man was dead
 With the curse unrevoked that he'd laid on her head.
 No help from her husband. A Count could not work
 And slave to enrich some tyrannical Turk.
 No help from herself—thanks to Madame Cancan,
 She had not a notion of getting along.
 Her fingers revolted from needle and thread,
 And to earn a loaf were by far too well bred.



"HARK! A STEP ON THE STAIRS! HOW HER THIN CHEEK GROWS WHITE
 AS SHE COWERS AWAY WITH A SHIVER OF FRIGHT."

Too proud for a beggar, too thin for the stage.
 She lay like a log in this hard-working age—
 The dreary result of a fashion fanatic.
 And helplessly starved in a comfortless attic.

Hark! a step on the stairs! How her thin cheek grows white
 As she cowers away with a shiver of fright.
 And the door is burst open—the Count staggers in,
 With a hiccup and oath, and a blasphemous din.
 Mad with drink, crazed with hunger, and weary of life,
 He revenges his sins on the head of his wife.
 Let us hasten the door of that garret to close
 On the nakedness, poverty, hunger, and woes;
 On the oaths, on the shrieks, on the cowardly blows!

Oh! young ladies who sigh over novels in yellow,
 And think Eugène Sue an exceeding smart fellow,
 There are more aims in life than a crinoline skirt.
 And a maid may be charming and yet not a flirt;
 And merit is better than title, my dears;
 In this country we've no occupation for peers
 Save those ones that our beautiful harbor affords,
 And those piers are worth more than the whole House of Lords.

And though money, I know,
 Is voted quite slow

In circles pretending to elegant rank,
 There's no very great sin in a sum at the Bank.
 Nor is marriage the portal to idle enjoyment.
 The true salt of life is an active employment.
 And if you have money there's plenty of work
 In the back-slums and alleys, where starv'ingly lurk
 Humanity's outcasts, 'mid want and disease;
 Broken hearts to be healed; craving wants to appease:
 Who'll come forward? don't speak all at once if you please!
 Above all, ye young heroines, take this amount

Of wholesome advice,

Which like curry with rice

Gives a flavor, and saves one from saying things twice,
 Be this axiom forever with you paramount,
 Don't you ever advance all your cash on a Count.

Madame Cancan still lives, and still ogles and teaches.
 And still her lay sermons on Fashion she preaches;
 Still keeps of smooth phrases the choicest assortment;
 Still lectures on dress, easy carriage, deportment;
 And spends all her skill in thus moulding her pets
 Into very-genteelly-got-up marionettes.
 Yes! Puppet's the word; for there's nothing inside
 But a clock-work of vanity, fashion, and pride;
 Puppets warranted sound, that without any falter
 When wound up will go—just as far as the altar;

But when once the cap's donned with the matronly border,
Lo! the quiet machine goes at once out of order.

Ah! Madame Cancan, you may paint, you may plaster
Each crevice of Time that comes faster and faster;
But you can not avert that black day of disaster,
When in turn you'll be summoned yourself by a master!
You may speak perfect French, and Italian, and Spanish,
And know how to enter a room and to vanish,
To flirt with your fan quite as well as did Soto,
To play well-bred games from *écarté* to *loto*;
But in spite of all this, won't you sing rather small
When you're called up before the great Teacher of all?
False teacher, false friend—more, false speaker, false wife,
Dare you stand to be parsed in the grammar of life?
What account will you give of the many pure souls
To be guided by you through the quicksands and shoals



"BUT YOU CAN NOT AVERT THAT DAY OF DISASTER,
WHEN IN TURN YOU'LL BE SUMMONED YOURSELF BY A MASTER!"

That beset their youth's shore? Were they harbored or wrecked?
 You didn't take trouble to think, I expect;
 For each cockleshell boat,
 When you set it afloat,
 Had guitar strings for ropes, crinoline for a sail—
 Nice rigging that was to encounter a gale!

Ah! Madame Cancan, our great Master above,
 Who instructs us in charity, virtue, and love,
 When he finds you deficient in all of your lessons,
 A deliberate dunce both in substance and essence,
 Will send you, I fear, to a Finishing School,
 Which differs from yours though, in being less cool.
 And kept on the corporal punishment rule.
 There's excellent company there to be found:
 The uppermost ranks you'll see floating around;
 Some for grinding the poor are placed there underground—
 So the hind has his justice as well as the hound.
 Nor is dress much less thought of there than in Manhattan,
 You may not find silks, but you'll surely find Satan;
 And I doubt if you'll like their severe education—
 There's lots to be learned, and no recreation,
 And what's worse is—you'll never have any vacation.



"HAD GUITAR STRINGS FOR ROPES, CRINOLINE FOR A SAIL—
 NICE RIGGING THAT WAS TO ENCOUNTER A GALE!"



CHOCTAWS.

THE TRIBES OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH PARALLEL.

UNDER the 10th and 11th sections of the Military Appropriation Act, approved 3d March, 1853, directing such explorations and surveys to be made "as might be deemed necessary in order to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean," the War Department (on May 14, 1853) directed such "explorations and surveys" to be begun as would develop the availability for that purpose of the portion of our territory lying near the parallel of 35° north latitude; and a party was forthwith organized under the command of First Lieutenant A. W. Whipple, of Topographical Engineers, assisted by Brevet Second Lieutenant I. C. Ives, T. E., together with such civil assistants as seemed to be required.

The main party was ordered to rendezvous at some convenient point on the Mississippi River, and thence proceed, by the most favorable route, westward, toward the Rio del Norte: "The *reconnaissance* will continue along the head-waters of the Canadian, cross the Rio Pecos, turn the mountains east of the Rio del Norte, and enter the valley of that river at some

available point near Albuquerque. Thence, westward, extensive explorations must determine the most practicable pass for a railway through the Sierra Madre, and the mountains west of the Zuñi and Moquis countries, to the Colorado. From Walker's Pass it would be advisable to pursue the most direct and practicable line to the Pacific Ocean, which will probably lead to San Pedro, the port of Los Angeles, or San Diego."

On the 29th of May the last division of the party left Washington for the Mississippi River and the frontier; on the 2d of July they arrived at Fort Smith, just one hundred feet west of the western boundary of the State of Arkansas; and here the business of the expedition began in earnest.

Let us accompany Messrs. Whipple and Ives, for the sake of some new and curious acquaintance—for which we shall be indebted to those intelligent and experienced path-finders—with the interesting Indian tribes who hold the right of way in the territory they traversed.

On July 15 the explorers struck camp and moved southwest ten miles, to Ring's Plantation, within the country ceded to the Choctaw nation, wherein no white man can, in his own



CHOCTAW FEMALES

right, acquire a land-title or residence without permission of the Indians or their agents. Ring married a Choctaw woman, and in her name holds a valuable estate.

From Ring's the route lay westwardly, over gentle slopes and through wooded valleys, to Scullyville, the seat of the Choctaw Agency, whence a party made an excursion to Fort Coffee, six miles distant, on the south side of the Arkansas. This is no longer a military post, but a flourishing academy for Choctaw boys, under the direction of Methodist missionaries, whose system of education is strictly practical, and includes agriculture as a special branch.

On the 18th of August the exploring party had traversed the whole extent of country occupied by the semi-civilized Indians of the Choctaw nation, and were now on the verge of the great Western prairies, over which the veritable Bedouins of the Western continent hold undisputed sway. The season had been remarkably dry; many streams and springs, usually unfailing, were now waterless. The Canadian River was, almost without precedent, low; and Black Beaver, a Delaware chief and famous guide, apprehended that they would soon suffer for want of water.

Every inducement was held out to the tried guides of the neighborhood. Black Beaver, the only Indian of the country who had traversed the route to be taken, near the Canadian, was in ill health; nor could he, by any means, be prevailed upon to accompany the party. Johnson, the Shawnee guide, who had conduct-

ed them thus far, refused to proceed, for fear of savages. John Bushman, the Delaware, said, "Maybe you find no water—maybe you all die." Impressed with this idea, no arguments, no money, could prevail on him to go. Jesse Chisholm, the Cherokee, had just arrived. He is a man of considerable wealth, and engaged in trade. In the prosecution of his regular business he could realize twice the amount that Government would be willing to pay for his services. Therefore he also declined. This was the more to be regretted, as he is a man of excellent judgment, who has decided influence among the wild tribes westward. At a great Indian Council, held not long before his introduction to the Whipple party, he was chosen Interpreter-General for all—Comanches, Kioways, Kichais, Creeks, Delawares, Shawnees, Chickasaws, and Choctaws. He has traded much among the Comanches, and understands not only their language but their customs, traditions, and ceremonies, probably better than any Indian not belonging to their tribe. Lieutenant Whipple succeeded in compiling a tolerably accurate vocabulary of Comanche words, according to his pronunciation.

Chisholm possesses several Mexican captives, purchased from the Comanches. Among these was a bright, active, intelligent lad, named Vicente, son of one Demensid, from Parras. Vicente was a long time among the Comanches, and had learned to speak their language perfectly; so that Chisholm, although much attached to the boy, very kindly permitted the

explorers, who greatly needed an interpreter, to take him with them.

On the 23d of August two Indians, professing to be Kichais, came into the camp; one was tall and well-formed, the other ill-looking. Their dress consisted of a blue cotton blanket, twisted around the waist, a head-dress of eagle's feathers, brass-wire bracelets, and moccasins. The outer cartilages of their ears were perforated in many places, and short sticks inserted instead of rings. They were painted with vermillion, and carried bows of *bois d'arc* three feet long, and cowskin quivers filled with arrows. The latter were about twenty-six

inches in length, with very sharp steel heads, tastefully and skillfully made; the feathers with which they were tipped, and the sinews that bound them, were prettily colored with red, blue, and green; the shafts were colored red, and said to be poisoned.

After the two Indian visitors had eaten and smoked, Vicente, Chisholm's "Spanish boy," was required to examine them. They understood neither Comanche, Spanish, nor English, but the little interpreter was not at all disconcerted by that difficulty. With an occasional word of Caddo, which, to some extent, seems to be understood by all the tribes of the "Cana-



HUGO INDIANS

dian" region, and with signs, such as are comprehended by the universal Indian race, a rapid conversation was maintained. The graceful motions of their hands seemed to convey ideas faster than words could have done, and our friends were highly amused and interested by the performance.

The strangers now acknowledged that they were not Kichais, but Huécos, and that they were on a hunting excursion; that their tribe numbered "plenty," and lived beyond the Washita River, toward Texas. When they had received some presents, and the accompanying sketch of them had been taken, they took their leave, well pleased with the entertainment they had met with. These Huécos wore neither beard nor mustache, so common among the Shawnees and Delawares. Some of the Choctaws sport a heavy beard, for which manly development their intermixture of white blood may account.

September 7th. A relief party, scouring the prairies, came across a small party of mounted Comanches, whom they brought in prisoners; they appeared wary and watchful. Having told their captors, glibly enough, that on the other side of the Canadian were large numbers of their tribe, they suddenly forgot all their Spanish, and by signs protested that they could not understand a word that was said to them. Indians consider it undignified to speak out of their native tongue, hence all great chiefs have their interpreters. Vicente was sought for, but as usual, when urgently needed, he was off, chasing deer and buffalo over the prairies—that was his passion.

The Comanches declined an invitation to camp; but before suffering them to depart, the explorers gave them pipes and tobacco to smoke. They performed the operation in an especially noticeable manner: the first two puffs, with much ceremony and muttering between, were discharged toward the sun; the third, with equally imposing demonstrations, was blown downward to the earth.

Speaking of the Comanches, Jesse Chisholm expressed much respect for their intellect. Their language is copious, but difficult to learn—there being often many words to express the same idea. They entertain an unwavering confidence in the Great Spirit, and believe that, however formidable the disproportion of numbers or strength, if He be on their side the victory must surely fall to their share. If defeated, they say, "He was angry with us, and He sends this punishment for some offense." They have yearly gatherings to light the sacred fires; they build numerous huts, and sit huddled about them, taking medicine for purification, and fasting for seven days. Those who can endure to keep the fast unbroken become sacred in the eyes of the others. While the ceremony proceeds perfect silence reigns—not a word is spoken. But when the "Spirit moves," they arise and dance until they are exhausted; then resume their seats on the ground.

The custom of *fasting* is practiced by all the tribes of this region. With the Choctaws it is the received mode of purification, and an abstinence of seven days renders the deprecator famous. Seven is a magic number. The seventh day is necessarily a prodigy, and has the gift of healing by the touch.

On the 9th of September the path again entered upon a broad trail which, leading through a deserted camp, soon brought them to an Indian village. Their advent threw the red citizens into noisy excitement. The scene presented was a strange one. On one side of the "Valley River"—a rapid stream flowing into the Canadian a hundred yards below—was gathered a crowd of wild Indians; on the other, the exploring party, each ignorant of the other's purpose and temper. The Indians were plainly prepared for battle, decked in their gayest attire, mounted on spirited horses, having bows and arrows in their hands.

As the whites advanced, Vicente thought proper to attach a white handkerchief to the end of a ramrod, and wave it; whereupon the Indians, with friendly shouts, rode briskly toward the party. They called themselves Kaiowas, and professed to be amicably disposed. They presented quite a splendid spectacle as they flew to and fro, their horses prancing, their silver trappings gayly glittering in the sun. An old fellow, who appeared to be their chief—or, more probably, their medicine-man—was on foot, and almost naked. He begged permission to ride in the carretela, and informed the strangers, through Vicente, that, as friends, they ought to encamp at the village and hold a council. The road beyond, he said, was very bad. The explorers accepted his invitation, and drove at once into the village, where, among a mixed crowd of old men, women, and children, were two Mexicans, endeavoring to trade flour, biscuits, and sugar, for horses and buffalo-robos. They confirmed the Kaiowa's statement, that there was no better place for encampment than this, and that our friends would be compelled to cross the river at this point. They added that they were defenseless, with only three peons to attend them; and, the Indians having robbed them of nearly all their goods, they wished to accompany the exploring party toward New Mexico.

The village contained about a dozen large conical tents and as many wigwams. The tent-frames were of shapely poles, from fifteen to twenty feet long, "stacked" at the top, and covering a circular area of about twelve feet diameter—the whole being covered with buffalo-robos, with the hair inside, the skins beautifully dressed and painted with curious figures.

A pretty blue-eyed boy of twelve years made his appearance, to the pleasant surprise of the *voyageurs*. His mother was a Mexican captive, named José Maria, from Rio de Noces, who had been captured by the Comanches when she was but twenty years of age, and had lived with them seven years. Her pretty child was the son of a chief; but she earnestly desired to quit her



KAIOWA TENTS.

hard masters and accompany our friends, in the hope of being restored to her home. She was closely watched, and with difficulty stole a chance to speak with the strangers. There were other captives; one, a man named Andres Nuñares, from Chihuahua, who had been a prisoner five years. On a pole in the centre of the village hung two scalps, sacredly guarded by an old woman, who made much ado if any one attempted to approach them.

Scarcely had the explorers pitched their tents when the Kiowas began to assemble for the council. A wilder-looking crew could scarcely be imagined; cunning, duplicity, treachery, were stamped upon every lineament. Men, women, and children—all, indeed, except the chiefs—wore fine blue blankets, which had been given them, they said, by their good father, the white-haired man whom they had met on the northern trail. They said he had assured them that the Americans would continue to make them presents so long as they behaved well. This they had apparently construed into a claim to tribute from every party of whites they might meet.

Có-tat-Sin, the great chief of the Kaiowas, was said to be on a buffalo hunt to the northward. Some who appeared to be petty chiefs had painted their faces yellow, and colored the tops of their heads, where the long black hair was parted, with vermillion. Their noses were long and aquiline, their chins beardless, their eyes small, bright, and sparkling, their foreheads retreating, their cheek-bones high and ugly. They carried superb bows of *bois d'arc*, adorned with brass nails, silver plates, and wampum beads; the arrows were about twenty-eight inches long, with steel points and painted feather trimmings; the quiver and belt, of wolf-skin,

were wrought with beads. They wore moccasins and buckskin leggins, bound with wampum and bead-work, and fastened with silver buckles. From the crown of the head was suspended a queue of horse-hair reaching nearly to the ground, and decorated with ten circular plates of silver, from one to three inches in diameter, and terminating in a silver crescent and wampum. They wore no pendants to the nose, but in their ears were brass rings, to which were attached chains and bugle-beads of bone or iridescent shells, hanging low on the shoulders. Similar ornaments were worn on the neck; and all had bracelets of brass wire or silver bands. One of the chiefs had suspended from his neck a large silver cross, weighing half a pound or more, curiously wrought, and terminating in a crescent—a trophy, probably, from some Mexican church. Hanging on a post in the village was a yet more elaborate head-dress—a cap, richly embroidered with wampum, with a pendent eight feet long to trail behind, composed of a row of scarlet goose-quills, which, when worn, stand out fiercely from the back.

Our friends expressed a wish to purchase some of these fine vanities; but the Indians said they loved their ornaments, and would not part with them. In truth, there was nothing in the exploring train of equal magnificence wherewith to tempt the red nabobs to exchange.

At length the chiefs were invited to be seated in what they styled the Grand Council. A pipe was passed from hand to hand around the circle; and it was especially noticeable that every man of them directed his first puff toward the sun. The old chief then spoke.

At a short distance, he said, were two other camps, where formidable numbers of Kaiowas were congregated. He boasted of their inva-

riably good conduct toward Americans; claimed particular friendship with his present guests; and closed by asking, without circumlocution, for the reward which, he said, the good Indian agent had promised them.

Mr. Whipple replied, that the Great Chief at Washington had sent him and his friends on a long journey through many Indian tribes, and had given them merely a few presents, to indicate to the good people they might meet his approbation, and in token of his assurance that, if they continued friendly to small parties of emigrants, Government would protect and assist them.

A red blanket, some beads, and tobacco were

then offered to each of the five chiefs. They looked disdainfully on the gifts, and said that the good, white-haired Father had led them to expect at least a blanket for each individual of the band, besides calico for the women and children, and that on these terms only could they be friends with Americans.

They were told that the American Government gave free gifts only—nothing on compulsion; if they were not satisfied with the presents they could return them; no doubt the peace could be preserved with powder and ball. Besides, there was another account to settle with them, regarding certain Mexican captives who wished to return to their friends.

KAIOWA BUFFALO CHASE.



This unexpected demand created a lively commotion. The old chief was fairly convulsed with anger; his hitherto placid countenance assumed an expression of dark malignity. He said it was not the part of a friend to come among them separating wives and children from husbands and fathers. He was assured that none would be taken save such as wished to go. So, making a virtue of a necessity, he presently agreed that if they really desired to leave, and their protectors would give him "a heap of things," he would consent to their departure; but he begged that his white brothers would bestow something to eat on their red friends, who were hungry.

As the storm was lulled, and the fear of aggression now evidently on the Indian side, the explorers could afford to be generous, and a cow was presented. Good-humor was at once restored; the Kaiowas proposed to entertain their guests by hunting and killing the cow, as if she were a wild buffalo. So, mounting their horses, and goading the poor animal to madness, they pursued her, piercing her with arrows until she fell exhausted.

During the commotion in the tent Vicente was terribly frightened; he disliked their smoking toward the sun, and said "they were bad men to do that; they were sorcerers, and were casting a spell to do us harm." Nothing could shake the boy's belief in the witchcraft he had seen practiced among the Comanches. Andres, the Mexican captive, was asked why the Kaiowas smoked to the sun; he replied, that they thus invoked the blessing of their God.

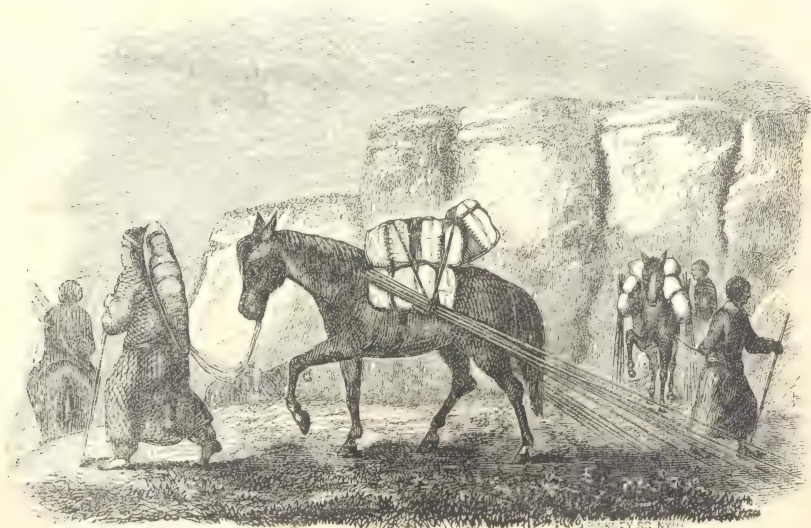
Next day a chief, the reputed father of the pretty blue-eyed boy, came into camp soon after daybreak, leading the child, for whom he begged a present. Doubtless he thought that, by the judicious exhibition of a little paternal affection, he might be spared the costly pangs of separation. The mother soon followed, rid-

ing up to the tents on a vicious-looking pony, with a rough thong for a bridle and two strings for stirrups. The old chief seemed vexed at her coming, she being his third and favorite wife. He probably ordered her to return, for she suddenly retired without speaking a word; the child followed her. The woman seemed very sad; her looks eloquently supplicated for freedom.

While Messrs. Whipple and Jones (First Lieutenant 7th infantry, in command of escort) were discussing this matter, one of the Mexican traders reported that the Indians had robbed him of several articles. The chief was ordered to see them restored, and repaired to the village as if to obey; but almost instantaneously their skins were packed, their lodge-poles tied to the sides of their horses, and the whole party mounted, ready for a start. Confiding in the fleetness of their horses, and with their captives well guarded, they quietly awaited the departure of the exploring party.

On the 14th of November we find the explorers at Covero—a small Mexican town, of about sixty families, in one of the valleys between San Mateo and the Rio San José. Covero being a frontier settlement, the people had suffered much from incursions of the Navajos. Occasionally they had been driven from their village to take refuge among the neighboring cliffs, where defiles and difficult passages afford concealment and defense. Many had been made captives by the Indians, and ransomed after years of servitude. One of the men exhibited a Navajo shield called "chimal"—a trophy he had won in battle. It was of raw hide, circular, about two feet in diameter, with an image of a demon painted on one side; it had also a border of red cloth, the ends of which hung in long streamers trimmed with feathers.

The Navajos are not always hostile—they



REMOVING CAMP

have frequently visited the village on friendly terms; and probably the inhabitants have gained as much in trade with them as they have lost in war. It was once the boast of these Indians that, if they chose, they could exterminate the Mexicans, and that they spared them only to save themselves the trouble of raising corn and sheep. Caravajal, the Navajo chief, seems to have been a man of much enterprise and cunning. It is said that, formerly, he was accustomed to hover about the settlements until a chance for pillage presented itself, when he would communicate the fact to some band in the vicinity, prepared to improve the opportunity; then, turning informer, he put the Mexicans on the trail of the freebooters—thus securing a reward from both sides.

On the 23d, the explorers entered the valley, several miles in width, which leads to Zuñi. The soil seemed light; but, where cultivated, it produces fine crops without artificial irrigation. Not an *acéquia* was to be seen, and an Indian, who accompanied the party, said they were not resorted to, the rains affording sufficient moisture. Within the valley were towers, here and there, whence laborers and herdsmen watched, to prevent a surprise from Apaches. Near the centre of the apparent plain stood, on an eminence, the compact city of Zuñi. Beside it flowed the river of the same name—said to be sometimes a large stream, but at present an humble rivulet. The Zuñian guide was communicative by the way, and pointed out various places where he had displayed valor in battle with the Navajos. Of the ruined pueblo on the *mesa*, called by Simpson "Old Zuñi," he related a tradition, which he said had been handed down by the caciques from time immemorial. In the most ancient times (*tiempo quanto hai*) their fathers came from the West, and built the present town. Here they lived till one *noche triste*, at midnight, a great flood came, rolling in from the west. The people fled in terror—some to the *mesa*, and escaped; the rest perished in the deluge. The waters rose to near the top of the *mesa*, and there rested; and the people built the pueblo crowning the hill. To appease the angry spirit who had brought this calamity upon them, a young man and a maiden were thrown from the cliff into the flood, which thereupon subsided, leaving the victims transformed into statues of stone; and so they stand to this day. The people then returned to the valley.

On reaching the town of Zuñi a most revolt-



ZUÑI

ing spectacle met the eyes of our friends; small-pox had been making terrible ravages among the people, and the strangers were soon surrounded by men, women, and children infected with this loathsome disease in the different stages of its progress. Passing beneath an arch, they entered a court consecrated to the Montezuma dances—ceremonies of a most singular character: the corn-dance, also, is a fantastic annual festival. This court was quite surrounded by houses of several receding stories, communicating by means of ladders. One of three stories was pointed out as the residence of a cacique, where frequently, at night, all the officers of Government met in consultation. The caciques are the chief of these; they are four in number—their office hereditary. The caciques exercise a general superintendence over all that pertains to the public welfare, and have the power of declaring war or peace. They appoint two chief captains, whom they consult on all occasions—one is the war-chief, the other a sort of superintendent of police. The latter, mingling intimately with the people, selects the most active and intelligent, whom he nominates to the caciques for the appointment of Governor and subordinate officers. Should any one of these prove avaricious and exacting, the people complain to the caciques, and the offender is officially decapitated. The caciques are supreme, though sometimes voluntarily deferring to the will of the people.

The strangers ascended to the house-tops, climbing ladder after ladder, and encountering on the way successive groups of miserable wretches who bore unmistakable signs of incipient or departing disease. Here were many tamed eagles; they are caught in the cliffs when young, and become quite domesticated: the people are attached to them, and can not easily be persuaded to part with them.

From the top the pueblo reminds one of an immense ant-hill, from the denseness of its population, and even some similarity of form. There are said to be white Indians in Zuñi, with fair complexions, blue eyes, and light hair; the prevalence of small-pox prevented the explorers from seeing them. A sort of tradition, too vague to be worthy of credence, prevails among the New Mexicans in explanation of this phenomenon. They say that, many years ago—centuries perhaps—a company of Welsh miners, with their wives and children, emigrated thither, and that the Zuñians killed the men and married the women.

There is a most curious resemblance between certain Zuñi and English words: "Eat-a" is to eat; "Eat-on-o-way" signifies *eaten enough*: to express admiration they exclaim, "Look ye!" or, sometimes, "Look ye here!" These facts, known to Americans, may serve to explain the origin or revival of the Welsh legend.

As the train unwound itself, stretching along in the direction of Zuñi, the explorers turned their looks wistfully toward the legendary tableland that lay about a league away, on their left. A Zuñi captain, who had promised to conduct them, not appearing, Messrs. Whipple and Parke and Dr. Bigelow resolved to find their own way to the top, if possible. Striking a trail, they proceeded southward two miles, to a deep cañon, where were springs of water, whence, by a zigzag course, they led their mules up to the first bench of the ascent. Here, hollowed from the rock, was an Indian cave, looking down into which they saw, in the centre, six small birds, carefully placed side by side, in two rows; as no other object was visible within the apartment, they concluded that some superstitious rite was being performed. Beyond this place, on the sandy slope, were orchards of peach-trees, which, although the soil seemed dry, and there was no arrangement for artificial irrigation, presented a flourishing appearance. Overhead, the projecting summit of the cliff seemed inaccessible, and as Indians were here gathering fuel, an effort was made to engage their services as guides; but, being very young men, and probably fearful of offending their elders, they were shy and not to be tempted. At length an old man, crippled by his weight of years, accepted the reward, and pointed to the road, along which the young fellows now led the way with alacrity; and the explorers, leaving their mules, followed a trail which, with singular pains, had been hammered out from seam to seam of the rocks along the side of the precipice. At various points of the ascent, wherever a projecting ledge permitted, were barricades of stone, whence, the old man said, the Zuñians had hurled rocks upon the invading Spaniards. Having ascended about one thousand feet, they found themselves on a plateau covered with thick cedars, the old man having been left far behind. The young guides, who understood no Spanish, led the way to the opposite side of the mesa, and pointed to a pair

of stone pillars, which, from description, were at once recognized as the legendary statues of the Flood and the Sacrifice.

José Maria, the war-chief, on another occasion, repeated this story of the flood:

Once, he said, the waves rolled in from the west, and water gushed from the earth. It was at midnight. A few of the people fled to the top of the mesa and were saved; the rest perished in the greedy waters. Navajos, Apaches, and even wild beasts, save only such as took refuge on the mountain-top, suffered a common fate. The Zuñians, on the lofty eminence, built a pueblo to await the subsidence of the waters. But as time passed, and the waves still resounded from the sandstone cliffs that begirt their island of refuge, it was evident that the Great Spirit was angry. A sacrifice of signal honor and awfulness must be offered to appease him. The youthful son of the cacique and a beautiful virgin were the devoted ones. Girt with sticks trimmed with feathers, they were lowered into the deep. Immediately the waters retired, leaving the young man and the maiden solemn statues of everlasting stone. Then the people returned to the valley, abandoning the city on the hill till the Spaniards came, when once more they climbed the heights—fortifying at every turn two steep approaches, by which alone they could be assailed. "Old Zuñi" was rebuilt; and by hurling down stones upon the heads of their invaders, for a long time they held their own. But at last the enemy were victorious—the heights were scaled; and the Zuñians say that, imprinted in the solid rock, as though in clay, may be seen to this day the foot-print of the first white man that reached the summit.

The top of the mesa, a mile in width, was of an irregular figure, defined by perpendicular bluffs. Three times our friends crossed it, searching in vain for traces of a ruin; not even a fragment of pottery could be found, and they were about to relinquish to pleasant fable all claim to the vaunted pueblo, when the old Indian, to the surprise of all, made his appearance, like Meg Merrilies, at the top of the cliff. Probably the guide had waited for his permission; for he now led the party at once to a spot which, on examination, displayed interesting traces of art. A few very small fragments of pottery were lying on the ground, and with some care the remains of a thick wall, in the shape of a V, could be demonstrated.

But the guide hurried the party forward half a mile, where, indeed, appeared the ruins of a city; crumbling walls, from two to twelve feet high, were gathered, in confused heaps, over several acres of ground. Covering every mass of rubbish were tall cacti, *opuntia arborescens*, tipped with bright yellow fruit, that gave the place the appearance, from a little distance, of a garden. On examining the pueblo, the explorers found that the standing walls rested on ruins of greater antiquity. The original masonry, as well as they could judge, must have

been about six feet thick; the more recent did not exceed a foot, or eighteen inches, but the small sandstone blocks had been laid in mud-mortar with considerable skill.

Having gathered a few specimens of painted pottery, abundant in such places, and an obsidian arrow-head that was found, the party again followed the guide. Within a forest of cedars a secluded nook disclosed a Zuñi altar. An oval basin, seven feet in length, had been scooped from the ground. Near one end stood a vertical shaft, two feet high, neatly trimmed with feathers, and a circular net-work of cord.

Symmetrically placed upon the opposite side was a cedar post, about two and a half feet high, and quaintly carved. *Stella* was suspended from the centre; and below was inserted a grooved horizontal piece, decorated with beads and shells. Between and around these was a little forest of feathered sticks, planted generally in rows, and united by means of twine. Behind stood a thin board, two or three inches wide and three feet high, with seven angular notches at the top; while, in regular order below, were representations of a star, the moon, the sun, a T, and two parallel lines. Back



ZUÑI INDIANS

all lay a flat rock, apparently placed for an altar, though there were no signs of a fire or a sacrifice. Upon this rock were piled a great number of sticks, cut precisely like those already described, all partially decayed, and some in the last stage of decomposition: it was evident that they had once, in their turn, occupied places in the basin. Judging from the soundness of cedar ties at El Moro, some of these remnants of carved pieces of wood indicated great antiquity.

Although many sea-shells and other ornaments were lying around the guide would not suffer the strangers to take away the least thing. When the party were about to leave he took from his pouch a white powder, and, muttering a prayer, blew it three times toward the altar. He then followed the officers, intimating by signs that, on other table-lands, east, south, and west, were similar consecrated spots. The white powder he had used was found to be "pinole," the flour of parched corn. His object, he said, was "pidiendo fortuna," to ask the blessing of Montezuma and the Sun on his daily bread.

On the 28th, a Mexican herder deserted. His services could not well be spared, and, besides, should he have escaped, his example would have been followed by others; so the Governor was requested to search the town. The church bells were rung, and the chief of police passed through the streets proclaiming the order. Very soon the fugitive was dragged from his hiding-place, and sent under escort to the train, where he was delivered over to the safe-keeping of the guard. The promptness and success with which the Governor discharged the duties of his office, in this case, spoke well for his ability to maintain discipline among his people.

Having heard that some curious manuscripts were in the keeping of the chief cacique, several of the exploring party went to his house to see them. Climbing a ladder, they entered a comfortable room where the old man sat by the fire in the midst of his family. The papers were sent for, and, after some delay, brought in by a very good-looking boy of twelve years, with auburn hair, blue eyes, and fair complexion—a son of the cacique, and claiming to be of pure Indian blood. These manuscripts were found to consist of a correspondence between the Governor of New Mexico and certain priests of Zuñi, and one bore the date of 1757. The old man declined giving them to his guests, saying that, a long time ago, they had been found in a corner of the old church, and had ever since been handed down from generation to generation, till now they were regarded as a part of the insignia of the cacique's office. Besides, they were sacred, and to part with them would bring evil upon the pueblo. He consented that they might be copied; but there was not time for that.

The Pueblo Indians say that there is but one God, but Montezuma is his equal. Inferior to both of these is the Sun, to whom they smoke and pray, because he looks upon them, knows

their wants, and answers their prayers. The Moon is the younger sister of the Sun, and the Stars are their children; all are worshiped. Besides these there is the Great Snake, to whom, by command of Montezuma, they must look for life.

Some Pueblo Indians, called Tiguex, who visited the camp on the Canadian, near the Llano Estacado, related many interesting traditions of their tribe:

The Tiguex, they said, first appeared at Shipap, the northwest source of the Rio del Norte. Whence they came is not known. They were wandering without fixed abode, and sought shelter among the cañons of the river, in caves which yet remain. They sojourned a while at Acoti, the birth-place of Montezuma, who became the leader and guide of the subsequent migration. He taught them to build pueblos, with lofty houses and *estufas*, and to kindle sacred fires, to be guarded by priests. Taos was the first pueblo established by him. Thence he proceeded southward, forming settlements in the order of succession represented in a rude map which they traced upon the ground. Acoma was strongly built and fortified under his direction. Pecos also was one of his principal towns. While here, Montezuma took a tall tree and planted it in an inverted position, saying that when he should disappear a foreign race would come and rule over his people, and there would be no rain; but he commanded them to watch the sacred fire till that tree should fall, at which time white men would pour into the land from the east, and overthrow their oppressors; and he himself would reappear to restore his kingdom; the earth would again be fertilized by rain, and the mountains yield treasures of silver and gold.

From Pecos, which—as though it had fulfilled its destiny—is now desolate, Montezuma continued southward, spreading pueblos far and wide, till he reached the City of Mexico. There, they say, he lived till the arrival of the Spaniards, when he disappeared.

"Since then," said the narrator, becoming quite excited by his story, "the prediction has been verified, and the tree at Pecos fell as the American army was entering Santa Fé." For some time previous the Indians of that pueblo had been dwindling away; and soon after the falling of the sacred tree an old priest, the last of his tribe, died at his post, and the sacred fire was extinguished. They are now anxiously expecting the return of Montezuma; and it is related that, in San Domingo, every morning at sunrise, a sentinel climbs to a house-top and looks eastward for his coming.

The Tiguex say that Comanches, Navajos, and, indeed, all tribes of Indians, are alike descended from Montezuma. All smoke to the Sun, that he may send them antelope to kill and Indians to trade with, and that he may save them from their enemies.

The first of the Indian hieroglyphics discovered on the route were at Rocky Dell Creek,

the patron of the place, who would consume by lightning any sacrilegious hand that should dare to despoil the holy place of its relics.

The caciques are priests as well as governors; and Pedro Pino is the high priest—his special duty being to officiate before the water-deities. To him belong the invocations for rain.

Although tolerating in their pueblo a church of the Cross, and the occasional visits of a Christian priest, these people seem to have but little regard for the Catholic religion. In secret they glory in their loyalty to Montezuma. They endeavor to keep their Spanish neighbors ignorant of their ceremonies, but say that Americans are brothers of the children of Montezuma, and their true friends; therefore they hide from them neither their sacred dances in the courts nor the midnight meetings of caciques in the estufa.

In passing through the Navajo country the natives kept obstinately aloof from the exploring party. A Mexican herder, from Covero, who understood their language, supplied the materials for a vocabulary. A few years since, while playing at Covero spring, he was captured by Navajos. For nine months he was a prisoner, and followed the Indians on their hunting and war paths. He accompanied a party of one thousand warriors through the Moqui country, and afterward spent much time among their rancherias in the famous Cañon de Chelly. Though their fields are numerous, they are cultivated by women alone—no man ever condescending to lend a helping hand. Their numbers, he says, can not be told. They are thickly spread from Cañon de Chelly to Río San Juan, and he believes them equal to the total population of New Mexico. But these statements must be taken with abatement, in consideration of the characteristic and invariable exaggeration of these people. It is probable that the number of Navajos exceeds the usual estimates. Their wealth, according to this herder's account, consists of immense flocks and herds; some of the richer chiefs own one thousand horses each, besides mules, cattle, and sheep.

The Navajo marriage-ceremony consists simply of a feast upon horse-flesh. A plurality of wives is allowed, and a man may purchase according to his means—the price being paid in horses; hence the wealthy often keep from ten to twenty women—the wife last chosen being always mistress of the household.

The Navajos believe in one Great Spirit, to whom, like the Zuñians, they make offerings of flesh and flour, imploring particular blessings, or invoking general good fortune. They also erect altars, with stones, and sticks trimmed with feathers. Sun, moon, and stars are sacred to them, as the authors of rain and harvest. But here the resemblance to the Pueblo Indians ceases; they do not acknowledge Montezuma, nor is he referred to in their traditions. Neither they nor any other tribe of Apaches regard rattlesnakes as sacred, though they have

a superstition which leads them to entertain a particular veneration for bears, which they will neither kill nor eat. Pork, also, they have been known to refuse, even when suffering from hunger.

The tribe now occupying the region from Pueblo Creek to the junction of the Río Verde with the Salinas is called Tonto—a wild, rude people, living in huts, ignorant of labor, and subsisting only upon game, mezcal, and whatever nature yields spontaneously. "Tonto," in Spanish, signifies *stupid*; but the Mexicans do not so characterize these Indians. On the contrary, they consider them rather sharp, especially as thieves. Therefore, as it is not a term of reproach, it is reasonable to suppose that—as is frequently the case—"Tonto" is a Spanish corruption of the original Indian name. It is a coincidence worth noting, that when Father Marco de Niza, in 1539, was in search of the kingdom of Cevola (now Zuñi), he met an Indian from that place who gave him information of several great nations and pueblos. Having described Cevola, the friar adds: "Likewise he saith that the kingdom of Totonteach lieth toward the west—a very mighty province, replenished with infinite store of people and riches." The position indicated (west from Zuñi) would apply to Pueblo Creek; and from "Totonteach" to "Tonto" is an easy corruption. Don José Cortez calls them Apaches; but Savedra, a well-informed Mexican, who has been much among the wild tribes, and is considered authority as to whatsoever relates to them, says the Tontos are Indians of Montezuma, like the Pueblo tribes of New Mexico; Pimas, Maricopas, Cuchans, and Mojaves, also, he says, belong to the same great nation. In proof of this he asserts that they have a custom in common—that of cropping the front hair to meet the eyebrows, and suffering the rest, behind the ears, to grow and hang down its full length. Lieutenant Whipple says there is not an exception to this rule among the Gila and Colorado Indians.

On the 29th of January, while the exploring party were at breakfast, an Indian whoop was heard, and two tawny figures looked down upon them from the hills. A couple of Mexicans were sent out to bring the savages into camp—which they did under cover of a flag of truce, and all the ceremonious precautions that pertain to it. These fellows, calling themselves Yampais, produced a fire-brand from behind a bush, and showed a slender column of smoke as their signal of peace. One of them was facetiously inclined, and without ceremony converted the Mexicans' flag of truce, which happened to be a towel, into a breech-cloth for his abominable person.

These Yampais were broad-faced specimens of the red man, with aquiline noses and small eyes, not unlike the Dieginos of California. Their language, also, bore some resemblance to that of the Dieginos. The first word they uttered—"hanna," meaning *good*—was at once



TONTOS.

recognized as an old acquaintance, learned several years before, from the Mission Indians at San Diego. Two other words—"n'yatz," *I*; and "pook," *beads*—were likewise familiar as belonging to the language of the Cuchans (Yumas) and of the Coco Maricopas. Their hair was rudely clipped in front, to hang over the forehead, in the fashion of the Gila and Colorado tribes. Their back hair hung down nearly to the waist, and was bound with variegated fillets of Pima manufacture—a custom prevailing, but not universal, among all the tribes that trim the hair in front. For costume, the

strangers were not remarkably distinguished: the breech-cloth was, of course, the principal feature. One had a blue woolen shirt, and the other a Navajo blanket, which, they said, were obtained from the Moquis. Their mocasins were of buckskin, of home manufacture; and one sported leggins, made from the skin of a mountain sheep. This man had also a quiver of sheep-skin, on which the soft hair of the same animal yet remained. On his neck he wore strings of white and blue beads, which, he said, were obtained from Mojaves. Both had painted their faces with red ochre.

Although the evidence is abundant that the Yampais are allied to, and, as it were, a connecting link between, the Gila, Colorado, and Puebla Indians, they by no means display the fine muscular development and the intelligence generally found among those nations, if the specimens seen were fair samples of their tribe. They permitted the explorers to purchase their best bow and a quiver of beautiful arrows. The former was of cedar, strung with sinews; the arrows of reed, fletched with feathers, tipped with a wooden stem, and pointed with stone. Some were of white quartz or agate, others of obsidian—all exquisitely cut and highly finished. As lapidaries, these Yampais would seem to excel the other tribes.

Savedra had already recounted some interesting examples of the courage and daring of the Yampais. He had formerly joined a party of Moquis and Mexicans, for the purpose of stealing children for slaves. On entering this country they were met by the Yampais, and attacked with such fury that the whole party fled. They are said to possess in a most remarkable degree the characteristic stoicism of the Indian race. Neither fear for their lives, nor the hope of escape, nor despair, nor gratitude for freedom and for gifts, disturbs even for a moment the quiet dignity of their deportment.

On the 22d of February, in the magnificent Valley of the Colorado, our friends first came in contact with the Colorado Indians. As they entered a ravine a whooping band sprang up on all sides, some armed with bows and arrows, others without weapons, and many carrying articles of private baggage abandoned at the last

camp. They professed to be Chemehuévis—a band of the great Pai-Ute nation—and spoke a language bearing no relation to that of the Cuchans or the Mojaves.

About fifty Pai-Utes came into camp. The chief, followed by a long train of warriors, approached to pay his respects. He was short, muscular, and inclining to corpulency, his face oval and pleasing, though painted in black-and-red stripes. His black hair was cropped in front and clubbed behind, although some of his people wore it in plaits, matted with mud and cut squarely, to hang in the middle of the back. His nose was wide and slightly aquiline, his eyes small and oval, and surrounded by large blue circles of paint. His dress consisted of an old blue flannel shirt, instead of the simple apron worn by his people; but the white strangers soon decked him in gay costume. This excited among the rest the desire for finery, and they accordingly brought in, for trade, considerable quantities of maize, wheat, beans, and squashes—affording dainty fare for the camp.

These Pai-Utes are closely allied to the band that massacred the lamented Captain Gunnison and his party. Though supposed to maintain a scanty and precarious subsistence, principally upon roots, they are probably distinct from the Digger Indians of California. We have seen that, in favorable localities, they sometimes cultivate a fair supply of corn, wheat, and vegetables.

The Chemehuévis bind their infants to a board, and cover their heads with a cradle-like contrivance made of osiers. The hands are not confined, however, and the constraint does not seem irksome to the child. Partly to this practice may be ascribed the erect and faultless forms for which the Colorado Indians are famous.

Leaving the beautiful valley of the Chemehuévis, we presently find our friends among the shrewd, sprightly, and hospitable Mojaves. On the 25th of February they were honored by a visit of ceremony from a pompous old chief of the Mojaves, who presented credentials from Major Heintzelman. — The Major wrote that the bearer, Captain Francisco, had visited Fort Yuma, with a party of warriors, while on an expedition against the Cocopas, and that he had professed friendship;



PAI-UTE INDIAN.

but Americans were advised not to trust him.

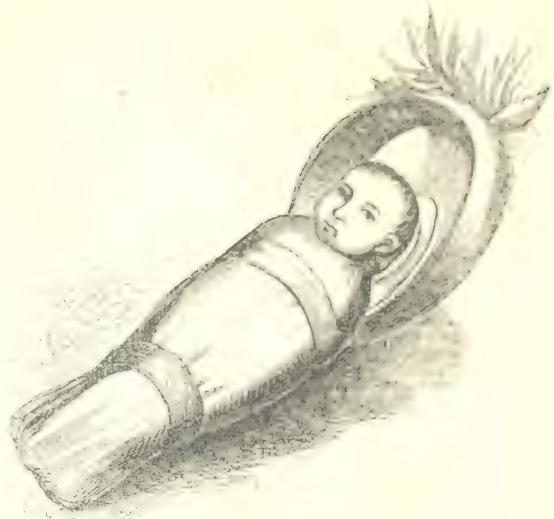
The parade and ceremony with which the visit was set off were not, in this instance, altogether vain and idle, for without them that august personage, Captain Francisco, might easily have been mistaken for the veriest beggar of his tribe. He was old, shriveled, ugly, and naked—but for a strip of dirty cloth suspended by a cord from his loins, and an old black hat, bawdless and torn, drawn down to his eyes. But his credentials being satisfactory, he was received with all the honors, and installed in a stately manner on a blanket. The object of the expedition was explained to him, and he cordially promised aid and comfort. A few trinkets, some tobacco, and red blankets cut into narrow strips, were then presented for distribution among the warriors. The chief would accept nothing for himself, so the council was dissolved. The Mojave chiefs look upon foreign gifts in a national light, and accept them only in the name of the people.

Savedra counted six hundred Indians in camp, of whom probably half had brought bags of meal or baskets of corn for sale. The market was opened, and all were crowding, eager to be the first at the stand, amidst shouts, laughter, and a confusion of tongues—English, Spanish, and Indian.

When the trading was concluded, the Mojave people sauntered about the camp in picturesque and merry groups, making the air ring with peals of laughter. Some of the young men selected a level spot, forty paces in length, for a play-ground, and amused themselves with their favorite game of hoop-and-poles. The hoop is six inches in diameter, and made of elastic cord; the poles are straight, and about fifteen feet in length. Rolling the hoop from one end of the course toward the other, two of the players chase it half-way, and at the same time throw their poles. He who succeeds in piercing the hoop wins the game.

Target-firing and archery were then practiced—the exploring party using rifles and Colt's pistols, and the Indians shooting arrows. The fire-arms were triumphant; and at last an old Mojave, mortified at the discomfiture of his people, ran in a pet and tore down the target.

Notwithstanding the unity of language, the family resemblance, and amity between the Cuchans and Mojaves, a jealousy, similar to that observed among Pimas and Maricopas, continually disturbs their friendship. A squaw detected her little son in the act of concealing a trinket that he fancied. She snatched the bauble from him with a blow and a taunt, saying, "Oh, you Cuchan!" Some one inquired if he



PALUTE INFANT.

belonged to that tribe. "Oh no," she replied "he is a Mojave, but behaves like a Cuchan, whose trade is stealing!" Nevertheless, the Cuchans are welcomed by the Mojaves wherever they go.

These Indians are probably in as wild a state of nature as any tribe on American territory. They have not had sufficient intercourse with any civilized people to acquire a knowledge of their language or their vices. It was said that no white party had ever before passed through their country without encountering hostility. Nevertheless they appear intelligent, and to have naturally amiable dispositions. The men are tall, erect, and well-proportioned; their features inclined to European regularity; their eyes large, shaded by long lashes, and surrounded by circles of blue pigment, that add to their apparent size. The apron, or breech-cloth, for men, and a short petticoat, made of strips of the inner bark of cotton-wood, for women, are the only articles of dress deemed indispensable; but many of the females have long robes, or cloaks, of fur. The young girls wear beads. When married, their chins are tattooed with vertical blue lines, and they wear a necklace with a single sea-shell in front, curiously wrought. These shells are very ancient, and esteemed of great value.

From time to time they rode into the camp, mounted on spirited horses; their bodies and limbs painted and oiled, so as to present the appearance of highly-polished mahogany. The dandies paint their faces perfectly black. Warriors add a streak of red across the forehead, nose, and chin. Their ornaments consist of leathern bracelets, adorned with bright buttons, and worn on the left arm; a kind of tunic, made of buckskin fringe, hanging from the shoulders; beautiful eagles' feathers, called "sormeh"—sometimes white, sometimes of



MOJAVE INDIANS.

a crimson tint—tied to a lock of hair, and floating from the top of the head; and, finally, strings of wampum, made of circular pieces of shell, with holes in the centre, by which they are strung, often to the length of several yards, and worn in coils about the neck. These shell beads, which they call “pook,” are their substitute for money, and the wealth of an individual is estimated by the “pook” cash he possesses. Among the Cuchans, in 1852, a foot of “pook” was equal in value to a horse; and divisions to that amount are made by the insertion of blue stones, such as by Coronado and Alarçon were called “turquoises,” and are now found among ancient Indian ruins.

The Mojave rancherias are surrounded by granaries filled with corn, mezquite beans, and tornillas. The houses are constructed with an eye to durability and warmth. They are built upon sandy soil, and are thirty or forty feet square; the sides, about two feet thick, of wicker-work and straw; the roofs thatched, covered with earth, and supported by a dozen cotton-wood posts. Along the interior walls are ranged large earthen pots, filled with stores of corn, beans, and flour, for daily use. In front is a wide shed, a sort of piazza, nearly as large as the house itself. Here they find shelter from rain and sun. Within, around a small fire in the centre, they sleep. But their favorite re-

sort seems to be the roof, where could usually be counted from twenty to thirty persons, all apparently at home. Near the houses were a great number of cylindrical structures, with conical roofs, quite skillfully made of osiers; these were the granaries, alluded to above, for their surplus stores of corn and mezquite.

As the explorers passed these rancherias, the women and children watched them from the house-tops; and the young men, for the moment, suspended their sport with hoop and poles. At first only a few of the villagers seemed inclined to follow them, but at length their little train swelled to an army a mile in length.

On the 27th of February, being favored with a clear and calm morning, they hastened to take advantage of it to cross the river; but the rapid current and the long ropes upset their “gondola” in mid-stream. The Mojaves, who are capital swimmers, plunged in, and aided them in saving their property. Many had brought rafts to the spot, anticipating the disaster. These were of simple construction, being merely bundles of rushes placed side by side, and securely bound together with osiers. But they were light and manageable, and their crews plied them with considerable dexterity. It was night when finally the great work was accomplished—the Colorado crossed, and the camp pitched on the right bank.

Our friends had now quite exhausted their stock in trade in gifts, although large quantities of grain were yet in camp for sale. When told that their white brothers were too poor to buy, the Indians expressed no disappointment, but strolled from fire to fire, laughing, joking, curious but not meddlesome, trying, with a notable faculty of imitation, to learn the white man's language, and to teach their own.

As long as our explorers were among them, these Mojaves were gay and happy, talking vivaciously, singing, laughing. Confiding in the good intentions and kindness of the strangers, they laid aside for the time their race's studious reserve. Tawny forms glided from one camp-fire to another, or reclined around the blaze, their bright eyes and pearly teeth glistening with animation and delight. They displayed a new phase of Indian character, bestowing an insight into the domestic amusements which are probably popular at their own firesides: mingling among the soldiers and Mexicans, they engaged them in games and puzzles with strings, and some of their inventions in this line were quite curious.

No doubt these simple people were really pleased with the first dawning light of civiliza-

tion. They feel the want of comfortable clothing, and appreciate some of the advantages of trade. There is no doubt that, before many years pass away, a great change will have taken place in their country. The advancing tide of emigration will sweep over it, and, unless the strong arm of Government protects them, the Mojaves will be driven to the mountains or exterminated.

When the exploring party were about to leave, the chiefs came with an interpreter, to say that a national council had been held, in which they had approved of the plan for opening a great road through the Mojave country. They knew that on the trail usually followed by the Pai-Utes toward California the springs were scanty, and insufficient for the train; that thus the mules might perish on the road, and the expedition fail. Therefore they had selected a good man, who knew the country well, and would send him to guide their white brothers by another route, where an abundance of water and grass would be found. They wished their white brothers to report favorably of their conduct to the Great Chief at Washington, in order that he might send many more of his people to pass that way, and bring clothing and



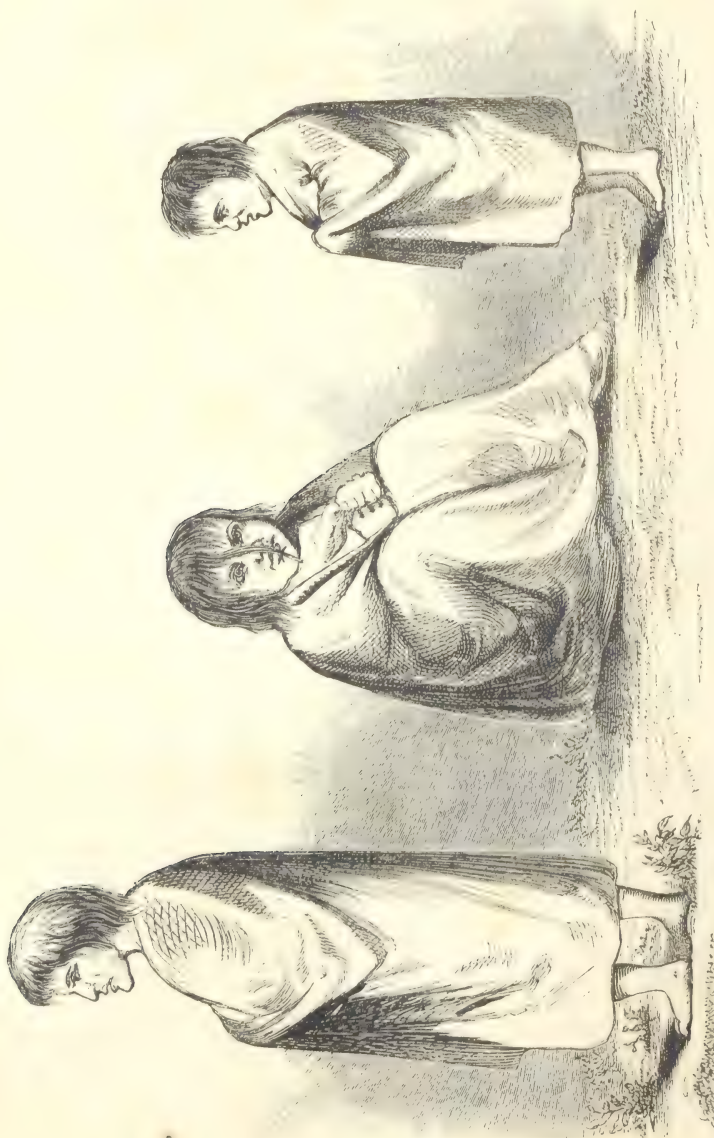
MOJAVE DWELLING

utensils to exchange for the produce of their fields.

Desiring to learn something of their notions regarding the Deity, death, and a future existence, Lieutenant Whipple led an intelligent Mojave to speak upon these subjects. He stooped and drew in the sand a circle, which he said was to represent the former *casa*, or dwelling-place of Mat-e-vil, Creator of Earth (which was a *woman*) and Heaven. After speaking for some time with impressive, and yet almost unintelligible, earnestness regarding the traditions of that bright era of their race which all Indians delight in calling to remembrance, he referred again to the circle, and suiting the action to the word, added:

"This grand habitation was destroyed, the nations were dispersed, and Mat-e-vil took his departure, going eastward over the great waters. He promised, however, to return to his people and dwell with them forever; and the time of his coming they believe to be near at hand."

The narrator then became enthusiastic in the anticipation of that event, which is expected to realize the Indian's hopes of a paradise on earth. Much that he said was incomprehensible. The principal idea suggested was the identity of their Deliverer, coming from the east, with the Montezuma of the Pueblo Indians, or perhaps the Messiah of Israel; and yet the name of Montezuma seemed utterly unknown to this Indian guide. His ideas of a



CAHILLA INDIANS.

future existence appeared somewhat vague and undefined. The Mojaves, he said, were accustomed to burn the bodies of the dead; but they believe that an undying soul arises from the ashes of the deceased, and takes its flight, over the mountains and waters, eastward to the happy spirit-land.

Leroux says, that he has been told by a priest of California that the Colorado Indians were Aztecs, driven from Mexico at the time of the conquest of Cortez. He thinks the circle represents their ancient city, and the water spoken of refers to the surrounding lakes. This idea derives some plausibility from the fact, mentioned by Alarçon, that, in his memorable expedition up the Colorado River in 1540, he met with tribes that spoke the same language as his Indian interpreters, who accompanied him from the City of Mexico, or Culiacan.

It is to be regretted that the explorers had not a better medium of communication with this people, as, on this subject, much that is interesting might be learned from them. They have not yet received from white men any impressions to conflict with or to change the traditions handed down from their ancestors. They seem to be isolated even from the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. Although a blanket made by Moquis, and a sash of Zuñi manufacture, were found among them, they stated that these had been brought to them by Pai-Utes and Yampais Indians.

Between the Mormon Road and the Pacific Ocean our attention is called to but one tribe more. In the blooming valley that leads to Los Angeles, and near the rancho of Cocomonga, a village of the wretched Cahuillas was found. With them was an old Indian, attired in an entirely new suit, in the fashion of a Californian ranchero, who professed to have come from José Antonio, the general-in-chief of the tribe. His object was to learn from the explorers, officially, whether the Californians had told them the truth, in saying that Santa Anna was on his way thither to drive the Americans from the land. The old fellow declared that he was not a Cahuilla, but a Christian, because, when a boy, a priest of San Luis Rey converted him. When questioned regarding the traditions and religious notions of his tribe he became very reserved, as though he suspected some sinister design beneath the inquiry. His people were a filthy and miserable set, presenting a painful contrast to the Indians on the Colorado.

The wilder bands of these Cahuillas range from the Mormon Road to the Sierra Nevada, and frequently commit depredations upon the frontier ranchos of California. They are not numerous—perhaps do not exceed five hundred in number. Formerly, they all belonged to the California missions; but since the decadence of those institutions they have been peons on the ranchos, where many yet remain.

On the 24th of March we find Lieutenant Whipple and his party at San Pedro, on the

Pacific, whence all the officers, with the exception of Messrs. White and Stoburne, immediately proceeded by steamer to San Francisco en route for Washington.

THE DEATH OF LOUIS XVI.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

AS soon as the King had withdrawn from the Assembly, that body was thrown into great tumult in consequence of the application of Louis for the assistance of counsel. It was, however, after an animated debate, which continued until the next day, voted that the request of the King should be granted, and a deputation was immediately sent to inform the King of the vote, and to ask what counsel he would choose. He selected two of the most eminent lawyers of Paris—M. Tronchet and M. Target. Tronchet heroically accepted the perilous commission. Target, with pusillanimity which has consigned his name to disgrace, wrote a letter to the Convention, stating that his principles would not allow him to undertake the defense of the King.* The venerable Malesherbes, then seventy years of age, immediately wrote a letter to the President, imploring permission to assume the defense of the monarch. This distinguished statesman, a friend of monarchy and a personal friend of the monarch, had been living in the retirement of his country seat, and had taken no part in the Revolution. By permission of the Commune, he was conducted, after he had been carefully searched, to the temple. With a faltering step he entered the prison of the King. Louis XVI. was seated reading Tacitus. The King immediately arose, threw his arms around Malesherbes in a cordial embrace, and said,

"Ah, is it you, my friend! In what a situation do you find me! See to what my passion for the amelioration of the state of the people, whom we have both loved so much, has reduced me! Why do you come hither? Your devotion only endangers your life and can not save mine."

Malesherbes, with eyes full of tears, endeavored to cheer the King with words of hope.

"No!" replied the monarch, sadly. "They will condemn me, for they possess both the power and the will. No matter; let us occupy ourselves with the cause as if we were to gain it. I shall gain it in fact, since I shall leave no stain upon my memory."

The two defenders of the King were permitted to associate with them a third, M. Deséze, an advocate who had attained much renown in his profession. For a fortnight they were employed almost night and day in preparing for the defense. Malesherbes came every morning

* One of Napoleon's first acts upon becoming First Consul was to show his appreciation of the heroism of Tronchet, by placing him at the head of the Court of Cassation. "Tronchet," he said, "was the soul of the civil code, as I was its demonstrator. He was gifted with a singularly profound and correct understanding, but he could not descend to developments. He spoke badly, and could not defend what he proposed."—*Napoleon at St. Helena*, p. 192.



LOUIS XVI AND MALESHERBES.

with the daily papers, and prepared for the labors of the evening. At five o'clock Tronchet and Deséze came, and they all worked together until nine.

In the mean time the King wrote his will; a very affecting document, breathing in every line the spirit of a Christian. He also succeeded in so far eluding the vigilance of his keepers as to open a slight correspondence with his family. The Queen pricked a message with a pin upon a scrap of paper, and then concealed the paper in a ball of thread, which was dropped into a drawer in the kitchen, where Clery took it and conveyed it to his master. An answer was returned in a similar way. It was but an unsatisfactory correspondence which could thus be carried on; but even this was an unspeakable solace to the captives.

At length the plan of defense was completed. Malesherbes and the King had furnished the facts, Tronchet and Deséze had woven them all into an exceedingly eloquent and affecting appeal. He read it aloud to the King and his associates. The pathetic picture he drew of the vicissitudes of the royal family was so touching that even Malesherbes and Tronchet could not refrain from weeping, and tears fell from the eyes of the King. At the close of the reading the King turned to Deséze, and, in the spirit of true majesty of soul, said,

"I have to request of you to make a painful sacrifice. Strike out of your pleading the peroration. It is enough for me to appear before such judges and show my entire innocence. I will not move their feelings."*

Deséze was very reluctant to accede to this request, but was constrained to yield. After

Tronchet and Deséze had retired that night, the King, left alone with Malesherbes, seemed to be troubled with some engrossing thought. At last he said,

"I have now a new source of regret. Deséze and Tronchet owe me nothing. They devote to me their time, exertions, and perhaps their life. How can I requite them? I possess nothing; and were I to leave them a legacy it would not be paid; besides, what fortune could repay such a debt?"

"Sire," replied Malesherbes, "their consciences and posterity will reward them. But it is in your power to grant them a favor they will esteem more than all those you had it in your power to bestow upon them formerly."

"What is it?" added the King.

"Sire, embrace them," Malesherbes replied.

The next day, when they entered his chamber, the King approached them and pressed each to his heart in silence. This touching testimonial of the King's gratitude, and of his impoverishment, was to the noble hearts of these noble men an ample remuneration for all their toil and peril.

The 26th of December had now arrived, the day appointed for the final trial. At an early hour all Paris was in commotion, and the whole military force of the metropolis was again marshaled. The sublimity of the occasion seemed to have elevated the character of the King to unusual dignity. He was neatly dressed, his beard shaved, and his features were serene and almost majestic, in their expression of imperturbable resignation. As he rode in the carriage with Chambon, the mayor, and Santerre, the commander of the National Guard, he conversed cheerfully upon a variety of topics.

* *Lacretelle.*

Santerre, regardless of the etiquette which did not allow a subject to wear his hat in the presence of his monarch, sat with his hat on. The King turned to him, and said, with a smile,

"The last time, Sir, you conveyed me to the Temple, in your hurry you forgot your hat; and now, I perceive, you are determined to make up for the omission."

On entering the Convention the King took his seat by the side of his counsel, and listened with intense interest to the reading of his defense, watching the countenances of his judges to see the effect it was producing upon their minds. Occasionally he whispered, and even with a smile, to Malesherbes and Tronchet. The Convention received the defense in profound silence.

The defense consisted of three leading divisions. First, it was argued that by the Constitution the King was inviolable, and not responsible for the acts of the Crown—that the Ministers alone were responsible. He secondly argued, that the Convention had no right to try the King, for the Convention were his accusers, and, consequently, could not act as his judges. Thirdly, while protesting, as above, the inviolability of the King, and the invalidity of the Convention to judge him, he then proceeded to the discussion of the individual charges. Some of the charges were triumphantly repelled, particularly that of shedding French blood on the 10th of August. It was clearly proved that the people, not Louis XVI., were the aggressors. As soon as Deséze had finished his defense, the King himself rose and said, in a few words which he had written and committed to memory,

"You have heard the grounds of my defense. I shall not repeat them. In addressing you, perhaps for the last time, I declare that my conscience reproaches me with nothing, and that my defenders have told you the truth. I have never feared to have my public conduct scrutinized. But I am grieved to find that I am accused of wishing to shed the blood of my people, and that the misfortunes of the 10th of August are laid to my charge. I confess that the numerous proofs I have always given of my love for the people ought to have placed me above this reproach."

He resumed his seat. The President then asked if he had any thing more to say. He declared he had not, and retired with his counsel from the hall. As he was conducted back to the Temple, he conversed with the same serenity he had manifested throughout the whole day. It was five o'clock, and the gloom of night was descending upon the city as he re-entered his prison.

No sooner had the King left the hall than a violent tumult of debate commenced, which was continued, day after day, with a constant succession of eager, agitated speakers hurrying to the tribune for twelve days. Some were in favor of an immediate judgment, some were for referring the question to the people; some demanded the death of the King, others impris-

onment or exile. On the 7th of January all seemed weary of these endless speeches, and the endless repetition of the same arguments. Still, there were many clamours to be heard; and, after a violent contest, it was voted that the decisive majority should be postponed for a week longer, and that on the 14th of January the question should be taken.

The fatal day arrived. It was decreed that the subject should be presented to the Convention in the three following questions. *First*, Is Louis guilty? *Second*, Shall the decision of the Convention be submitted to the ratification of the people? The whole of the 15th was occupied in taking these two votes. Louis was unanimously declared to be guilty, with the exception of ten who refused to vote, declaring themselves incapable of acting both as accusers and judges. On the question of an appeal to the people, 281 voices were for it, 423 against it.* And now came the *third* great and solemn question, What shall be the sentence? Each member was required to write his vote, sign it, and then, before depositing it, to ascend the tribune and give it audibly, with any remarks which he might wish to add.

The voting commenced at seven o'clock in the evening of the 16th, and continued all night, and without any interruption, for twenty-four hours. All Paris was during the time in the highest state of excitement, the galleries of the Convention being crowded to suffocation. Some voted for death, others for imprisonment until peace with allied Europe, and then banishment. Others voted for death, with the restriction that the execution should be delayed. They wished to save the King, and yet feared the accusation of being Royalists if they did not vote for his death. The Jacobins all voted for death. They had accused their opponents, the Girondists, of being secretly in favor of royalty, and as such had held them up to the execration of the mob. The Girondists wished to save the King. It was in their power to save him. But it required more courage, both moral and physical, than ordinary men possess, to brave the vengeance of the assassins of September who were hovering around the hall.

It was pretty well understood in the Convention that the fate of the King depended upon the Girondist vote, and it was not doubted that the party would vote as did their leader. It was a moment of fearful solemnity when Vergniaud ascended the tribune. Breathless silence pervaded the Assembly. Every eye was fixed upon him. His countenance was pallid as that of a corpse. For a moment he paused, with downcast eyes, as if hesitating to pronounce the dreadful word. Then, in a gloomy tone which thrilled the hearts of all present, he said, *Death.*†

* Lamartine, Hist. Gir., ii. 342.

† "The crowd in the galleries received with murmurs all votes that were not for death, and they frequently addressed threatening gestures to the Assembly itself. The deputies replied to them from the interior of the hall, and hence resulted a tumultuous exchange of men-

Nearly all the Girondists voted for death, with the restriction of delaying the execution. Many of the purest men in the nation thus voted, with emotions of sadness which could not be repressed. The noble Carnot gave his vote in the following terms: "Death; and never did word weigh so heavily on my heart."

When the Duke of Orleans was called, deep silence ensued. He was cousin of the King, and first prince of the blood. By birth and opulence he stood on the highest pinnacle of aristocratic supremacy. Conscious of peril, he had for a long time done every thing in his power to conciliate the mob by adopting the most radical of Jacobin opinions. The Duke, bloated with the debaucheries which had disgraced his life, ascended the steps slowly, unfolded a paper, and read in heartless tones these words:

"Solely occupied with my duty, convinced that all who have attempted, or shall attempt hereafter, the sovereignty of the people merit death, I vote for Death."

The atrocity of this act excited the abhorrence of the Assembly, and loud murmurs of disapprobation followed the prince to his seat. Even Robespierre despised his pusillanimity, and said,

"The miserable man was only required to listen to his own heart, and make himself an exception. But he would not or dare not do so. The nation would have been more magnanimous than he."*

At length the long scrutiny was over, and Vergniaud, who had presided, rose to announce the result. He was pale as death, and it was observed that not only his voice faltered but that his whole frame trembled.

"Citizens," said he, "you are about to exercise a great act of justice. I hope humanity

will enjoin you to keep the most perfect silence. When justice has spoken humanity ought to be listened to in its turn."

He then read the results of the vote. There were seven hundred and twenty-one voters in the Convention; three hundred and thirty-four voted for imprisonment or exile, three hundred and eighty-seven for death, including those who voted that the execution should be delayed. Thus the majority for death was fifty-three; but as of these forty-six demanded a suspension of the execution, there remained but a majority of seven for immediate death. Having read this result, Vergniaud, in a sorrowful tone, said: "I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment pronounced against Louis Capet is death."

The counsel of Louis XIV., who, during the progress of the vote, had urged permission to speak, but were refused, were now introduced. In the name of the King, Deséze appealed to the people from the judgment of the Convention. He urged the appeal from the very small majority which had decided the penalty. Tronchet urged that the penal code required a vote of two-thirds to consign one to punishment, and that the King ought not to be deprived of a privilege which every subject enjoyed. Malesherbes endeavored to speak, but was so overcome with emotion that, violently sobbing, he was unable to continue his speech, and was compelled to sit down. His gray hairs and his tears so moved the Assembly that Vergniaud rose, and, addressing the Assembly, said, "Will you decree the honors of the sitting to the defenders of Louis XVI.?" The unanimous response was, "Yes, yes."

It was now late at night, and the Convention adjourned. The whole of the 18th and the 19th were occupied in discussing the question of the appeal to the people. On the 20th, at three o'clock in the morning, the final vote was taken. Three hundred and ten voted to sustain the appeal; three hundred and eighty for immediate death. All the efforts to save the King were now exhausted, and his fate was sealed. A deputation was immediately appointed, headed by Garat, Minister of Justice, to acquaint Louis XVI. with the decree of the Convention.

At two o'clock in the afternoon of the 20th Louis heard the noise of a numerous party ascending the steps of the tower. As they entered his apartment he rose and stepped forward with perfect calmness and dignity to meet them. The decree of the Convention was read to the King, declaring him to be guilty of treason, that he was condemned to death, that the appeal to the people was refused, and that he was to be executed within twenty-four hours.

The King listened to the reading unmoved, took the paper from the hands of the secretary, folded it carefully, and placed it in his portfolio. Then turning to Garat, he handed him a paper, saying,

aces and abusive epithets. This fearfully ominous scene had shaken all minds and changed many resolutions. Vergniaud, who had appeared deeply affected by the fate of Louis XVI., and who had declared to his friends that he never could condemn that unfortunate prince, Vergniaud, on beholding this tumultuous scene, imagined that he saw civil war kindled in France, and pronounced sentence of death, with the addition, however, of Mailhe's amendment (which required that the execution should be delayed). On being questioned respecting his change of opinion, he replied that he thought he saw civil war on the point of breaking out, and that he durst not balance the life of an individual against the welfare of France." —*Thiers's History of the French Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 68.

* "Robespierre was by no means the worst character who figured in the Revolution. He opposed trying the Queen. He was not an atheist; on the contrary, he had publicly maintained the existence of a Supreme Being, in opposition to many of his colleagues. Neither was he of opinion that it was necessary to exterminate all priests and nobles, like many others. Robespierre wanted to proclaim the King an outlaw, and not to go through the ridiculous mockery of trying him. Robespierre was a fanatic, a monster; but he was incorruptible, and incapable of robbing or of causing the deaths of others, either from personal enmity or a desire of enriching himself. He was an enthusiast, but one who really believed that he was acting right, and died not worth a sou. In some respects Robespierre may be said to have been an honest man." —*Napoleon at St. Helena*, p. 50.



LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN LOUIS XVI. AND HIS FAMILY.

"Monsieur Minister of Justice, I request you to deliver this letter to the Convention."

Garat hesitated to take the paper, and the King immediately rejoined, "I will read it to you," and read, in a distinct, unflinching voice, as follows:

"I demand of the Convention a delay of three days, in order to prepare myself to appear before God. I require, further, to see freely the priest whom I shall name to the commissaries of the commune, and that he be protected in the act of charity which he shall exercise toward me. I demand to be freed from the perpetual surveillance which has been exercised toward me for so many days. I demand, during these last moments, leave to see my family, when I desire it, without witnesses. I desire most earnestly that the Convention will at once take into consideration the fate of my family, and that they be allowed immediately to retire unmolested whithersoever they shall see fit to choose an asylum. I recommend to the kindness of the nation all the persons attached to me. There are among them many old men, and women, and children, who are entirely dependent upon me, and must be in want."

The delegation retired. The King, with a firm step, walked two or three times up and down his chamber, and then called for his dinner. He sat down and ate with his usual appetite. But his attendants refused to let him have either knife or fork, and he was furnished

only with a spoon. This excited his indignation, and he said, warmly,

"Do they think that I am such a coward as to lay violent hands upon myself? I am innocent, and I shall die fearlessly."

Having finished his repast, he waited patiently for the return of the answer from the Convention. At six o'clock Garat, accompanied by Santerre, entered again. The Convention refused the delay of execution which Louis XVI. had solicited, but granted the other demands.

In a few moments M. Edgeworth, the ecclesiastic who had been sent for, arrived. He entered the chamber, and, overwhelmed with emotion, fell at the monarch's feet and burst into tears. The King, deeply moved, also wept, and as he raised M. Edgeworth, said,

"Pardon me this momentary weakness. I have lived so long among my enemies that habit has rendered me indifferent to their hatred, and my heart has been closed against all sentiments of tenderness. But the sight of a faithful friend restores to me my sensibility, which I believed dead, and moves me to tears in spite of myself."

The King conversed earnestly with his spiritual adviser respecting his will, which he read, and inquired earnestly for his friends, whose sufferings moved his heart deeply. The hour of seven had now arrived, when the King was to hold his last interview with his family. But

even this could not be in private. He was to be watched by his jailers, who were to hear every word and witness every gesture. The door opened, and the Queen, pallid and woe-stricken, entered, leading her son by the hand. She threw herself into the arms of her husband, and silently endeavored to draw him toward her chamber.

"No, no," whispered the King, clasping her to his heart; "I can see you only here."

Madame Elizabeth, with the King's daughter, followed. A scene of anguish ensued which neither pen nor pencil can portray. The King sat down, with the Queen upon his right hand, his sister upon his left, their arms encircling his neck, and their heads resting upon his breast. The Dauphin sat upon his father's knee, with his arm around his neck. The beautiful Princess, with disheveled hair, threw herself between her father's knees, and buried her face in his lap. More than half an hour passed during which not an articulate word was spoken; but cries, groans, and occasional shrieks of anguish, which pierced even the thick walls of the Temple and were heard in the streets, rose from the group.

For two hours the agonizing interview was continued. As they gradually regained some little composure, in low tones they whispered messages of tenderness and love, interrupted by sobs and kisses and blinding floods of tears. It was now after nine o'clock, and in the morning the King was to be led to the guillotine. The Queen implored permission for them to remain with him through the night. The King, through tenderness for them, declined, but promised to see them again at seven o'clock the next morning. As the King accompanied them to the stair-case their cries were redoubled, and the Princess fainted in utter unconsciousness at her father's feet. The Queen, Madame Elizabeth, and Clery carried her to the stairs, and the King returned to the room, and burying his face in his hands, sank, exhausted, into a chair. After a long silence he turned to M. Edgeworth and said,

"Ah! Monsieur, what an interview I have had! Why do I love so fondly? Alas! why am I so fondly loved? But we have now done with time. Let us occupy ourselves with eternity."

The King passed some time in religious conversation and prayer, and having arranged with M. Edgeworth to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in the earliest hours of the morning, at midnight threw himself upon his bed, and almost immediately fell into a calm and refreshing sleep.

The faithful Clery and M. Edgeworth watched at the bedside of the King. At five o'clock they woke him. "Has it struck five?" inquired the King. "Not yet by the clock of the tower," Clery replied; "but several of the clocks of the city have struck." "I have slept soundly," remarked the King; "I was much fatigued yesterday."

He immediately arose, an altar had been prepared in the middle of the room, composed of a chest of drawers, and the King, after engaging earnestly in prayer, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Then leading Clery into the recess of a window, he detached from his watch a seal, and took from his finger a wedding-ring, and handing them to Clery, said:

"After my death you will give this seal to my son, this ring to the Queen. Tell her I resign it with pain that it may not be profaned with my body. This small parcel contains locks of hair of all my family; that you will give her. Say to the Queen, my dear children, and my sister, that I had promised to see them this morning, but that I desired to spare them the agony of such a bitter separation twice over. How much it has cost me to depart without receiving their last embraces!"

He could say no more, for sobs choked his utterance. Soon recovering himself he called for scissors, and cut off his long hair, that he might escape the humiliation of having that done by the executioner.

"A few beams of daylight began now to penetrate, through the grated windows, the gloomy prison, and the beating of drums, and the rumbling of the wheels of heavy artillery, were heard in the streets. The King turned to his confessor and said,

"How happy I am that I maintained my faith on the throne! Where should I be this day, but for this hope? Yes! there is on high a Judge, incorruptible, who will award to me that measure of justice which men refuse to me here below."

Two hours passed away, while the King listened to the gathering of the troops in the court-yard and around the Temple. At nine o'clock a tumultuous noise was heard of men ascending the stair-case. Santerre entered, with twelve municipal officers and ten *gens d'armes*. The King, with commanding voice and gesture, pointed Santerre to the door, and said,

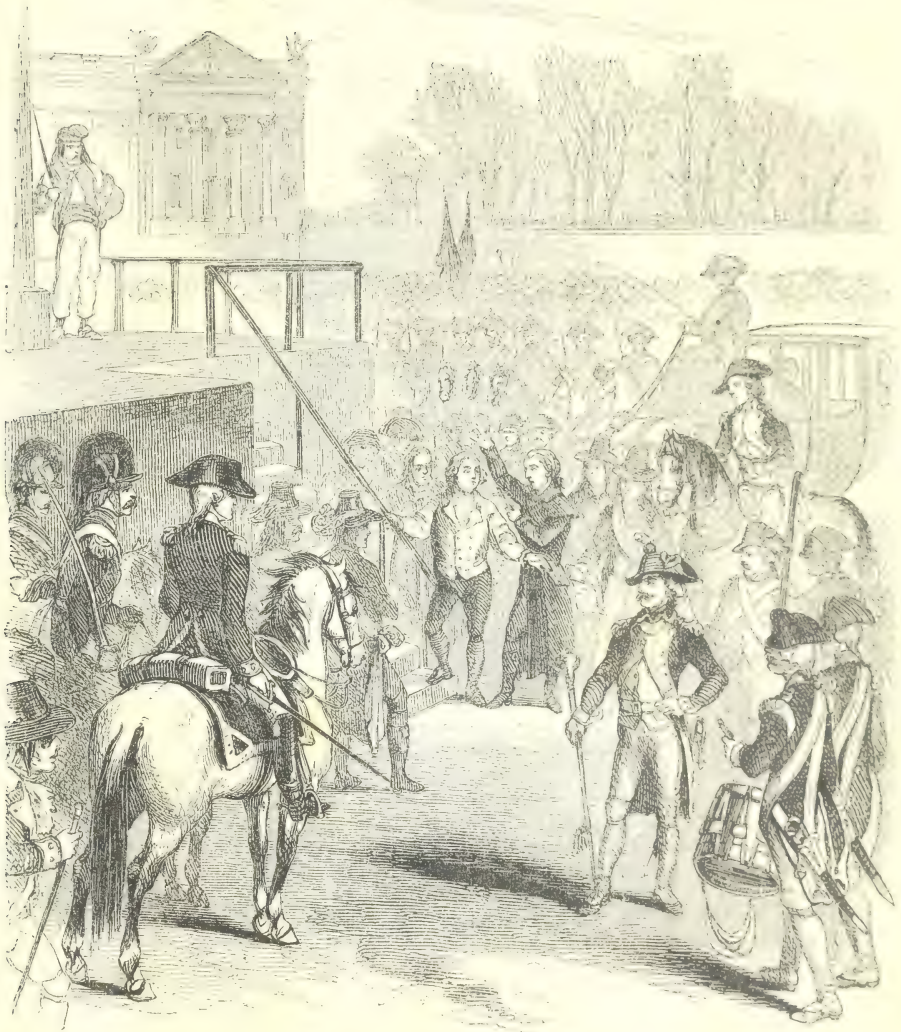
"You have come for me. I will be with you in an instant; await me there."

Falling upon his knees, he engaged a moment in prayer, and then, turning to M. Edgeworth, said,

"All is consummated. Give me your blessing, and pray to God to sustain me to the end."

He rose, and taking from the table a paper which contained his last will and testament, addressed one of the municipal guard, saying, "I beg of you to transmit this paper to the Queen." The man, whose name was Jacques Roux, brutally replied: "I am here to conduct you to the scaffold, not to perform your commissions."

"True," said the King, in a saddened tone, but without the slightest appearance of irritation. Then carefully scanning the countenances of each member of the guard, he selected one whose features expressed humanity, and



EXÉCUTION OF LOUIS XVI.

solicited him to take charge of the paper. The man, whose name was Gobeau, took the paper.

The King, declining the cloak, which Clery offered him, said, "Give me only my hat." Then taking the hand of Clery, he pressed it affectionately in a final adieu, and turning to Santerre, said, "Let us go." Descending the stairs with a firm tread, followed by the armed escort, he met a turnkey whom he had the evening before reproached for some impertinence. The King approached him and said, in tones of kindness,

"Mathey, I was somewhat warm with you yesterday, excuse me for the sake of this hour."

As he crossed the court-yard, he twice turned to look up at the windows of the Queen's apartment in the tower, where those so dear to him were suffering the utmost anguish which human hearts can endure. Two gens d'armes sat upon the front seat of the carriage. The King and M. Edgeworth took the back seat. The morning was damp and chill, and gloomy clouds darkened the sky. Sixty drums were beating at the heads of the horses, and an army of troops,

with all the most formidable enginery of war, preceded, surrounded, and followed the carriage. The noise of the drums prevented any conversation, and the King sat in silence in the carriage, evidently engaged in prayer. The procession moved so slowly along the boulevards that it was two hours before they reached the Place de la Revolution. An immense crowd filled the place, above whom towered the lofty platform and blood-red posts of the guillotine.

As the carriage stopped the King whispered to M. Edgeworth, "We have arrived, if I mistake not." The drums ceased beating, and the whole multitude gazed in the most solemn silence. The two gens d'armes alighted. The King placed his hand upon the knee of the heroic ecclesiastic, M. Edgeworth, and said to the gens d'armes:

"Gentlemen, I recommend to your care this gentleman. Let him not be insulted after my death. I entreat you to watch over him."

"Yes, yes," said one, contemptuously; "make your mind easy, we will take care of him. Let us alone."

Louis alighted. Two of the executioners came to the foot of the scaffold to take off his coat. The King waved them away, and himself took off his coat and cravat, and turned down the collar of his shirt, that his throat might be presented bare to the knife. They then came with cords to bind his hands behind his back.

"What do you wish to do?" said the King, indignantly.

"Bind you," they replied, as they seized his hands, and endeavored to fasten them with the cords.

"Bind me!" replied the King, in tones of deepest feeling. "No, no; I will never consent. Do your business, but you shall not bind me."

The executioners seized him rudely, and called for help. "Sire," said his Christian adviser, "suffer this outrage, as a last resemblance to that God who is about to be your reward."

"Assuredly," replied the King, "there needed nothing less than the example of God to make me submit to such an indignity." Then holding out his hands to the executioners, he said, "Do as you will! I will drink the cup to the dregs."

With a firm tread he ascended the steep steps of the scaffold, looked for a moment upon the keen and polished edge of the axe, and then turning to the vast throng said, in a voice clear and untremulous,

"People, I die innocent of all the crimes imputed to me! I pardon the authors of my death, and pray to God that the blood you are about to shed may not fall again on France."

He would have continued, but the drums were ordered to beat, and his voice was immediately drowned. The executioners seized him, bound him to the plank, the slide fell, and the head of Louis XVI. dropped into the basket.

OUR CHARLEY.

I OUGHT to be a happy woman.

We live in a neat house, in a pleasant neighborhood. By *we* I mean my husband and myself; Charley, his father's namesake, our son and heir, aged seven years; the baby, two years old, whose name stands in our Family Bible as Mary, which becomes Minnie when spoken; and Ellen O'Brien, cook and maid of all work.

My husband is in a very comfortable business, large enough to supply our moderate wants, and leave something over, even in these hard times; yet not so large as to compel him to make a slave of himself to manage it. He goes to his work at nine o'clock; this gives him time to read the paper, chat with me, play with the children, and breakfast leisurely. He comes home at five; so that he can rest, dress, dine at six, and be ready for any arrangement that we may have made for the evening. These, I take it, are just the right hours for a husband. He is not at home enough to be in the way, and is absent just long enough to be glad to see me when he returns.

Our Ellen is a jewel. She can broil a steak, make capital coffee, and even boil a potato. With a little assistance from me she gets up my husband's linen in a way that satisfies his critical taste; and never grumbles at taking care of baby or looking after Master Charley. She never flirts in the area with the butcher or milkman, or dawdles at the Dutch Grocery on the corner. She is proof against the blandishments of itinerant peddlers and book agents. The smoothest-tongued of all the tribe never yet succeeded in inducing her to leave him alone in the hall while she went to call the "Lady of the House." She has cousins in plenty—as what genuine Milesian girl has not?—but they only visit her at reasonable hours, and never undertake surreptitious forays upon the tea-caddy or sugar-basin. If she makes tea for them, she does it openly and above-board, as though she had a perfect right to do so—as indeed she has—for "servants" are human beings, and have a just claim to the gratification of kindly feelings. Foremost among her cousins is Patrick Brady, a strapping, fresh-looking bricklayer, with a nice little account in the Savings' Bank, and a lot in Brooklyn, upon which, they say, he is building a house. He makes his appearance in our kitchen two evenings in the week. There is no concealment or subterfuge when I happen to "drop down," as I make it a point to do. Mr. Brady wishes me good-evening with the air of a man satisfied with himself and his position—which is perfectly right, for when the Brooklyn house is completed, our Ellen is to be installed in it as Mrs. Brady, and I know that I shall always be kindly welcomed there. Twenty years hence, if all goes well, I dare say Mr. Brady will be a richer man than my husband.

Baby is never sick, and rarely cries. My husband never comes home tired out and cross;



CHARLEY'S SPECULATION.

or hints that my milliner's bills are ruining him; or grumbles out a curse at the mention of Stewart or Brodie.

With such a husband, baby, and "help," I ought to be, as I began by saying, a happy woman. So I should be were it not for Charley.

How that seven-years-old urchin manages to get into so many scrapes, perpetrate such an infinite deal of mischief, and pick up such a variety of queer acquaintances, passes my comprehension. I can not keep him in-doors all day, yet I never let him go out for a run in the Parade Ground without feeling sure that he will come back escorted by a troop of ragged, dirty followers, and minus some article of dress which

he has given or swapped away. He has a natural affinity for shipwrecked sailors, old-clothes' men, and dog-sellers. If he could lead about an organ-grinder's monkey he would be perfectly happy. He is ready to strike up a friendship with any urchin who has an unwashed face, crownless hat, and ragged nether garments.

Looking from the window not a week ago, I saw him with his father's new hat and best coat in his hand, in deep consultation with a Dutch peddler. The faithful Ellen rushed out in time to prevent the consummation of the bargain. Upon descending to the street I found that he had traded off a vinegar-cruet, two silver-forks, his cap, and one of baby's frocks, for two razors,



RUNNING WITH FORTY.



FIGHTING FASHION.

a bunch of cinnamon cigars, six sticks of candy, a piece of colored soap, and a dozen steel pens. The Dutchman could not speak a word of English, but was negotiating by signs for the purchase of my husband's coat and hat. He had offered a jack-knife, plaster casts of Little Samuel, General Jackson, and the Babes in the Wood, three packages of lozenges, a paper of pins, two dozen pearl buttons, and a wooden shaving-dish. Charley was standing out stoutly for a Jews-harp, a crying baby, and a bottle of Cologne, in addition, when the opportune arrival of Ellen put a stop to the business.

The very next day Master Charley came rushing to me.

"Mamma," he asked, "mayn't I run with Forty?"

I consented, though I had not the remotest idea what running with Forty meant.

"That's gallows!" shouted Master Charley. "Look out for the bull-gine when the bell rings! Nix cum raus! Jim-along-Josey!"

He was away before I could recover myself from my astonishment. Where can the child have picked up such phrases?

Half an hour later, hearing a great noise before the door, I looked out. There was our Charley at the head of a squad of a dozen ragged urchins. They had rigged an old candle-box upon wheels, with something that looked like the breaks of a fire-engine on the top. Charley, his long curls flying in the wind, was making a most unearthly tooting upon a tin horn. Pasteboard badges stuck in their caps,



AIN'T HE A BEAUTY?



GROWLER.

bore the number 40. I now began to understand what "running with Forty" meant.

Having dutifully honored their captain's family by a salute, the juvenile firemen dashed around the corner before I could summon Master Charley.

In an hour my hopeful son made his appearance, but sadly changed. His long curls had been clipped off close to his head, giving him a most hang-dog, villainous aspect.

"Charley," said I, "what have you been about?"

"Been havin' my hair cut, regular fightin' fashion. Just like Jake's."

"Like Jake's! Who is Jake?"

"Oh, he's a real nice little boy. His ma sells candy and cigars. She gave me two sticks of candy and a cigar for my handkerchief; and Jake gave me such a pretty dog for my cap, my new knife, and six cents. He's such a pretty dog, and his name's Growler. I'll go and fetch him."

Charley bolted from the room, and soon returned lugging in a half-starved, mangy mongrel, almost as big as himself.

"Ain't he a beauty, mamma? Jake says he can kill rats and worry cats beautiful. Mayn't he sleep in my bed? He barks so gallows."

"Growler, true to his name, set up a terrific howl, and snapped viciously at his new master. Charley dropped the brute, who darted under the sofa, and lay there, obstinately refusing to be coaxed out, and snarled and showed a formidable set of teeth when any one approached him. Charley began to cry. His new acquisition had suddenly lost all its charms.

"Lemme call Jake. He'll catch him!" he whimpered; and rushing out, he soon returned with his nice friend, whose original style of coiffure had so captivated him.

After a vigorous hunt around the room, in the course of which Growler contrived to demolish sundry articles of crockery and commit sad havoc among the books and papers, Jake managed to secure the cur.

"There, Jake, you may have him. I guess I don't want him," sobbed Charley.

"Gimme a shill'n for ketchin' on him," whined Jake.



GIMME A SHILL'N.

The shilling was produced, and Master Jake departed with his prize, to the great relief of Charley.

What shall I do with the boy?

MARK WILTON'S WIFE.

WHEN I began my artist-career in New York painting was not the thing it now is. Allston had become great alongside of Peale and Stuart, but hardly any body else hoped to be. I verily believe that the first ten years I spent here, any young journeyman of the brush who, like Hosea Bigelow's grandfather, restricted entirely the exhibitions of his breadth of execution to the sides of barns, had a better chance of success than I who worked on canvas. Rome was then the rapture of dreamers or the heavy bore of school-books, not the winter-quarters of the merchant's family. Art had few patrons, and the Tenth Street palace of studios slept uneduced in its original clay-pits and timber woods.

The place I called my studio was an attic on East Broadway, just out of Chatham Square. There, above the noise of the streets, I painted, sometimes for a pittance, sometimes for practice; and dreamed for pleasure, or for nothing.

It is true I had very hard times. I have seen the day when the Aurora that would not bring bread was put down for the tinman's sign-board that would. Art may be degraded by painting sign-boards, but, I fancied, hardly so much as by starving.

Yet I had my happy hours too. Their cause partook of the nature of a feeling of superiority to the rest of mankind—to certain ones of the rest in particular. A sentiment not approved in the moral philosophies, yet, perhaps, permissible in a man whose exercise of it must have been so innoxious as mine, situated as I was in a garret, where what I did could never hurt any body's feelings. I live on the Avenue now, and from motives of kindness do not indulge in the gratification.

But superiority to whom? I will tell you. There was my classmate at college, young Whiffletree, who at his graduation was worth five thousand a year. Having opened the ball of this life with an heiress expecting twice as much, at the time I sat in my garret, he was gayly dancing down the reel to the music of golden trumpets, and careless of whose toes he stepped on. Yet in that very garret I used to regale myself, at least once every day, on this reflection, "How much better off I am than young Whiffletree!"

I doubt whether there was any sky-light to Whiffletree's house; or, if there was, whether he ever used it. I had one, and there is no saying how valuable it was to me. It gave me right of entry to a patch of heaven just six feet square, and in all his acres there was not one spot so fertile. There grew the blue tints that, being transplanted to canvas, made beautiful women's eyes; thence I brought the gold that made my angels' hair; and there were cloud-

masses, sun-streaks, and burning tinges for any number and variety of landscape views. But especially did I glory, as, at the drawing nigh of evening, I sat beneath the panes taking that humble meal, my tea. Tea by compliment; for it was often only a glass of water which moistened my bread, and as I held the goblet up and let the rosy light stream through it, I exulted, crying, "Now is Whiffletree just at his port, drowsily nodding healths to the table-friends who love him not; mine is the self-same vintage that crowned the wedding of the young couple in Galilee, and heaven hath given it its purple like theirs!"

But my sky-light was not my only stimulus to cheerfulness. Like all men with any of the true artist-soul in them, I had always looked forward to the day when I should be able to claim that great happiness—a good and lovely wife. I had pictured to myself the kind of woman I would like to be ever with me; I had moulded her, in my mind, into all that exquisite softness which makes her heart a sweet pillow in trouble, and an elastic reservoir for the joy which is too large to bear alone; I had beautified her brows with that heroic patience which rests on woman's head like a halo—on ours like a crown of thorns. She shall be just so tall, said I; just so roundly formed; with this expression, this pose.

At last it struck me that I would paint her. For surely to have some tangible image of this reward which was to be—even though it might not, could not, thoroughly represent the ideal—would be a great incitement, a goal to struggle toward.

I took a week out of my most inspired season—the early spring—and gave it up to this delicate work. For a whole day at a time I could paint on easily, proudly; the very next, perhaps, saw me dissatisfied after an hour's work, but undiscouraged. I blotted out the failure, and went forward anew.

At last I finished it. Sacrificing the physical to the spiritual for a while, I stinted some of my lower daily needs until I could afford to give it a handsome oval frame, and then hung it close by my easel where I might glance at it now and then, and gain courage in the work for food and fame.

Somehow or other I did far better after that picture than ever before. The paintings which I sent to the Academy, just then in its childhood, were every where pronounced successes. One by one patrons dropped in, or rather up, and at length I became of a mind to move into a politer and more accessible studio. One May morning that change, by the intervention of one cart and a small boy with a hand-car, was accomplished without detriment to my meagre stock of movables.

My wife I carried, wrapped in much cotton and paper, in my own arms. My new studio consisted of two rooms, communicating by a door. Against the wall of the inner one I suspended her, so that I could still look at her as

I painted, yet guard her from unhallowed eyes of curiosity or custom, by closing the passage at the first footfall outside. Oh the sweet progress I made as I painted toward that woman—felt her growing more possible—and said, "Not to-morrow, perhaps, nor the day after, but next year, who knows but you may be mine!"

Now that I had become known, young Whiffletree patronized me. Forgetting entirely the obscure hiatus between our parting at the college threshold and his meeting me as the lionized artist, he was glad to see me—devilish glad—thought I had been dead, old boy—and all that sort of thing. And finding I was not in the sculpture line too, to his great sorrow, for he would have liked an equestrian statue of himself as appearing in the mounted militia, he gave me an order to paint his wife.

For the first sitting I appointed a bright day in June, when the leaves were all out, and a fresh smell of the flowering orchards up the river came down on the brisk north breeze, so that I felt in grand spirits for the work, and betook myself to Whiffletree's house with alacrity. I was ushered into the presence of a lady, stately, handsome, frigid, and in velvets. At that day the idea of painting a lady in any thing but velvets or the stiffest of brocades would have been thought an absurdity. The mistress of a house who expected to be handed down to coming generations, would have shuddered at the thought of being seen by her grandchildren, like Healy's beauties, in the informality of tulle and muslin, quite as much as if it had been proposed to her to sit for her portrait in gauze or tissue paper.

We had broken the ice of the ceremonious introduction—interchanged the ordinary platitudes of compliment—got the right light, seat, and pose, and I had been sketching away diligently for about half an hour, when there came a ring at the door—very faint and timid, like that of a little child. The door of the parlor in which I stood before the lady was half open, and I could see the footman as he went to answer it, hear the knob turn, and then a girl's voice, which said, "Will you ask your mistress if she can give me any sewing?"

Involuntarily I started at that voice. It was the sweetest I had ever heard—*had* heard only in dreams before.

With an irresolution strangely contrasting with his usual imperturbable impudence, the flunkey stood for a moment hesitating whether to slam the door in her face. Then recovering his habitual pomposity, he answered, "We've nothing for you."

"Ask, if you please."

These last words were said in so calm yet decided a tone that even the blunted instincts of the man showed him he was dealing with a superior—one who had been used to the respect of others, and never forgot her own. He left the front door just ajar, and retreating to the parlor, looked in to say, "There's a woman at the door, Mrs. Whiffletree, who wants work."

"I thought my orders were, Thomas, always to send such people away!"

"Very true, ma'am; but she wouldn't go without my asking."

"Make her, then."

Upon which the menial returned to the door, and, deigning no further parley, triumphantly slammed the door in the suppliant's face.

It must have been the sound of that voice—or the surprise at any one so much in want as to ask for work so earnestly, yet at the same time so little cowed by that want as not to cringe and go away at the first rebuff—or, it may have been a little momentary disgust at the ice-beauty I was painting, which would hide itself. At any rate, I put down the crayon for a minute, and looked out of the window. Just then the tired foot of the young girl came slowly off the last step; with a short hesitation she looked the other way up the street, then, more decidedly, she turned and came past the window. All the time I looked at her with that steadfast gaze which sees but one thing, and surely obedient to the powerful law of magnetism which never fails between men and women, she lifted her face so that it looked full into my own.

Gracious Heavens! The face! the face! *It was the one I had been painting toward for six years.*

No wonder young Whiffletree's wife was startled from her coldness; no wonder she thought me suddenly gone mad; no wonder that on that account she and her husband dismissed me forever, and to my somewhat injury yet exceeding little care spoke of me always after that, as we speak of old acquaintances in Bedlam. I lost that portrait—but I found my own!

For with a half murmured incoherent apology—dashing my pencil down and my hat on—and leaving Madam and my easel where they stood, I rushed through the door, half knocking down the astonished flunkey in my way, and was in the street at a leap.

She had not gone very far to be sure, but then the fear of losing sight of her in the wilderness of New York, that was terrible. So then, straightway, if Mrs. Whiffletree had condescended to come to the window, she beheld the mortifying spectacle of the artist-friend whom her husband had presented in close pursuit of a repulsed sewing girl.

At first it struck me that I would instantly catch up with her and address her. A moment's reflection showed me that this was not the best way. That womanly self-possession in trouble which would not let any thing in her walk or the carriage of her head proclaim to the street that she had been chilled or pained, together with what I had learned of her from the few words spoken at the door, told me that such conduct would be intrusion on a native lady. Perhaps an intrusion to be distinctly repelled.

Keeping at just such a distance behind her as might enable me to notice without being noticed, I followed her footsteps for more than

an hour. She stopped at several doors, and repeated the same petition only to meet the same refusal that had fallen to her portion at Whiffletree's. While she stood on the steps, I lay perch behind tree boxes, waiting to renew my pursuit as soon as she came down. As I stood in this position at one corner, three ladies whom I knew passed by, and recognizing me with some surprise in so curious a situation, resorted to the hypothesis that I was studying the natural tints of wood, which, being told to other friends of theirs, gained me quite a reputation for industry.

At length the young girl seemed utterly hopeless of success for that day at least, and tried no more doors. Even her heroic patience almost gave way, and I could see from the air with which she drew her veil closer and quickened her steps that she was wanting to cry, and getting home as fast as possible that she might do it unnoticed. It was now easier to follow her. Through the streets, on toward the upper and then almost unsettled part of the city, we kept our common way, until at last, reaching a broad waste field, now thick sown with free-stone houses, she took the narrow pathway which ran across it through scanty grass and luxuriant weeds toward a very small wooden house lying alone in the middle of the dreary blankness. We were the only two upon the waste, and fearing that she might turn, I sat down behind a huge boulder and waited until she was quite on the door-sill. Then she passed in.

It was now but the work of a moment to complete my chase. I too hurried to the door and knocked. Before the knock was answered, I had time with one quick glance to take in a hundred little things which spoke of tenants within blessed with the rare appreciation of this fact—the poor of this world are too poor to refuse God's free gifts. All around the exquisitely clean door-step were blooming those flowers which Heaven gives to all of us for the asking—wild violets, forest geraniums, anemones, and many another of the transplanted children of the wood. An eglantine, deftly trained by unmistakable woman-fingers, hid with its fragrant leaves and blossoms half the side of the house, growing ever more and more into a mantle of gentlest charity for the rough boards to which man's workmanship had only granted one coat of coarse yellow paint, and verily man could not, had he the will, have brightened that house with such tints as Nature and the womanly heart had given it. Smoothly graveled was the little path in front of the low step—not a weed was any where to be seen marring its cleanliness—and the small knob of the door was bright to such a degree, that it seemed like a ball of sunlight set there by some fairy to guide the inhabitants home.

I wondered that no answer came to my knock. So I repeated it, and began my survey again. Very strange! Nearly five minutes more, and not a sign of any one coming. The suspense was too much to bear—I turned the latch with

my own hand and entered. At the other end of the clean uncarpeted entry was a closed door, and, drawing near it, I heard the low sobs of a girl and an elder voice, as of a mother saying comforting things tremulously as if she would fain weep too.

Then, growing still bolder, I made my way in—so softly that at first they did not observe me. On a low wicker chair by the closed window sat a sad-faced woman, her eyes full of a patient, trustful tenderness undimmed by her sorrowful middle age, and kneeling with her head in that woman's lap, the young girl whom I sought gave way to her mortification and pain in perfect abandonment.

Stepping forward I drew their attention. The girl rose hastily, and, throwing back her long dark curls, turned on me a bewildered face, and shrunk toward her mother. Thank God to have found that face even in tears! The mother looked at me for a moment with an air of dignified inquiry.

"Madam," said I, hurriedly, "my only apology for what, I am aware, is a very strange intrusion, is the fact that I was present at one of those houses where the young lady was disappointed, and so pained by her trouble that I could not help coming to ask the favor of your commanding my own efforts. Forgive my unasked entrance—permit me to hand you my card."

"Mr. Wilton," answered the lady, quickly glancing at my name, "it is my misfortune this day to be of gentle blood, yet without a soul to call me kin or friend save this daughter in all the great lonely city. If God, therefore, sends a friend, it is not for me to quarrel with the way in which He introduces him. There have been days when you might have been as proud to be my guest as I to receive you whom the world honors. Be seated, please."

The involuntary self-assertion of the born lady which toned the last few words, gave way to a gratified and warmer look as I replied,

"Believe me, I could not be prouder than I am now if you permit me to know you."

Ah! The same sad old story. Repeated daily in the mournful sonnet of a thousand city lives—yet never hackneyed—never done. There had been a young professional man—a lawyer, proud as John Halifax in the consciousness of having only two levers to lift him into fame, his brains and hands. With Heaven's blessing on these means, he had built slowly up around him a New York practice, just large enough to admit of his bringing under the same dear little roof with him the woman he loved. This young couple lived together till one child was born to them—a daughter. Then just as the great gates of prestige and reputation began to rock on their hinges before his sturdy shoulder, and the gleam of the garments of those who had broken their way to the bright inner heights before him flashed more and more upon his eyes through the widening breach, he fell—fell on the very threshold. Fall of a great, patient,

working heart in the morning—out of his armor forever, at the nightfall. And in this poor, small house now lived his widow and his orphan.

Years had gone by since the father went his way. Wall Street and the courts had forgotten him—his few clients hardly now remembered his name—yet this wife and daughter kept his remembrance holy, and still clung to New York that they might be near his old arena and oftener visit his grave. There were friends of the husband's—friends of the wife's far up the country—they would not ask home and sustenance of them, lest the name of the dead might be dishonored by that bitterest reproach upon a young man's tombstone: "He left his family almost nothing." Up to the day on which I first saw the two, they had just eked out life together on that "almost nothing." Just then the banks were beginning to fail, and they lost it all. And then came the dreadful question which stares at widows and orphans out of every financial night, "Where is bread to come from?" How they were trying to solve it, I had seen at Whiffletree's. Yes, that tender woman, still cherishing the memories of her younger life of luxury and the refined comforts of her wedded home—that slender, graceful girl of seventeen, educated by her mother into a delicacy of thought and feeling, into those riches of all mind and heart culture which no poverty could make dim, had come at last to the point where the world called on them for its menial services as the only condition of their staying in it.

And do you think I let them sew? Do you think that while heart beat and muscles might strain in my body, I suffered the face that had drawn me on through long nights and days to honor for its sake, to grow sad and pinched ever more and more over the garments of the rich, and the ill-paid slop-work of the great shops that stab woman to the heart with needles? Never! Not over a tambour frame, whereon a king's throne cloth was brodered, if I could help it!

In a more pleasant and decenter part of the town I hired a small, comfortable house, already furnished. Into it I brought the two ladies, utterly overwhelmed at what seemed to be my perfectly inexplicable kindness. They could not know the reason of it then—the reason which lay in my knowing that that young girl, or no one upon earth, was to be my wife, and any thing I could do to shelter her was but giving shelter to my own soul.

To allay what I felt must be their fear of the world's suspicion, though they never mentioned it, I would not live with them, alone by ourselves, as I would have done in Arcadia, heaven, or any other country where people can be happy and innocent without being talked about. So I persuaded the mother to receive several other lodgers, and from the best of my acquaintance procured two young married men, with their wives, to take rooms with us.

I resolved that, although Ellen Lorn seemed

mine already by right, from the long years' possession of that heavenly face of hers in my heart and my studio, I would not treat her as such in any sense until I might woo and win her. I was more painfully scrupulous than I would have been with any other lady to avoid doing or saying any thing which might look like asserting a claim. I carefully governed myself against all intrusions upon her quiet and privacy, and suffered myself only to see her at first upon grounds of the most polite etiquette, that, if possible, I might be thought worthy for my own sake, regardless of any past relations of benefactor and beneficiary, to have a place where alone of all others I would give my life to sit supreme.

My course was a successful one. In time came the blessed, the unmistakable signs of being loved. The involuntary, warmer pressure of the hand, when late in the evening, after talking with them or reading to them for hours, I left her mother's parlor; the solicitude, the nursing, bestowed by gentlewoman goodness upon my slight pain or illness; the interest in all that I cared for; the pleasure with which my day's calendar of labors was listened to at nightfall by the breezy windows.

And, finally, I determined to do that act which the truest and the bravest man must ever come to with more trembling than to any other passage of his life; which only the flip-pant coward dares boast he approached nonchalantly, and according to mere cool forms—the finding out whether you have not been flattering yourself, and it is possible, after all, that you are to her you love the one man in the world, as she is to you the only woman. My thorough respect and self-respect had won the mother, and it was by her consent that, for my end, I invited the daughter to accompany me one morning to my studio. Ellen granted the request, and, reaching there, I opened the door of the inner room, and drew back the curtain that hung over my wife's picture.

"Look, Miss Lorn!"

A deep blush of delighted surprise and awakening spread over the face of the beautiful girl, and, as soon as she could get words, she said:

"Why, when did you do this? I never sat to you."

"That portrait was painted nearly seven years ago."

"What! Is it possible that any one just like me—"

"No, there is none else like you; and, therefore, if you can not do for me the one thing which I live for, on the broad earth I have nowhere else to go! Ellen! can it be that the last few months leave you still ignorant of what that one thing is?"

I drew her gently toward me, and, as she hid her face upon my breast, she just whispered, "I can not find the words to tell you what I would say. I am sure you know it without—"

"Yes, thank God! I do. I know it at last,

and feel it, without words, for I love you, and you love me!"

And then I told her the story of the portrait—the story, actually incredible save by her who trusted me. And my soul was full of hymns to think that this *was* indeed my wife's portrait.

It will always be my great sorrow, though now it be a consoled one, that we did not marry, as the Law of Heaven calls all such as we to do, immediately. But the Law of Society said, "Wait; wait till you are able to put your wife at the head of a more expensive—a more luxurious establishment. The world will visit you then, and you shall begin your married dance, like young Whiffletree, to the music of golden trumpets."

I grieve to say that the Law of Society so far overruled in my foolish mind the Law of Heaven, that I proposed to remain engaged for one year before the wedding. In that time I would work—oh, how I would work!—with one single aim—the increase of wealth and distinction for *her* sake. The year passed, we would open a house on Washington Square, perhaps, and keep servants and a carriage with the best of them.

To this end I greatly enlarged my circle of acquaintances. I went more into society, and suffered myself to be lionized, with an ulterior view to orders. I became hail-fellow-well-met with many a dashing young blood, whose wealth would have hitherto been to me but a miserable compensation for listening to his horse, militia, and quadrille twaddle. I suffered myself to be talked to on the comparative merits of tailors by Snobson, to take drinks and rides with De Fasteboie. I went into general routs and crush parties, and was seduced by learned women into dissertations upon Annibale Caracci. The just nascent taste for and study of art in town enabled mothers, with daughters who did not despise the lure of a rising artist, to "book-up" those young persons in all the commonplaces of dilettante painting and sculpture; so that they imagined their fascinations took me on my weak side, when they made sweet, bashful love to me, as an obvious professional character. How little they thought that I was all the time looking through them and over their heads to that quiet parlor where a young girl, who never got one of their cards, sat waiting my return over some choice old passage I had marked for her to read! How little they thought that I was using them all, men and women, waltzers and talkers, sons, daughters, and mammas, merely as the steps of a ladder, above whose top round sat—the sewing girl repulsed from Whiffletree's! Yet how often did I say to myself, "Wilton, after all, what better are you in all this selfish mingling with the people you despise than a walking advertisement—a rollicking sign-board, with 'Painting done here!'" And I confess I had my misgivings as to how far I was acting nobly.

As the time went on I began to feel all this excitement wearing on me. After painting all day, the whirl of incessant party-life was not

the thing for me. I ought to have been on Ellen Lorn's peaceful little sofa. I suspect, too, that the drinks with De Fasteboie were not good for me; they told on my constitution in a feverish brow and a nameless craving.

A night came which I shall never forget while I live. I had promised, in the morning, to take out Ellen in the evening for a moonlight row upon the North River. We would go to Weehawken on the flood tide, take a little strawberry supper there, and come back by eleven or twelve on the ebb. It was all arranged before I kissed her good-by and left for the studio. A little after noonday, as I rested from my easel to take my lunch upon the sandwich which Ellen always had ready in its clean white napkin when I left home, De Fasteboie sauntered in from his restaurant breakfast, taken, as his wont was, very early in the afternoon, and hailed me with,

"How're ye, old fellow! Well, what's up? Br-e-ad and ha-am, on my soul! really, equal to What's-his-name's hermit—'water and cresses from the spring'—the exact words, I think. Come, put down that melancholy stuff. Bob and Bouncer are at the door, and my tiger can't keep them more than a minute longer from kicking over the traces. Prime order, shiny as glass, and the oats fairly sticking out of them. Hurrah for the road and a Champagne dinner at Stryker's! Come—quick!"

Almost without knowing how, I consented—locked my door, and jumped up by De Fasteboie's side on the dog-cart. Aside from having to hear him talk, it certainly was pleasant to be bowling along at a steady rate of twelve miles the hour on a smooth, tough, elastic road, to the rhythm of spirited hoofs, out of the din and dust, all among blossoms, river breezes, and deep, green lawns of country houses.

Our dinner at Stryker's was elaborately good, even at that earlier day of luxury. The Champagne was, perhaps, the child of vineyards then, and not of orchards. At any rate, we drank freely of it—drank till we felt its generous thrill with poignant pleasantness. And such good-fellowship, so-called, rose out of its bubbles that not until the clock aroused us, striking seven, did we think of taking to the road again.

Seven o'clock! Oh shame!—at that very hour had I appointed to go with Ellen to the boat; and for what had I forgotten my promise? I, the earnest man and the worker, to revel with *bon-vivants*—to while a long summer day in banqueting—to waste even the hour I had pledged to the woman of my love!

Full of that feverish restlessness which torments the man who has criminally laughed away an appointed time, I prevailed upon De Fasteboie, after much reluctance, to order up the horses.

We neither of us said much on our way in. With De Fasteboie it was after-dinner satiety that kept him taciturn; with me it was that remorse which likes not to talk—only to get forward, both to repair injury, if possible, and to run away from itself.

The bays, stabled all the afternoon, needed only to feel the reins, and warmed to work without urging. The sunlight was not yet quite out of one side of the sky, and the moon had just risen on the other, when we came whirling into the upper portion of Broadway. Of a sudden, above all the other blended hum of town, then pealed upon our ears the quick alarm of fire-bells. Men, boys, and engines began to run and rattle through the streets, and making a strange mixed glare with the contending sunset and moon-rise, the lurid surges of the fire, canopied with heavy smoke-clouds, rolled on our view from further down town.

"Where is the fire?" I shouted to a man whom we hurled past as he ran. "In Macdougall Street," he replied, behind us.

"Oh! I hope not any where near my studio. De Fasteboie—do me the favor to take me there—I may be necessary, if it is near."

Into the Avenue—past the Square—into Macdougall Street—fast as we could drive. Heavens! could it be? *It was my studio!* Then De Fasteboie set me down among the struggling mob and the engines. After which, spite the bold training of his horses, he left, for their sake not daring to stay.

"Friends, make way, if you please." I shook off the hands whose rough kindness would detain me, and just plunging my handkerchief in a water-pail, tied it over my mouth and rushed up the half-charred stairway. There were pictures up stairs for the Exhibition—orders in every stage of progress—none of these were in my mind. My wife's portrait—the talisman of all my hardest life—the goal to which I had painted forward for six years with all their nights and days—I would bring *that* down safe though I had to leap back from the window. With the floor half yielding beneath me and almost strangled, I reached the landing and felt for my key. But no—no need—the studio door had been opened before me and stood ajar. Through dense clouds I groped, holding my breath, to the inner door—as I pushed that open, the floor within fell down, crackling with the pictures all ashes upon it, and a bright sheet of flame rolled up into my very eyes. A quick pain shot through them—then I opened them, and finding I could not see, cried out in agony, "Blind, O God! blind!" Yet Heaven helped me as I groped my way back to the stairs—then plunged down them to the ground.

"Did you get it?" cried a hundred throats simultaneously, who knew not what, to me, that "it" meant. "No," I answered, mechanically, and the low murmur that went through the crowd showed how much those kind, rude souls felt sorry for my unknown wretchedness.

"Blind, O God! blind!" In the quickening of that sudden, great affliction, there fell upon me like a tempest remorse for what I had lost and the sense of irreparable blight. I saw quickly go past me, in mournful procession, all the blind beggars I had ever pitied at the street

side and in hospitals. I saw Bartineus as he saddened on the road before Christ came—Belisarius asking alms in the forum—the blind old King of Judah in the foul dungeons of Babylon. Blind like them!—yea, blinder than them all; for I had shut my eyes to happiness, and chased ambition, pleasure, world-note, bandaged. And, the blind painter! his occupation gone in a moment, what more could he do for her who was his only life?

Thrown out of this world's work-shop as a ruined tool, what more was left for me? One thing—and that I would do. At the foot of Hammersley Street the deep river was now running in swift and strong flood. I *might* go to Weehawken yet to-night—I laughed in my despair—yet not as I meant to go in the morning. Ellen would not be with me; no, she would not see me as I drifted cold and unpained through those quick waters, a drowned blind man—with my eyes glassily staring up to the moonlight, and my hair waving back like a strange waif of sea-weed.

With this resolution in my mad soul, I managed to feel my way down toward the river—never stumbling at crossings or striking against posts—until the monotonous lashing between the piles and the feel of boards beneath my feet told me I was on the wharf. Going to the edge I shut my teeth, and without a prayer got ready to leap.

Almost off! when a small round arm, nerved mightily beyond its common strength, caught me around the waist—and a bitter voice of grief—a woman's voice—yes, Ellen's—cried out close to my face, "Oh, Mark, Mark! Pity me—pity me, and do not die!"

Utterly exhausted by my passion of despair I fell to the wharf, helpless as a child. And she, the loving and true-hearted, sat down, taking my hot head into her lap. "Would you kill me, Mark? Me whom you love? Speak to me—look at me—you will frighten me to death. Oh, look at your Ellen!"

I turned my sightless eyes up to that heavenly, invisible face which bent over me, and answered, "I shall never see you again. I am blind—blind by fire!"

For a moment the anguish that shook that tender young girl was like the wrath of a great whirlwind. In passionate sobs and tears it broke over me and mingled with my own sorrow, till I seemed growing mad again, and struggled to rise, saying, "No help for it—I *must* die!"

And then the mighty, self-conquering heroism of woman came to her aid. She brushed the tears from her eyes, and clasping my hand, answered with a voice of firm cheerfulness, "No! you shall never die, while I have eyes and hands for us both." And almost unconsciously she led me from the pier, and guided me gently home.

I slept a long and heavy sleep till late in the next morning. When I awakened, it was to feel instantly Ellen's kiss upon my lips; to hear

her voice asking how I felt. Then she said to me, "Will you do me one favor?"

"Any thing, my darling, any thing that one blind and cursed of God can do."

"Oh! don't speak so. Dear Mark, do you love me still as much as ever?"

"Can you ask me that—me whom you saved, both soul and body last night?"

"Well, then, you will grant me this one thing—let us be married immediately."

"O God! to think I can never take care of you, now!"

"Never mind—I can take care of *you*. Mother and I have two more rooms to ourselves than there is any need of: we will take more boarders—don't be afraid; we shall live. I only want to belong to you before all the world—that I may have a right to take care of you. If you love me still, let it be as I say this once."

We were married that very day. I, the blind—ah, the doubly blind—to her the beautiful, the patient, and far-seeing.

For many a day afterward I sat in my little room with my eyes bound up, for they were very tender for a long time, while Ellen talked hopefully to me, and made bright pictures in my mind by telling me how the clouds and the grass and the trees were looking. Oh, the blessing she was to me in that darkness!

Very soon after our marriage she told me how she came to save me at the wharf. At the first cry of fire, fearing I was away—for seven o'clock had come without bringing me—she had hurried to my studio, and reached it just in time to bear away out of the thickening smoke that one beloved picture. She had carried it to a safe place, and then returned in the vain desire of having the other paintings saved. She had been hemmed in by the crowd when I came—her voice lost in theirs, when I rushed up the burning stair-case. She had seen me return, groping strangely—broken through the crowd, and tracked me down Hammersley Street. She just reached the wharf in time and saved me!

For many days, I have said, she sat with me, lighting my darkness. Her plans for keeping house, helped by our good and tender mother, were all successful. We lived comfortably, if not luxuriously, and I only groaned in spirit when I thought to myself, "I might have been doing all this for *her*, and more." No—not more—God never gives more, before heaven comes (and that coming only brightens and strengthens it), than a noble woman's love on earth.

Gradually *I* was able to do something. People that had heard of me while yet I painted seemed willing to hear further from the blind artist. So using my Ellen's pen, I wrote lectures upon the art whose practice must now be a memory only with me forever. Then she read them over to me till I learned them, and I traveled with her, talking them to the sympathizing audiences whose pity softened without mortifying me, because I could not see it.

Yes—and I did well at lecturing. This greatly helped me to be content in blindness.

By-and-by what strange thing, do you think, happened to me? Early in the dawn—just before the time when I always woke, now that I was blind—I had a dream in which I thought I could see again—Ellen's face seemed upturned close beside me on the pillow, and I could perceive its lovely outlines quite plainly. In my sleep I felt ravished with joy—so that I woke from the very excess of it. "But," said I to myself, "I must be very long waking—how that dream clings!" For still I saw that face, clear as in sleep. "What! my God, can it be? Not sleep—but real waking?"

"Oh, Ellen, Ellen! I see you again! I am not—not quite blind!" As she woke in sudden amazement, and saw the truth—that I could see a very little—she shed the first tears from her brave steadfast eyes that she had permitted herself since she had to uphold me.

After that, little by little, my full sight came back to me. I painted again, and became more famous than before. I realized my dream of a fine house, equipage, all material splendor I had striven for. But as He who knows all hearts bears me witness, I would be blind again, if no otherwise could I see the heaven of that woman's heart as I saw it in my blindness!

LYDIA LANKFORT'S WEDDING.

HAVING shown me the chambers of the house—the dairy-room, with its hundred cheeses, like so many flattened spheres of gold, ranged upon shelves—the wool-loft, in which were stored the results of three seasons' shearing—the yellow-white blocks of fleeces packed away, in regular rows, to the ceiling, with little aisles and arches, all of wool, and having explained to me, very innocently, that this crop, reaped from the backs of sheep, was a commodity which increased in weight by being kept, and that it would probably command a better price per pound another season than this, the young ladies of the farm conducted me to the pantry, where they exhibited a trayful of extraordinary hens'-eggs; then to the wash-room, to show me the glossy water-tank, supplied by a spout from the hill; and, finally, asked me if I would like to see their grandmother?

"By all means!" I replied; and they accordingly led me to a sitting-room, where the old lady sat, with a large gray cat in her lap, knitting a sock which was precisely the color of the cat.

"Gran'ma!" cried the youngest of the girls—the prettier of the two, if there was any difference in their beauty, for they were both handsome as cherries—"Gran'ma!" she repeated, raising her voice, for it appeared that the old lady was rather deaf, "here's a gentleman come to see you."

"A gentleman from Boston!" added her sister, laughing.

"From Boston!" echoed the old lady, putting on her spectacles. "I declare! Why

didn't you tell me—I'd have slicked up a little. No matter now, though. How do ye do? So you're from Boston, be ye?"

There was a good-humored smile of curiosity on her face as she examined me through her glasses; and at the same time I observed that both the girls were laughing.

"You'll have to tell your story about the gentleman from Boston!" said Delia (that was the younger), in the old lady's ear.

"And Lyddy Lankfort's wedding!" exclaimed the grandmother, quite merrily. "That's jest what come into my head! I never hear of a gentleman from Boston but I think on't, I do believe. But I couldn't tell it; my memory's a failin' on me so. Here, Susie! you take up this stitch I've dropped; I've took up many a stitch for you, girls, when you was children, and larnin' to knit, and that's all the good it ever done ye. I guess you'd go without stockings, if ye didn't have me to knit 'em for ye, for all knittin' on 'em yourselves."

Having given Susie the sock, with this severe comment, the old lady wiped her glasses, and held them pensively in one hand, while she gently stroked the cat's neck with the other. The cat purred; Susie bent blushing over the sock; Delia played with a string; I looked with pretended interest at the pathetic picture of the old lady and her cat; but I was, in reality, thinking how handsome the girls were, and how captivating they would be had they possessed a little sentiment with their fun, and been less shockingly practical.

"Gentleman from Boston!" suddenly burst forth the old lady, with a laugh. "I don't know as I've thought on't for the last sixty years without laughin', no matter where I was—even if 'twas in meetin'!"

"Sixty years!" I observed. "That is a long road to look back over."

"Wa'al, in one sense, 'tis. There's been changes that make it seem so. Times wasn't then as they be now. You'd think 'twas rather funny, wouldn't you, to go back to where there wasn't any railroads, or steamboats, or tally-grafs? I don't remember as we ever used to see a newspaper very often them days. And as for chaises, and buggys, and such things, I don't believe there was over a dozen or so in all Connecticut. At least I never see one in our village—only Deacon Lankfort had a kind of a one-hoss wagin he used to drive to meetin', and thought drea'ful smart!

"The Deacon was one of the richest men there was in town; he had a noble farm, and kept store besides—sold sugar, calico, brooms, Boston crackers, and no end of rum. 'Twa'n't considered any disgrace them days to sell rum. Temperance—I never heard of temperance when I was a girl.

"It's the Deacon's darter, Lyddy Lankfort, I was goin' to tell ye about. She liked Enos Foote. Enos was a clerk in her father's store, and as likely a young man as any there was in town. I don't know 't they was exactly engaged; but

'twas understood well enough by every body that he was to marry Lyddy, and go into business with her father, who was to take him into partnership; and every thing went on smooth enough, till up comes that everlastin' gentleman from Boston.

"I never shall forgit the fust time I see him. 'Twas to meetin'; he had some business with the Deacon, and he sot in the Deacon's pew. He was dressed up mighty smart, with his hair all queued down behind, and pomatumed up straight before, and powdered all over, as if it had jest come out of a flour-bag. That was the fashion them days. But I couldn't help laughin' to see him lookin' so uncommon stiff and f'erce! He staid in town three or four days, and the Deacon introduced him around, and had so much to say about the gentleman from Boston that it got to be a by-word; for the Deacon thought there never was any body like him. We used to joke Lyddy about him, and asked Enos if he knew there was a sock knittin' for him? and it worked 'em both up so, I began to mistrust how the land lay. The Deacon had his weaknesses—he was human, and desperit worldly—and he'd thought it all over, how nice 'twould be to have the gentleman from Boston a member of his family.

"Lyddy warn't a girl to be slighted neither, by the best of 'em. She was amazin' perty—clear red and white—with eyes bright as diamonds. She wa'n't none too good for Enos, though. But while every girl in the neighborhood was after him, and he was after Lyddy, she changed her mind all at once, and began to receive attentions from the gentleman from Boston. 'Twas her father's doin's mostly; but she was young, and a little giddy, and I s'pose she thought it would be a fine thing to marry a stranger that dressed so smart, and talked so large, and walked so like a prince of the 'arth, and had so much money as folks told about—and that, arter all, was the main thing, I imagine.

"They managed perty shrewd to keep Enos quiet, and at last he was sent off to Hartford on some pretense of business, but for no 'arthly reason under the sun, only to have him out of the way when the weddin' come off. The gentleman from Boston was f'erce enough for the match—and no wonder; for whoever got Lyddy got a perty wife, and a fortin' with her.

"Your gran'ther Slade was courtin' me along 'bout that time; he was a kind of half-cousin of Lyddy's—her father was old granny Slade's half-brother—and since we'd been engaged, Lyddy and I had got to be tolerable intimate. So one day, arter she was published—the minister used to read off in meetin' them that contemplated matrimony, always, in those days—Lyddy sent for me to come over and see her. I took my knittin', and went over—girls never thought of goin' a visitin' then 'thout some kind o' work. I remember I went cross-lots, and picked some ros'berries by the way, and strung some on a stalk of grass to take to Lyddy. She run out by the well to meet me, and hugged me

in her arms, and bust out a cryin' right there on my neck.

"My, Lyddy!" says I. "What on 'arth is the matter?" says I. "Now don't cry!" says I. But all the time I was a cryin' myself; for I knowed what the trouble was—and many a sad and lonesome time I'd had thinkin' of her and poor Enos Foote, though 'twan't no business of mine.

"I an't cryin'! or if I be, it's cause I'm so glad to see ye!" says Lyddy, says she. "Come in, do!" So I went in, and she began to look a little chirk, showin' me her weddin'-dress and fixin's. But I couldn't feel happy somehow; I kep' thinkin', thinkin', and c'ena'most chokin', when I tried to talk; and at last I couldn't help speakin' right out:

"What 'u'd Enos say, Lyddy?"

"She turned white as a sheet, and dropped her dress, and stood a minute the most distressed object ever I set eyes on; then she began to cry agin'!

"Oh, don't mention Enos!" says she. "There never was any body so miserable as I be!"

"She took on terrible for much as ten or fifteen minutes; and I let her, for I thought 'twould do her good to have her cry out. But I felt awful while I sot by and looked on. I was in love a little myself then, and I could jest enter into her feelin's, and feel for Enos, too, exactly as if it had been my own case. At last she wiped up, and tried to put a good face on the matter.

"It's no use now," says she; "le's talk about somethin' else."

"But I was determined to dive into the matter a little deeper. So says I:

"If you don't like him, what makes ye marry him?" says I.

"If I don't like who?" Lyddy spoke up, real spunky for a second or two.

"Your gentleman from Boston!" says I.

"Who says I don't like him? Of course I like him, or I shouldn't marry him," says she; but her voice was beginnin' to tremble.

"But there's somebody you like better," says I. "No use your denyin' that. And there's somebody likes you a good deal better than ever you desarved he should. And you're willfully and wickedly breakin' his heart, as if 'twan't of no more vally than a stun under a cart-wheel! Excuse me for bein' so plain with ye, Lyddy; but that's jest what I think, and I couldn't help sayin' it."

"Instid of bein' mad, as I s'posed she'd be, what did she do but run up to me, and git right down on her knees by my side, and look up in my face, with her hands a holdin' both of mine tight, and the tears a running out of her eyes jest like two springs of water!

"Oh! will it break his heart?" says she. "Do you think he loves me so—do you?" And she laughed and sobbed, both at the same time, as if it made her happy, even then, to think how Enos loved her.

"Then she told me the hull story; and it did really seem as though she wa'n't so much to blame, arter all. 'Twas all her father's and relations' doin's—for they was bent on havin' her marry the gentleman from Boston, and they'd fairly talked it into her, and made her think she must. She owned right up that she didn't like him a bit, and never could; and declared she had never for a minute thought Enos would feel half so bad about it as she did.

"'Tan't too late yit,' says I.

"She brightened up at that; but when I told her what she ought to do, her countenance fell, and she gasped out that she never could do it in the world!

"'Turn right about,' says I, 'and undo jest all you've done wrong—that's the only way. Tell your father you never understood your feelin's till now; that you never can love any body but Enos; and that, as for marryin' the gentleman from Boston, you can't and won't!' That's what I told her; and I was so worked up about it I guess I laid it down to her perty strong.

"'What 'll every body say?' says she.

"'Never mind what every body 'll say,' says I. 'Think of Enos. Think of bein' married to a man you don't like, and the man you do like breakin' his heart about ye! What 'll you care for a little property more or less, or 'pearin' smart, or what folks 'll say or think, when there ain't no more love for you in the world? Think on't,' says I. 'Then be brave as a lion, and have your own way for once. It's your right and duty, and it's Enos's right, above all.'

"'Wa'al, I made her almost promise. But 'twa'n't much use talkin' to her about bein' brave as a lion, for she was nothin' but a lamb. If I had only been in her place a little while I guess there'd have been a stir! She wanted to think on't one night, she said. So I went and left her. But it seemed as though I'd took all her trouble with me. I was so distressed I didn't sleep a wink all night, thinkin' of her and Enos. Toward mornin' an idee come into my head: I'd write a letter; I'd write to Enos, and tell him jest how matters stood. Soon as the birds began to twitter I was out of my bed; and 'fore noon that letter was on its way to Hartford. If Enos should come back, I felt perty sure he and I together could have influence enough with Lyddy to break off the match. But mails didn't go so quick then as they do now; 'twas only five days 'fore the weddin', and I was drea'ful 'fraid Enos wouldn't git the letter and come on in season.

"'Wa'al, I'm makin' a long story on't, as 'tis; and if I should begin to tell ye all that was said and done in them five days, 'twould keep ye here till this time to-morrow, sartin. Lyddy was in a terrible state o' mind—dreadin' the weddin', wishin' to break off with the gentleman from Boston, but afraid to do any thing. I didn't let her know a word about my writin' to Enos till the very last. As he didn't come, I thought I'd tell her, and maybe that would

put a little sperit into her. 'Twas the day of the weddin'—the bridegroom was expected, and they was to be married that evenin', and I was over to the Deacon's, a dressin' on her, and helpin' git ready for the ceremony. She'd had a talk with her father, and he'd fairly frightened her out of the idee of breakin' off; and I found her so helpless and meek over it, that I lost all patience, and told her I'd done all I could, and now if I was to deck her off, I'd do it, jest as I would for her funeral; for I felt for all the world as if she was goin' to be buried insted of married.

"'But,' says I, 'there 'll be somebody here you don't expect, and somebody you won't care to see.'

"'Who do ye mean?' says she, lookin' white and scar't, 'not Enos?'

"'Yes,' says I, 'Enos; for I wrote to him five days ago, and he'll have jest time to git here.'

"She sunk right down on the floor where she stood, and dropped her face between my feet, and lay as still as if 'twas really goin' to be a funeral 'tid of a weddin'; till bime-by she began to moan and take on desprit, and twist herself out o' my arms when I tried to raise her up. Jest then I heard the gate slam, and looked, and see the Deacon a comin' toward the house. Now I was always afraid of the Deacon, he was such a stern, hard man; but I knew he loved his darter, and meant her good; and when I see him comin', an idee struck me, so sudden, it fairly took my breath away for the time bein'. Thinks I to myself, he ha'n't no notion how bad she feels; and if he should see her now! So up I jumped, and ran down stairs, and spoke to him—

"'Deacon Lankfort!' says I.

"'But my heart was in my throat; and he looked at me with such a scowl, I couldn't say another word, only 'Lyddy!' He see somethin' was the matter; and up stairs we went together; and there we found Lyddy on the floor, jest as I'd left her, only she was sobbin' now as if her heart was broke.

"'Lyddy!' says he, 'what's this?'

"He spoke stern, and took hold of her, and made her sit up; and she was so 'fraid of him, she hushed up right away, and I see that then was the time for me to say my word, if ever.

"'It's jest this, Mr. Lankfort,' says I. 'She's afraid to tell ye; but you ought to know, and if she won't speak, I will. She's a cryin' herself to death, 'cause she don't want to marry that man. She don't like him—she says she don't. She likes Enos; and Enos expects to marry her; and it's like throwin' away all her happiness to give him up; and, for my part, I declare it's a sin and a shame!'

"'You hush up your nonsense!' says the Deacon to me, lookin' black as a thunder-cloud. 'Lyddy has got school-girl notions enough of her own without you puttin' more into her head. It's too late to draw back now, if she wanted to. But she don't want to. She an't

so unreason'ble. She'll like one husband as well as another arter she's married to him. What do you girls know about such matters? Now don't le'me hear any more of this nonsense, or I'll give ye both a good whippin', and shet ye up!

"Wa'al, he had shet *me* up—I couldn't say another word!

"You see it's no use," says Lyddy, says she, arter he was gone. "So don't say another word about Enos. I shall try not to think of him any more. If he comes—but I don't think he'll come. If you wrote five days ago, he ought to be here, if he's coming. He never loved me, or he would have come!" And from that she began to take on agin, layin' all the blame on to Enos, 'cause if he had cared for her, he never would have kep' so long away.

"For my part, I see the only thing left was to go through with it like a bad job, the quietest way possible. I didn't speak of Enos agin, and I'd given up his coming, or, at least, his doing any good if he did come. Every thing was ready 'fore night. But now the Deacon began to wear the least mite uneasy. The bridegroom hadn't made his appearance. The Boston stage that usually got along by five o'clock, had been delayed somewhere on the road; but that didn't give me any hope, I knowed 'twould come soon or late, and that delayin' the ceremony half an hour, more or less, wouldn't make any difference. The Deacon sent over to the tavern, and got word that one stage had come, but 'twas the Hartford, not the Boston stage; and Enos wasn't in it.

"You'd a thought Lyddy wouldn't care much how she looked, standin' up to be married, under such circumstances. But a woman's a woman, arter all. I was provoked to see her forgit all about Enos, to think of her dress, and look in the glass, and prink, and ask about this thing and that, what would become her, and what wouldn't; and put on smiles aforehand, jest as if she was the happiest bride on 'arth! But then I thought, it's the natur' of a woman's vanity to want to look perty, even in the coffin; so I couldn't feel to blame Lyddy so much arter all.

"'Twasn't dark yit, when the invited guests began to come: your gran'ther Slade rode up, hossback, bringin' Thankful Slade behind him, on a pillion. Finally, the minister and his wife come, afoot; she wore a trail to her dress a yard long, which was the fashion, and she had it pinned up onto her waist, to keep it out of the dust of the road. The waist of her dress was made to come jest under her arms. The minister was a pompous, struttin' little man, not more'n five feet tall; and he wore short breeches, with knee-buckles, a cocked hat, and an immense wool wig, white as bleachin' would make it, and frizzled all over his head. I guess you'd laugh to see your minister and his wife comin' to a weddin', or any where, now-days, dressed in that style!"

The girls laughed at the picture; and the

old lady, having refreshed herself with a pinch of snuff, proceeded:

"Bime-by Steve Warner, a boy that lived to the Deacon's, come back from the tavern, where he'd been sent with the one-hoss wagon, to wait for the stage, and bring the bridegroom over with his trunk. He was alone, and a crackin' his whip. Me and Lyddy looked out from her winder; and when we see that the gentleman from Boston wa'n't with him, our hearts jumped for joy! The Deacon ran out in a terrible state of excitement, and the guests all rushed to the door to hear what was said.

"'Didn't I tell ye to wait till the stage come in?' says the Deacon, to young Steve.

"'Wa'al, didn't I?' says Steve. 'Of course I did; then I druv' home.'

"Lyddy gasped and squeezed my arm, till 'twas near black an' blue, she was so excited. And I must say I was excited myself—but I kep' still to listen. The Deacon asked Steve why he didn't bring the bridegroom over?

"'Cause,' says Steve, says he, 'I do no' why. 'Twas so late, and he was all dust; so I guess he didn't like to show himself. He's going to walk over, arter he gits his weddin' clo's on.'

"Then Lyddy sunk right back, a tremblin' jest like an aspin leaf. It seemed as though 'twas all over with her then—the bridegroom had come to town, and Enos hadn't—and all she had to do was to chirk up again, and look as sweet and perty as might be, and so be married.

"We had to wait so long I got tired, and wanted to see an end on't.

"'I'm goin' down stairs, any way,' says I.

"'Oh, don't! you mustn't!' says Lyddy. Says she, 'I want you to be with me, or I can't go through with it.'

"'So much the better,' says I. Jest then I heard a horse gallop, and I ran to the winder. 'Oh, Lyddy!' says I.

"'What is't? what is't?' says she. 'Oh! oh! it's him! it's him!'

"'Twas him, sure enough—not the bridegroom, but Enos—and he was ridin' like mad; and up he turned to the gate, and over it he tumbled, I never knew how, leavin' his horse standin' right there without hitchin' nor nothin', and the next minute he bu'st into the house like a lion. I was down stairs in a minute. My stars! I never see such a hubbub in my life!

"'Where is she? Is she married?' says Enos, tearin' away the Deacon, who had got hold of him, and rushin' up to me the minute I come into the room.

"'No,' says I, 'she an't; she's up stairs waitin' to be, though,' says I. I hoped he'd go right up to her, and take her, and hold her, spite of all of 'em; fur 'twas his right. But the Deacon took him agin, and talked to him in his palaverin' way, and so led him into the bedroom; and I went back to Lyddy, who was e'ena'most dead with fright, and told her what had happened.

"'What do ye think he'll do?' says she, wild as a loon.

"'He can't do nothin' with your father alone,' says I; 'but if you're there, 'twill make all the difference. Now's your time; go right down; throw yourself into Enos's arms, and declare you never will be seprated from him agin; that'll give him strength and courage, and you'll have your way, sure as fate!'"

"'Oh, I never could do it in this world!' says Lyddy. 'I'm sorry he has come! why did you write to him? Oh dear! oh dear!'"

"That made me so provoked with her I didn't know what to say or do. I went down stairs. Every body was on tiptoe to know what was goin' on in the bedroom. Finally, the door opened and Enos come out. His head was down, and his hat over his eyes, and he staggered like a drunken man. The Deacon was behind him, lookin' whiter'n I ever see him look in his life, and solemn as death. He kinder stiddied Enos by the arm, and seemed to be tryin' to say somethin' comfortin' to him, but his lips hardly moved, and I couldn't hear a sound come out of 'em, though the room was jest then so still you could a heard a pin drop. He took him to the door, and then I see 't Enos was goin' away agin 'thout a word with Lyddy. I felt as if 'twas my own case, for all the world, and I could hardly keep from shriekin' right out; but I held in, and sprung arter him, determined to have jest one word in his ear if I died for't! Jest then the door was opened.

"'Good Heavens!' says the Deacon, 'what on 'arth!'"

"He fell back, as if he'd been struck. It hit me jest about the same time, and e'ena'most knocked me down. The next minute such a cry as every body set up! and the minister clapped his fingers to his nose, and screamed out, 'Shet the door!' 'Fore that could be done, though, in stalked the gentleman from Boston! He was dressed, and powdered, and pomatumed in grand style, but that made him look only the more ridiculous. He didn't seem to know whether he stood on his head or his heels. He was a coughin', and a holdin' his nose, and a stammerin', and a spittin'; while every body ran away from him, as if he'd been the arch fiend himself, just come up a smokin' from the lower regions. The door was shet, but that didn't make no difference—the fragrance was awful!

"'The gentleman from Boston has brought a powerful perfume with him!' says the little minister, struttin' around in his white wool wig.

"'For Heaven's sake!' says the Deacon, 'how did it happen? Phew! phew!'"

"'I don't know—I can't tell what!' says the poor bridegroom, dodgin' around, as if he was tryin' to git away from himself, and puttin' every body to flight, like so many sheep, with a wolf among 'em. 'As I was coming along—I got almost to the gate—when I see,' says he, 'a little spotted kitten a runnin' on jest before me, in the dark. It stopped right in my path, and I come up to it, and jest put out my foot toward it—when—'"

"'Lordy massy!' says the Deacon, 'don't you know a spotted kitten from a ——? Heavens and 'arth! I wouldn't have had it happen for— Bless me, Sir! You'll have to step out doors! a saint couldn't stand this! Phew!'"

"'How—am I—have I—' says the poor bridegroom.

"'Yes, you have!' says the Deacon; 'and the sooner you change them clo's o' your'n the better!'"

"'My weddin' clo's!' says the poor fellow, and out he went, to the great relief of every body. But he'd scented up the house for a month to come. I must say I pitied him, though I was glad enough for any accident that only put off the weddin'. I had took advantage of the confusion to pull Enos back, whisper my word in his ear, and send him up stairs to Lyddy, where he was all this time, unbeknown to the Deacon, who was so dead beat when he found it out, he took his oath that she should be married that night to the gentleman from Boston if the knot had to be tied in the open air! But half the guests had gone already, and the rest was goin'; and the little minister had strutted off in his cocked hat, with his hand to his nose, and his tall wife, with her trail pinned up, a holdin' on to his arm; and now another difficulty appeared—the gentleman from Boston couldn't be got back into the house agin for any consideration, and 'twas his own wish the weddin' should be put off till some futur' occasion.

"'Wa'al, to cut a long story short,' continued the old lady, 'the gentleman from Boston went back to Boston, and that was the last we ever see of him, though I never knowed exac'ly how the affair was managed. As for Lyddy, she and Enos was married the same day me and your gran'ther Slade was, six months arter that eventful night; and I guess they was happy enough; but all that is past and gone, and I don't know as it makes much difference now who was happy and who wasn't; for I can't think of a single one out of the number that was mixed up in the matters I've been tellin' about but the grass grows over 'em now—Enos, and Lyddy, and the Deacon, and all on 'em; only I'm spared, to set here and laugh and cry over the story, once more, for your amusement."

The old lady wiped her eyes, and put on her glasses. I thanked her cordially for the entertainment of her story; and the girls declared that she had never told it better.

"'I've no doubt but *the gentleman from Boston* will take it and print it," laughed Susie.

"'If he does, I hope he'll dress it up in a little better shape,' rejoined the old lady; "and leave out some of my bad grammar."

"'That would destroy its flavor,' I replied; "the story should be given as you have related it, or not at all."

The old lady thought the idea absurd. The girls laughed at it. I appeal to the reader. If his decision is against me, I submit; protesting,

however, that the fault lies in the reporter's inability to do justice to the original narrator's racy idioms and quaint dialect.

IN THE AUTUMN.

AH! here and there I see the glints,
Half kindled, of autumnal tints,
Light tongues of flame, that through the wood
The universal fire prelude.

The fields have caught the spreading fire,
The lychnis lifts its torrid spire,
And the drear edges of the swamp
Are lit by the lobelia's lamp.

And as I walk with Alice Rowe
My heart too shares the general glow,
And, fed with fire from wood and field,
Bursts forth with flames no more concealed.

Close by the sumach clumps, that blaze
Like beacons through the autumn haze,
With one long kiss my vows I seal,
And that sweet answering pressure feel.

Ah me! behind that crimson glow
Cold winter creeps with frost and snow,
And those red leaves that drape the trees
Will quench in dank December's breeze.

And so behind the dreams of gold,
That Alice and myself infold,
Perhaps there creeps some spectre hither,
The fires to quench, the leaves to wither!

OUR HUSBANDS.

WHY is it that nobody has ever written a Natural History of Husbands? Every creature in nature, whether fish, reptile, insect, beast, or bird, has had its historian; and almost every relation in human life, from kings and priests down to snobs and quacks, has had its annalist, and even its philosopher; but we know of no work that has been especially given to the great subject now before our pen. The wife has not been so neglected in our literature; and while volumes of eulogy have been printed expressly as biographies of good wives, and almost every good woman's life is written, as if it were the chief end of her being to be a good wife, the husband does not often figure very conspicuously in history in his conjugal relation; and the fact that his conjugal fidelity is recorded chiefly on tombstones, may prove, not so much the admiration of the world for his virtue, as the affection of his widow for his memory at the time when his follies are over, and her love has distance as well as intensity to lend enchantment to the view. We suppose that the reason of the comparative silence of history and philosophy upon the subject comes from the supposition that to be a husband is only one of the incidents of a man's life, while it is the main thing in the destiny of woman to be a wife. It would certainly be somewhat strange to see a man's name recorded on a

tombstone as a relief of his left-hand leg and wife; and Lucy Stone is not illogical toward her woman's rights doctrine in declaring that she will never have her name recorded as any man's relief, although the world may not follow her logic, and she is quite as likely as any wife and mother to have her name coupled with her husband's on the monumental tablet in the obfashioned way.

It would certainly be interesting and instructive to have an able treatise, both historical and philosophical, on husbands. The work ought to start with a just idea of the elements of human nature that fit man for married life; then to give sketches of the characteristics of husbands under the various forms of nationality, race, government, society, and religion; and it might end with the exhibition of the true type of marital character under our present Christian civilization. The treatise might be copiously illustrated by portraits of the men and manners of the leading ages of history; and would not be any the less interesting if many of the illustrations were taken from photographs of our own time. In fact, hardly any volume would be more popular in most parlors than an ample portfolio or cyclopedia of the various types of actual husbands and hopeful candidates for that honor. We can think at once of fifty specimens that could be introduced with profit, each face giving some especial features of the important character in question. It would be curious to hear what men would say of the gallery as they turned over the leaves; but to hear what women would say, whether married or single, could not fail to be most instructive, if not astounding—for if you would find out a woman's real heart, you must know what is her ideal standard of a husband. The portraits ought to have a fair share of letter-press, describing the family, fortune, talents, and tastes of the men delineated, that the more prudential lady readers might be able to consult those aspirations of their hearts that do not rest contented with such a doubtful title-page to a man's story as his mere face, however handsome or homely. It might amuse a cynic to learn how far the impression made by the face alone would be modified by the figures in the margin; how much lovelier the chuckle-headed young Stubbs would look because booked as the son of a millionaire in feeble health, and how sadly young Fitzjames's ambrosial locks droop the moment his penniless condition is known. But we are not cynics, and we like any kind of dogs better than human curs. We do not mean to bark at our poor humanity in any form in this article, but to write a good-natured, and, if we can, a somewhat practical, paper upon one of the most important aspects of home life.

Looking upon our masculine nature, either according to its historical development or its constitutional tendencies, we see ample proofs that we men, in the main, are predestined to be husbands. Poor Adam was but half of the true humanity before fair Eve came, and Paradise

itself must have been a torment to him, if he were like other men, so long as there was no charming and sympathizing woman to talk with upon the beauties of the place; for sure we are that we never knew a man, of any sensibility, who could take a moment's comfort in any blessing of God or nature until he could make a confidante of some gentle heart—whether of mother, daughter, sister, sweet-heart, wife, or particularly agreeable cousin. Adam's wife came from his side—proof positive that before she came to him the idea of her, or the feeling for her, was within him, and very near the seat of vitality too. She was his helpmeet, and very likely helped him out of a world of borrowed troubles, as wives generally do, by giving him some solid troubles to think about, in order to provide for the household and look after the children. Adam fell after his marriage; but, if he had remained a bachelor, he might have fallen into a deeper and far less salvable degradation. His experience illustrates the beginning of connubial trials, and the Providential escape from them. Eve, like most women, was fond of new things; and not having any such tempting finery before her eyes as now entices feminine infirmity, she was caught by the one provoking novelty that was beyond her lawful reach, and the insinuating serpent behind the apple-tree played the game, in our day so common on the part of the bland exhibitors of silks, velvets, and jewels behind the counters in Broadway. Eve *must* have the charming fruit, and her ready sensibility got round that blind side of Adam from which she came. His disobedience followed hers; and he, naughty man! so like most husbands, in too great readiness to be tempted to folly by his wife, was also, like too many husbands, in the disposition to throw the blame of the folly upon her shoulders. Still they kept together, and most probably their deeper experience deepened their love; and by error and contrition, sorrow and joy, labor and rest, mutual parental disappointments and delights, they attained a state of peace that made up for the loss of early romance in that first tearless Eden. God surely never left them without hope; and from them, according to the flesh, sprang the Beloved of God. Tears came, but God's sunshine threw rainbow lines upon the shower and celestialized the cloud.

Man, who has his type in Adam, is predestined to be the husband by his mental constitution as well as by his physical organization. He is strong, and his very strength is unblessed and unappreciated until set off and harmonized by the companionship of his gentler and more graceful mate. He is marked mainly by hard intellect and stout will, and he tends to merely utilitarian calculation and coarse self-reliance, apart from the feminine intuition and faith that make him more a man by integrating his fragmentary nature by union with womanly sensibility. Woman is his chosen educator. This fact he proves from the cradle, or in his mother's arms; and he can never forget it so long

as his ear is open to any gentle word from sister or daughter. But of all women who educate him the wife is chief, and it is she who ought to bring out all the better influences of his mother by her fidelity and his devotion. We really believe that men are, in the main, educated by their wives in the leading practical aims and affections of daily life, and we believe it none the less for being well aware that, on the whole, the husband has the more determined will. This very fact fixes the wife's influence, since a determined will does not yield to one of its kind, but is rather hardened by opposition; while it surrenders with comparative ease to gentle influences, that make up, by importunity and softness, what they lack in hardihood. Petticoat government is an established institution, and the husbands who boast most of their liberty may be all the more snugly tied to the apron-string because they do not feel the strain by venturing beyond the inexorable limits of the tether. We are not of the ascetic school of philosophers, nor are we dainty sentimentalists, and we see no reason, either before God or man, to be ashamed of any of the natural instincts that draw husband and wife to each other; yet we are quite as little inclined to the abominable materialism that regards the attraction as mainly a sensual one. The best love ripens long after the bloom of beauty and the lust of strength have languished; and the essential fitness of the masculine and feminine character for happy union is never so obvious as in the declining years of a couple whom God has really joined together in a marriage of the mind and heart. We know that the common facts of human experience are hardest of all to define, and we may be mistaken in deciding upon the cause of any strong emotion or attachment, so great is the force of collateral circumstances and unconscious associations in modifying our thoughts and feelings; and so easy is it, for example, for a man to call himself a patriot who is willing to fight in defense of his own property, or to regard himself as a model husband or father because he is proud of a son's talents or a wife's or daughter's beauty. But we are quite confident that the element of masculine character that makes a man by eminence a husband is his natural need of feminine protection. He needs a woman to protect him indoors just as much as the woman needs a man to protect her out of doors. The woman is born with the instinctive conviction that she can look after a man, and secure his happiness. It is really quite affecting to see how soon a precious little daughter feels this instinct; and, in her mother's absence, she sits at the head of the table, and in a thousand ways comforts the father as only the womanly heart can do. Every true man needs this feminine comfort in the nearest form; and even if wealth can surround him with luxuries, he is ill at ease until a gentle presence smiles upon his dwelling and makes it home. Men, by themselves, are never at home, no matter how well housed or fed. The cares

and passions of the world are still driving at them, until the new element of womanly grace and tenderness comes to soften down, by mild and magnetic violet tone, the ruddy glare of the masculine horizon. With the woman whom he loves and respects, man is with his best protector; and this woman must be his wife, for none other can he at once love and respect so deeply and tenderly. She to him is sacred as mother and daughter, while near to him as they can not be, in a nearness as halloved as it is affectionate. Her mind is the natural counterpart of his own, and when with her he has a sense of being protected from the cares and temptations of the world as nowhere else. Said a strong man to us once, "When I am near my wife and children all the hells seem shut, and the devils are out of sight; but when they are out of town, a whole legion of devils seem barking at me." We are aware that all wives are not habitually sweet-tempered, and not all are comforters; but we are nevertheless confident that any true woman is her husband's defender from masculine annoyances, and many a somewhat vehement wife, who is often quite free in dealing with her husband's weak points, claims the monopoly of the domestic censorship, and is determined that nobody else shall scold him or annoy him; so that, on the whole, she is a capital protector, by having his faults brought to judgment only before her tribunal, which is never wholly merciless. So confident are we of the wife's power as her husband's indoor protector, and of his essential need of her loving care, that we consider all unmarried men as in imminent personal danger. We hear, indeed, of unprotected females, who can not go out after dark, because lacking the attendance of some brawny masculine arm. What shall we say of the unprotected men who so abound in our streets, and who fall into all manner of mischief and ruin? Who ever knew of a man falling into evil ways in his wife's presence; and what police system would be so effectual as intrusting the whole stray masculine population to the care of good wives of even mediocre feminine propriety? Surely before such a galaxy of beacon-lights the *stars* of our regular police would pale, and Matsell's and Tallmadge's occupation would soon be gone. The establishment might be somewhat expensive; but we would undertake to pay the whole cost of it out of the savings of money from the closing of bar-rooms, gambling hells, and dens of scarlet infamy, and to have money enough left to establish a grand seminary for the education of all girls who are candidates for such police duty. But we would not treat the subject lightly, much less coarsely; and we reaffirm our position, that the true man is called to be a husband, not only by his ability to protect a wife, but by his need of her protection, alike from the cares and the vices of the world, in the charmed atmosphere of a true home. We do not forget that, in humble life, he needs her to make his clothes and cook his food; but we equally remember that in every

sphere of life, no matter how favored, he needs her love to comfort and strengthen him. He may, indeed, by gold or genius, win brilliant beauty to his side, and give to flirts or to scarlet women the place that belongs to a true and constant friend; but he is no true man so long as not loyal to a true woman, and only the wife can win from him the mingled respect and affection that enrich and strengthen him as much as they comfort her. We know that we are taking pretty high ground on this subject, and laying the foundation of the husband's character upon his essential need of feminine companionship in its consecrated form, and so committing him to marriage, not for self-indulgence, or even for solicitude for woman's welfare alone, but for the sanity of his being, or the welfare of his own soul.

We can not, of course, undertake to characterize the various embodiments of our idea of the husband in different ages and countries; but must be content with a few words upon our American type of the character in question. We Americans have some qualities peculiar to ourselves, although we must not forget that we belong to the old tribe of Adam, and, moreover, that our blood and creed, and most of our civil and social institutions, came essentially from the old world. The American husband must have many of the characteristics of his European ancestors or contemporaries; yet it would be very strange if he did not, in some way, justify his boast of being independent, and innovate upon the ancient standards of connubial rule. Our tone of health, manners, business, and religion, in some respects so peculiar, can not but tell in a measure upon our domestic temper and habits. We have, indeed, no fear that our republican freedom is likely to do away with the vested rights of petticoat government, and are often disposed to think that the laxity of our political system is to be made up by the increased stringency of conjugal rule; so that, perhaps with a shrewd eye to policy, our fathers put a woman's head on our national coinage in order to present the idea of national allegiance in the least objectionable form, and under the feminine figure of Liberty set up a standard of authority which every well-trained husband had already learned to acknowledge under a salutary petticoat jurisdiction. Yet there are some points that call out our solicitude for the future of our American homes in connection with present tendencies among our boys and men.

The tone of American health has important bearings upon the subject, and too many of our men, not only by neglect of physical culture, but the use of the stimulants and narcotics so fatal to the American constitution, and by the political and business excitement so characteristic of us as a people, impair their usefulness and dignity by enfeebling their strength, shattering their nerves, and fevering their blood. The decided precocity in the development of the masculine passions among us comes quite as much from false views of health as from follies

in the modes of society; and it is very sad that so many boys, with puny frames and excitable nerves, even if they escape the terrible vices to which bad companionship exposes them, exhaust the freshness of their affections before their beards are grown, and not seldom presume to talk of marriage, and perhaps go through one or two regular engagements, as well as numberless flirtations, before they are out of their teens. Harm is done by the kind of freedom allowed, and encouraged too often, among us between youth and maidens, from whom little if any positive scandal is to be feared, by the obvious tendency to quicken precocious sensibilities, and to leave the affections hackneyed and dissipated just at the time when they should have their best freshness and bloom. It is well, indeed, for boys and girls to associate together in a reasonable way, since the boys learn gentleness and the girls learn self-reliance by this sociality; but nothing is worse than precocious passions, such as are developed by the silly love-making of school children and the silly engagements that so often befool them, at the very time when they should be minding their books and their mammas. It is for the boy's good that he should be brought up in that sacred reserve toward the other sex which enables him to keep all the romance of masculine sensibility for her who in due time wins his affections; and although we may expect him to dream once in a while of some pretty face of the school-room or the parlor, we ought not to expect him to be the privileged lover or attendant suitor until he has years enough to know his own mind as well as his idol's character. Few causes tend more to lower the views of our youth regarding women than the free manners of girls toward them. They put a wrong construction upon the freedom, and so form the false and degrading opinion that the feminine pulse is quite like their own, and that woman is like man in inclination, and only restrained by conventional prudence. We sincerely believe that the majority of husbands hold very reverential views of the purity of the feminine character and its superiority to coarse passions; while they who judge of it only from toying with female folly, and mistaking vanity or sentimentalism for passion, fall into the most degrading notions of the feelings of the whole sex, and are spoiled for marriage because hackneyed by flirts. For our own part, we think better of any youth for being sensible of the charms of a fair girl, and are pleased to note all proper conversation and courtesy between such young people; yet sacred reserve should watch with finger on the lip over the interview, and the charm vanishes and evil threatens the very moment the least liberty is taken that might pain a mother's or a sister's eye. This may be somewhat old-fashioned talk, and may yet be none the less true.

We do not think our countrymen lacking in courtesy to woman; but we fear that, with all our chivalry, we have too inadequate ideas of the sacredness of marriage. We are sometimes

so very polite to her as to treat her as a being so much aside from our substantial humanity as to claim incense rather than bread, and to be content with sweet adulation instead of solid justice. It is one of the worst traits of our social manners that marriage, and whatever leads to it, are made light of, and the wedding itself is too often more a shallow frolic than a solemn sacrament. The good old custom of marriages in churches has yielded to bridal balls, where the dancers almost tread on the heels of the minister, and the call of the quadrilles is more emphatic than the good man's nuptial blessing. A better spirit, we are aware, is rising in high quarters, and among all denominations of Christians there is a growing disposition, we believe, to restore the ceremony to its hallowed place among church ordinances. Our fair friends incline to the more devout view of the subject; and the woman who prefers to be made over to her husband in a gay frolic, or to be consigned to him by a justice of peace, with a formality of a merely civic character, like the transfer of a bale of goods at the custom-house, is no true type of her sex. Her sex, however, are responsible for much of the levity connected with matrimonial engagements, and the ease with which these are made and unmade tends much to disqualify men to be husbands by letting down the sacredness of the whole relation. Marriage surely sinks in the social scale the moment that the intimacy that should precede it is made light of, and engagements of marriage are made and unmade as readily as promises to dance. The frequency of divorces may be connected somewhat with this miserable view of such engagements, since parties who begin to look upon each other as having only a casual relation to each other may end by translating their caprices into action, and breaking God's ordinance as if it were a mere whim. We go stoutly for the good old way of our fathers, and believe that our whole civilization rests upon the inviolableness of the marriage covenant—giving ample time for every man to make up his mind as to the union before it takes place; but after it takes place, commending him to the grace of patience and forbearance under any trials that may arise, instead of breaking his promises, whether with or without the aid of law, so long as his feelings are spared that last outrage which Holy Writ itself names as due cause of separation.

We have heard it said that most marriages are unhappy, but we do not believe a word of it. If we were to regulate our ideas of our choicest blessings by the petulant language of our gloomier moods, we might readily vote the sunshine itself an intruder and life itself a continuous bore; so true is it that at certain times most men are weary of the garish sunlight, and are ready to declare life to be a burden. That husbands are generally so hard-hearted as to be intolerable to their wives, or wives so fretful or capricious as to vex their husbands out of all patience, can not be proved by casual expressions that may chance to fall from either party

in irritable humors or in strong fits of egotistic moralizing. It is quite certain that very few married people can bear to be long separated, and the testy husband or pettish wife generally turns homeward to the wedded partner with renewed conviction that the home, although not quite a heaven, is as near to it as any other place on earth. Yet while we are in the seat of judgment, and hold our judicial quill in hand over the heads of American husbands, we may as well give them a stroke or two of wholesome discipline. We will not stoop to notice the shabby fellows, those inglorious husbands, who look upon a wife as a domestic drudge, or a convenient toy, whether to be treated as a beast of burden in poverty, or to be insulted by the rivalry of harlots in prosperity. We speak now of men who mean to do right, and keep their wedded obligations. Such men sometimes fail of being just and kind to their wives on account of the essential difference of their natures and pursuits. It is hard for a man to understand a woman, even in matters where they may practically agree, as in devotedness to their children. The father and mother may, on the whole, love their children equally, and be ready to make any amount of sacrifice for their welfare; yet how different is a father's love from a mother's! how much more of a cool conviction than a passionate emotion! how much more marked by manly justice than by feminine sensibility! Said a bright German girl once to a friend, "You men are so strange to us women, you are perfectly unaccountable." The friend might have returned the compliment, and told the fair lady that the Sphinx was a woman, and of all unaccountable riddles woman is the greatest poser. Certain it is that men and women may pursue the same end from quite different motives, and perhaps husband and wife, after their golden wedding, may say that fifty years have not so wholly assimilated their minds as to make them wholly understand each other. We once heard of an excellent woman's saying that she had lived twenty years with her husband, and never got really acquainted with him. The wonder of such mutual ignorance comes not so much from the nature of the masculine and feminine temperaments as from modes of life that give to the two parties wholly different objects. We Americans are in such a hurry to do our business as too often to slight our homes, and the husband neither enters into his wife's domestic and maternal solicitude nor shares with her his public cares. The consequence is, that they not only have different sensibilities, but also look out upon different horizons, and the man's business and the woman's housekeeping hardly know enough of each other to catch the light of each other's eyes or to play into each other's hands. The husband does not know what burdens he puts upon his wife, nor even see the sacrifice she makes for his comfort; and the wife does not know how severe are her husband's tasks, and that sometimes his very reserve, that seems coldness, is but absorbing

anxiety for continuing to her the means of enjoyment and, perhaps, of unwarrantable extravagance. Let the two parties be more confiding, and a brighter day will come to them. We believe that one of the best features of the last year's fearful financial experience has been the rise of a true confidence between husband and wife; and that many a man, who had thought his wife a reckless spendthrift, has found her a pattern of frugality and an angel of consolation, now that she has learned from him the real state of his affairs, and walks no longer in the dark as to the fortunes of the family.

Let husbands think more of this mutual candor, and they will educate their wives in practical sagacity, and be educated by them in domestic tenderness. Let them remember, too, that their own aggressive and passionate nature can not claim unbridled indulgence under the plea of the marriage bond, and that beastly lust does not change its character by changing its name and claiming the protection of religion. If a man sinks into the sensuality of a Turk or Mormon under all the sacred and restraining influences of marriage, so far as his own spirit is concerned, he might as well follow the career of Mohammed or Brigham Young as desecrate a sacred name by brutal lusts. The theme is delicate, and a word is enough to suggest what we mean, and to show our conviction that a true man will respect his wife none the less while he loves her, and will find in marriage the true sphere and the controlling law of his passion emotions. God has settled this for us; and they who live under his firm and gentle rule will find in this point, as in all others, that subjection which is perfect freedom.

Our whole subject is so inviting that we are in danger of forgetting the reasonable limit of our article. We might with profit treat of the importance of looking more carefully to the raw material of which our future husbands are to be made, and give hints to all educators of boys, whether teachers, parents, or pastors, to remember that those striplings are to be so trained as to be shaped into the right kind of helpmeets for the young womanhood of the nation. Perhaps the most powerful of all educators is this young womanhood itself, for the youthful chivalry of the land is always pretty sure to covet the characteristics that are most prized by their gentle companions. What our young ladies say that they most prize in a lover is one thing, and what they really prize is another thing. Fair Julia may describe in her album or her diary a character that could be put into her catechism as the model man, and yet be completely bewitched by some harum-scarum fellow who has much more of the spice of the devil than of the saint in his composition. If she were wiser, she would distinguish between the show and substance of manliness, and see no manhood where there is not a brave purpose, stout principle, and tender affections. Let her and her host of maidens of America have and prove a truer sense of the manly character in

its union of grit and grace, and, under the mighty power of a true feminine opinion, we are quite sure of a vast increase and improvement in the future crop of our husbands. The men who have any genuine pluck may, indeed, take care of themselves, and win and wear the true wife whom Heaven has chosen for them; but there is an immense number of worthy, but less resolute, aspirants to such nuptial honors, who are daunted by feminine caprice and extravagance, and who might be put upon the right domestic footing if it were made a little more clear to them that substantial character more than uncertain circumstance is reckoned by women as the great essential in a husband.

THE LOST ROOM.

IT was oppressively warm. The sun had long disappeared, but seemed to have left its vital spirit of heat behind it. The air rested; the leaves of the acacia-trees that have shrouded my windows, hung plumb-like on their delicate stalks. The smoke of my cigar scarce rose above my head, but hung about me in a pale blue cloud, which I had to dissipate with languid waves of my hand. My shirt was open at the throat, and my chest heaved laboriously in the effort to catch some breaths of fresher air. The very noises of the city seemed to be wrapped in slumber, and the shrilling of the mosquitoes were the only sounds that broke the stillness.

As I lay with my feet elevated on the back of a chair, wrapped in that peculiar frame of mind in which thought assumes a species of lifeless motion, the strange fancy seized me of making a languid inventory of the principal articles of furniture in my room. It was a task well suited to the mood in which I found myself. Their forms were duskiy defined in the dim twilight that floated shadowily through the chamber; it was no labor to note and particularize each, and from the place where I sat I could command a view of all my possessions without even turning my head.

There was, *imprimis*, that ghostly lithograph by Calame. It was a mere black spot on the white wall, but my inner vision scrutinized every detail of the picture. A wild, desolate, midnight heath, with a spectral oak-tree in the centre of the foreground. The wind blows fiercely, and the jagged branches, clothed scantily with ill-grown leaves, are swept to the left continually by its giant force. A formless wrack of clouds streams across the awful sky, and the rain sweeps almost parallel with the horizon. Beyond, the heath stretches off into endless blackness, in the extreme of which either fancy or art has conjured up some undefinable shapes that seem riding into space. At the base of the huge oak stands a shrouded figure. His mantle is wound by the blast in tight folds around his form, and the long cock's feather in his hat is blown upright, till it seems as if it stood on end with fear. His features are not visible, for he has grasped his cloak with both hands, and drawn it from either side across his face. The

picture is seemingly objectless. It tells no tale, but there is a weird power about it that haunts one, and it was for that I bought it.

Next to the picture comes the round blot that hangs below it, which I know to be a smoking-cap. It has my coat of arms embroidered on the front, and for that reason I never wear it; though, when properly arranged on my head with its long blue silken tassel hanging down by my cheek, I believe it becomes me well. I remember the time when it was in the course of manufacture. I remember the tiny little hands that pushed the colored silks so nimbly through the cloth that was stretched on the embroidery-frame—the vast trouble I was put to to get a colored copy of my armorial bearings for the heraldic work which was to decorate the front of the band—the pursings up of the little mouth, and the contractions of the young forehead, as their possessor plunged into a profound sea of cogitation touching the way in which the cloud should be represented from which the armed hand, that is my crest, issues—the heavenly moment when the tiny hands placed it on my head, in a position that I could not bear for more than a few seconds, and I, king-like, immediately assumed my royal prerogative after the coronation, and instantly levied a tax on my only subject, which was, however, not paid unwillingly. Ah! the cap is there, but the embroiderer has fled; for Atropos was severing the web of life above her head while she was weaving that silken shelter for mine!

How uncouthly the huge piano that occupies the corner at the left of the door looms out in the uncertain twilight! I neither play nor sing, yet I own a piano. It is a comfort to me to look at it, and to feel that the music is there, although I am not able to break the spell that binds it. It is pleasant to know that Bellini and Mozart, Cimarosa, Porpora, Glück, and all such—or at least their souls—sleep in that unwieldy case. There lie embalmed, as it were, all operas, sonatas, oratorios, nocturnos, marches, songs, and dances, that ever climbed into existence through the four bars that wall in melody. Once I was entirely repaid for the investment of my funds in that instrument which I never use. Blokeeta, the composer, came to see me. Of course his instincts urged him as irresistibly to my piano as if some magnetic power lay within it compelling him to approach. He tuned it, he played on it. All night long, until the gray and spectral dawn rose out of the depths of the midnight, he sat and played, and I lay smoking by the window listening. Wild, unearthly, and sometimes insufferably painful, were the improvisations of Blokeeta. The chords of the instrument seemed breaking with anguish. Lost souls shrieked in his dismal preludes; the half-heard utterances of spirits in pain, that groped at inconceivable distances from any thing lovely or harmonious, seemed to rise dimly up out of the waves of sound that gathered under his hands. Melancholy human love wandered out on distant heaths, or beneath dank and gloomy

cypresses, murmuring its unanswered sorrow, or hateful gnomes sported and sang in the stagnant swamps, triumphing in unearthly tones over the knight whom they had lured to his death. Such was Blokeeta's night's entertainment; and when he at length closed the piano, and hurried away through the cold morning, he left a memory about the instrument from which I could never escape.

Those snow-shoes, that hang in the space between the mirror and the door, recall Canadian wanderings. A long race through the dense forests over the frozen snow, through whose brittle crust the slender hoofs of the cariboo that we were pursuing sank at every step, until the poor creature despairingly turned at bay in a small juniper coppice, and we heartlessly shot him down. And I remember how Gabriel, the *habitant*, and François, the half-breed, cut his throat, and how the hot blood rushed out in a torrent over the snowy soil; and I recall the snow *cabane* that Gabriel built, where we all three slept so warmly, and the great fire that glowed at our feet painting all kinds of demoniac shapes on the black screen of forest that lay without, and the deer-steaks that we roasted for our breakfast, and the savage drunkenness of Gabriel in the morning, he having been privately drinking out of my brandy-flask all the night long.

That long haftless dagger that dangles over the mantle-piece makes my heart swell. I found it when a boy, in a hoary old castle in which one of my maternal ancestors once lived. That same ancestor—who, by-the-way, yet lives in history—was a strange old sea-king, who dwelt on the extremest point of the southwestern coast of Ireland. He owned the whole of that fertile island called Inniskeiran, which directly faces Cape Clear, where between them the Atlantic rolls furiously, forming what the fishermen of the place call "the Sound." An awful place in winter is that same Sound. On certain days no boat can live there for a moment, and Cape Clear is frequently cut off for days from any communication with the main land.

This old sea-king—Sir Florence O'Driscoll by name—passed a stormy life. From the summit of his castle he watched the ocean, and when any richly laden vessels, bound from the south to the industrious Galway merchants, hove in sight, Sir Florence hoisted the sails of his galley, and it went hard with him if he did not tow into harbor ship and crew. In this way he lived; not a very honest mode of livelihood certainly, according to our modern ideas, but quite reconcilable with the *morals* of the time. As may be supposed, Sir Florence got into trouble. Complaints were laid against him at the English Court by the plundered merchants, and the Irish viking set out for London to plead his own cause before good Queen Bess, as she was called. He had one powerful recommendation; he was a marvelously handsome man. Not Celtic by descent, but half Spanish, half

Danish in blood, he had the great northern stature with the regular features, flashing eyes, and dark hair of the Iberian race. This may account for the fact that his stay at the English Court was much longer than was necessary, as also for the tradition, which a local historian mentions, that the English Queen evinced a preference for the Irish chieftain of other nature than that usually shown from monarch to subject.

Previous to his departure Sir Florence had intrusted the care of his property to an Englishman named Hull. During the long absence of the knight this person managed to ingratiate himself with the local authorities, and gain their favor so far that they were willing to support him in almost any scheme. After a protracted stay Sir Florence, pardoned of all his misdeeds, returned to his home. Home no longer. Hull was in possession, and refused to yield an acre of the lands he had so nefariously acquired. It was no use appealing to the law, for its officers were in the opposite interest. It was no use appealing to the Queen, for she had another lover, and had forgotten the poor Irish knight by this time; and so the viking passed the best portion of his life in unsuccessful attempts to reclaim his vast estates, and was eventually, in his old age, obliged to content himself with his castle by the sea, and the island of Inniskeiran, the only spot of which the usurper was unable to deprive him. So this old story of my kinsman's fate looms up out of the darkness that enshrouds that haftless dagger hanging on the wall.

It was somewhat after the foregoing fashion that I dreamily made the inventory of my personal property. As I turned my eyes on each object, one after the other, or the places where they lay—for the room was now so dark that it was almost impossible to see with any distinctness—a crowd of memories connected with each rose up before me, and, perforce, I had to indulge them. So I proceeded but slowly, and at last my cigar shortened to a hot and bitter morsel that I could barely hold between my lips, while it seemed to me that the night grew each moment more insufferably oppressive. While I was revolving some impossible means of cooling my wretched body, the cigar stump began to burn my lips. I flung it angrily through the open window, and stooped out to watch it falling. It first lighted on the leaves of the acacia, sending out a spray of red sparkles, then rolling off, it fell plump on the dark walk in the garden, faintly illuminating for a moment the dusky trees and breathless flowers. Whether it was the contrast between the red flash of the cigar stump and the silent darkness of the garden, or whether it was that I detected by the sudden light a faint waving of the leaves, I know not, but something suggested to me that the garden was cool. I will take a turn there, thought I, just as I am; it can not be warmer than this room, and however still the atmosphere, there is always a feeling of liberty and spaciousness in the open air that

partially supplies one's wants. With this idea running through my head I arose, lit another cigar, and passed out into the long, intricate corridors that led to the main stair-case. As I crossed the threshold of my room, with what a different feeling I should have passed it had I known that I was never to set foot in it again!

I lived in a very large house, in which I occupied two rooms on the second floor. The house was old-fashioned, and all the floors communicated by a huge circular stair-case that wound up through the centre of the building, while at every landing long rambling corridors stretched off into mysterious nooks and corners. This palace of mine was very high, and its resources, in the way of crannies and windings, seemed to be interminable. Nothing seemed to stop any where. Cul de sacs were unknown on the premises. The corridors and passages, like mathematical lines, seemed capable of indefinite extension, and the object of the architect must have been to erect an edifice in which people might go ahead forever. The whole place was gloomy, not so much because it was large, but because an unearthly nakedness seemed to pervade the structure. The stair-cases, corridors, halls, and vestibules all partook of a desert-like desolation. There was nothing on the walls to break the sombre monotony of those long vistas of shade. No carvings on the wainscoting, no moulded masks peering down from the simply severe cornices, no marble vases on the landings. There was an eminent dreariness and want of life—so rare in an American establishment—all over the abode. It was Hood's haunted house put in order, and newly painted. The servants, too, were shadowy and chary of their visits. Bells rang three times before the gloomy chambermaid could be induced to present herself, and the negro waiter, a ghoul-like looking creature from Congo, obeyed the summons only when one's patience was exhausted, or one's want satisfied in some other way. When he did come, one felt sorry that he had not staid away altogether, so sullen and savage did he appear. He moved along the echoless floors with a slow, noiseless shamle, until his dusky figure, advancing from the gloom, seemed like some reluctant afreet, compelled, by the superior power of his master, to disclose himself. When the doors of all the chambers were closed, and no light illuminated the long corridor, save the red, unwholesome glare of a small oil lamp on a table at the end, where late lodgers lit their candles, one could not by any possibility conjure up a sadder or more desolate prospect.

Yet the house suited me. Of meditative and sedentary habits, I rather enjoyed the extreme quiet. There were but few lodgers, from which I infer that the landlord did not drive a very thriving trade; and these, probably oppressed by the sombre spirit of the place, were quiet and ghost-like in their movements. The proprietor I scarcely ever saw. My bills were deposited by unseen hands every month on my table while

I was out walking or riding, and my pecuniary response was intrusted to the attendant afreet. On the whole, when the bustling, wide-awake spirit of New York is taken into consideration, the sombre, half-vivified character of the house in which I lived was an anomaly that no one appreciated better than I who lived there.

I felt my way down the wide, dark stair-case in my pursuit of zephyrs. The garden, as I entered it, did feel somewhat cooler than my own room, and I puffed my cigar along the dim, cypress-shrouded walks with a sensation of comparative relief. It was very dark. The tall-growing flowers that bordered the path were so wrapped in gloom as to present the aspect of solid pyramidal masses, all the details of leaves and blossoms being buried in an embracing darkness, while the trees had lost all form, and seemed like masses of overhanging cloud. It was a place and time to excite the imagination; for in the impenetrable cavities of endless gloom there was room for the most riotous fancies to play at will. I walked and walked, and the echoes of my footsteps on the ungraveled and mossy path suggested a double feeling. I felt alone and yet in company at the same time. The solitariness of the place made itself distinct enough in the stillness, broken alone by the hollow reverberations of my step, while those very reverberations seemed to imbue me with an undefined feeling that I was not alone. I was not, therefore, much startled when I was suddenly accosted from beneath the solid darkness of an immense cypress by a voice saying,

"Will you give me a light, Sir?"

"Certainly," I replied, trying in vain to distinguish the speaker amidst the impenetrable dark.

Somebody advanced, and I held out my cigar. All I could gather definitively about the individual that thus accosted me was, that he must have been of extremely small stature; for I, who am by no means an overgrown man, had to stoop considerably in handing him my cigar. The vigorous puff that he gave his own lighted up my Havana for a moment, and I fancied that I caught a glimpse of a pale, weird countenance, immersed in a background of long, wild hair. The flash was, however, so momentary that I could not even say certainly whether this was an actual impression or the mere effort of imagination to embody that which the senses had failed to distinguish.

"Sir, you are out late," said this unknown to me, as he, with a half-uttered thanks, handed me back my cigar, for which I had to grope in the gloom.

"Not later than usual," I replied, dryly.

"Hum! you are fond of late wanderings, then?"

"That is just as the fancy seizes me."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"Queer house, isn't it?"

"I have only found it quiet."

"Hum! But you *will* find it queer, take

my word for it." This was earnestly uttered; and I felt, at the same time, a bony finger laid on my arm that cut it sharply, like a blunted knife.

"I can not take your word for any such assertion," I replied, rudely, shaking off the bony finger with an irrepressible motion of disgust.

"No offense, no offense," muttered my unseen companion rapidly, in a strange, subdued voice, that would have been shrill had it been louder; "your being angry does not alter the matter. You will find it a queer house. Every body finds it a queer house. Do you know who live there?"

"I never busy myself, Sir, about other people's affairs," I answered, sharply, for the individual's manner, combined with my utter uncertainty as to his appearance, oppressed me with an irksome longing to be rid of him.

"Oh! you don't? Well, I do. I know what they are—well, well, well;" and as he pronounced the three last words his voice rose with each, until, with the last, it reached a shrill shriek that echoed horribly among the lonely walks. "Do you know what they eat?" he continued.

"No, Sir—nor care."

"Oh! but you will care. You must care. You shall care. I'll tell you what they are. They are enchanters. They are ghouls. They are cannibals. Did you never remark their eyes, and how they gloated on you when you passed? Did you never remark the food that they served up at your table? Did you never, in the dead of night, hear muffled and unearthly footsteps gliding along the corridors, and stealthy hands turning the handle of your door? Does not some magnetic influence fold itself continually around you when they pass, and send a thrill through spirit and body, and a cold shiver that no sunshine will chase away? Oh, you have! You have felt all these things! I know it!"

The earnest rapidity, the subdued tones, the eagerness of accent with which all this was uttered, impressed me most uncomfortably. I really seemed as if I could recall all those weird occurrences and influences of which he spoke; and I shuddered in spite of myself in the midst of that impenetrable darkness that surrounded me.

"Hum!" said I, assuming, without knowing it, a confidential tone, "may I ask how you know of these things?"

"How I know them? Because I am their enemy. Because they tremble at my whisper. Because I hang upon their track with the perseverance of a blood-hound and the stealthiness of a tiger—because—because—I was of them once!"

"Wretch!" I cried, excitedly, for involuntarily his eager tones had wrought me up to a high pitch of spasmodic nervousness, "then you mean to say that you—"

As I uttered this word, obeying an uncontrollable impulse, I stretched forth my hand in

the direction of the speaker and made a blind clutch. The tips of my fingers seemed to touch a surface as smooth as glass, that glided suddenly from under them. A sharp, angry hiss sounded through the gloom, followed by a whirling noise, as if some projectile passed rapidly by, and the next moment I felt instinctively that I was alone.

A most disagreeable sensation instantly assailed me. A prophetic instinct that some terrible misfortune menaced me; an eager and overpowering anxiety to get back to my own room without loss of time. I turned and ran blindly along the dark cypress alley, every dusky clump of flowers that rose blackly in the borders making my heart each moment cease to beat. The echoes of my own footsteps seemed to redouble and assume the sounds of unknown pursuers following fast upon my track. The boughs of lilac-bushes and syringas that here and there stretched partly across the walk, seemed to have been furnished suddenly with hooked hands that sought to grasp me as I flew by, and each moment I expected to behold some awful and impassable barrier fall right across my track, and wall me up forever.

At length I reached the wide entrance. With a single leap I sprang up the four or five steps that formed the stoop, and dashing along the hall, up the wide, echoing stairs, and again along the dim funeral corridors until I paused, breathless and panting, at the door of my room. Once so far, I stopped for an instant and leaned heavily against one of the panels, panting lustily after my late run. I had, however, scarcely rested my whole weight against the door, when it suddenly gave way, and I staggered in headforemost. To my utter astonishment the room that I had left in profound darkness was now a blaze of light. So intense was the illumination that, for a few seconds while the pupils of my eyes were contracting under the sudden change, I saw absolutely nothing save the dazzling glare. This fact in itself coming on me with such utter suddenness, was sufficient to prolong my confusion, and it was not until after several moments had elapsed that I perceived the room was not alone illuminated but occupied. And such occupants! Amazement at the scene took such possession of me that I was incapable of either moving or uttering a word. All that I could do was to lean against the wall, and stare blankly at the whole business.

It might have been a scene out of *Faublas*, or *Grammont's Memoirs*, or happened in some palace of Minister Foulque.

Round a large table in the centre of the room, where I had left a student-like litter of books and papers, were seated half a dozen persons. Three were men, and three were women. The table was heaped with a prodigality of luxuries. Luscious Eastern fruits were piled up in silver filagree vases, through whose meshes their glowing rinds shone in the contrasts of a thousand hues. Small silver lishes that Benvenuto might have designed, filled with succulent and aro-

matic meats, were distributed upon a cloth of snowy damask. Bottles of every shape, slender ones from the Rhine, stout fellows from Holland, sturdy ones from Spain, and quaint basket-woven flasks from Italy, absolutely littered the board. Drinking glasses of every size and hue filled up the interstices, and the thirsty German flagon stood side by side with the aerial bubbles of Venetian glass that rested so lightly on their thread-like stems. An odor of luxury and sensuality floated through the apartment. The lamps that burned in every vacant spot where room for one could be found, seemed to diffuse a subtle incense on the air, and in a large vase that stood on the floor I saw a mass of magnolias, tuberoses, and jasmynes grouped together, stifling each other with their honeyed and heavy fragrance.

The inhabitants of my room seemed beings well suited to so sensual an atmosphere. The women were strangely beautiful, and all were attired in dresses of the most fantastic devices and brilliant hues. Their figures were round, supple, and elastic; their eyes dark and languishing; their lips full, ripe, and of the richest bloom. The three men wore half-masks, so that all I could distinguish were heavy jaws, pointed beards, and brawny throats that rose like massive pillars out of their doublets. All six lay reclining on Roman couches about the table, drinking down the purple wines in large draughts, and tossing back their heads and laughing wildly.

I stood, I suppose, for some three minutes, with my back against the wall staring vacantly at the bacchanal vision, before any of the revelers appeared to notice my presence. At length, without any expression to indicate whether I had been observed from the beginning or not, two of the women arose from their couches, and, approaching, took each a hand and led me to the table. I obeyed their motions mechanically. I sat on a couch between them as they indicated. I unresistingly permitted them to wind their arms about my neck.

"You must drink," said one, pouring out a large glass of red wine, "here is Clos Vougeot of a rare vintage; and here," pushing a flask of amber-hued wine before me, "is Lachrima Christi."

"You must eat," said the other, drawing the silver dishes toward her. "Here are cutlets stewed with olives, and here are slices of a *filet* stuffed with bruised sweet chestnuts;" and as she spoke, she, without waiting for a reply, proceeded to help me.

The sight of the food recalled to me the warnings I had received in the garden. This sudden effort of memory restored to me my other faculties at the same instant. I sprang to my feet, thrusting the women from me with each hand.

"Demons!" I almost shouted, "I will have none of your accursed food. I know you. You are cannibals, you are ghouls, you are enchanters. Begone, I tell you! Leave my room in peace!"

A shout of laughter from all six was the only effect that my passionate speech produced. The men rolled on their couches, and their half-masks quivered with the convulsions of their mirth. The women shrieked, and tossed the slender wine-glasses wildly aloft, and turned to me and flung themselves on my bosom, fairly sobbing with laughter.

"Yes," I continued, as soon as the noisy mirth had subsided, "yes, I say, leave my room instantly! I will have none of your unnatural orgies here!"

"His room!" shrieked the woman on my right.

"His room!" echoed she on my left.

"His room! He calls it his room!" shouted the whole party, as they rolled once more into jocular convulsions.

"How know you that it is your room?" said one of the men who sat opposite to me, at length, after the laughter had once more somewhat subsided.

"How do I know?" I replied, indignantly. "How do I know my own room? How could I mistake it, pray? There's my furniture—my piano—"

"He calls that a piano!" shouted my neighbors, again in convulsions as I pointed to the corner where my huge piano, sacred to the memory of Blokeeta, used to stand. "Oh, yes! It is his room. There—there is his piano!"

The peculiar emphasis they laid on the word "piano" caused me to scrutinize the article I was indicating more thoroughly. Up to this time, though utterly amazed at the entrance of these people into my chamber, and connecting them somewhat with the wild stories I had heard in the garden, I still had a sort of indefinite idea that the whole thing was a masquerading freak got up in my absence, and that the bacchanalian orgy I was witnessing was nothing more than a portion of some elaborate hoax of which I was to be the victim. But when my eyes turned to the corner where I had left a huge and cumbrous piano, and beheld a vast and sombre organ lifting its fluted front to the very ceiling, and convinced myself, by a hurried process of memory, that it occupied the very spot in which I had left my own instrument, the little self-possession that I had left forsook me. I gazed around me bewildered.

In like manner every thing was changed. In the place of that old haftless dagger, connected with so many historic associations personal to myself, I beheld a Turkish yataghan dangling by its belt of crimson silk, while the jewels in the hilt blazed as the lamplight played upon them. In the spot where hung my cherished smoking-cap, memorial of a buried love, a knightly casque was suspended, on the crest of which a golden dragon stood in the act of springing. That strange lithograph by Calame was no longer a lithograph, but it seemed to me that the portion of the wall which it had covered, of the exact shape and size, had been cut out,

and, in place of the picture, a *real* scene on the same scale, and with real actors, was distinctly visible. The old oak was there, and the stormy sky was there; but I saw the branches of the oak sway with the tempest, and the clouds drive before the wind. The wanderer in his cloak was gone; but in his place I beheld a circle of wild figures, men and women, dancing with linked hands around the bole of the great tree, chanting some wild fragment of a song, to which the winds roared an unearthly chorus. The snow-shoes, too, on whose sinewy woof I had sped for many days amidst Canadian wastes, had vanished, and in their place lay a pair of strange up-curved papooshes, that had, perhaps, been many a time shuffled off at the doors of mosques, beneath the steady blaze of an Orient sun.

All was changed. Wherever my eyes turned they missed familiar objects, yet encountered strange representatives. Still in all the substitutes there seemed to me a reminiscence of what they replaced. They seemed only for a time transmuted into other shapes, and there lingered around them the atmosphere of what they once had been. Thus I could have sworn the room to have been mine, yet there was nothing in it that I could rightly claim. Every thing reminded me of some former possession that it was not. I looked for the acacia at the window, and lo! long, silken palm-leaves swayed in through the open lattice; yet they had the same motion and the same air of my favorite tree, and seemed to murmur to me, "Though we seem to be palm-leaves, yet are we acacia-leaves; yea, those very ones on which you used to watch the butterflies alight and the rain patter while you smoked and dreamed!" So in all things. The room was, yet was not mine; and a sickening consciousness of my utter inability to reconcile its identity with its appearance overwhelmed me, and choked my reason.

"Well, have you determined whether or not this is your room?" asked the girl on my left, proffering me a huge tumbler creaming over with Champagne, and laughing wickedly as she spoke.

"It is mine," I answered, doggedly, striking the glass rudely with my hand, and dashing the aromatic wine over the white cloth. "I know that it is mine; and ye are jugglers and enchanters that want to drive me mad."

"Hush! hush!" she said, gently, not in the least angered at my rough treatment. "You are excited. Alf shall play something to soothe you."

At her signal one of the men arose and sat down at the organ. After a short, wild, spasmodic prelude, he began what seemed to me to be a symphony of recollections. Dark and sombre, and all through full of quivering and intense agony, it appeared to recall a dark and dismal night, on a cold reef, around which an unseen but terribly audible ocean broke with eternal fury. It seemed as if a lonely pair were on the reef, one living, the other dead; one

clasping his arms around the tender neck and naked bosom of the other, striving to warm her into life, when his own vitality was being each moment sucked from him by the icy breath of the storm. Here and there a terrible wailing minor key would tremble through the chords like the shriek of sea-birds, or the warning of advancing death. While the man played I could scarce restrain myself. It seemed to be Blokeeta whom I listened to, and on whom I gazed. That wondrous night of pleasure and pain that I had once passed listening to him seemed to have been taken up again at the spot where it had broken off, and the same hand was continuing it. I stared at the man called Alf. There he sat with his cloak and doublet, and long rapier and mask of black velvet. But there was something in the air of the peaked beard, a familiar mystery in the wild mass of raven hair that fell as if wind-blown over his shoulders, which riveted my memory.

"Blokeeta! Blokeeta!"—I shouted, starting up furiously from the couch on which I was lying, and bursting the fair arms that were linked around my neck as if they had been hateful chains—"Blokeeta! my friend, speak to me I entreat you! Tell these horrid enchanters to leave me. Say that I hate them. Say that I command them to leave my room!"

The man at the organ stirred not in answer to my appeal. He ceased playing, and the dying sound of the last note he had touched faded off into a melancholy moan. The other men and the women burst once more into peals of mocking laughter.

"Why will you persist in calling this your room?" said the woman next me, with a smile meant to be kind, but to me inexpressibly loathsome. "Have we not shown you by the furniture, by the general appearance of the place, that you are mistaken, and that this can not be your apartment? Rest content, then, with us. You are welcome here, and need no longer trouble yourself about your room."

"Rest content!" I answered, madly; "live with ghosts! eat of awful meats, and see awful sights! Never, never! You have cast some enchantment over the place that has disguised it; but for all that I know it to be my room. You shall leave it!"

"Softly, softly!" said another of the sirens. "Let us settle this amicably. This poor gentleman seems obstinate and inclined to make an uproar. Now we do not want an uproar. We love the night and its quiet; and there is no night that we love so well as that on which the moon is confined in clouds. Is it not so, my brothers?"

An awful and sinister smile gleamed on the countenances of her unearthly audience, and seemed to glide visibly from underneath their masks.

"Now," she continued, "I have a proposition to make. It would be ridiculous for us to surrender this room simply because this gentleman states that it is his; and yet I feel anx-

ious to gratify, as far as may be fair, his wild assertion of ownership. A room, after all, is not much to us; we can get one easily enough, but still we would be loth to give this apartment up to so imperious a demand. We are willing, however, to *risk* its loss. That is to say"—turning to me—"I propose that we play for the room. If you win, we will immediately surrender it to you just as it stands; if, on the contrary, you lose, you shall bind yourself to depart and never molest us again."

Agonized at the ever-darkening mysteries that seemed to thicken around me, and despairing of being able to dissipate them by the mere exercise of my own will, I caught almost gladly at the chance thus presented to me. The idea of my loss or my gain scarce entered into my calculations. All I felt was an indefinite knowledge that I might, in the way proposed, regain, in an instant, that quiet chamber and that peace of mind which I had so strangely been deprived of.

"I agree!" I cried, eagerly; "I agree. Any thing to rid myself of such unearthly company!"

The woman touched a small golden bell that stood near her on the table, and it had scarce ceased to tinkle when a negro dwarf entered with a silver tray on which were dice-boxes and dice. A shudder passed over me as I thought in this stunted African I could trace a resemblance to the ghoul-like black servant to whose attendance I had been accustomed.

"Now," said my neighbor, seizing one of the dice-boxes and giving me the other, "the highest wins. Shall I throw first?"

I nodded assent. She rattled the dice, and I felt an inexpressible load lifted from my heart as she threw fifteen.

"It is your turn," she said, with a mocking smile; "but before you throw, I repeat the offer I made you before. Live with us. Be one of us. We will initiate you into our mysteries and enjoyments—enjoyments of which you can form no idea unless you experience them. Come; it is not too late yet to change your mind. Be with us!"

My reply was a fierce oath as I rattled the dice with spasmodic nervousness and flung them on the board. They rolled over and over again, and during that brief instant I felt a suspense, the intensity of which I have never known before or since. At last they lay before me. A shout of the same horrible, maddening laughter rang in my ears. I peered in vain at the dice, but my sight was so confused that I could not distinguish the amount of the cast. This lasted for a few moments. Then my sight grew clear, and I sank back almost lifeless with despair as I saw that I had thrown but *twelve*!

"Lost! lost!" screamed my neighbor, with a wild laugh. "Lost! lost!" shouted the deep voices of the masked men. "Leave us, coward!" they all cried; "you are not fit to be one of us. Remember your promise; leave us!"

Then it seemed as if some unseen power caught me by the shoulders and thrust me to-

ward the door. In vain I resisted. In vain I screamed and shouted for help. In vain I implored them for pity. All the reply I had were those mocking peals of merriment, while, under the invisible influence, I staggered like a drunken man toward the door. As I reached the threshold the organ pealed out a wild triumphal strain. The power that impelled me concentrated itself into one vigorous impulse that sent me blindly staggering out into the echoing corridor, and, as the door closed swiftly behind me, I caught one glimpse of the apartment I had left forever. A change passed like a shadow over it. The lamps died out, the siren women and masked men vanished, the flowers, the fruits, the bright silver and bizarre furniture faded swiftly, and I saw again, for the tenth of a second, my own old chamber restored. There was the acacia waving darkly; there was the table littered with books; there was the ghostly lithograph, the dearly-beloved smoking cap, the Canadian snow-shoes, the ancestral dagger. And there, at the piano, organ no longer, sate Blokeeta playing.

The next instant the door closed violently, and I was left standing in the corridor stunned and despairing.

As soon as I had partially recovered my comprehension I rushed madly to the door with the dim idea of beating it in. My fingers beat against a cold and solid wall. There was no door! I felt all along the corridor for many yards on both sides. There was not even a crevice to give me hope. I rushed down stairs shouting madly. No one answered. In the vestibule I met the negro; I seized him by the collar, and demanded my room. The demon showed his white and awful teeth, which were filed into a saw-like shape, and extricating himself from my grasp with a sudden jerk, fled down the passage with a gibbering laugh. Nothing but echo answered to my despairing shrieks. The lonely garden resounded with my cries as I strode madly through the dark walks, and the tall funereal cypresses seemed to bury me beneath their heavy shadows. I met no one. Could find no one. I had to bear my sorrow and despair alone.

Since that awful hour I have never found my room. Every where I look for it, yet never see it. Shall I ever find it?

MEMOIRS OF GENERALS LEE, GATES, STEPHEN, AND DARKE.

THE valley of the Shenandoah, in Virginia, has become a noted region, from its connection with the early days of Washington. Here the great chief who was to lead the American host—the "foremost man of all this world"—passed many hours of his youth—as yet unknown, and only a rosy-checked, adventurous boy, holding in his hand a surveyor's compass. Here lived and died the eccentric nobleman of Greenway Court—the owner of one-fourth of the present Virginia—exiled by disappointed

love from the English Court, and bringing the elegance of St. James's to the backwoods of America, where he was to breathe his last upon hearing of the accident at Yorktown. Here also, within half an hour's ride of Lord Fairfax's chateau, lived General Daniel Morgan, the "brave of braves," whose life was one long battle, and who holds his niche now high up among the noble forms of the Revolutionary era.

The land in which these men of history lived so much of their vigorous existences has never received adequate attention; but Mr. Irving, in his noble biography, has lately spoken of a few localities, and the lovers of the region acknowledge the fine coloring of the sketch.

"They entered the great valley of Virginia," writes the historian of Washington, "where it is about twenty-five miles wide—a lovely and temperate region, diversified by gentle swells and slopes, admirably adapted to cultivation. The Blue Ridge bounds it on one side; the North Mountain, a ridge of the Alleghanies, on the other; while through it flows that bright and abounding river which, on account of its surpassing beauty, was named by the Indians the Shenandoah; that is to say, 'the Daughter of the Stars.'"

And speaking of the old residence of the noble Thomas Lord Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, the writer says, in another place:

"Such was Greenway Court in these its palmy days. We visited it recently, and found it tottering to its fall—mouldering in the midst of a magnificent country, where nature still flourishes in full luxuriance and beauty."

This is the passing sketch of one who endeared himself to all whom he approached in Virginia. To his welcome visit are the readers of his admirable history indebted for many of those touches which have made it already the biography of biographies—the best of all attempts at interpreting the genius of its subject.

But Greenway Court, and the localities in its vicinity, are not the only places notable for their connection with the Revolutionary drama and its actors to be found in the valley of the Shenandoah. On the banks of the "bright and abounding river"—in this "magnificent country"—are other spots which no curious historian has ever visited; and the intention of the present writer is to speak of some of these.

The characters of distinguished personages who have vividly impressed the times in which they lived, and shaped the mould of great events, are perhaps revealed by minute details and personal sketches far more clearly than by the dignified historic narrative. Doubtless the explanation of this lies in the fact that a man's entire individuality is rarely brought out in the "conduct of affairs," as Mr. Everett says. It is his *public side* only which is turned to the world; and what he accomplishes is most often the effect of some one or more peculiar traits

of his organization. Thus in Washington—the great calm figure towering above the immense struggle of the Revolution—the world recognized unflinching courage, pure devotion, and a patriotism which never changed, because it was based upon an abiding faith in Providence. In Napoleon it was indomitable will, a genius for the command of armies and for conquest. So with other great names which we might refer to; it is always some predominant trait which makes the event bend, and produces the grand result. History relates the battle or the siege, follows the triumphant steps of the army which the breath of the great leader informs and guides, and in the results which are achieved the brilliant and conspicuous genius of the head shines out.

But the world wants something more; it is the whole portrait which the popular voice demands—at least, the more thoughtful student of humanity. The great public act presents but the profile; it is the private life, the "daily walk," the *mémoire*, which is wanted. The curious investigator, plunging beneath protocols and articles of treaties to find the living man, asks something like a picture of the general or the statesman as he appears in his home, talking with his neighbors, riding over his grounds, taking his part in those local scenes which, after all is said, serve to develop and reveal the true character far more clearly than the grand public tableaux which the historic muse is so fond of depicting. In the case of our Washington, for example, see what an ever-abiding curiosity there is to know all about his private life—his manner of talking, his entertainments at Mount Vernon, his demeanor toward his neighbors and his friends. The world likes to be told how fond of the chase he was; how, mounted upon his hunters, Ajax, or Valiant, or Magnolia, and followed by his fox-hounds, Sweetlips, Forester, Ringwood, etc., he scoured the broad fields stretching along the breezy Potomac, and was the first "in at the death" of Reynard. All read with interest how, at sixteen, he went—a mere boy—into the Shenandoah valley, with a surveyor's compass in his hand, to lay off the domain of Lord Fairfax; how he had left behind him a little "lowland beauty," in whose praise, by the flickering camp-fire in the great wilderness, he wrote verses—sonnets in honor of his "mistress's eyebrows;" it is pleasant to hear how, long afterward, he tarried for half a day in the "White House," talking with the lovely Mrs. Custis—ere long Mrs. Washington—while his old servant held his horse at the door, wondering at the unusual delay; in a word, all these details are matter of interest, and every new fact is a new pleasure to the countless admirers of the great leader.

What is true of our greatest and most honored name is also true of his associates, though, doubtless, in a less degree. No one can rival our Washington in public regard; but there were those grouped around him, in the stormy

hours of the Revolution, whose names the world will not "willingly let die." Some are remembered for honor, some for shame. Upon the page relating the story of Arnold rests a shadow which can never rise, as over the names of Lafayette, and Harry Lee, and Warren, and a hundred others, hovers the incense of a world's praise and salutation.

All that concerns the characters of these men is legitimate food for thought, and the very localities which still speak of them are full of the deepest interest. Much more is this the case with the houses which they inhabited—the places in which they spent any considerable portion of their existence. The pageantry of the Past sweeps by over battle-fields and through council-chambers, with its great figures half concealed in the robes of state; but in these old homes the pageantry is forgotten, the robes are thrown aside, and *the man*, in all his strength or weakness, is clearly revealed.

To proceed to the subject of our sketch without further preface. In a recent tour through the region here spoken of we came to the neighborhood of Leetown, in Jefferson County, not far beyond the Blue Ridge and the Shenandoah, but nearer still to the Opequan, another stream which has had the good fortune to retain its musical Indian name.

Near this little village—which is scarcely large enough to be called such—are the ancient and dilapidated residences of three distinguished generals of the Revolution; and a fourth, who did not appear so conspicuously in the great struggle, but did his duty manfully against the savages and English, had his dwelling in the immediate neighborhood. Here, within a radius of a mile or two, lived, long and weary years, Charles Lee, the sinister hero of Monmouth; Horatio Gates, loser of the battle of Camden, and the Southern campaign; Adam Stephen, the early friend of Washington; and William Darke, a hero of the frontier, and the victor in a hundred personal combats with the savages. In this little valley, whose beautiful fields and woodlands were covered with the dazzling tints of autumn as we gazed upon them, here—beneath the shadow of the great forests—remote from camps and the flashing world, whose light and noise never penetrated the remote depths of their retirement—these first-named warriors rusted out long years of vigorous manhood in inglorious repose, their swords in moth-eaten scabbards, their hearts in the great struggle which approached its termination, but their bodies far away from it. Here they lived, and here two of the men of whom we have spoken died. Soon all that they were in private will die too; those lingering memorials which remain of them will crumble and disappear, and something of the great figures—a portion of the coloring for the future historian—will be lost forever.

We shall offer no apology for the few words which follow upon the subject of these men—their homes, and personal peculiarities.

I.—GENERAL CHARLES LEE.

Lee's house still stands, at the distance of two or three hundred paces from the little assemblage of houses called by his name, and is an oblong building of stone, with chimneys at each end and midway; low, with a rude portico—depending, as it were, above the rough door, and suggestive, in many of its details, of the old frontier days to which the edifice dates back. A small lawn stretches in front of the low mansion, dotted with fruit trees, and from the front door a pleasing view of the surrounding country is obtained—fields gently sloping; clumps of forest trees embowering gentlemen's residences; and, in the distance, the Blue Ridge, extending like a billow of the ocean along the eastern horizon. Let us stand here, in the pleasant sunshine of autumn, and, looking upon the scene which so often greeted his own eyes, try briefly to recall some events in the life of the singular character who dragged out here the last years of a brilliant life, full of strange incident and adventure, upon two continents.

Charles Lee was the son of Colonel, afterward General, John Lee, of the British army; was born in 1731—the year before Washington—and at the age of eleven, when a mere child, received a commission, being thus cradled, as it were, in arms. At twenty-four he commanded a company of grenadiers in the old French war; and this portion of his life never disappeared from his memory. Long afterward—as will be seen—when the shadows of approaching dissolution closed around the weary and despairing heart, he remembered these days and his good comrades. Even in the moment of death they still lived in his thought, and his last words were: "Stand by me, my brave grenadiers!"

Shot through the body at Ticonderoga—and yet present, sound and well, at the surrender of Montreal, which terminated the war—Lee went thereafter to Portugal, serving under the celebrated Burgoyne. Here he displayed that daring courage, amounting almost to recklessness, which had before characterized him; and, finally, returned to England, bearing warm testimonials of bravery from his General and the King of Portugal. But his combative disposition ruined his fortunes. Attacking the ministry with his trenchant pen—which, long afterward, assaulted even Washington—he found all chance of promotion closed to him; and, finally, set out for Poland, where he became the friend and counselor of King Stanislaus Augustus, having made on his route the acquaintance of Frederick the Great, with whom he held many conversations. Lee did not remain long in Poland, but passed on to Constantinople, where he nearly perished in an earthquake. Then he returned to England—thence to Poland—always an adventurer. He aimed at a campaign against the Russians, under Stanislaus, "who treated him rather like a brother than a patron," he said. It would do to "talk of over his kitchen fire in his old age." He did not know that this "kitchen

fire" would be beyond the Blue Ridge, in America, deep in the wilderness.

Lee fought bravely in Poland; but soon his adventurous disposition led him to "fields and pastures new." He traveled over Europe—through Italy, Sicily, Malta, and the south of Spain—irascible, failing in health, and sending to England bitter attacks on the ministry. These papers gained him brilliant reputation; and it is still a problem whether the authorship of the letters of *Junius* was not properly attributable to Lee.

A recollection of his early campaigns finally brought him, in 1773, to America, and he took an active part in the agitations of the day. His presence in Boston was especially noted by the British officers and officials. Lord Dartmouth wrote to Gage: "Have an attention to his conduct, and take every legal method to prevent his effecting any of those dangerous purposes he is said to have in view." Lee wrote to his friend, Edmund Burke, in relation to these fears of the ministry, deriding them; but the propriety of the caution was abundantly established subsequently. Lee made the acquaintance of Washington soon after his return to America; and was often, with Gates, at Mount Vernon. Here, surrounded by his dogs, of which he was always passionately fond, he talked over his adventures, debated military questions with Washington, and told of his association with the Great Frederick and King Stanislaus of Poland.

Then came the outburst of the Revolution, and Lee entered into the cause of the colonists with ardor. His long experience, and known ability in affairs of arms, rendered him at one time the most prominent candidate for the command of the American forces; and it is probable that, in spite of disavowals which he made, this splendid object of ambition possessed him. So high was the general opinion of his courage, patriotism, and ability, that the choice between himself and Washington was a matter of great difficulty, many prominent patriots giving their voices for Lee. But Washington was chosen. Lee took the commission of Major-General, and the Revolution commenced in all its fury.

It is not necessary to speak of Lee's conduct throughout the war—it is familiar to every one. But at last came the battle of Monmouth, where occurred the woeful quarrel, if it may be called such, between the former good companions. This, too, is familiar to every school-boy: Lee's order to his forces to beat a retreat; his meeting Washington coming furiously to meet him; their hot words and rage; and the subsequent court-martial and suspension. It is all known too well to demand repetition here. But Lee has been too much blamed. It is probable that he was not so greatly an offender as the world has supposed. That he made a strange blunder in ordering the troops to fall back, and that his retreat nearly ruined all the plans of Washington and lost us the battle—that is well established, and can not be denied. But the whole tenor of Lee's life and character makes it almost

certain that the movement originated in an error of judgment, not a want of courage. He who had swum the Tagus amidst the darkness, and taken Villa Velha at the point of the bayonet, who had fought with the most reckless bravery upon the battle-fields of two continents—this soldier of fortune, who had all to lose, and nothing but life, which he despised, to gain, could never have felt his heart fail him in a position like that which he occupied at Monmouth. It is probable that his great rage against Washington was caused by those very doubts of his courage which the partisans of the chief expressed. Washington's own conduct, after the first irrepressible outburst, was calm and dignified—utterly free from hostility in word, or look, or hint. True, he could not at first restrain his wrath. As in the great picture of the scene by Leutze, Lee sat his horse, sullen before the chief, whose hot anger flamed out; and this anger he never forgave; his sullenness was hardened into rage and life-long enmity. High words, indignant correspondence; Washington cold, calm, collected; Lee raging and full of fury; then a court-martial, suspension for a year, and Lee, in utter disgust, abandoned a cause which he regarded as having outraged him. He bought his estate here, purchased by the recommendation of Gates, some years before; and refusing to take further part in the war, busied himself in hoeing tobacco, "that being the best school for a general," he said, with a bitter sneer at his foe.

Such is a brief reference to the prominent facts in the life of the singular man who occupied the old house in front of which we stand. To this poor and obscure dwelling, amidst the great forests of America, came to rust away and slowly crumble from inaction, the sharp and haughty spirit of the friend and companion of Frederick the Great, the almost brother of King Stanislaus! What a commentary upon human things and the current of that life which sweeps us onward, like the yellow and frail leaves of autumn!

In this remote abode Lee lived many years, with few acquaintances and fewer friends. His eccentric habits and ungenial manners doubtless prevented him from forming those intimacies which add so much to the happiness of life. His old roughness, which had surprised and annoyed Mrs. Washington at Mount Vernon, when, before the war, Lee came thither to see the chief, now developed itself far more strongly and objectionably. All the camp habits which the soldier of fortune had contracted in many lands combined to make his daily existence a strange one, and to impress upon his neighbors the opinion that his eccentricity amounted almost to lunacy—in which belief, however, they very greatly erred. It is true, the simple folk of the region had some reason to be astonished at the mode of life adopted by the great General Lee, whose fame was rumored throughout the world, and who was said to number kings and princes among his familiar friends. The ground-floor of his

mansion had no partitions; it was divided by chalk-lines merely, and these lines marked out four compartments. In the first he kept his books—for Lee had acquired a tolerable knowledge of Latin and Greek, was doubtless fond of military works, and read much in his solitude. In the second compartment was his bed—a rough camp couch, with rude covering. In the third division were his saddles and hunting gear; and the fourth, embracing the fire-place, he used as his kitchen. He could thus overlook his establishment, he said, with grim humor, without opening doors or even rising. When he left home—said an aged lady, whose father was one of Lee's few intimates, and who gave the present writer many interesting details—he was generally followed by a pack of hounds, and behind him rode his Italian body-servant, Jossippi Mingini. This Italian, we hear from another source, "forgot his own language without learning English, and ended by speaking nothing." In this guise the silent soldier, with his thin face, iron gray hair, and sneering smile, would visit the good lady's father, towering above his dogs, and sometimes would remain for days. "On these occasions he never spoke ill of Washington," said the aged lady, our informant, "as Mrs. Washington and Betty Lewis were often at my father's, and he would not have liked General Washington to be evil spoken of."

The times, indeed, were gone by when the great chief could be injured, though Lee retained all his bitterness. That Washington did not, a tradition of the neighborhood leads us to conclude. One day, long after their quarrel, says this tradition, Washington sent his old adversary a note, saying he would call on him on a certain morning—that he hoped all past contention and bitterness had been forgotten: he was coming to see him as an old comrade in arms—as a friend. But Lee's magnanimity was overtaxed; he could not eradicate the old bitterness, rivalry, jealousy, and quarrel—nor could he dissemble. He could not receive Washington, therefore; and an ordinary man would have made some commonplace or cold excuse. Not so with Lee. It was necessary to do as no other person would do. On the day, therefore, which was fixed for the visit, Lee sent away Mingini and all his negroes, and then mounting his horse rode away himself; having, however, first affixed to the front door of his dwelling a paper containing the words, "No meat cook'd here to-day." The account adds, that Washington came and knocked in vain, but catching sight of the paper, no longer appealed for entrance. Recognizing the bitterness and eccentricity of his former companion in greater force than ever, he went away, and never returned. With the passing years the eccentric soldier grew more morose and repelling. The blade was eating deeper and deeper into the worn scabbard; the soul was fretting out the body. Tired of his dogs and his silent misanthropy at last, he penned his "Queries Political and Military"—an attack upon Washington—and had

them published in Philadelphia. They were received with an indignant outcry; and the printer had to apologize and leave Lee to breast the tempest. This was just what his fierce and weary spirit craved, and he rejoiced to find again an antagonist. But alas! even this bitter comfort was denied him: the indignation yielded to indifference; the outcry was drowned in hisses, to which succeeded a pitiless contempt. Lee disappeared from the popular eye and mind—no longer even thought of. It was the last arena upon which the adventurous soldier stood. There were no more conflicts, no more struggles, and nothing remaining to him worth living for. Tired of an existence of which he had exhausted the delights and the excitements, the cynical spirit of Charles Lee fled to other realms. He died in the house in Philadelphia at the corner of Second Street and Norris Alley—once occupied by William Penn—obscure, friendless, and in poverty. His death was like his life—a dream of war. As the last sands trembled and vibrated in the hour-glass, the heart and spirit, so long dulled and weary, felt something of the old flush and glory of the battle-field. Standing again upon the heights of Ticonderoga, or charging on the banks of the Tagus beneath the brilliant sun of Spain, he returned to the old scenes, and lived again in memory the fresh and vigorous life which had made his youthful pulses dance with delight. His dying words were: "Stand by me my brave grenadiers!" So he ended.

A strange and adventurous life! Almost like a romance it seems in some of its details—for the contrasts, the singular experiences, the woeful ending. As we stand here in the autumn sunshine, gentle reader, and by the light of the new century survey the ancient edifice of rude and uncouth stones in which so many years of this man's life lagged drearily in silence, weariness, and rest that was not repose, we have an excellent text for a sermon on the singular complexion and the marvelous mutations of our human life. "I flatter myself," he had written, on his way to Poland, "that a little more practice will make me a good soldier. If not, it will serve to talk of over my kitchen fire, in my old age, which will soon come upon us all." Here, in the wilds of America, he found the "kitchen fire," and with a bitter heart *did* "talk over" his adventures. It was woeful talk! The listeners are gone, like the speaker; the words have all died into silence; even the house is disappearing, as the memory of him who lived in it crumbles; only a strange, sun-burned face, and a broken narrative of wild incidents left to the world. What a subject, we repeat, for the moralist, the philosopher! What a singular career, and what a sorrowful death! That this man, who had been the friend of kings, and the observed of all observers at the brilliant courts of Europe; who had fought in Canada, in Portugal, in Poland, in Russia, and given, lastly, under American skies, his brain and blood to the noblest

cause of history—that this man should have lived a youth and manhood so adventurous and splendid, and died so lonely and weary!—that such a beginning should have such an ending!—a dawn and noon so brilliant terminate in such a wrack of gloomy thunder-clouds, across which no ray of the early splendor darted to light up the darkness!

So had inscrutable Providence decreed, however. Let us now turn to those other names which have been mentioned, though we shall scarcely find such contrasts or such interest.

II.—GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

Somewhat removed from the county road, and between the little villages of Kerneysville and Leetown, stood, and still stands, the house of "Traveler's Rest," to which Gates retired after the disastrous day of Camden. The edifice is not sufficiently peculiar to demand particular description at our hands, and would not attract attention had not history connected the name of a celebrated man with the domain in the midst of which it stands.

One peculiarity, and the only one perhaps worth noting in the house of Gates, is the appearance of one of the apartments. It is a large room in one wing of the house, with three windows, singularly arranged. The origin of so eccentric an arrangement was, that some of General Gates's family in England sent him, while the mansion was in process of construction, three large damask curtains, of resplendent color—then a great luxury. The windows of the great dining-room were made to fit these curtains; and they duly took their place.

The house is going to ruin. This banqueting-room was lately used as a corn-crib by the owner of the estate. Alas! for human pride, and the glory of the world which passes away!

Who was the man who has thus made it known to the world—investing with historic interest what would otherwise be but a provincial manor-house?

Horatio Gates was an Englishman by birth, the son of a captain in the British army. Horace Walpole, whose name he bore, speaks of him in one of his letters as "my godson," and curious investigators have conjectured that he bore a relationship to the subsequent General more intimate still—with what reason we have, however, not been able to determine. At twenty-one years of age he served under General Edward Cornwallis, Governor of Halifax; and appointed to the captaincy of a New York Company of Independents, as they were then termed, marched with General Braddock on his celebrated expedition against Fort Duquesne, receiving, as his share of the day's disaster, a severe wound.

Subsequently, with the rank of Brigade-Major, he accompanied General Monckton to the West Indies, fought bravely at the capture of Martinico, and, being sent to London with dispatches, received the enviable appointment of major in the "Royal Americans." With vari-

ous mutations of fortune, and spending much of his time as a hanger-on at Court and an applicant for civil office, Gates passed the next few years. Finally, selling his commission, and giving up all hopes of promotion, he emigrated to Virginia in 1772, at about forty-six, and purchased the estate of "Traveler's Rest" here—then situated in Berkeley County, as was the estate of Lee.

At the time of Braddock's expedition he had doubtless made the acquaintance of Washington, whose part in that transaction is well known; and it is probable that Washington induced both him and Lee to purchase lands in the valley—his early expeditions as surveyor having made him acquainted with the desirable qualities of the soil.

It is certain that Gates went to Mount Vernon to see Washington immediately upon his arrival; and here he met with Lee, an old friend and companion in arms. They were strongly contrasted, though they agreed in one particular—both being adventurers out of service, profoundly skilled in military affairs, and asking nothing better than an opportunity of disposing of their talents to the leaders of the American struggle. Otherwise, as we have said, there was a strong contrast between the two men. Lee was tall, thin, rude in his manners, and slovenly in his apparel—surrounded, at all times, by a pack of dogs, who fawned on him, and of whom he was far more fond, he said, than of his fellow-men. He was cynical, full of satiric jest and bitter comment—railing at fortune, and scoffing at those in authority—a true Diogenes, in a single word; and only welcome in the abode of Washington for his great military information and his acute views of the probable complexion of the coming struggle.

Gates, on the contrary, was essentially a courtier—preserving always a bland and courteous carriage, with no little dignity of tone and address, as may be seen in his correspondence, even when laboring under the severest public odium. Personally, the contrast with Lee was also very striking. Gates was full-faced, with a florid complexion, and inclined to corpulency. His manners, as we have said, were those of a courtier—insinuating, mild, and specious, producing in all the impression that he was familiar with "public offices and ante-chambers," and that he would flatter and wheedle gentleman or commoner to gain his ends.

Thus were assembled at Mount Vernon, under one roof, and at the beginning of the great contest, the three men whose names were to be stamped so enduringly upon the lasting rolls of history. As yet they were all friends. Lee had not seen the angust face of his host fire with rage, as it did at Monmouth when his plans were thwarted. Gates had not received the letter, after Camden, coldly announcing that the court-martial which he asked was granted. As yet they were brothers, consulting upon the safety of the Republic.

At last came the months of 1774-'75, and the

storm, long gathering, burst in all its fury. The Americans were in arms to drive the British, under Gage, from Boston; and the caution of Lord Dartmouth to Gage, that he had better have attention to the dangerous designs of Lee, was fully justified. The question arose immediately, what leader should be selected? and the choice lay almost wholly between the two celebrated soldiers who had espoused the American cause, Generals Lee and Gates. As we know, Colonel Washington was selected; and Gates, like his comrade Lee, was forced to take the second rank of Major-General.

What we have related of these two men is the private chronicle, so to speak, of their lives—that which is more or less unknown to, or unnoted by, the general reader, but none the less important in forming a past estimate of the relation which they bore to Washington and the American Revolution. The after events in which their names shine with such splendor are the common facts of history, which young and old are familiar with. We shall not notice the splendid career of Gates throughout the American struggle, except to say that, after the capture of Burgoyne, his popularity and fame nearly eclipsed that of Washington for a time. His ambition, unfortunately, kept pace with his success. We lose sight, at the present day, of many facts connected with that stormy period; and it seems scarcely credible that *any* name should have tried to rear itself above WASHINGTON'S—that any crest should have shone even on a level with the Great Chief's. But Lee and Gates had, both of them, their partisans, who advocated a change of leadership, the deposition of Washington, the substitution of one or other of the successful Englishmen. Gates was known to desire it, and to work for the result. His attempt to corrupt the inflexible Morgan is well known; and the great soldier's noble reply, "I have one favor to ask of you, which is never to mention that detestable subject to me again; for under no other man than Washington, as Commander-in-chief, will I ever serve!" Thus the real iron of the army clustered still around the true magnet; it was only the disappointed and aspiring adventurers who wished a change. In the darkest hour, and when the great leader's popularity was overshadowed by the severest misfortunes, the true souls never deserted him, and soon the day of retribution came for his adversaries.

Gates was appointed to the command of the army in the South; he delivered battle at Camden, was overthrown and ruined. The Southern campaign, from which the patriotic cause expected so much, was lost, and Gates was put aside to make way for his successor, General Greene. Thus ended, too, the splendid career of the second great rival of Washington; his battles were all over. He had fought long and bravely; had aspired to the supreme command, though WASHINGTON stood in his path; and many advocated his superior claims, turning their backs upon the true chief, as did the Is-

raelites in the wilderness, clamoring for Gates to lead them by a short and pleasant route into the Promised Land. His fame had been immense—his popularity almost sufficient to overshadow that of the man who holds now such a grand position in the history of the world, and whose very name is the watchword of liberty, and a signal for the expression of a nation's gratitude as to a beneficent father. Up to the time when he assumed the command in the South, Gates had gone on, conquering, and, as he thought, to conquer; all had bent before him, and he panted for the last stroke which should place him at the head of affairs.

The battle of Camden came, and Gates, the conqueror of Burgoyne, the rival of Washington, came here to this house unattended and alone. Alas, how fallen from his high estate! The breath of an indignant public opinion had blasted him; his laurels were all sere and withered. He had lost the decisive battle which the nation counted on his gaining; was deposed from his high command; over his head lowered a deep cloud of public execration almost, and Congress, it was said, had prepared its thunder-bolt to strike him, following up that stroke of the mailed hand of Fate which had hurled him at one blow from his great elevation, in the sunlight of the world, to darkness and oblivion. The bolt, however, did not fall. The sad soldier's sorrow was respected. No additional bitterness was infused into his cup; enough punishment that his mounting aspirations were all chilled; that the magnificent drama of the Revolution, in whose earlier scenes he had played a part so splendid, now went onward to its glorious termination, without calling upon him to share its "bright rewards," or even to be present at its triumph.

To the old edifice of "Traveler's Rest" here came the disappointed soldier, and here, like his old friend and companion, disgraced like himself, he lived long years of pain and weariness, and bitter regret. How could it be otherwise? Memory must have been a torture to him. Like Wolsey, he must have muttered,

"Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening—nips his root,
And then he falls as I do!"

Scarcely was the fall of the proud potentate of the Church more striking than that of the great General: his memories could scarcely have afflicted him more. How the Horatio Gates of 1790 must have looked back upon the Gates who annihilated the power of Burgoyne, and heard around him the shouts of a whole nation greeting him! Then, his planet had reached its zenith, and the supreme star of Washington had well-nigh paled before the glories of his rival; all men followed him, as he went upon his career of glory and success, with plaudits and enthusiastic exhibitions of regard and admira-

tion. Fate seemed to yield to him, and history waited to inscribe upon her most enduring tablets the great name of the deliverer of a nation. Revolving all the splendid scenes of that past as he thus rusted out his days, how much profounder must have seemed the darkness of the present! Here, in the remote country-house, passed the days of the man who had shone as the king of the camp—the proud Potomac rolling not far from his lonely mansion, ran beneath Mount Vernon, from which his old rival had departed to assume the Chief Magistracy of the land—this man, whom he had endeavored to supplant, was now hailed by the title of “Father of his Country;” while he, Horatio Gates, was as thoroughly forgotten as though he had died long years before, and slept the last sleep that knows no waking in this world.

So ended, too, the conspicuous career of this man as the career of Lee had ended. He did not die as unhappily as his old companion, however. He removed, finally, to New York—served in the Legislature there in 1800—and died in April, 1806, in his house on Rose Hill, which stood near what is now the corner of Twenty-third Street and Second Avenue. Washington had been dead for nearly seven years, but “still lived” a more enduring life than before. But Gates had died a generation nearly before, on the day of Camden.

Linked with the great events of the Revolution, however, his name can not be lost; perhaps his services and sufferings even now have pleaded successfully with the world—his evil deeds and his misfortunes been forgotten. At least, his is not a name which can be lost from memory; and our time has not been thrown away in noticing these events in his checkered life, and the spot in which he passed so many years.

To proceed now to the remaining names of this sketch.

III.—GENERAL ADAM STEPHEN.

Adam Stephen was the associate and friend of Washington at the time when the latter was a young man, scarcely twenty-four, but already intrusted by the authorities of Virginia with the command of her entire forces on the frontier.

It was about the year 1756—a hundred years ago—and Washington, stationed at the town of Winchester, was going through that ordeal of personal hardship and mental anguish which hardened him for the iron contest of the Revolution. The whole frontier was but one long battle-ground for the savages; on every hand the young chief heard the groans of women and children, slaughtered by a merciless foe; and upon him alone were fixed the eyes of the forlorn borderers, who knew not where else to look for aid in their terrible extremity. The valley of the Shenandoah, now smiling in peace and plenty, was the arena of as desperate a struggle as any, perhaps, which ever occurred in America; and it is scarcely too much to say that this “abounding river,” with the streams its tributaries, and those to the westward, ran blood as

well as water. The whole land was ravaged and laid waste by bands led on by experienced French officers, and more than once Fort Loudoun, at Winchester, the head-quarters of young Major Washington, was threatened by the enemy. To the youthful chief alone did the whole valley look for succor, leaning, as it were, upon that arm which was to sustain the gigantic burden of the Revolution. Washington's letters to Governor Dinwiddie upon the subject of this public agony, are among the most affecting documents to be found in his published writings. If he knew his own heart, he said, he would gladly expend the last drop of his heart's blood to relieve these miserable victims of savage cruelty; and we know that this man never uttered what he did not mean.

Were it consistent with our design, we might refer at length to the little-known details of that period of young Washington's command in the West. We might paint from authentic records the picture which historians have strangely neglected, containing, as it does, as splendid an exhibition of the strength and magnanimity of this great character as any unrolled by the grand after-struggle. It was this long agony at Winchester, with the cries of despairing women and slaughtered children resounding in his ears, which moulded the mind of Washington for the gigantic contest—which made him, thus, in the bloom of early manhood, grave and silent and inflexible—hardening his genius into the heroic mould, and familiarizing him with suffering and misfortune. Throughout the Revolution other men would have found, in the intense gloom and pain of every face around them, that which would have made them “despair of the Republic,” and yield up the fortunes of the contest. That Washington never shrunk in the stormiest hour is attributable, beyond any doubt, to this fiery ordeal through which he passed at twenty-three in the valley of the Shenandoah.

Other pens must speak of it; and when the time comes, the whole picture with its bloody tints will be depicted. The present sketch does not admit of further reference to the period or its events, except as they concern the soldier of whom we write.

In all the struggles upon the frontier at this time Adam Stephen bore his part, and filled worthily the station assigned to him. His name frequently occurs in Washington's correspondence as in command of detached bodies sent against the Indians. He was commandant for some time at Fort Cumberland, then the farthest advanced post of the border, and immediately confronting Fort Duquesne, where Dumas and other experienced officers were posted, with their combined French and Indian forces, and did good service in every movement undertaken. It will not be forgotten that Virginia was an English province then—Lieutenant Stephen was under Major Washington, Major Washington under Governor Dinwiddie, and Governor Dinwiddie under his Majesty, George II., King of England.

But times changed; other events occurred, and Major Washington of the English army became General Washington of the American Revolution. Stephen followed the fortunes of the "rebels" under his old commander. We next read of him as commanding a battalion sent to the aid of South Carolina by Virginia, of his return, and of his brave conduct on the subsequent battle-fields of the Revolution, especially on the day of Brandywine. He disappeared soon after from the service, and, returning to Virginia, spent the remainder of his days in the old house before us.

General Stephen had held large possessions hereabouts, and no doubt resented the trespass of the Indians upon his large domain, stretching from the banks of the Opequan toward the shaggy North Mountain in the west. He seems to have been a man eminently fitted for the period in which he lived; large of frame, of great personal strength, dauntless in combat, and prepared to oppose himself to any odds whatever. With that contempt for the appliances of polished life which characterized nearly every prominent leader of that day, and has continued to be a trait with many celebrated personages even in our own times, the good General never aspired to a better edifice than a cabin of rude timber, and to a bed softer than his hard camp couch. This rough piece of furniture was but the other day disinterred from its remote retreat in the old garret which it had long occupied, and curious was its appearance in contrast with the degenerate "lounges" of soft hair and ornamental covering which we see to-day. Yet on this uncouth cushion rested the form of one who did his part in that trying hour; of whose hardships, struggles, and shed blood, the generation of to-day are reaping the benefit. To the present writer, at least, this ancient piece of furniture is more interesting than many canopied beds of state!

The house in which General Stephen lived was quite as rude, built, probably, by some early pioneer of the region, and intended far more for actual everyday utility than for show. It still stands, a rough log-hut of two stories, with timbers nailed in an upright position against it, and scarcely differing from the "negro-quarters" which are built up to it upon both sides.

Rough and homely as the surroundings of this unpretending edifice are now, its site, and the view from the door-way, must have been, at the time when General Stephen occupied it, singularly lovely. It stands upon a gentle slope, which extends to the waters of the stream beneath; and the noble trees which are scattered over the grounds of the more modern mansion near at hand were, even at the period of which we speak, growing in lusty vigor. The stream was the Opequan, and it here glides dreamily beneath the drooping boughs of immense sycamores, with which are mingled every variety of other Virginia trees, of the freshest and rarest beauty. In the autumn these forest-trees put on the most magnificent liveries of orange, gold,

and deep azure, amidst which shine the crimson leaves of the maple and the dogwood, running along the edge of the current like a fringe of fire. To the southwest, lofty hills, crowned with the richest woodland, stretch as far as the eye can see; and over this enchanting panorama of hill and valley and river droops, in the days of autumn, a diaphanous haze which melts every tint and outline into forms and colors of the roundest and most delicate beauty. It was not without reason that the soldier selected this spot for his abode, with its giant oaks, its magnificent foliage extending up and down the stream—a stream which the Indians loved and gave its musical name to, and which seems to murmur still of the far past, when so many wild adventures took place on its banks.

But to return to the old dwelling as it appears to-day.

Every thing about it is rough and unpromising; all is confined, contracted, and small—but the fire-place. That is neither small nor constructed with a view to economy. It is grand—enormous! One would think that it had been built with express reference to the great stature of the General—to radiate heat upon the whole of his great camp-couch at once; or to afford warmth to a crowd of guests in the long hours of the winter nights. It is probable, at least, that this last capacity was filled by it. From all that we can gather concerning General Stephen, he seems to have been, like Morgan and other soldiers of the period, no little given to the wine-cup. This huge old fire-place doubtless poured its streams of ruddy light, from the blazing pine logs, upon many bearded faces. Around it, how many good companions must have gathered in the olden day, and what sounds of revelry must have shook the rafters overhead, or startled the wild forest and the waters of the Opequan flowing near! On this rude threshold it is more than probable that Washington stood—perhaps he slept in the little garret over us, approached by the steep rude steps commencing in the chimney corner. These great oaks of the old "chase" which stretches around the large and hospital manor-house to-day, waved, doubtless, above the heads of these two men, and others celebrated now in history. That Stephen loved the wild woods in which he lived, and even in the hour of death looked back to them and regretted them, we know from a tradition of the neighborhood, preserved still as a proof of his dry humor. His will had been all written save the concluding clause; and he had devised his numerous farms to those whom he desired to possess them, with the exception of this one upon which his rude cabin stood, and where he had always lived. "And the B—— estate, General," said the lawyer, "to whom shall that go?" "To nobody," was the dying man's reply; "I shall take that with me!"

Soon after uttering these words the brave General breathed his last.

This man, like him with whom we shall con-

clude our sketch, was an exponent of the times in which he lived—one of those strong links in the great chain which bore, without breaking, the strain and stress of the breast to breast conflict—a man of war, and rude jest, and wild revel, but with brave and patriotic impulses, honorable to the noblest. He worthily fought many fights for the land we live in, and “sleeps well” now, on the banks of the Opequan, by the gliding waters which he so often looked upon from the door of his frontier dwelling. Careless, rough, and brave as his sword, he took his part in the singular society around him, not sparing his best blood when there was fighting to be done.

Let us leave him where he sleeps, after all his combats, and pass to the last name on our list of warriors.

IV.—GENERAL WILLIAM DARKE.

This brave soldier retired, after a long life spent, without interruption almost, in the stirring conflicts of the frontier, to his house in the neighborhood here—not far from the residences of Lee and Gates and Stephen, and near what are now the little villages of Duffields and Darkesville, the latter of which was so called in memory of him.

The house of General Darke has no especial trait distinguishing it from other plain wooden farm-houses of the region, and does not merit further description.

Of the soldier himself we regret our inability to present any biographical sketch containing those dates and landmarks so desirable to the historian. He was about the age of Washington and Lee and Gates, his contemporaries, having died in a hale old age in the year 1801, a year or two after the death of the great chief. He was one of the few officers who served uninterruptedly throughout the Revolutionary war and the subsequent struggle with the Indians in the Northwestern Territory—a fact which is shown by the large grant of land in this county made to him by the Commonwealth of Virginia, as one of these participants in “*all the wars.*”

Having done his part throughout the great struggle, he continued in military life after the peace with England, engaged in combats still with the Indians in that vast region along the Ohio. In 1787, by the ordinance of that year, Virginia ceded, as all know, this magnificent portion of her domain to the General Government, and steps were immediately taken to drive from the “Dark and Bloody Ground” the merciless marauders who still infested it as in the times when Daniel Boone took up his abode in the great wilderness. General Darke fought in all these wars, and went through all the mutations of victory and defeat without murmuring.

In the year 1790, as is well known, General Harmar was nearly cut to pieces, with all his forces, by the Indians near Chillicothe; and in November of the next year, General St. Clair sustained, upon the Miami, a rout still more

disastrous, losing six hundred men out of an army of fifteen hundred.

In this action General Darke took a prominent part, and during the fight an incident occurred strongly indicating his stern courage. His son had charged by his side, but was separated from him in the *mêlée*; and when the order for retreat was given, General Darke saw that the young man was not among the troops. Turning back like a lion, he plunged alone into the multitude of savages, and seeing his son lying with a wound in his face, caught him in his arms and bore him safely out of the field. We have seen a letter written by General Darke soon afterward, in which he speaks of his poor son, and regret that we did not secure a copy of it. It is dated “Fort Washington,” 1791, and in it the General refers to the “Hellecats” whom he had lately met; and the worthy soldier seems always to have regarded his enemies in this agreeable and favorable light.

All that we have said of General Darke thus far is derived from tradition—that memory remaining in the minds of men, which is the sole witness of the noble and heroic deeds of so many strong natures and great hearts of the past. We read of those who chanced to occupy conspicuous positions, and we fancy that they only were the actors. But there were thousands as patriotic and determined, whose biographies have never been written—whose names are scarcely heard now out of the neighborhoods where their deeds were known—who, finally, will not be heard of at all, for even these memories are dying out. The present writer has long made it his duty and pleasure to collect every where these expiring voices, telling of the past and its great figures—to seek in obscure localities, and dust-covered piles of letters, the history of that period so filled with heroism; and he has found, at every step in this investigation, something noble and self-sacrificing—some incident showing how devoted to the cause of liberty were thousands whom the world has never heard of, who deserve monuments from the hands of those for whom they fought, and in place of these receive oblivion.

General Darke's name has been little known, and we have found much difficulty in collecting even these small memorials. The most interesting remains of the soldier are perhaps three pictures which we recently saw in the house of one of his descendants. As two of these pictures are rare productions of art, and indicate, in no small degree, the idiosyncrasies of the worthy General, we shall notice them particularly. A word first of his portrait.

It represents a man of fifty-five or sixty—hale, vigorous, and with that piercing glance indicating the leader of men—the inmate of camps. The lips are thin and full of determination and energy; the nose aquiline and strongly defined; the forehead broad, and furrowed with the anxieties and cares of a long military career. Thin scattered locks of dark hair roof, as it were, this countenance filled with

vigor and resolution. The costume is that of a commissioned officer, of what grade we were, however, unable to determine. The shoulders are decorated with epaulets; and one hand is thrust into the breast, as in many of the pictures at the period when this was painted. The entire face, and air, and figure is that of a cool and determined man, who is not apt to hesitate when a fight or a foray is on the carpet, and whose greatest delight is experienced in the active and moving life of the frontier.

The pictures which accompany this portrait are, however, the chief subjects of interest. The first represents General Darke in a splendid uniform, standing, with his sword elevated and about to strike, above two figures lying upon the ground at his feet. The first is a Virginian, wearing the provincial uniform, who has fallen, covered with blood, beneath the hatchet of a huge savage; and prone upon the body of the fallen man, with his legs wrapped, as it were, around those of his victim, the Indian has his hands upon the scalp already half torn off, and hanging simply by a bloody remnant. But just at the critical moment the worthy General Darke has come to the rescue, the fatal sword descends upon the savage, and with his skull shattered, his face one mass of bloody foam, the Redface falls upon his victim, whose scalp he tears at, vindictively, even in death. The picture is painted with blood-thirsty vigor, if we may so speak; and there is no sort of doubt as to what it means.

"It was painted," said an old negro who had been a servant of the General's, "by Mr. Blinko when master was at home after the wars. I was a boy, and was bringing in wood for the fire. Master told him how to do it; he took his sword and raised it up, and looked *mad* like the picture—and Mr. Blinko painted him!"

Now for the second picture. This is a historical piece in which Mr. Blinko, the border artist, aimed to perpetuate on one canvas the leading triumphs of his patron. It is divided into six or eight compartments, separated by straight lines; and each of these divisions contains the form of one of General Darke's adversaries falling before his brand. The first is a negro with a red coat, lying upon his back, with a bloody hole in his breast. "A boy that went over to the Britishers," said our cicerone, "and master killed him." The other divisions, with the exception of one or two at the bottom of the canvas, display British officers in red jackets and buff short clothes, falling backward, forward, sidewise, but all agreeing in one particular. From one and all rushes a small river of intensely crimson blood, gushing out like water from a pump, and dyeing the earth for yards. The last compartments contain Indians in the same condition, after coming in collision with General Darke—and the genius of the artist may be generally summed up in the words, *Blood, and plenty of it!* The expenditure of crimson upon these pictures would serve

to color a thousand portraits. There is something ferocious and barbaric in the gusto with which the work seems executed. The artist revels in slaughter, and his canvas breathes a spirit of blood and death. Perhaps no more curious relics of border times exist any where than these half terrible, half ludicrous scenes on the old cracked canvas, telling the horrible story of the past.

And yet there is one thing stranger than the pictures themselves—one circumstance connected with their production far more curious than the rude handling of the painter. It is the fact that General Darke thus amused his old age and leisure hours in having these "historic pieces" painted. Was it that the days of peace hung heavy on the hands of the brave soldier, and this strange device was hit upon to while away the time, and bring back to his memory the adventurous deeds and scenes of the savage frontier? Or was it simply pride in his achievements which induced him to employ the artist, Mr. Blinko, to depict them upon canvas; a desire to hand down to his descendants, in unmistakable figures, the story of his battles and his triumphs? A more striking illustration of the character of the men who figured in that stormy period can scarcely be imagined. To comprehend in its full force the significance of this singular proceeding, we have only to fancy General Scott, or the Duke of Wellington, sending in their old age for an artist to depict the bleeding forms of Mexicans or Frenchmen who had fallen before them in personal combats.

But let us not criticise too strongly the good General's mode of amusing himself in his country house in the long evenings by the fires of winter, or censure Mr. Blinko, painter of historical pieces, for his inclination toward blood. To hate a savage was considered at that period a commendable thing; and the bloody massacres which had made the fathers and mothers and children of the valley wail in their great agony, had left but little pity in the hearts of the borderers for the lurking foe. If General Darke esteemed it a high honor and pleasant memory this profuse shedding of human blood, we can scarcely wonder at the circumstance, however strange it may at first view appear. It was such men as himself who made the land we live in free, and the abode of peace and happiness. Their hearts were made of sterner stuff than those of the present generation, and it is well that it was so. They periled life for us upon a thousand battle-fields: let us respect even their strange peculiarities.

We have thus attempted to speak briefly of some mansions, in which, by a singular chance, all these brave soldiers came to spend, within a few miles of each other, so many peaceful hours after years of toil and danger. These old dilapidated houses are the memorials of four vigorous lives: the shades of the great men who once occupied them seem to hover in the air, and whisper inarticulately in the murmur of the pines, the rustle of the great oaks, which

droop above, and the low undertone of the bright waves which glide not far from their old haunts. These men are no longer figures of bronze and marble set in the far horizon of the past, and scarcely recognized as men who actually lived; they descend from their pedestals, they touch your hand with a pressure warm like your own, and you can feel the beating of hearts human like your own. All this do these old localities enable us to see and understand. Lee wanders here as of old, surrounded by his dogs, and sneers at Washington while he speaks of his own prowess, which made Frederick and Stanislaus his friends; Gates sits on his porch with drooping head, and dreams of Saratoga and of Camden; Stephen assembles his wild comrades round his great fire-place, and shakes the rafters with his revelry, or, stretched upon his old camp couch within hearing of the waves of the Opequan, thinks of all his battles; and Darke is telling of his wars in the wilderness, or starting up, with frowning brows and threatening sword, to show Mr. Blinko, painter of historical pieces, how he slew the Indian or the Englishman!

It is scarcely time thrown away to visit these old haunts, and listen to the neighborhood traditions; for these men, and all that concerns them, belong to history. Invention has certainly had nothing to do with any thing herein stated; and we leave the reader to form his own opinion upon the significance or insignificance of the subject and the matter.

[Since the above was written I have met with the following brief notice of General Darke, from the pen of a local chronicler, in the *Charlestown Free Press*. It contains some additional facts, and a pleasing incident, very characteristic of the brave soldier:

"WILLIAM DARKE.—His name belongs to the Biography of American Heroes; nor is it unknown in the early statesmanship of Virginia. General Darke was in the State Convention of 1788, and voted for the Federal Constitution. He was badly wounded at St. Clair's defeat; and his son, Captain Joseph Darke, was slain. He served previously in the Revolution, and suffered long as a prisoner. There is a tradition that, on his return from confinement, he stopped at a tavern where a bird was engaged. He bought it from the landlady for one dollar, and immediately threw it up, telling it to go free, as he knew the life of a prison. He was one of the Rangers of 1755 (then nineteen years old), serving under Washington, in Braddock's ill-managed march toward Fort Duquesne. He was born in Pennsylvania, but came to this neighborhood when six years old, in 1741, with his father. The splendid estate where he was reared, and where he reared his family, was on Elk Branch, Duffield's Dépôt being included in it."]

THE IDENTIFICATION:

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS, BY A CONSTABULARY OFFICER.

NOVEMBER the 15th, 18—, I received a report from Constable Hanly, of Ballytoher station, to the effect, that the house of a respectable widow, named Murphy, had been attacked on the previous night, and broken into by a party, two of whom were armed with pistols. The house had been robbed of a considerable sum of money, and the widow and her daughter

severely beaten. The old woman had been treated in a barbarous manner. I lost not a moment in hastening to "visit the scene."

Mrs. Murphy was the widow of a man named Michael Murphy, who had been for several years a tenant to Colonel N—, of —. He held by lease about twenty acres of land at a fair rent. When he died he left behind him the widow, a son about twenty years of age, and a daughter, not then eighteen, together with a small amount which he had hoarded.

No person was within at the time when the outrage was committed, except the widow, her daughter, and a servant girl. Her son, James Murphy, had gone to a distant fair to sell calves, and had not returned.

On my arrival at the house, about half past eight o'clock in the morning, I found the state of the poor widow to be very alarming. I cleared the house, and examined the daughter, who, after hesitation and weeping, stated that she knew one of the men, and he the principal. This was a young man named Thomas Courtney, of Cloongoon, and she could not be mistaken, as she had known him for years. She had taxed him with it to his face when he was beating her mother, and told him she would hang him for the murder. The servant girl corroborated this as to Thomas Courtney; but neither of them knew the other persons who had attacked the house. Courtney happened to be a young man of the most unexceptionable character in the neighborhood.

I proceeded to the house of Courtney's father, accompanied by two policemen. It was a mile from the widow's; and on going in we found Thomas Courtney at breakfast with his father and mother, and a younger brother. They all stood up, and although there was evident surprise in their manner, there was nothing to indicate guilt or even confusion in Tom's appearance. "Welcome, your honor, welcome!" said father and son, almost in a breath. "Sit down, your honors, and take an air of the fire; you're out early, and the mornin' is damp."

"No, thank you, Courtney," said I. "The fact is, I have called upon business."

"Upon business, your honor; why, then, is there any thing the matter? Or is there any thing Tom or I can do for you?"

There was a freedom from any alarm in all this which it was painful to be obliged to dissipate. I asked Thomas where he had been all night? He said, at home; and father and mother, both getting uneasy, declared they could swear he had. His brother Billy, who slept in the bed with him, said the same. I then told Courtney that he was my prisoner, charged with a serious offense, and I requested him not to say any thing. He would be brought before the magistrate, and it was better for the present that he should be silent.

"Silent!" he cried, dashing the chair upon which he had been sitting against the ground; "silent! I care not who hears what I say. I stand at the world's defiance; there's no person

so black as can injure me: and even if I had not my father and my mother, and my brother Billy there to clear me, I have enough within my breast to tell me that I can defy the world. I shall be ready in one minute, Sir," he added, in a calmer tone; and, going to an inner room, he returned almost immediately, with his great coat and hat on.

It were needless to pursue the scene which took place when the actual fact of his being about to be marched off forced itself upon his father and mother. There was all that clapping of hands and screaming upon the part of the mother, with silent and sullen preparation by the father to accompany him, interrupted with exclamations of "Whist, I tell you—will you hold your tongue, you fool!" addressed to his wife, which are usual on such occasions.

Before leaving the house, I made search for young Courtney's clothes and shoes, for the night had been very wet; but I found them dry and unsoiled.

I then brought Tom Courtney away with me. He made light of any thing which could be brought against him; said he was certain, when he was brought face to face with his accusers, he could defy them, and seemed confident of being permitted to return with his father; told his mother not to fret, that he'd be back in a couple of hours, and to keep up her heart; but as we started she threw herself, in a state of distraction, upon the stone bench in front of the house, rocking to and fro, with a short of shivering moan, which it was piteous to hear, dying away in the wind as we got farther from the door.

On my arrival at the police-barrack with Courtney, I learned that the Widow Murphy was in a poor state. The doctor feared there was a fracture of the skull. She was also seriously injured by burning. Within the last half hour she had in some degree revived, and recognized her daughter. I then sent Catherine Murphy and Winefred Cox (the servant girl who had been in the house at the time of the attack) to my own head station, where I soon after brought the prisoner. I had sent a policeman across the fields to the magistrate, with a few lines in pencil, to request that he would come over as soon as possible, as I feared there had been murder done during the night; and I had not long to wait his arrival. He received the informations of the daughter and the servant girl, both of whom swore in the most distinct manner against Thomas Courtney as the principal, and he was fully committed for trial.

The same day James Murphy, having returned from a fair, came to me, and detailed a conversation he had with Tom Courtney two days before the fair; of which more anon.

The third day the doctor told me the widow could not long survive. I lost no time, therefore, in sending for the magistrate. In less than an hour we met at her bedside.

On being interrogated, she said: "I know that I'm going to die, and it's not of him I'm

thinking, although he left my poor Jemmy an orphan, and my little girl without a mother; I'd rather say nothing at all about it; I forgive him; oh! let me die with the comfort of forgiveness upon my heart. He must have been mad, for he wasn't drunk; but I'll not swear against him. I'm on my death-bed, and I'll take no oath at all. Oh, Tom, Tom, I forgive you! and may the Lord forgive you as I do this day!" The magistrate told her she would be required merely to tell the truth before God. He considered she was bound in conscience to do so.

"Oh, I know that, Sir," she replied; "and sure you can have the truth from enough without asking it from a dyin' woman; there is Kitty herself, and there's Winny Cox, didn't they both see him better than I did, and didn't they both tax him to his face? And sure he never spoke a word, for he couldn't deny it. Oh, Tom, Tom—Thomas Courtney, may the Lord forgive you this day! 'twas surely you and your party that murdered me. Oh, Tom, Tom, avic machree! wouldn't I give her to you an' welcome before any boy in the parish, if she was for you? and didn't I often tell you, as-thore, to wait, and that maybe she'd come round! Oh, Tom, Tom, if I wanted help isn't it to yourself I'd send? and to think that it was you, Tom, that came and murdered me and robbed me, and that it's on you I must lay my death at last! Oh, Tom, I wonder will the Lord forgive you, if I do this day." Here she lay back, exhausted.

The magistrate, who had written all that was necessary of what she had said, and put it into proper form (I had written down every word precisely as she had uttered it: all through this narrative of actual occurrences I copy from my note-book), then read it over to her, and she continued steadfastly to affirm that Courtney had been the leader in the attack.

November 19th, Constable Hanly arrived at my station early, with an account that the Widow Murphy died during the night.

"Well, Hanly," said I, "what is this you have to tell me now?"

"Why, then, Sir, I'll tell you that. The very night the Widow Murphy's house was attacked the party called at the house of Phil Moran, who keeps a public-house at the cross-roads of Shroneen, and asked for whisky. Moran, I hear, refused to open the door, and they smashed it in, and made him give them the whisky. Now, Sir, Phil Moran is an uncle of Tom Courtney's; and, I believe, recognized him and spoke to him. I think, Sir, this clenches the business, if it be true. And what makes me believe it the more, he left home ere yesterday mornin', after the widow died, and has not returned; but he let it slip the morning after it happened as a good joke, and before he heard of the attack, and then he drew in his horns, and now he's gone off."

Old Ned Courtney, Tom's father, was one of the higher class of farmers. He was a most re-

spectable man in every sense. He had realized a few hundred pounds, which lay to his credit in the Branch Bank of Ireland. He was a favorite with the gentry, who used to shake hands with him at the fairs, and ask his opinion about stock. Thomas was his eldest son. Tom was sent when a mere lad to a neighboring school, where he soon exhibited great parts; and ere three years had been accomplished, was fit to "blind the master" in the classics. He would argue with him, and *discoorse* him for a whole hour with an ingenuity that baffled, and an eloquence that astonished poor M'Sweeny—such was the master's name—while the younger scholars sat, with their mouths open and their "*Universles*" on their knees, whispering and nudging in wonder and delight, to see the master scratching his head with his left hand, while every moment he drew the thumb of his right across the tip of his tongue, and with a rapidity that almost eluded the quickest eye (and Tom's eye was quick) turned the leaves over and over, backward and forward, quoting a line here and there, as much as to say, "Why, thin, you young jackanapes you, there isn't a line of it, from cover to cover (the book had none), that I hadn't at my fingers' ends before you were born. 'Tityre tu patulæ recubans'—och, bother (another turn or two)—'O, Formose puer nimium ne crede colori'—bah! can you translate *that*, Misther Courtney, eh?"

"You're out there, at all events, Mr. Mac, for I never had a bit."

"Well, you're as consated as if you had. Stan' up there, three syllables, will you?" and thus would half an hour's sparring take place between M'Sweeny and his pupil.

About this time, too—for Tommy was now past sixteen (and it is extraordinary how early the Irish youngsters *take a notion*)—Tom Courtney fell in love with Catherine Murphy, the daughter of the Widow Murphy, of Cortheen; she was a beautiful girl, somewhat about his own age. But if my remark about the youngsters falling in love thus early be applicable to the boys, believe me, it is no less true as regards the girls in Ireland—and, early as Tommy was in the field, he was not in time, for there was one before him; and Catherine refused to hear a word from him, point-blank, though without telling him why. But he soon found out; and as he shortly afterward changed the scene and manner of his life, and perhaps many of the feelings with which his boyish days were associated, he thought but seldom of Catherine Murphy. Tom continued, however, to go to M'Sweeny's school for another year, at the end of which he had learned more than M'Sweeny could teach, and "was quite all out and entirely"—to use the pedagogue's own words—"be-yant his ingenuity or comprehension to resolve." Mr. M'Sweeny, therefore, called one morning on old Courtney, and told him "that he'd have to send Masther Courtney to some other school, for that he could get no good of him—that in place of larnin' his lessons and houldin' his

tongue, as a clever boy ought, and takin' the larnin' from him that was able to give it, it's what he was always intherruptin' him, startin' him questions, and meanderin' about books that he wasn't within a year and a half of."

It was decided that Tom should enter the Church, and he spent three years at Maynooth.

It was before the end of the third year that Courtney unexpectedly appeared at home, having nothing whatever of a clerical appearance about him, and unhesitatingly declared "that he never would go back to Maynooth, as he had given up all idea of ever going into the ministry—at least into—;" and here he stopped short, and would give no reason for any thing he either had done or intended to do.

After this interview it began to be pretty generally reported through the parish that young Courtney had turned Protestant—a circumstance which, as he had not been at mass since his return, was also pretty generally believed. On the other hand, however, he had not been at church; but this was an extreme step, which, perhaps, he was not prepared to brave, if his views were even so decided or confirmed as to have prompted it.

Tom Courtney was tall. His glossy, dark hair grew in rich curls backward from a broad and manly forehead, and contrasted with the marble whiteness of a long neck, which Byron might have envied. His eyes shone with a dark but soft brilliancy, which prevented you from being able to ascertain their precise color. His nose was straight and perfectly formed. His cheeks were pale—very pale—except at times when exercise or the excitement of debate or argument tinged them with a bloom which, for a moment, you thought rendered him handsomer than usual; but, when it was gone, you thought you were wrong, and that the pale cheek became him most. In disposition Tom Courtney had hitherto been considered a most amiable and benevolent young man, and his character for every thing that was correct and good had been proverbial.

Matters lay in abeyance for three months. It was now the middle of February; the assizes drew near, nothing new had turned up, and Philip Moran had not been heard of—a very damaging fact for poor Tom Courtney's case.

March 2d.—Hanly had found Philip Moran at Carrickfergus, where he had fled to a friend's house. I brought him before the magistrate with the view of having his informations taken. He refused, however, to be sworn, maintaining an unbroken silence. The magistrate explained to him the position in which he was placed if his evidence was against his nephew; but that, at the same time, he had a duty to perform from which he should not shrink: but Moran only compressed his lips the more closely, as if determined not to speak. The magistrate then told him if he continued to refuse he had no course left but to commit him to jail. His only reply was, "God's will be done, I do refuse." A committal was then made out, and Philip

Moran lay that night not four cells distant from his nephew in the county jail.

March 7th.—It was now the evening before the assizes, at least the evening before the trials. The Crown Judge, Sir William Smith, had arrived, opened the commission, given his charge to the grand jury, and retired to his lodgings; the town was in a bustle; two sentries were measuring about dueling distance before the Judge's door. The sheriff's carriage was rolling up the street; police, with their packs, were arriving in small parties from the distant stations; and lodging-houses and eating-houses were on the alert. Two of these police parties met from different directions at the head of the main street, when the following incident occurred: Constable Collert, with two men, plumped up against Constable Ferriss, with one man, at the corner of the street.

"Halloa! boys," said Ferriss, "where do you put up? let us stop together; Martin Kavanagh recommended us to stop at Frank Hinnegan's—a quiet, decent house, and no resort of any one but respectable people; come along with us, you'll not get cheaper or better lodgings in the town; come along."

"Ay," replied Collert, "so it is, but it's very far from the court and the parades; we're three to two against you, and come with us to Jemmy M'Coy's—it's just as cheap and respectable a house as Hinnegan's, and not half so far from the parades. Hinnegan's, I know, is a clean, comfortable house, but it's an out-of-the-way place."

"Did you ever stop in it?" said Ferriss.

"I did, one quarter sessions," said Collert; "and, indeed, a cheap, nice house it is; but I tell you, 'tis out of the way; so come away with us to M'Coy's; the County Inspector is very sharp as to time—he's always on parade himself: I vote for M'Coy's, 'tis quite close to our work, boys."

"Toss up for choice," said a young sub who had not yet spoken, "and let us all abide by the winner."

"Done!" said Ferriss, "though I am very unlucky."

"Agreed," said they all in a voice, and out came a half-penny from Ferriss's pocket.

"I'll cry," said Collert.

"With all my heart," said Ferriss. Up it went.

"*Head!*" cried Collert.

"You lost," said Ferriss, "it's legs; I won, for once in my life, boys; maybe there's luck in that Manx half-penny."

They all then adjourned to Hinnegan's lodging-house.

March 9th.—Tom Courtney stood erect in the front of the dock, and never took his eyes off the clerk of the Crown while he was reading the indictment. When he had ended with the usual question of "How say you, are you guilty or not?" Courtney threw his eyes, as it would appear, through the vaulted roof up into the very heaven, and replied, in a voice which was not

loud, but which, in its beauty and distinctness, was heard by the farthest individual in the court, "Not guilty, so help me God, in this my great extremity;" and he leaned forward, faintly.

Mr. B——, the famous counsel, was assigned to the prisoner.

The trial commenced with an able statement from the Counsel for the Crown. Catherine Murphy was the first witness. She stated, that on the 14th of November she was in her mother's house. Her brother, James, was absent at a fair; some time after midnight there was a loud knocking at the door; witness got up, and put on her clothes; was greatly frightened; her mother told her not to speak. Winny Cox slept on a loft over a small room that was off the far side of the kitchen; Winefred Cox got up also, while the knocking was going on, and just as she was coming down from the loft the door was smashed in upon the floor, and two men entered. They lit a candle at the fire; knew the man that blew the coal; knew him when the light of the coal was flaring on his face, as well as after the candle was lit; could not be mistaken, as she knew the prisoner from the time they were children, and her heart jumped up when she saw it was Tom Courtney. The men were armed with pistols; they came to the bedside where her mother lay; one of them seized her by the arm and made her sit up; on her oath, it was the prisoner, and "it's at his door I lay my mother's death."

There was here a sensation and murmur through the court; but after a few moments the examination was continued.

"Witness knew the prisoner for many years; he was son to a neighbor; is positive that he is the man; the prisoner demanded where the money was; her mother denied that she had any money in the house; the prisoner then struck her with the end of the pistol; knew that her mother had a small box with some money in it; thinks about fourteen or fifteen pounds besides some silver, but did not know where she kept it; if she knew she would have told the prisoner at once to save her mother; told her mother, for God's sake, to tell him where it was, and let their bad luck go with it; her mother replied, 'Never; Tom, you're the last man breathing I thought would do me an ill turn, and only for you struck me, I'd think it was joking you are, or through liquor, what I never saw on you yet.' They then dragged my mother out of the bed, and brought her into the kitchen, where they struck her again, but she would not tell; they drew out the rakings of the fire upon the hearth, and threw her down upon them; the prisoner held her under the arms, and the other man pulled her legs from under her; witness then roared murder, and seized the prisoner by the throat; called the prisoner by his name, and said, 'Tom Courtney, I'll hang you as high as the castle for this night's work;' he gave witness a blow which staggered her over against the wall, and said, 'Give up the money before there's mischief done;' her mother was scream-

ing very loud. When they first threw her mother down upon the coals, Winny Cox jumped down off the loft and grappled with the second man; with Winny's help, and what witness could do after she got the blow, her mother struggled into the middle of the kitchen floor, and said, 'Give them the box, Kitty, it's in the little press at the head of the bed,' and she fainted off. They then departed, leaving her mother, as she thought, dead; saw the notes in the box when the prisoner opened it; there was also a purse in the box with some silver in it, which belonged to witness herself; would know it again if she saw it among a thousand—a good right she'd have—'twas the prisoner himself gave it to her, about four years ago; it was a leather purse, lined with silk, and there were letters upon it; witness gave it to her mother to keep for safety; did not know the second man that came into the house."

This witness was cross-examined at much length by Mr. B——, principally as to her former intimacy with the prisoner, but nothing was elicited.

Winefred Cox was next examined, and she corroborated every syllable that had been sworn to by the first witness in its most minute particulars: heard Catherine Murphy say, "Tom Courtney, I'll hang you for this night's work; it's often my mother nursed you, to murder her at last!" knew the prisoner for many years, and could not be mistaken.

Philip Moran was then sent for to the witness room, and put upon the table; and here there was a very painful scene indeed—not a being in court whose heart did not beat.

Moran never raised his eyes, never opened his lips; he moved not; he did not appear to breathe. The Clerk of the Crown held forth the book and told him to take it, but his arms seemed as though they were dead by his side. The Counsel for the Crown rose, and addressing his lordship, said,

"My lord, this is a most material witness, and however painful the position in which he stands toward the prisoner, and in which we stand in being obliged to bring him forward—for I understand he is his uncle—the case is one of such magnitude in itself, and so peculiar as regards the unfortunate man in the dock, that we feel it imperative upon us to establish it by the mouths of many witnesses. The prisoner, I understand, has hitherto borne a most excellent character, and I am aware that such will be attested here this day by many most respectable persons; but this very fact, my lord, only makes it the more incumbent upon us to fortify our case by all the evidence we can fairly bring to bear upon it, in order to satisfy, not only the jury, but the public, beyond the shadow of a doubt, as to the guilt of the prisoner."

"I have no doubt he will give his evidence," said the Judge. "Witness, listen to me." Not a move; not a stir.

"Witness, pray direct your eyes toward me,

while I address a very few words to you," continued the Judge.

Had he been made of marble he could not have been more still. I think the Judge thought he must have been in a fit of some kind, for he seemed perplexed, and I heard him ask, in an undertone, if the medical gentleman who had charge of the jail was in court, and directed him to be sent for. In the mean time he again addressed him by saying,

"Witness, I am quite certain you must hear what I say; at least I shall take it for granted that you do: your present course can not avail you; the law must be vindicated; and however painful it may be to you, you must give your evidence; or, should you persist in refusing to do so, I shall have no course left but to commit you to prison, and that, let me add, indefinitely."

Still not a word; not a move. Here the prisoner started up from the position he had all this time maintained, and called out,

"Uncle Philip—Uncle Philip, won't you speak to me? You will; you must!"

This seemed to act like magic on the witness, for he turned quickly round and gazed his nephew in the face as he continued,

"Uncle Philip, take the book and give your evidence like a man; what are you afraid of? Think you not that your unwillingness to tell the truth must be construed into an unwillingness to injure me? May it not, nay, must it not, impress the jury and the public as clearly against me as any evidence which you can give? Uncle Philip, there is but one consideration which should tempt you to hold out in this manner, and that is, a consciousness of having been induced, through any influence, to be about to state that which is not the fact: if that be the case, you do well to pause; but no, it is an unworthy thought, and I ask your pardon; the love you have borne my mother and myself, and the whole course you have adopted in this melancholy business forbid the supposition." Here the prisoner was completely overcome, and again covering his face with his hands he writhed in the agony of distress—'twas the word *mother* that unmanned him.

I have been for upward of thirty years in the habit of attending like places, and I never witnessed such a scene.

Presently the prisoner regained his self-possession, and "proudly he flung his clustering ringlets back," and continued,

"Rouse yourself, Uncle Philip; take the book and give your evidence. I know you will swear nothing but what you believe to be the truth."

"'Tis a difficult thing, Tom," said his uncle, turning round, "and for all I have to say it isn't much."

As he took the book I heard Tom Courtney say, "God help you, Uncle Philip! they might have spared you this, for they have enough."

Philip Moran was then sworn and examined: kept a public house at Raheen; on the night

the Widow Murphy's house was attacked, very late, or toward morning, some persons called at his house and asked for whisky—refused to give it to them at that hour; they said they were travelers and were very wet, that they should get it; looked out through the window, saw three persons; it was a moonlight night, but very wet; thought he knew one of the men who stood a little to one side; told them to go home, that they could be no strangers; one of them swore they would smash in the door if it was not opened, but that they had plenty of money, and would pay well for the whisky; thought the easiest way to get rid of them was to give them the whisky; lit a candle, and drew half a pint; did not wish them to come in, and brought it to the door, which he opened; two of them stood inside, and said it was a shame to keep them so long in the rain, because they were strangers. Witness turned the light of the candle upon the man who stood outside, looked sharp at him, and said, "There's one of you no stranger at all events. Tom, what's the matter? Won't you come in and dry yourself?" He made no reply, and witness said, "You had better go home, Tom, as fast as you can." Knew Tom Courtney since he was born; is his uncle by his mother; the prisoner came no nearer, at any time, than where he first stood—about four yards.

This witness was then called upon by the Crown to state positively whether the prisoner was one of those three men, or if he had any doubt. He was positive that the man who stood outside was the prisoner; he did not know either of the other men, they were strangers.

This witness was cross-examined with great ingenuity, principally as to the dress which the prisoner had on; whether it was that usually worn by him, and the opportunity he had of distinctly seeing his face. Upon the whole, this cross-examination was not unsuccessful of a rather favorable impression toward the prisoner.

As the old man turned to go down his eyes met those of his nephew. They were within four feet of each other, and Moran having gazed at him for a moment, threw his arms and shoulders across the rails of the dock, and clasping him round the neck, he cried, "Oh, Tom, forgive me; but I could not wrong my soul."

"Stand back, Uncle Philip," said Courtney; "you'll drown me with your tears. I know you have sworn what you believe to be the truth, and I would disown you if you would do any thing else, even to save my life."

He then staggered down, or rather was helped down, and you could have heard his sobs dying away in the distance as he was supported out of the court.

James Murphy was examined, and stated that Courtney casually had met him on the road, some days before the attack, and advised him to go to the fair to sell his calves, as it was an excellent market.

The Widow Murphy's dying declaration was then read, when a murmur of surprise and in-

dignation ran through the court. Persons who had hitherto felt inclined to sympathize with the prisoner began now to look upon him as a hardened and hypocritical ruffian.

The case for the prosecution closed.

The leading witness for the defense was Courtney's brother, Billy, a handsome lad: "Recollected the night the Widow Murphy's house was attacked; slept on that night in the bed with his brother. Witness and the prisoner went to bed about ten o'clock; locked the house-door, and hung the key behind the parlor-door; the prisoner got into bed first; he slept next the wall, and witness slept on the outside. Prisoner and witness both said their prayers before they got into bed. The prisoner was in the bed in the morning when witness awoke. Turned two or three times in the night, and, on his solemn oath, the prisoner was in the bed on all these occasions.

Cross-examined by Mr. F——.

"The prisoner had other clothes in a box in the same room; could have got them without touching those on the chair."

"Could he not have left the house, then, without your knowledge, Sir?"

"'Tis just possible; but I am positive he never did."

"Do you mean to swear, Sir, that he did not do that which it was possible he could have done without your knowledge?"

"I'll tell you—"

"No, Sir, you'll tell me nothing until you give me a direct answer. I ask you, Sir, again, and for the last time, will you take it upon yourself to swear that the prisoner did not leave the house that night after you and he went to bed?"

"I will not swear it positively."

"You may go down, Sir."

"You were going to say something just now," said the Judge.

"I was going to say, my lord, that I would not swear positively to any thing which I did not actually know to be a fact of my own knowledge; and in this case, although I am quite satisfied in my own mind that the prisoner did not leave the house on that night, yet as the possibility does exist that he could have done so, however safe I might believe myself to be in swearing it, I think it would be wrong to do so."

"It is a very honest answer, my good boy," broke in Mr. B——, "and stamps truth upon every tittle of your evidence."

The witness here became much affected; his eyes filled with tears, and the corners of his mouth worked and twitched with emotion. He put a handkerchief to his eyes as he turned to go down—more, I think, to hide his brother as he passed than to check his tears; but the prisoner stretched out his arms, and grasped him by the shoulder as he passed, saying,

"God bless you, Billy, you're all right, man—you're all right! Forgive me if I was afraid of your love."

Billy then rushed through the crowd, carrying the sympathy and belief of every one who heard his evidence with him.

The only other evidence which was brought forward was as to character, and certainly, if it could have availed in opposition to the flood of evidence which was against the prisoner, he would have been turned from the dock a free man; the highest and most noble in the county, one and all, bore cheerful and distinct testimony to the amiability and uniformly good character and conduct of Tom Courtney; the priests (for they still claimed him) thronged forward to the table to bear witness to his benevolence and kind-heartedness, from a very child; and the case closed.

The Judge slowly turned himself round toward the jury, and made a very long pause—so long that it became at last the subject of whispers from one to another, and I heard some one say that he was only waiting for the buzz (which always takes place at that moment in a crowded court) to subside—but I did not think it was.

He commenced, however, and it was the signal for death-like silence. I shall not follow him through his charge; he left no point of view in which he did not put the case. I shall never forget his voice, his views, his periods. He closed, and during the whole of his charge he never once used the words, "On the other hand, gentlemen" (alas! there was no other hand to turn to); nor did he close with that general and hackneyed finale to all charges, "If they had a doubt, a reasonable doubt" (and it was a termination of which his humanity rendered that Judge particularly fond); but in this case he seemed to feel—the whole court felt—that it would have been out of place; and his closing words were: "I leave, then, the case with you, gentlemen; and I do so with a firm persuasion that, as upright, conscientious jurors, you will do your duty without respect to persons, and fearless of the result, founded on the evidence, and the evidence alone, which has been brought before you."

Oh! what a hum—what a buzz—what whispering and wiping of faces—what altering of elbows on the ledges of the seats—what slight shaking of heads and compressing of lips, as people looked in each other's faces, while the jury rose to retire; and "Poor young fellow!" "God help him!" "Unfortunate mother!" and such like remarks, passed in an undertone from one to another. I lifted up my heart in silent prayer to God that He would indeed help both him and his mother in that distracting, frightful hour. Not a man, not a woman, not a child—and there were children there—left the court, although there were numbers who had not tasted food for nearly twelve hours; such was the awful suspense, the dreadful anxiety to learn that which every person there knew to as great a certainty as that the sun, which had been some time set, would rise again in the morning.

Contrary to all expectation, the jury remained in for nearly half an hour—not that they doubted (as I learned afterward), but from a sheer reluctance to hand in the fatal word. Indeed, it was the good sense and humanity of one of the jurors which prevented them from giving further delay (such was their repugnance), by representing that every moment they remained in beyond what was reasonable, in so plain a case, was only calculated to nourish a vain and delusive hope in the prisoner's breast, and lead him to the belief that it was possible to take a favorable view of the case. The justice, the humanity of this was at once acquiesced in; and the jury room-door opened, and forth came a reluctant but conscientious jury. The issue-paper was handed down. The Clerk of the Crown read over the names of the jurors, and read aloud, though his voice trembled as he uttered it, the awful word, "GUILTY," adding the useless but usual words, "Have you any thing to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you?"

The prisoner, on hearing the word "Guilty," had brought his hands together, stretched his arms along the front rail of the dock, and laid his head down upon the backs of his hands. In this position he remained, evidently struggling with inward emotion. There was a death-like silence then, indeed, in the court, as there always is immediately previous to the sentence of death being passed. At length the Judge, who had been gazing at some imaginary object in the air, said, "Prisoner!"

At the word the convict—for such, indeed, he now was—started up into an erect position, and pushing back his long dark hair, which had fallen down over his forehead and eyes, showed a face of marble whiteness, but an unstirring eye of surpassing beauty.

"Prisoner!" said the Judge, again.

"My lord," said the prisoner, "I have been asked if I have any thing to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon me. If the question be not altogether an insult and a mockery, may I be permitted to say a few words to the court—not, I am aware, that they can have any influence upon my fate, but, my lord, that they may be remembered when I am no more;" and his lips quivered.

The Judge made no answer, rather permitting him to proceed than giving him permission.

"My lord, I have been found guilty of a crime of which I am as innocent before Heaven as any person who now hears me or looks upon me, standing here, in the eyes of the law, a convicted murderer, and about to receive sentence of death and execution—oh! terrible, terrible words! There may be eyes now looking at me, there may be ears now listening to me, of those who know and who could prove my innocence, even at this moment. If such there be in the court [and the prisoner turned round and surveyed the crowd in rear of the dock], let them behold me—let them listen to

my words. Of course, my lord, I allude to the real perpetrators of this horrid crime, should any of them be here, and which is not impossible. Do I expect, then, that if they be, they, or any of them, will stand forth and avow it? Alas, no! I have no such hope; 'tis not in human nature; and the hearts which would perpetrate such a cruel deed will be but too glad to chuckle in the security of my conviction." [Here there was a great bustle in the centre of the crowd behind the dock, and a strong-looking man, who had fainted from the heat, was removed into the street, where the fresh air soon revived him; but I do not believe he returned into the court, and I heard somebody say that he was a stranger.] "They may hear," continued the prisoner, when silence was restored, "from the lips of a dying man, that they are about to commit another murder, and that, sooner or later, justice will overtake them, and my character will be redeemed, and my memory rescued from disgrace and shame—perhaps ere I be rotten in the grave."

"My lord, I can not, and I do not, while asserting my innocence, quarrel with either your lordship's charge, or with the verdict of the jury; I do not even know how to quarrel with the evidence. I never injured any one of the witnesses; on the contrary, I had far other feelings at one time—perhaps far other objects than injury toward one of them. I can not, and I do not, believe that Catherine Murphy's poor old mother—her murdered mother—and my heart still bleeds at the contemplation of her sufferings and death—I can not believe, I say, that she rushed for judgment to her God with a perjured lie upon her lips; I can not believe that either she or Catherine has sworn what they knew to be false. I can not believe that James has turned an innocent and casual conversation against me for a wicked purpose, knowing me to be innocent. He, at least, my lord, has sworn the truth. I freely admit the accuracy of the conversation detailed in his evidence; it was a casual matter, with no other object than to serve him, and founded upon the success of my own father upon similar occasions. Besides, were my object that which has been attributed to it, might I not as well have said to James Murphy, 'James, I wish you would go away to the fair of G— on Thursday next, for I want to murder your mother on that night,' as have acted the subsequent part I did, had such been the object of the conversation which actually did take place. Who but a fool would have held such a conversation with him, had he not made arrangements to fly with his booty before he returned? Did I fly? You have heard where and how I was found. Intimately known, as I was, to the widow, to Catherine, and the servant girl, undisguised to have entered the house, and committed murder and robbery, and then returned to my own house, not more than a mile distant, sat down to my breakfast, and calmly waited the result; could I, I say, have courted an ignominious and shameful death

more openly, more successfully, more promptly, than by such a course? What shall I say, then?—that I am guilty? No, my lord; as I stand before the God of heaven, who knoweth my heart, I am not guilty."

"I may hope there are some, at least—perhaps many—here, who will believe my words, when I again declare, in this awful moment, that I am wholly innocent of act, part, or knowledge of this dreadful crime. I believe, my lord, that an inscrutable Providence, whose ways are past finding out, has permitted—for some mysterious purpose, which neither you, my lord, nor I can scan—a fatal delusion to fall upon the minds of all those who have this day witnessed against me. He has the power even still to dispel it; and should He hasten His mercy in time to save me from a cruel and ignominious death, how shall I live to thank Him—to serve him; but if not"—[Here the unhappy man exhibited great emotion; his lips quivered, his voice trembled, and his whole frame shook.] "But if not," he continued, recovering himself, "and that my doom in this world shall, indeed, be fixed, I trust I can say 'His will be done;' but, for the sake of my memory and my character, and for the sake of those who loved me here, I hope and trust He will reveal it when I am gone."

The prisoner ceased, but not a word, not a whisper, not a stir in court. All eyes turned from the unhappy man to the Judge, who, after an apparent consultation with his own mind, assumed the black cap with a trepidation very foreign to his usual mode. All persons present seemed to expect a long and, doubtless, a very feeling address to the unhappy convict, ere the final words of the sentence should close his earthly fate; but I never saw Sir William Smith so completely, so perfectly overcome. He made one effort to speak, in vain, and it was evident he would not make a second until he had mastered himself, and could command his voice. I had, too, a secret feeling that he believed in the innocence of the prisoner. After a prolonged and painful silence, he merely said—

"Thomas Courtney, I have listened, with all the attention which I considered your unhappy position demanded, to your statement. Every person in court, as well as the jury, has heard the evidence upon which you have been convicted; and in the justice and propriety of that verdict there is not one solitary person who must not concur—nay, you yourself have done so. They have also heard your statement; and whether that statement be an aggravation of the crime or not, I shall leave to be settled by the final and eternal Judge before whom you soon must appear. I shall only add, that if your statement be false—and I can not reconcile its being otherwise with the evidence, if it be true—you will find, perhaps when too late, that it will be a dreadful aggravation indeed."

He then sentenced Tom Courtney, in the usual words, to be hanged by the neck till he was dead upon the next day but one following. The mis-

erable man was then removed from the dock to the jail, amidst all the customary clamor and screaming of relations and friends.

The court was adjourned, and in one hour the town was as quiet as if nothing beyond the conviction of a petty sessions had taken place.

PART II.

THE weather was very fine and dry for the time of year, and Sir William, to the surprise of every one who had witnessed all he had gone through that day, directed the sheriff to have an escort ready in one hour from the closing of the court; and having made arrangements with his brother Judge (who had nothing to do in the record court), he left for the next town on the circuit by a clear, fine moonlight.

It was by this time very late, and, as I felt harassed and fatigued both in body and mind, I retired to my lodging alone and depressed. The evening wore on. In a state of distraction I retired to rest, and soon fell into a confused slumber. How long I slept, or half slept, I know not—at least I did not know until I was awakened by a thundering double-knock at the hall-door. I had an instinctive feeling that it was for me, and, jumping up, I put my head out of the window and asked, "Who was there?"

"Oh, come down, Sir; come down as fast as you can," said Ferriss, who, with another policeman, stood at the door.

"Why, what is the matter now, Ferriss?" said I.

"Oh, come down, Sir; dress yourself smart, and come down, Sir, and I'll tell you."

Of course I lost not another moment in dressing myself and going down. As I passed the clock on the landing-place I saw that it was not far from two o'clock. Something serious, I was certain, had happened, and I felt a dreadful presentiment that Ferriss's news was that Tom Courtney had put an end to himself. Judge of my astonishment when I opened the hall-door and his first words were that Tom Courtney had made his escape from the jail, and that he had again arrested him in a public-house in the town.

"Quite and entirely impossible, Ferriss," said I. "On every account impossible, out of the question."

"Quite true, nevertheless, Sir," he replied. "I have him in the police-barrack, not forty perch from where you stand; and, what's more, I have one of the fellows that was with him at the widow's house, and who, I am sure, assisted him to make his escape. You remember the red-haired thief that Kitty swore she'd know again."

"You're dreaming, Ferriss; 'tis I, say, quite impossible. I can't, and I don't believe it."

"And why not, Sir? Why wouldn't he, if he could? And, faith, if it wasn't for Edmond Ferriss, he was a free bird before morning. Come down to the barrack, Sir, yourself, and see him; maybe you'll believe your eyesight."

"Scarcely," said I. "What did he say, Fer-

riss, when you took him? How did you know he got out? Where did you find him? Does he now admit his guilt?"

"He never opened his lips since I took him; but I heard him and his companion talking the whole business over of the attack, and how well they escaped. There can be no doubt of his guilt now, at all events. Oh then what a sweet tongue he had, Sir. Did you hear him to-day—faith, I believe I may say yesterday—why, he had me almost persuaded at one time, in spite of every thing, that he was innocent."

We hastened to the barrack. As I entered the day-room, I there beheld Tom Courtney sitting upon a form, handcuffed to another man, and a policeman on either end guarding them. He had changed his clothes, but did not appear to have had time to cut his hair, or otherwise disguise himself. There was a ferocity in his eye, and altogether, in the expression of his countenance, I had never before seen, and which I did not conceive it capable of assuming. I looked him full in the face, and said,

"God help you, Tom Courtney; what is this you have done?"

He did not return my gaze, and he replied not.

Looking upon him from that moment as a condemned and hardened hypocrite, I turned from the room, and gave directions that no person whatever should be permitted to speak to him, or he to any one. I then brought Ferriss with me to Mr. —, the magistrate, whom I routed up as unexpectedly as I myself had been. As we went along, and while we were waiting for the magistrate to dress, and reconcile himself to so untimely a visit, Ferriss gave me the following account of Tom Courtney's second arrest.

He and his companions had retired to their lodgings rather tired and harassed after the duties of the day. Their room was off a long, narrow one, which was used as a tap-room. There was, however, another door leading into their room from an outside passage, up three little three-cornered steps, which door was generally used when there was company drinking in the tap-room; but on this occasion it was very late, and as there were no persons in it, Ferriss and his comrades passed through it into their sleeping-room, and were retiring to bed. There was a chink of the door between the two rooms open. Ferriss's companions had got into bed, and he himself had taken off his clothes, and had just put out the candle, when he heard the door of the outside room open, and steps advance into it, and he saw a light. Now Ferriss was a cautious, sensible man, where business or duty was concerned, although a smart, pleasant fellow where it was not. He never did any thing in a hurry, and therefore seldom did it wrong; and in this instance he thought it was just as well to take a peep through the chink previous, as he thought, to stepping into bed. But Ferriss did not go to bed that night, near as he was to doing so; for as he looked

out, if ever he saw mortal man he saw Tom Courtney sitting at the end of the table directly opposite him. The candle shone right upon him—full on his face—he could not be mistaken. There was another man sitting sideways to the table, but turned round toward Courtney, so that he could not see his face. But it was no matter; he saw Tom Courtney beyond a doubt; nay, if a doubt could have existed—which, under the circumstances, might have been natural—it was dispelled by the following conversation, every word of which Ferriss drank in, *erectis auribus*, with more than ordinary surprise:

"Well, Tom, my boy—for I can't help calling you Tom, though you bid me not—I hope I may congratulate you now, at least, on your escape from the halter, eh? Don't you think you may say you are safe? Give us your hand, old boy."

The other looked at him with a contemptuous curl of the lip—Tom Courtney's curl all over—and letting him take his hand rather than giving it to him, replied:

"Yes, I hope we are safe, perhaps, from that job; but recollect, Martin, there are other things to the full as bad, if not worse, than the widow's; and the sooner we can get clear out of the country the better. My heart misgives me that there may be some mischance yet."

"Your heart is quite right for once, my lad, at all events," thought Ferriss; but he would not stir for the world until he heard more. "He was," as he said himself, "in the receipt of a bagful of information of the right sort."

"Don't be downhearted, man," continued Martin; "here's the girl with the whisky."

It was just then brought in and laid on the table, and the girl left the room.

"Martin, *you* have no right to call me downhearted. Recollect to-day, didn't I stand it like a man? It would be more like the thing if I called you a chicken-hearted coward; you were very near spoiling all."

"Well, well," interrupted the other, "you said enough about that already, and I told you I couldn't help it. The recollection of the poor Widow Murphy's screams, and the blood upon her gray hairs and face, and the way that *you* spoke, Tom, and wanted the people to stand back, that I might be seen, was too much for me; and the place was so hot, and, altogether, I could not help it; but it's all over now, and you promised you would not bring it up again; so no more about it. But let us hear your plan, Tom; what is it?"

"Just to drink my share of this half-pint, smoke a pipe, and be the best half of the way to Galway before daylight—will that do?"

"Right well: here's to you and me; there's not another man in Ireland would have escaped as you have."

They drank and helped themselves again.

All this time Ferriss was stealing into his jacket and trowsers like a mouse, and listening and peeping at the same time. He was glad

to see—what no man ever saw before—Tom Courtney charging a pipe, and preparing to smoke. This was nuts and apples to Ferriss: it was his time for business, and of all men in the force he was not likely to spoil a job by hurry. He therefore stole over, and very gingerly awakened his two comrades, and whispered to them—

"For their life not to open their lips or make a noise, but to dress themselves as smart and as quietly as possible. And," he added, "our fortunes are made."

This having been accomplished—not the making of their fortunes, but the dressing themselves—he told them who was in the outside room, and sent them in their *stockin'*-feet, but with their bayonets, through the little door of which I spoke to the outer door of the drinking-room, to prevent the escape of the men, and with directions to stand fast until they heard him inside. All being arranged as he directed, he returned to his former position, and taking a final peep, he saw Tom Courtney and his companion puffing away. Need I say, what next? Ferriss, throwing open the door, rushed like a tiger upon Tom Courtney and gripped him by the throat; the other two men sprang in with drawn bayonets. There was a fearful struggle—'twas for life or death—and Courtney and his companion fought like persons who knew and felt what the result of defeat must be; but Ferriss and his comrades were no light customers, and the odds being in their favor, both as to numbers and being armed (although they did not inflict any injury with their bayonets), Courtney and his accomplice were ultimately overpowered and handcuffed, and in a very short time after were lodged in the police-barrack, where a strong guard was placed over them.

When Ferriss had finished the recital from which I have put the above into the form of detail, he pulled out an Isle of Man half-penny out of his pocket.

"Do you see that, Sir?" said he, holding it on the palm of his hand in the moonlight.

I did; it had three legs kicking every way upon it.

"I wouldn't take a five-pound note for that half-penny; I never won a toss but the one I won with that, and it was the means of my taking Tom Courtney; for the Tubbercullen boys and us tossed up to see where we'd stop in town—we were for Hinnegan's, and they were for M'Coy's, if I lost the toss we'd have gone to M'Coys, and Courtney was clean gone forever."

We were standing at the hall-door all this time, waiting for the magistrate. The door was at length opened, and we went up stairs to the drawing-room. I told him that Courtney was, indeed, a villain and a hypocrite; that he had made his escape from the jail, with the assistance of an accomplice; that Ferriss had overheard him fully admit the crime, and boast of how he had escaped; but most fortunately

he had been enabled, with the assistance of his comrades, to apprehend them both in the lodging-house, and they were then under a strong guard in the police barrack. I found it just as hard to persuade Mr. — of the fact as Ferriss had found it to persuade me; but he came up to the barrack, and was there perfectly satisfied of the whole thing. Like myself, he asked him one or two questions, and receiving no answer, turned away. We determined, then, to remain up all night till the jail should be open in the morning, and we brought Ferriss back again to the magistrate's lodgings, where we took a very full statement from him, in writing, of the conversation and arrest of Courtney and the other man; and if a person could enjoy any thing at such a time, we almost did enjoy the idea of the governor's distraction, when he first heard of Courtney's escape, and his face again, when we should inform him that he had been retaken. Musing and thinking on these things, we turned our steps toward the jail long before the usual hour for its being open, or the officials ready for business. When we turned the corner, early as it was, we saw the governor standing at the outer gate, with his hands in his black velvet jacket pockets, and his head down.

"He does not look as if he had heard it yet," said I.

"Oh, he must," said Mr. —, "look at him."

We approached him; there was nothing of excitement or hurry about him: rather a melancholy sadness, as he returned our "Good-morning, governor."

"This is a bad business," said Mr. —; "but it might have been worse."

"Worse, Sir! my God, Sir, how could it be worse? The poor young fellow!"

"Poor young fellow! How so? He might have escaped altogether; he was within a snap of your fingers of being off."

"Escaped! being off! what do you mean? Ah! no, no, poor fellow! I am quite certain he would not have moved a step if the gates were open all night and that it was to save his life."

Mr. — and I looked at each other; we did not suppose he had heard a word of what had happened.

"Was it late last night when you saw him? Or when did you see him last?" said I.

"Poor fellow! I have but just left him, and, notwithstanding all the evidence, I declare to Heaven, gentleman, my opinion is, that if ever a man was hanged in the wrong, that man will."

"What," cried Mr. — and myself, in a breath, "do you, indeed, say that he is here? that he has not made his escape?"

"Oh, gentlemen, this is no time for joking; I am not able to bear it—indeed, I am not, and I did not expect it from either of you. Ah! poor fellow! I never saw so reconciled a creature. He says, but for his mother he could bear it all. Poor fellow! God help him!"

"Indeed," said I, "we are not joking: it

would be worse than cruel to do so at such a time; but you must be mistaken, for, beyond a doubt, Tom Courtney did make his escape last night, and has been retaken, with one of his accomplices, by some of my men; they will be here in a few minutes. One of my men—Ferriss—even heard him confess the whole business, while talking to his accomplice."

The governor looked at me as if he thought I was mad, and then at Mr. —, to see if he would confirm what I had said. Mr. — saw the state of excitement he was getting into, and said,

"When, in deed and in truth, did you see him last? This is most extraordinary!"

"Not ten minutes ago; why, I tell you, I had but just left him not five minutes when you turned the corner and came toward me; but come and you shall see him yourselves this moment, poor fellow! God, I say, help him; indeed, he has helped him wonderfully, for I never saw so reconciled a creature—he's like a lamb; come, gentlemen, and satisfy yourselves."

And as he turned to lead the way I saw, what I had never seen before, tears trembling in the eyes of the governor of a jail. I confess I had my doubts, as I followed him, of the state of his mind at that moment, as I felt confident of the impossibility of his showing us Tom Courtney. We arrived at the cell-door, and my heart beat violently—I knew not from what cause. The governor unlocked the door and we entered; there sat the real, true Tom Courtney, as innocent before the Lord and his country of the murder for which he had been condemned as the new-born lamb. We had cautioned the governor on no account to make any allusion to the subject of our previous conversation; and having merely paid him a short visit of apparent sympathy, we left the cell.

On our return to the outer gate the police were just coming in with the prisoners, and as they passed into the ante-room for examination the governor actually started; he pinched my arm, and, turning aside, he said,

"My God, how perfectly alike!—I see it all; it must be the case!"

The truth had flashed upon us when we saw Tom Courtney in the cell; it now flashed upon the governor when he saw the prisoners pass him into the ante-room.

The room was then cleared, with the exception of the principal prisoner, the governor, and myself, and Ferriss was directed to remain. Mr. — having then cautioned the prisoner in the usual manner, commenced to examine him. He stated that his name was Michael Lynch, that he was from the county Galway, that he knew nothing whatever of any crime he was taken up for, or charged with; he was on his way to the fair of Enniskillen to buy pigs, when he was taken up by that gentleman there (pointing to Ferriss) for what he could not tell. This is all that could be got out of him, as he positively declined saying one word more, or answering any questions whatever.

He was then removed, and the other prisoner brought in; and as they passed in the lobby I heard Lynch say to the other, "*A dark night, friend!*" at the same time giving him a significant look. Another dumb witness, thought I. This man was in like manner cautioned and examined. He said his name was Martin Cooney, that he "did not mind the caution he got one straw, he would tell the whole, if he was to be hanged for it the next moment; and it's longing I am since yesterday, when I heard him speaking, to tell it." He was cautioned again, and it was fully explained to him that any thing he said would be written down and proved against him.

"So best, so best, gentlemen. I'll tell every thing. I have enough upon me, and I'll have no more—least of all, the blood of that poor innocent young man, Tom Courtney. Gentlemen, my companion's name is Peter Hopkins, I don't know what he told you; he's from one village with me, in the county Mayo; 'twas he, and I, and another boy—no matter who, but I'll tell if I am obliged—that broke into the Widow Murphy's house and robbed and murdered her. Tom Courtney never set a foot near it no more than you did; but Hopkins is so like him, that he was taken for him by every one that saw him that night; even his own uncle, as Phil Moran turns out to be, swore to him. If you misdoubt me, gentlemen, you'll find an old purse in his small-clothes' pocket this very moment that belonged to the daughter; she swore to it yesterday, and she'll know it."

"Be gad you won't get it in *his* pocket," said Ferriss, "for I have it in mine; but surely I got it in his pocket just now, when I searched him. Here it is, gentlemen, and money enough in it too;" and he laid it on the table.

"The less I lie then, 'tis all the one thing," Cooney continued. "Oh, gentlemen, I thank God I'm taken, for surely that young man is innocent, clean innocent. I had like to faint in the court-house yesterday when he was speaking about the real murderers; and Hopkins is the chief one, and I'm the other. Oh, Tom Courtney, a hair of your head shall never fall by me, now that I'm taken; and thank God, gentlemen, I am taken."

In this strain he went on, and the magistrate took down a full and detailed statement which he gave of the transaction at the Widow Murphy's, but which you are too well acquainted with already. He further stated, "that when they heard a young man named Tom Courtney was charged with the murder and taken up, they knew that it must have been from a strong likeness between him and Hopkins, as Hopkins had been called Tom, even Tom Courtney, on that night, by both the widow and her daughter, and also by Philip Moran, at the public house. They thought it a good chance, and were determined to let him suffer for it. He was quite sure he would have done so if he had not been taken up. There were two or three warrants out against him in the county of Mayo for dif-

ferent crimes, all bad enough, but no murder among them."

He then gave the name and residence of the third man, and repeated that he was willing and ready to abide by all he had stated; that his mind and conscience were easy since he was prevented from being accessory to the murder of Tom Courtney.

The prisoners were then committed for re-examination, and the governor was directed to to keep them strictly separate.

The next step was to send for Catherine Murphy and Winefred Cox, in order to see if they could identify Martin Cooney, and what they would say upon seeing Peter Hopkins. For this purpose the prisoners were placed in a yard with ten or twelve others, and they stood next each other but two. Catherine Murphy was brought to the door of the yard, and desired to look in through a small square hole, and say if she saw any person she knew, or had ever seen before; but she had been kept in perfect ignorance of what had taken place. She looked for some time, ranging her eyes from one end to the other of the row. As they reached Cooney on each occasion they stopped, and she gazed for some seconds at him; they also paused, but not so long, as they fell upon Hopkins, and I thought she turned a little pale. At length, turning to the magistrate, she said,

"Yes, Sir, I do; I see another of the men who attacked my mother's house."

"Point out where he stands," said the magistrate.

"He's standing there, Sir, next but two to the poor fellow who was condemned yesterday, but whose dress is greatly changed since then. That's him with the red hair; he's the man that Winny Cox grappled with. I'd take my oath to him upon a hundred books."

The magistrate then assured her that Tom Courtney was not in the yard at all. She did not appear to believe him, and she scrutinized the man again very closely, and said,

"Is not that him next but two on the right of the man I have just pointed out, with the red hair?"

The magistrate and the governor both solemnly assured her that was not Tom Courtney, and that he was not there. She appeared greatly confused, and burst into a profuse perspiration.

"Bring me into the room, for God's sake," said she, "and give me a drink of water. These are the two identical men, beyond a doubt. I see them together now as I saw them that night. Oh, Tom Courtney, would I have mur—"

But ere she could finish the sentence or had reached the room-door she had fainted. Hopkins was then removed (I can not say why, but the magistrate would have it so), and Winefred Cox was brought to the door. She promptly and distinctly identified Cooney as the man with whom she had struggled on the night of the attack, and all she appeared to me to re-

quire to make her perfectly happy in this life was, then and there, to be *let at him*, with her bare hands.

"Let me at him; that's all ever I'll ask. Oh, let me at the villain, that's all I'll ask," she repeated half a dozen times before she could be removed from the door.

Mr. — and I then requested the governor on no account whatever to permit any communication to be made to Courtney of what had transpired, for the present, as we intended to post off directly after the Judge who had condemned him, to put him in possession of every thing that had occurred, and take his instructions.

Mr. —, who never forgot any thing which he ought to do, also arranged with the governor to wait upon the other Judge at the earliest moment he could properly do so, and reveal to him the facts which had become known, and that we had gone after Sir William Smith to inform him. In the mean time the prisoners were to be kept separate, and all communication between them strictly prohibited.

I pass over our interview with the Judge. I found that his lordship had, as I supposed, believed Tom innocent. His lordship sent me back to break the news to the poor fellow cautiously.

On our return, I lost no time in speeding to the jail upon my mission of life and light to the dark and troubled heart of poor Tom Courtney. I met the governor in the yard, who told me that no person had since seen Courtney except himself, and that he had not the most remote idea of what had happened. I told him, shortly, of our interview with Sir William Smith. He came with me himself, and, opening the cell-door, I entered, and he shut me in.

Tom Courtney was sitting on the side of his bed, but started up to meet me the moment I entered, and, stretching out both his hands to me, he said,

"Oh, Sir, I am glad you are come; I thought you would have been to see me to-day before this hour. My time is short. Oh, Sir, I have spent a miserably wretched night and day—death itself would be preferable to the night I spent. I wished to have told you this morning, but you hurried away, I knew not why. Oh, Sir, I have been nearly mad—at times I think I am mad. Can you wonder? Oh, how could it be otherwise? I wish it was all over. Oh, Sir, if I could subdue my heart to the will of God—if I could *feel* that I had submitted to His mysterious will—with what pleasure I could behold the light of that fatal morning now so near at hand; but I have had a fearful struggle, and, I hope—oh, yes, I do hope—that I have not lost the battle. At one time I feared I had been conquered, and that all was lost. Oh, Sir," he continued, and a curious change came over him; "oh, Sir, I have spent a miserable night. Oh, how I wish I had not slept at all—the waking to a new certainty of consciousness was frightful; and I had a tormenting dream.

I thought—ah! it must have been but thought—but about two hours ago, that fatal window above my head was open as it is now; and I fancied—I'm sure it must have been but fancy—but I did think I heard some one in the yard say—

"If that be true, it saves Tom Courtney."

"I'm almost sure I heard the words, or some of them; but, surely, if there were any grounds for hope, you, at least, Sir, would not have left me so long a prey to despair."

He hid his face in his hands, and leaned upon the edge of the table which was near the bed where he sat.

I had let him run on all this time, thinking it best to do so; indeed, I knew not how I could have stopped or interrupted him, such was the rapidity with which he spoke, without being too sudden and abrupt in my communication. I now sat down beside him on the bed, and took his hand; 'twas red hot; and I said,

"Tom, my good friend, I could wish to see you calmer and more composed; more totally thrown upon the Lord for help and comfort."

He interrupted me with—

"Oh, Sir, the bitterest pang within my heart is that I have not been able to seek help and comfort as I ought; that I have not been able to submit myself blindly, entirely to His will, without questioning it. But I sometimes—ah, too often, I want to know His reasons for this sore affliction; unmerited, indeed, Sir, unmerited, so far as regards the crime which has been put upon me. I know it is as a child I should submit; but I inquire His *reasons*; I ask what I have done; I argue with Him, and at times I fear I openly rebel; yet with all this there has been a constant prayer that it might be otherwise with me; and my state of mind for the last hour—oh, how precious, how invaluable is an hour now to me!—has been reconciled, and, I trust, submissive. I had intended, Sir, had the Lord permitted, to have endeavored to serve Him in a foreign land, for which choice there were many reasons. Having seen a bright light, I felt fired with zeal to wander among distant and unknown regions to impart it to others—hence, perhaps, the connection of naked savages with my sleeping thoughts; but there was too much of *I will* in my plans, and the Lord has indeed shown me that 'Man proposeth, but God disposeth.' His will be done; with His help, nothing shall again disturb my soul. God is good; His will be done."

"He is, indeed, good, Tom," said I, pressing his hand, which still almost set mine on fire. "He is very good, and can save those who trust in him; He can save to the uttermost."

"I do trust Him with my whole heart and soul; I am content. Here I am, O Lord—thine—thine; do with me as Thou wilt." And he hid his face again in his hands. "Oh, Sir," he added, almost immediately starting up, and turning his full gaze upon me; "the valley of the shadow of death is dark, very dark; and to enter it while the sun is shining over me, and

birds singing round me, and the fragrance of the blooming flowers fresh upon the breath of spring, and in the prime of life and health, full of young and ardent hopes—all this might, perchance, be borne, had sickness, or even accident, brought down an unsullied name to an untimely grave; but oh! thus to be cut off by a cruel and disgraceful death, with the stain of murder falsely stamped upon my name and race; oh, Sir, it is a dark, a dreadful, a mysterious dispensation!"

"God is powerful as well as good," said I; "His arm is not shortened that He can not save; trust in Him even still, Tom?" and I pressed his hand fervently.

He turned a piercing glance upon me.

"Take care, Sir, oh, take care what you say. I told you I was content; strike not the spark of hope again, or I shall die mad, and perhaps be lost."

"Recollect, Tom, that the knife was actually raised in Abraham's hand to slay his son before the Lord saw fit to interfere to save him. He can save you even still, Tom, if it be His will to do so."

"If—if," he repeated, convulsively, while the burning tears ran down his wrists into his coat-sleeves. "If—ah, Sir, you could not be so cruel as to speak thus if there be no hope."

"Tom," I continued, as he still kept his face hid in his hands—"do you remember ever to have given a purse to Catherine Murphy; the one, I suppose, which she swore to in her evidence?"

He raised his head and looked at me. There was a wildness in his eye, and a twitching about the corners of his mouth that almost frightened me, and I even still feared the effects of the communication that was rising on my tongue.

"Yes," said he, more calmly than I expected; "some years ago. Why do you ask?"

"Would you know it again, Tom, if you saw it now?"

"Surely, any where in the world: 'twas a leather purse, lined with silk, and letters marked upon the lining. But why do you talk of such things now? I should think of other matters. I expect the Rev. Mr. A—— every moment. Talk not of them now, I beseech you."

"Is that it, Tom?" said I, throwing it upon the table before him.

"Yes," said he, snatching it up, that is the very purse. Where, where, did you get it? Catherine Murphy swore it was taken away by the murderers. Oh, Sir, tell me where did you get it. When?—where?—how?—speak quickly."

"In the pocket, Tom, of as great a villain as ever lived," said I: "in the pocket of the real murderer."

"There, I am saved!" shouted Tom, springing to his feet, and seizing me by the collar of the coat with both his hands, and shaking me furiously. "I am saved! oh, tell me I am saved! My God, I thank thee! Oh, my mother!"

"You are, Tom, saved, beyond the possibility of a doubt: not pardoned, for they have nothing to pardon; but fully, freely saved."

He stood for a moment like one bewildered, like a statue; the burning flush fled from his cheek, and became as it was wont to be in Tom Courtney's happier hours. The water-gates of his heart were broken up, and gushed forth in torrents of soft, cool tears. He threw himself on his knees by the bedside, and I left the room.

A few words, by way of conclusion, are necessary to this story. It has already extended far beyond what I had anticipated when I commenced to take it down in the form of a narrative from the heads given in my private journal; but I do not hesitate to say that it is a faithful detail of facts which took place under my own knowledge. All the conversation in court, as well as Tom Courtney's address upon conviction, are stated precisely as they occurred, and were taken down by myself at the time.

Tom Courtney saw Hopkins before he left the jail; he smiled a scornful smile as he looked at him; he admitted there was a strong likeness between them, but he could not be so good a judge upon that point as others; he reminded me, however, of his dream, recurring to the subject several times at some length, and declared at last that he fully and freely forgave the persons who swore against him—adding, "that had it been in the daytime he could scarcely have forgiven them."

Sir William Smith it was who tried Hopkins at C——r, and he told me afterward that even between twins he had never seen so perfect a likeness. Courtney's mother also saw Hopkins, and—oh! the fondness of a mother's heart—she strenuously denied that there was the *smallest* resemblance between him and her "boy;" that nobody but a common fool could mistake them. This opinion she maintained to the last, and I doubt not that she really believed it.

The day fortnight that I told Tom Courtney he was saved, an order for his discharge having arrived, there was a merry and a happy party at the jail-gate. The whole parish came in to give poor Tom a joyous greeting and a cheerful escort to his home once more. Cars of all descriptions, low-back and high-back, gigs and tax-carts, arriving every moment; such brushing of straps, and stitching of harness; such rubbing of stirrups, and punching of holes; such smoothing of cushions, and greasing of wheels, was never seen as had been going on from daylight. Upward of sixty men, mounted on their country horses, three abreast, in front; then came from fifteen to twenty cars and other vehicles of one sort or other, filled with the beauty and fashion of the parish. Next the jail-gate stood an empty jaunting-car, the horse's head covered with boughs of evergreen, nodding in the breeze, with now and then a proud, impatient toss of the head, and a pawing of the ground by the animal; for he was old Ned Courtney's jaunting-car horse—and a good one.

Billy was now mounted in the driving-seat, with whip and reins in hand, ready for the start; while about two hundred men, women, and children, on foot, filed along the jail-wall, to the right and left of the gate, ready to follow, two abreast, in the rear.

Presently a monster key was heard struggling in the lock, and with a loud short shoot of the bolt, the gate was thrown open, and forth issued Tom Courtney leaning on his father's arm, while upon his own leaned his mother, smiling and joyous, though rescued, I may say at the last moment, from a broken-hearted grave. I wish you could have heard the shout that rent the air as they appeared: I have heard loud simultaneous shouts from assembled thousands—ay, tens of thousands—but so hearty, so enthusiastic, so devoted a cheer I never heard, and never can again hear. Shall I say it? Yes, nor do I blush to own it, that it brought tears of sympathy and joy—of exultation—swelling up in my eyes. If they ran over, it is no affair of yours, but many there were that wept outright.

Tom Courtney and his mother mounted on one side, while his father and Philip Moran mounted on the other. Three cheers more rent the air; the word "Forward!" ran from mouth to mouth; Billy Courtney cracked his whip; old Larry Murrin, the piper, dressed in a spick and span new suit, struck up a lively quickstep in advance of the whole procession, which moved forward with smiling, happy, chatting faces; and in less than two hours Tom Courtney, a free and happy man, sat at breakfast with a numerous party of delighted friends in his old home.

Somewhat about two years subsequent to the termination of the above transaction Tom Courtney joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society, and soon after was ordained one of their ministers, and hastened to fulfill the aspiration of his heart—I think it was to the coast of Africa. I saw a letter from him to a religious friend: he was well; and freely alluded to the incidents which I have endeavored to detail. He thanked God for what had occurred, saying, that "he considered it had been the greatest of the many mercies with which he had been favored." That is now upward of thirty years ago, since which period I have altogether lost sight or intelligence of him.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

IN WHICH VARIOUS MATCHES ARE FOUGHT.

READING in the *London Advertiser*, which was served to his worship with his breakfast, an invitation to all lovers of manly British sport to come and witness a trial of skill between the great champions Sutton and Figg, Mr. Warrington determined upon attending these performances, and accordingly proceeded to the Wooden House, in Marybone Fields,

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driving thither the pair of horses which he had purchased on the previous day. The young charioteer did not know the road very well, and veered and tacked very much more than was needful upon his journey from Covent Garden, losing himself in the green lanes behind Mr. Whitfield's round tabernacle of Tottenham Road, and the fields in the midst of which Middlesex Hospital stood. He reached his destination at length, however, and found no small company assembled to witness the valorous achievements of the two champions.

A crowd of London blackguards was gathered round the doors of this temple of British valor; together with the horses and equipages of a few persons of fashion, who came, like Mr. Warrington, to patronize the sport. A variety of beggars and cripples hustled round the young gentleman, and whined to him for charity. Shoeblack boys tumbled over each other for the privilege of blacking his honor's boots; nosegay women and flying fruiterers plied Mr. Gumbo with their wares; piemen, pads, tramps, strollers of every variety hung round the battle ground. A flag was flying upon the building; and, on to the stage in front, accompanied by a drummer and a horn-blower, a manager repeatedly issued to announce to the crowd that the noble English sports were just about to begin.

Mr. Warrington paid his money, and was accommodated with a seat in a gallery commanding a perfect view of the platform whereon the sports were performed; Mr. Gumbo took his seat in the amphitheatre below; or, when tired, issued forth into the outer world to drink a pot of beer, or play a game at cards with his brother lackeys, and the gentlemen's coachmen on the boxes of the carriages waiting without. Lackeys, liveries, footmen—the old society was encumbered with a prodigious quantity of these. Gentle men or women could scarce move without one, sometimes two or three, vassals in attendance. Every theatre had its footman's gal-

lery: an army of the liveried race hustled round every chapel-door: they swarmed in ante-rooms: they sprawled in halls and on landings: they guzzled, devoured, debauched, cheated, played cards, bullied visitors for vails:—that noble old race of footmen is well-nigh gone. A few thousand of them may still be left among us. Grand, tall, beautiful, melancholy, we still behold them on levee days, with their nosegays and their buckles, their plush and their powder. So have I seen in America specimens, nay camps and villages of Red Indians. But the race is doomed. The fatal decree has gone forth, and Uncas with his tomahawk and eagle's plume, and Jeames with his cocked hat and long cane, are passing out of the world where they once walked in glory.

Before the principal combatants made their appearance, minor warriors and exercises were exhibited. A boxing match came off, but neither of the men were very game or severely punished, so that Mr. Warrington and the rest of the spectators had but little pleasure out of that encounter. Then ensued some cudgel-playing; but the heads broken were of so little note, and the wounds given so trifling and unsatisfactory, that no wonder the company began to hiss, grumble, and show other signs of discontent. "The masters, the masters!" shouted the people, whereupon those famous champions at length thought fit to appear.

The first who walked up the steps to the stage was the intrepid Sutton, sword in hand, who saluted the company with his warlike weapon, making an especial bow and salute to a private box or gallery in which sate a stout gentleman, who was seemingly a person of importance. Sutton was speedily followed by the famous Figg, to whom the stout gentleman waved a hand of approbation. Both men were in their shirts, their heads were shaven clean, but bore the cracks and scars of many former glorious battles. On his burly sword arm, each intrepid champion wore an "armiger," or ribbon of his color. And now the gladiators shook hands, and, as a contemporary poet says: "The word it was bilboe."*

At the commencement of the combat the great Figg dealt a blow so tremendous at his opponent, that had it encountered the other's honest head, that comely noddle would have been shorn off as clean as the carving-knife chops the carrot. But Sutton received his adversary's blade on his own sword, while Figg's blow was delivered so mightily that the weapon brake in his hands less constant than the heart of him who wielded it. Other swords were now delivered to the warriors. The first blood drawn spouted from the panting side of Figg amidst a yell of delight from Sutton's supporters; but the veteran appealing to his audience, and especially, as it seemed, to the stout individual in the private gallery, showed that

his sword broken in the previous encounter had caused the wound.

While the parley occasioned by this incident was going on, Mr. Warrington saw a gentleman in a riding-frock and plain scratch wig enter the box devoted to the stout personage, and recognized with pleasure his Tunbridge Wells friend, my Lord of March and Ruglan. Lord March, who was by no means prodigal of politeness, seemed to show singular deference to the stout gentleman, and Harry remarked how his lordship received, with a profound bow, some bank bills which the other took out from a pocket-book and handed to him. While thus engaged, Lord March spied out our Virginian, and, his interview with the stout personage finished, my lord came over to Harry's gallery and warmly greeted his young friend. They sat and beheld the combat waging with various success, but with immense skill and valor on both sides. After the warriors had sufficiently fought with swords, they fell to with the quarter-staff, and the result of this long and delightful battle was, that victory remained with her ancient champion Figg.

While the warriors were at battle, a thunder-storm had broken over the building, and Mr. Warrington gladly enough accepted a seat in my Lord March's chariot, leaving his own phaeton to be driven home by his groom. Harry was in great delectation with the noble sight he had witnessed: he pronounced this indeed to be something like sport, and of the best he had seen since his arrival in England; and, as usual, associating any pleasure which he enjoyed with the desire that the dear companion of his boyhood should share the amusement in common with him, he began by sighing out, "I wish" . . . then he stopped. "No I don't," says he.

"What do you wish and what don't you wish?" asks Lord March.

"I was thinking, my lord, of my elder brother, and wished he had been with me. We had promised to have our sport together, at home, you see; and many's the time we talked of it. But he wouldn't have liked this rough sort of sport, and didn't care for fighting, though he was the bravest lad alive."

"Oh! he was the bravest lad alive, was he?" asks my lord, lolling on his cushion, and eying his Virginian friend with some curiosity.

"You should have seen him in a quarrel with a very gallant officer, our friend—an absurd affair, but it was hard to keep George off him. I never saw a fellow so cool, nor more savage and determined, God help me. Ah! I wish for the honor of the country, you know, that he could have come here instead of me, and shown you a real Virginian gentleman."

"Nay, Sir, you'll do very well. What is this I hear of Lady Yarmouth taking you into favor?" said the amused nobleman.

"I will do as well as another. I can ride, and, I think, I can shoot better than George; but then my brother had the head, Sir, the head!" says Harry, tapping his own honest

* The antiquarian reader knows the pleasant poem in the sixth volume of Dodsley's Collection, in which the above combat is described.

skull. "Why, I give you my word, my lord, that he had read almost every book that was ever written; could play both on the fiddle and harpsichord, could compose poetry and sermons most elegant. What can I do? I am only good to ride and play at cards, and drink Burgundy." And the penitent hung down his head. "But them I can do as well as most fellows, you see. In fact, my lord, I'll back myself," he resumed, to the other's great amusement.

Lord March relished the young man's *naïveté*, as the jaded voluptuary still to the end always can relish the juicy wholesome mutton chop. "By gad, Mr. Warrington," says he, "you ought to be taken to Exeter 'Change, and put in a show."

"And for why?"

"A gentleman from Virginia who has lost his elder brother and absolutely regrets him. The breed ain't known in this country. Upon my honor and conscience, I believe that you would like to have him back again."

"Believe!" cries the Virginian, growing red in the face.

"That is, you believe, you believe you would like him back again. But depend on it you wouldn't. 'Tis not in human nature, Sir; not as I read it, at least. Here are some fine houses we are coming to. That at the corner is Sir Richard Littleton's, that great one was my Lord Bingley's. 'Tis a pity they do nothing better with this great empty space of Cavendish Square than fence it with these unsightly boards. By George! I don't know where the town's running. There's Montagu House made into a confounded Don Saltero's museum, with books and stuffed birds and rhinoceroses. They have actually run a cursed cut—New Road they call it—at the back of Bedford House Gardens, and spoiled the Duke's comfort, though, I guess, they will console him in the pocket. I don't know where the town will stop. Shall we go down Tyburn Road and the Park, or through Swallow Street, and into the habitable quarter of the town? We can dine at Pall Mall, or, if you like, with you; and we can spend the evening as you like—with the Queen of Spades, or..."

"With the Queen of Spades, if your lordship pleases," says Mr. Warrington, blushing. So the equipage drove to his hotel in Covent Garden, where the landlord came forward with his usual obsequiousness, and recognizing my Lord of March and Ruglan, bowed his wig on to my lord's shoes in his humble welcomes to his lordship. A rich young English peer in the reign of George the Second; a wealthy patrician in the reign of Augustus;—which would you rather have been? There is a question for any young gentlemen's debating clubs of the present day.

The best English dinner which could be produced, of course was at the service of the young Virginian and his noble friend. After dinner came wine in plenty, and of quality good enough even for the epicurean earl. Over the wine there was talk of going to see the fire-works at Vauxhall, or else of cards. Harry, who had

never seen a fire-work beyond an exhibition of a dozen squibs at Williamsburgh on the fifth of November (which he thought a sublime display), would have liked the Vauxhall, but yielded to his guest's preference for picquet; and they were very soon absorbed in that game.

Harry began by winning as usual; but, in the course of half an hour, the luck turned and favored my Lord March, who was at first very surly, when Mr. Draper, Mr. Warrington's man of business, came bowing into the room, where he accepted Harry's invitation to sit and drink. Mr. Warrington always asked every body to sit and drink, and partake of his best. Had he a crust, he would divide it; had he a haunch, he would share it; had he a jug of water, he would drink about with a kindly spirit; had he a bottle of Burgundy, it was gayly drunk with a thirsty friend. And don't fancy the virtue is common. You read of it in books, my dear Sir, and fancy that you have it yourself because you give six dinners of twenty people and pay your acquaintance all round; but the welcome, the friendly spirit, the kindly heart? Believe me, these are rare qualities in our selfish world. We may bring them with us from the country when we are young, but they mostly wither after transplantation, and droop and perish in the stifling London air.

Draper did not care for wine very much, but it delighted the lawyer to be in the company of a great man. He protested that he liked nothing better than to see picquet played by two consummate players and men of fashion; and, taking a seat, undismayed by the sidelong scowls of his lordship, surveyed the game between the gentlemen. Harry was not near a match for the experienced player of the London clubs. To-night, too, Lord March held better cards to aid his skill.

What their stakes were was no business of Mr. Draper's. The gentlemen said they would play for shillings, and afterward counted up their gains and losses, with scarce any talking, and that in an undertone. A bow on both sides, a perfectly grave and polite manner on the part of each, and the game went on.

But it was destined to a second interruption, which brought an execration from Lord March's lips. First was heard a scuffling without—then a whispering—then an outcry as of a woman in tears, and then, finally, a female rushed into the room, and produced that explosion of naughty language from Lord March.

"I wish your women would take some other time for coming, confound 'em," says my lord, laying his cards down in a pet.

"What, Mrs. Betty!" cried Harry.

Indeed it was no other than Mrs. Betty, Lady Maria's maid; and Gumbo stood behind her, his fine countenance beslobbered with tears.

"What has happened?" asks Mr. Warrington, in no little perturbation of spirit. "The Baroness is well?"

"Help! help! Sir, your honor!" ejaculates Mrs. Betty, and proceeds to fall on her knees.



BAD NEWS FROM TUNBRIDGE.

"Help whom?"

A howl ensues from Gumbo.

"Gumbo! you scoundrel! has any thing happened between Mrs. Betty and you?" asks the black's master.

Mr. Gumbo steps back with great dignity, laying his hand on his heart, and saying, "No, Sir; nothing hab happened 'twix' this lady and me."

"It's my mistress, Sir," cries Betty. "Help! help! here's the letter she have wrote, Sir! They have gone and took her, Sir!"

"Is it only that old Molly Esmond? She's known to be over head and heels in debt! Dry your eyes in the next room, Mrs. Betty, and let me and Mr. Warrington go on with our game," says my lord, taking up his cards.

"Help, help her!" cries Betty again. "Oh, Mr. Harry! you won't be a going on with your cards, when my lady calls out to you to come and help her! Your honor used to come quick enough when my lady used to send me to fetch you at Castlewood!"

"Confound you! can't you hold your tongue?"

says my lord, with more choice words and oaths.

But Betty would not cease weeping, and it was decreed that Lord March was to cease winning for that night. Mr. Warrington rose from his seat, and made for the bell, saying :

"My dear lord, the game must be over for to-night. My relative writes to me in great distress, and I am bound to go to her."

"Curse her! Why couldn't she wait till to-morrow?" cries my lord, testily.

Mr. Warrington ordered a post-chaise instantly. His own horses would take him to Bromley.

"Bet you, you don't do it within the hour! bet you, you don't do it within five quarters of an hour! bet you four to one—or I'll take your bet, which you please—that you're not robbed on Blackheath! Bet you, you are not at Tunbridge Wells before midnight!" cries Lord March.

"Done!" says Mr. Warrington. And my lord carefully notes down the terms of the four wagers in his pocket-book.

Lady Maria's letter ran as follows :

"MY DEAR COUSIN,—I am fell into a *trapp*, wch I perceive the machinations of *villians*. I am a *prisoner*. Betty will tell you *all*. Ah, my Henrico! come to the resQ of your

MOLLY."

In half an hour after the receipt of this mis-sive, Mr. Warrington was in his post-chaise and galloping over Westminster Bridge on the road to succor his kinswoman.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

SAMPSON AND THE PHILISTINES.

Mr happy chance in early life led me to become intimate with a respectable person who was born in a certain island, which is pronounced to be the first gem of the ocean by, no doubt, impartial judges of maritime jewelry. The stories which that person imparted to me regarding his relatives who inhabited the gem above-mentioned, were such as used to make

my young blood curdle with horror, to think there should be so much wickedness in the world. Every crime which you can think of, the entire Ten Commandments broken in a general smash, such *rogueries* and *knaveries* as no story-teller could invent—such murders and robberies as Thurtell or Turpin scarce ever perpetrated, were by my informant accurately remembered, and freely related, respecting his nearest kindred, to any one who chose to hear him. It was a wonder how any of the family still lived out of the hulks. Me brother Tim had brought his fawther's gree hairs with sorrow to the greeve; me brother Mick had robbed the par'sh church repayedtly; me sister Annamarioia had jilted the Captain and run off with the Ensign, forged her grandmother's will, and stole the spoons, which Larry, the knife-boy, was hanged for. The family of Atrons was as nothing compared to the race of O'Whatdyecall-em, from which my friend sprung; but no power on earth would, of course, induce me to name the country whence he came.

How great then used to be my *naïf* astonishment to find these murderers, rogues, parricides, habitual forgers of bills of exchange, and so forth, every now and then writing to each other as "my dearest brother," "my dearest sister," and for months at a time living on the most amicable terms! With hands reeking with the blood of his murdered parents, Tim would mix a screeching tumbler, and give Maria a glass from it. With lips black with the perjuries he had sworn in Court respecting his grandmother's abstracted testament, or the murder of his poor brother Thady's helpless orphans, Mick would kiss his sister Julia's bonny cheek, and they would have a jolly night, and cry as they talked about old times, and the dear old Castle Whatdyecall-em where they were born, and the fighting Onctyoneth being quarthered there, and the Major proposing for Cyaroloine, and the tomb of their scented mother (who had chayted them out of the propertee), Heaven

bless her soul! They used to weep and kiss so profusely at meeting and parting, that it was touching to behold them. At the sight of their embraces one forgot those painful little stories, and those repeated previous assurances that, did they tell all, they could hang each other all round.

What can there be finer than forgiveness? What more rational than, after calling a man by every bad name under the sun, to apologize, regret hasty expressions, and so forth, withdraw the decanter (say) which you have flung at your enemy's head, and be friends as before? Some folks possess this admirable, this angel-like, gift of forgiveness. It was beautiful, for instance,



to see our two ladies at Tunbridge Wells forgiving one another, smiling, joking, fondling almost in spite of the hard words of yesterday—yes; and forgetting bygones, though they couldn't help remembering them perfectly well. I wonder, can you and I do as much? Let us strive, my friend, to acquire this pacable, Christian spirit. My belief is that you may learn to forgive bad language employed to you; but, then, you must have a deal of practice, and be accustomed to hear and use it. You embrace after a quarrel and mutual bad language. Heaven bless us! Bad words are nothing when one is accustomed to them, and scarce need ruffle the temper on either side.

So the aunt and niece played cards very amicably together, and drank to each other's health, and each took a wing of the chicken, and pulled a bone of the merry-thought, and (in conversation) scratched their neighbors', not each other's, eyes out. Thus, we have read how the Peninsular warriors, when the bugles sang truce, fraternized and exchanged tobacco-pouches and wine, ready to seize their firelocks and knock each other's heads off when the truce was over; and thus our old soldiers, skillful in war, but knowing the charms of a quiet life, laid their weapons down for the nonce, and hob-and-nobbed gayly together. Of course, while drinking with Jack Frenchman, you have your piece handy to blow his brains out if he makes a hostile move: but, meanwhile, it is *à votre santé, mon camarade!* Here's to you, Mounseer! and every thing is as pleasant as possible. Regarding Aunt Bernstein's threatened gout? The twinges had gone off. Maria was so glad! Maria's fainting fits? She had no return of them. A slight recurrence last night. The Baroness was so sorry! Her niece must see the best doctor, take every thing to fortify her, continue to take the steel, even after she left Tunbridge. How kind of Aunt Bernstein to offer to send some of the bottled waters after her! Suppose Madame Bernstein says in confidence to her own woman, "Fainting fits!—pooh!—epilepsy! inherited from that horrible scrofulous German mother!" What means have we of knowing the private conversation of the old lady and her attendant? Suppose Lady Maria orders Mrs. Betty, her ladyship's maid, to taste every glass of medicinal water first, declaring that her aunt is capable of poisoning her? Very likely such conversations take place. These are but precautions—these are the firelocks which our old soldiers have at their sides, loaded and cocked, but at present lying quiet on the grass.

Having Harry's bond in her pocket, the veteran Maria did not choose to press for payment. She knew the world too well for that. He was bound to her, but she gave him plenty of day-rule, and leave of absence on parole. It was not her object needlessly to chafe and anger her young slave. She knew the difference of ages, and that Harry must have his pleasures and di-

versions. "Take your ease and amusement, cousin," says Lady Maria. "Frisk about, pretty little mousekin," says gray Grimalkin, purring in the corner, and keeping watch with her green eyes. About all that Harry was to see and do on his first visit to London, his female relatives had of course talked and joked. Both of the ladies knew perfectly what were a young gentleman's ordinary amusements in those days, and spoke of them with the frankness which characterized those easy times.

Our wily Calypso consoled herself, then, perfectly, in the absence of her young wanderer, and took any diversion which came to hand. Mr. Jack Morris, the gentleman whom we have mentioned as rejoicing in the company of Lord March and Mr. Warrington, was one of these diversions. To live with titled personages was the delight of Jack Morris's life; and to lose money at cards to an earl's daughter was almost a pleasure to him. Now, the Lady Maria Esmond was an earl's daughter who was very glad to win money. She obtained permission to take Mr. Morris to the Countess of Yarmouth's assembly, and played cards with him—and so every body was pleased.

Thus the first eight-and-forty hours after Mr. Warrington's departure passed pretty cheerily at Tunbridge Wells, and Friday arrived, when the sermon was to be delivered which we have seen Mr. Sampson preparing. The company at the Wells were ready enough to listen to it. Sampson had a reputation for being a most amusing and eloquent preacher, and if there were no breakfast, conjuror, dancing bears, concert going on, the good Wells folk would put up with a sermon. He knew Lady Yarmouth was coming, and what a power she had in the giving of livings and the dispensing of bishoprics, the Defender of the Faith of that day having a remarkable confidence in her ladyship's opinion upon these matters; and so we may be sure that Mr. Sampson prepared his very best discourse for her hearing. When the Great Man is at home at the Castle, and walks over to the little country church in the park, bringing the Duke, the Marquis, and a couple of cabinet ministers with him, has it ever been your lot to sit among the congregation, and watch Mr. Trotter the curate and his sermon? He looks anxiously at the Great Pew; he falters as he gives out his text, and thinks, "Ah, perhaps his lordship may give me a living!" Mrs. Trotter and the girls look anxiously at the Great Pew too, and watch the effects of papa's discourse—the well-known favorite discourse—upon the big-wigs assembled. Papa's first nervousness is over: his noble voice clears, warms to his sermon: he kindles: he takes his pocket-handkerchief out: he is coming to that exquisite passage which has made them all cry at the parsonage: he has begun it! Ah! What is that humming noise, which fills the edifice, and causes hob-nailed Melibœus to grin at smock-frocked Tityrus? It is the Right Honorable Lord Naseby, snoring in the pew by the fire!

And poor Trotter's visionary mitre disappears with the music.

Sampson was the domestic chaplain of Madame Bernstein's nephew. The two ladies of the Esmond family patronized the preacher. On the day of the sermon, the Baroness had a little breakfast in his honor, at which Sampson made his appearance, rosy and handsome, with a fresh-flowered wig, and a smart, rustling, new cassock, which he had on credit from some church-admiring mercer at the Wells. By the side of his patronesses, their ladyships' lackeys walking behind them with their great gilt prayer-books, Mr. Sampson marched from breakfast to church. Every one remarked how well the Baroness Bernstein looked; she laughed, and was particularly friendly with her niece; she had a bow and a stately smile for all, as she moved on with her tortoiseshell cane. At the door there was a dazzling conflux of rank and fashion—all the fine company of the Wells trooping in; and her ladyship of Yarmouth, conspicuous with vermilion cheeks, and a robe of flame-colored taffeta. There were shabby people present, besides the fine company, though these latter were by far the most numerous. What an odd-looking pair, for instance, were those in ragged coats, one of them with his caroty hair appearing under his scratch-wig, and who entered the church just as the organ stopped! Nay, he could not have been a Protestant, for he mechanically crossed himself as he entered the place, saying to his comrade, "Bedad, Tim, I forgaw!" by which I conclude that the individual came from an island which has been mentioned at the commencement of this chapter. Wherever they go, a rich fragrance of whisky spreads itself. A man may be a heretic but possess genius: these Catholic gentlemen have come to pay homage to Mr. Sampson.

Nay, there are not only members of the old religion present, but disciples of a creed still older. Who are those two individuals with hooked noses and sallow countenances who worked into the church in spite of some little opposition on the part of the beadle? Seeing the greasy appearance of these Hebrew strangers, Mr. Beadle was for denying them admission. But one whispered into his ear, "We wants to be converted, gov'nor!" another slips money into his hand—Mr. Beadle lifts up the mace with which he was barring the door-way, and the Hebrew gentlemen enter. There goes the organ! the doors have closed. Shall we go in and listen to Mr. Sampson's sermon, or lie on the grass without?

Preceded by that beadle in gold lace, Sampson walked up to the pulpit, as rosy and jolly a man as you could wish to see. Presently, when he surged up out of his plump pulpit cushion, why did his Reverence turn as pale as death? He looked to the western church-door—there, on each side of it, were those horrible Hebrew Caryatides. He then looked to the vestry-door, which was hard by the rector's pew, in which

Sampson had been sitting during the service, alongside of their ladyships' patronesses. Suddenly, a couple of portmanteau Hibernian gentlemen slipped out of an adjacent seat, and placed themselves on a bench close by that vestry-door and rector's pew, and so sate till the conclusion of the sermon, with eyes meekly cast down to the ground. How can we describe that sermon, if the preacher himself never knew how it came to an end?

Nevertheless, it was considered an excellent sermon. When it was over, the fine ladies buzzed into one another's ears over their pews, and uttered their praise and comments. Madame Walmoden, who was in the next pew to our friends, said it was bewdiful, and made her dremble all over. Madame Bernstein said it was excellent. Lady Maria was pleased to think that the family chaplain should so distinguish himself. She looked up at him, and strove to catch his Reverence's eye, as he still sate in his pulpit; she greeted him with a little wave of the hand and flutter of her handkerchief. He scarcely seemed to note the compliment; his face was pale, his eyes were looking yonder, toward the font, where those Hebrews still remained. The stream of people passed by them—in a rush, when they were lost to sight—in a throng—in a march of twos and threes—in a dribble of one at a time. Every body was gone. The two Hebrews were still there by the door.

The Baroness de Bernstein and her niece still lingered in the rector's pew, where the old lady was deep in conversation with that gentleman.

"Who are those horrible men at the door, and what a smell of spirits there is!" cries Lady Maria, to Mrs. Brett, her aunt's woman, who had attended the two ladies.

"Farewell, Doctor; you have a darling little boy: is he to be a clergyman, too?" asks Madame de Bernstein. "Are you ready, my dear?" And the pew is thrown open, and Madame Bernstein, whose father was only a viscount, insists that her niece, Lady Maria, who was an earl's daughter, should go first out of the pew.

As she steps forward, those individuals whom her ladyship designated as two horrible men, advance. One of them pulls a long strip of paper out of his pocket, and her ladyship starts and turns pale. She makes for the vestry, in a vague hope that she can clear the door and close it behind her. The two whiskyfied gentlemen are up with her, however; one of them actually lays his hand on her shoulder and says:

"At the shuit of Misthress Pincott of Kinsington, mercer, I have the honor of arresting your leedyship. Me neem is Costigan, madam, a poor gentleman of Oireland, binding to circumstances, and forced to follow a disagrayable profession. Will your leedyship walk, or shall me man go fetch a cheer?"

For reply Lady Maria Esmond gives three



A FAINTING FIT.

shrieks, and falls swooning to the ground. "Keep the door, Mick!" shouts Mr. Costigan. "Best let in no one else, madam," he says, very politely, to Madame de Bernstein. "Her ladyship has fallen in a feenting fit, and will recover here, at her aise."

"Unlace her, Brett!" cries the old lady, whose eyes twinkle oddly; and, as soon as that operation is performed, Madame Bernstein seizes a little bag suspended by a hair chain, which Lady Maria wears round her neck, and snips

the necklace in twain. "Dash some cold water over her face; it always recovers her!" says the Baroness. "You stay with her, Brett. How much is your suit, gentlemen?"

Mr. Costigan says, "The cleem we have against her leedyship is for one hundred and thirty-two pounds, in which she is indebted to Misthress Eliza Pincott."

Meanwhile, where is the Reverend Mr. Sampson? Like the fabled opossum we have read of, who, when he spied the unerring gunner from

his gum-tree, said: "It's no use, major, I will come down;" so Sampson gave himself up to his pursuers. "At whose suit, Simons?" he sadly asked. Sampson knew Simons; they had met many a time before.

"Buckleby Cordwainer," says Mr. Simons.

"Forty-eight pound and charges, I know," says Mr. Sampson, with a sigh. "I haven't got the money. What officer is there here?" Mr. Simons's companion, Mr. Lyons, here stepped forward, and said his house was most convenient, and often used by gentlemen, and he should be most happy and proud to accommodate his Reverence.

Two chairs happened to be in waiting outside the chapel. In those two chairs my Lady Maria Esmond and Mr. Sampson placed themselves, and went to Mr. Lyons's residence, escorted by the gentlemen to whom we have just been introduced.

Very soon after the capture the Baroness Bernstein sent Mr. Case, her confidential servant, with a note to her niece, full of expressions of the most ardent affection; but regretting that her heavy losses at cards rendered the payment of such a sum as that in which Lady Maria stood indebted quite impossible. She had written off to Mrs. Pincott *by that very post*, however, to entreat her to grant time, and as soon *as ever she had an answer*, would not fail to acquaint her dear unhappy niece.

Mrs. Betty came over to console her mistress: and the two poor women cast about for money enough to provide a horse and chaise for Mrs. Betty; who had very nearly come to misfortune, too. Both my Lady Maria and her maid had been unlucky at cards, and could not muster more than eighteen shillings between them: so it was agreed that Betty should sell a gold chain belonging to her lady, and with the money travel to London. Now Betty took the chain to the very toy-shop man who had sold it to Mr. Warrington, who had given it to his cousin; and the toy-shop man, supposing that she had stolen the chain, was for bringing in a constable to Betty. Hence, she had to make explanations, and to say how her mistress was in durance; and, ere the night closed, all Tunbridge Wells knew that my Lady Maria Esmond was in the hands of bailiffs. Meanwhile, however, the money was found, and Mrs. Betty whisked up to London in search of the champion in whom the poor prisoner confided.

"Don't say any thing about that paper being gone! Oh, the wretch, the wretch! She shall pay it me!" I presume that Lady Maria meant her aunt by the word "wretch." Mr. Sampson read a sermon to her ladyship, and they passed the evening over revenge and backgammon; with well-grounded hopes that Harry Warrington would rush to their rescue as soon as ever he heard of their mishap.

Though, ere the evening was over, every soul at the Wells knew what had happened to Lady Maria, and a great deal more; though they knew she was taken in execution, the house

where she lay, the amount—nay, ten times the amount—for which she was captured, and that she was obliged to pawn her trinkets to get a little money to keep her in jail; though every body said that old fiend of a Bernstein was at the bottom of the business, of course they were all civil and bland in society; and, at my Lady Trumpington's cards that night, where Madame Bernstein appeared, and as long as she was within hearing, not a word was said regarding the morning's transactions. Lady Yarmouth asked the Baroness news of her breddy nephew, and heard Mr. Warrington was in London. My Lady Maria was not coming to Lady Trumpington's that evening? My Lady Maria was indisposed, had fainted at church that morning, and was obliged to keep her room. The cards were dealt, the fiddles sang, the wine went round, the gentlefolks talked, laughed, yawned, chattered, the footmen waylaid the supper, the chairmen drank and swore, the stars climbed the sky, just as though no Lady Maria was imprisoned, and no poor Sampson arrested. 'Tis certain, dearly beloved brethren, that the little griefs, stings, annoyances which you and I feel acutely, in our own persons, don't prevent our neighbors from sleeping; and that when we slip out of the world, the world does not miss us. Is this humiliating to our vanity? So much the better. But, on the other hand, is it not a comfortable and consoling truth? And mayn't we be thankful for our humble condition? If we were not selfish—*passer moi le mot, s. v. p.*—and if we had to care for other people's griefs as much as our own, how intolerable human life would be! If my neighbor's tight boot pinched my corn; if the calumny uttered against Jones set Brown into fury; if Mrs. A's death plunged Messrs. B, C, D, E, F, into distraction, would there be any bearing of the world's burden? Do not let us be in the least angry or surprised if all the company played on, and were happy, although Lady Maria had come to grief. Countess, the deal is with you! Are you going to Stubblefield to shoot as usual, Sir John? Captain, we shall have you running off to the Bath after the widow! So the clatter goes on; the lights burn; the beaux and the ladies flirt, laugh, ogle; the prisoner rages in his cell; the sick man tosses on his bed.

Perhaps Madame-de-Bernstein staid at the assembly until the very last, not willing to allow the company the chance of speaking of her as soon as her back should be turned. Ah, what a comfort it is, I say again, that we have backs, and that our ears don't grow on them! He that has ears to hear, let him stuff them with cotton. Madame Bernstein might have heard folks say, it was heartless of her to come abroad, and play at cards, and make merry when her niece was in trouble. As if she could help Maria by staying at home, indeed! At her age, it is dangerous to disturb an old lady's tranquillity. "Don't tell me," says Lady Yarmouth, "the Bernstein would play at cards over her niece's coffin. Talk about her heart! who ever said she had one?"

The old spy lost it to the Chevalier a thousand years ago, and has lived ever since perfectly well without one. For how much is the Maria put in prison? If it were only a small sum, we would pay it, it would vex her aunt so. Find out, Fuchs, in the morning, for how much Lady Maria Esmond is put in prison." And the faithful Fuchs bowed, and promised to do her Excellency's will.

Meanwhile, about midnight, Madame de Bernstein went home, and presently fell into a sound sleep, from which she did not wake up until a late hour of the morning, when she summoned her usual attendant, who arrived with her ladyship's morning dish of tea. If I told you she took a dram with it, you would be shocked. Some of our great-grandmothers used to have cordials in their "closets." Have you not read of the fine lady in Walpole, who said, "If I drink more, I shall be 'muckibus!'" As surely as Mr. Gough is alive now, our ancestresses were accustomed to partake pretty freely of strong waters.

So, having tipped off the cordial, Madame Bernstein rouses and asks Mrs. Brett the news.

"He can give it you," says the waiting-woman, sulkily.

"He? Who?"

Mrs. Brett names Harry, and says Mr. Warrington arrived about midnight yesterday—and Betty, my Lady Maria's maid, was with him. "And my Lady Maria sends your ladyship her love and duty, and hopes you slept well," says Brett.

"Excellently, poor thing! Is Betty gone to her?"

"No; she is here," says Mrs. Brett.

"Let me see her directly," cries the old lady.

"I'll tell her," replies the obsequious Brett, and goes away upon her mistress's errand, leaving the old lady placidly reposing on her pillows. Presently, two pairs of high-heeled shoes are heard pattering over the deal floor of the bedchamber. Carpets were luxuries scarcely known in bedrooms of those days.

"So, Mrs. Betty, you were in London, yesterday?" calls Bernstein from her curtains.

"It is not Betty—it is I! Good-morning, dear aunt! I hope you slept well," cries a voice which made old Bernstein start on her pillow. It was the voice of Lady Maria, who drew the curtains aside, and dropped her aunt a low courtesy. Lady Maria looked very pretty, rosy, and happy. And with the little surprise incident at her appearance through Madame Bernstein's curtains, I think we may bring this chapter to a close.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

HARRY TO THE RESCUE.

My dear Lord March (wrote Mr. Warrington from Tunbridge Wells, on Saturday morning, the 25th August, 1756): This is to inform you (with satisfaction) that I have one all our *three betts*. I was at Bromley two minutes within



the hour: my new horses kep a-going at a capital rate. I drove them myself, having the postilion by me to show me the way, and my black man inside with Mrs. Betty. Hope they found the drive *very pleasant*. We were not stopped on Blackheath, though two fellows on horseback rode up to us, but not liking the looks of our *countenantses*, rode off again; and we got into Tunbridge Wells (where I transacted my business) at forty-five minutes after eleven. This makes me *quitts* with your lordship after yesterday's picquet, which I shall be very happy to give you your revenge, and am,

Your most obliged, faithful servant,

H. ESMOND WARRINGTON.

And now, perhaps the reader will understand by what means Lady Maria Esmond was enabled to surprise her dear aunt in her bed on Saturday morning, and walk out of the house of captivity. Having dispatched Mrs. Betty to London, she scarcely expected that her emissary would return on the day of her departure; and she and the Chaplain were playing their cards at midnight, after a small refection which the bailiff's wife had provided for them, when the rapid whirling of wheels was heard approaching their house, and caused the lady to lay her trumps down, and her heart to beat with more than ordinary emotion. Whirr came the wheels—the carriage stopped at the very door: there was a parley at the gate: then appeared Mrs. Betty, with a face radiant with joy, though her eyes were full of tears; and next, who is that tall young gentleman who enters? Can any of my readers guess? Will they be very angry if I say that the Chaplain slapped down his cards with a huzzay, while Lady Maria, turning as

white as a sheet, rose up from her chair, tottered forward a step or two, and with an hysterical shriek, flung herself in her cousin's arms? How many kisses did he give her? If they were mille, deinde centum, dein mille altera, dein secunda centum, and so on, I am not going to cry out. He had come to rescue her. She knew he would; he was her champion, her preserver from bondage and ignominy. She wept a genuine flood of tears upon his shoulder, and as she reclines there, giving way to a hearty emotion, I protest I think she looks handsomer than she has looked during the whole course of this history. She did not faint this time; she went home, leaning lovingly on her cousin's arm, and may have had one or two hysterical outbreaks in the night; but Madame Bernstein slept soundly, and did not hear her.

"You are both free to go home," were the first words Harry said. "Get my lady's hat and cardinal, Betty, and, Chaplain, we'll smoke a pipe together at our lodgings, it will refresh me after my ride." The Chaplain, who, too, had a great deal of available sensibility, was very much overcome; he burst into tears as he seized Harry's hand, and kissed it, and prayed God to bless his dear generous young patron. Mr. Warrington felt a glow of pleasure thrill through his frame. It is good to be able to help the suffering and the poor; it is good to be able to turn sorrow into joy. Not a little proud and elated was our young champion, as, with his hat cocked, he marched by the side of his rescued princess. His feelings came out to meet him, as it were, and beautiful happinesses with kind eyes and smiles danced before him, and clad him in a robe of honor, and scattered flowers on his path, and blew trumpets and shawms of sweet gratulation, calling "Here comes the conqueror! Make way for the champion!" And so they led him up to the King's house, and seated him in the hall of complacency, upon the cushions of comfort. And yet it was not much he had done. Only a kindness. He had but to put his hand in his pocket, and with an easy talisman, drive off the dragon which kept the gate, and cause the tyrant to lay down his axe, who had got Lady Maria in execution. Never mind if his vanity is puffed up; he is very good-natured; he has rescued two unfortunate people, and pumped tears of good-will and happiness out of their eyes:—and if he brags a little to-night, and swaggers somewhat to the Chaplain, and talks about London and Lord March, and White's and Almack's, with the air of a macaroni, I don't think we need like him much the less.

Sampson continued to be prodigiously affected. This man had a nature most easily worked upon, and extraordinarily quick to receive pain and pleasure, to tears, gratitude, laughter, hatred, liking. In his preaching profession he had educated and trained his sensibilities so that they were of great use to him; he was for the moment what he acted. He wept quite genuine tears, finding that he could produce

them freely. He loved you while he was with you; he had a real pang of grief as he mingled his sorrow with the widow or orphan; and, meeting Jack as he came out of the door, went to the tavern opposite, and laughed and roared over the bottle. He gave money very readily, but never repaid when he borrowed. He was on this night in a rapture of gratitude and flattery toward Harry Warrington. In all London, perhaps, the unlucky Fortunate Youth could not have found a more dangerous companion.

To-night he was in his grateful mood, and full of enthusiasm for the benefactor who had released him from durance. With each bumper his admiration grew stronger. He exalted Harry as the best and noblest of men, and the complacent young simpleton, as we have said, was disposed to take these praises as very well deserved. "The younger branch of our family," said Mr. Harry, with a superb air, "have treated you scurvily; but by Jove, Sampson, my boy, I'll stand by you!" At a certain period of Burgundian excitement Mr. Warrington was always very eloquent respecting the splendor of his family. "I am very glad I was enabled to help you in your strait. Count on me whenever you want me, Sampson. Did you not say you had a sister at boarding-school? You will want money for her, Sir. Here is a little bill which may help to pay her schooling," and the liberal young fellow passed a bank-note across to the Chaplain.

Again the man was affected to tears. Harry's generosity smote him.

"Mr. Warrington," he said, putting the bank-note a short distance from him, "I—I don't deserve your kindness—by George, I don't!" and he swore an oath to corroborate his passionate assertion.

"Pshaw!" says Harry, "I have plenty more of 'em. There was no money in that confounded pocket-book which I lost last week."

"No, Sir. There was no money!" says Mr. Sampson, dropping his head.

"Halloa! How do you know, Mr. Chaplain?" asks the young gentleman.

"I know because I am a villain, Sir. I am not worthy of your kindness. I told you so. I found the book, Sir, that night, when you had too much wine at Barbeau's."

"And read the letters?" asked Mr. Warrington, starting up and turning very red.

"They told me nothing I did not know, Sir," said the Chaplain. "You have had spies about you whom you little suspect—from whom you are much too young and simple to be able to keep your secret."

"Are those stories about Lady Fanny and my Cousin Will, and his doings, true then?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, they are true," sighed the Chaplain. "The house of Castlewood has not been fortunate, Sir, since your honor's branch, the elder branch, left it."

"Sir, you don't dare to breathe a word against my Lady Maria?" Harry cried out.

"Oh, not for worlds!" says Mr. Sampson, with a queer look at his young friend. "I may think she is too old for your honor, and that 'tis a pity you should not have a wife better suited to your age, though I admit she looks very young for hers, and hath every virtue and accomplishment."

"She is too old, Sampson, I know she is," says Mr. Warrington, with much majesty; "but she has my word, and you see, Sir, how fond she is of me. Go bring me the letters, Sir, which you found, and let me try and forgive you for having seized upon them."

"My benefactor, let me try and forgive myself!" cries Mr. Sampson, and departed toward his chamber, leaving his young patron alone over his wine.

Sampson returned presently, looking very pale. "What has happened, Sir?" says Harry, with an imperious air.

The Chaplain held out a pocket-book. "With your name in it, Sir," he said.

"My brother's name in it," says Harry; "it was George who gave it to me."

"I kept it in a locked chest, Sir, in which I left it this morning before I was taken by those people. Here is the book, Sir, but the letters are gone. My trunk and valise have also been tampered with. And I am a miserable, guilty man, unable to make you the restitution which I owe you." Sampson looked the picture of woe as he uttered these sentiments. He clasped his hands together, and almost knelt before Harry in an attitude the most pathetic.

Who had been in the rooms in Mr. Sampson's and Mr. Warrington's absence? The landlady was ready to go on her knees, and declare that nobody had come in; nor, indeed, was Mr. Warrington's chamber in the least disturbed, nor any thing abstracted from Mr. Sampson's scanty wardrobe and possessions, except those papers of which he deplored the absence.

Whose interest was it to seize them? Lady Maria's. The poor woman had been a prisoner all day, and during the time when the capture was effected.

She certainly was guiltless of the rape of the letters. The sudden seizure of the two—Case, the house-steward's secret journey to London—Case, who knew the shoemaker at whose house Sampson lodged in London, and all the secret affairs of the Esmond family, these points considered together and separately, might make Mr. Sampson think that the Baroness Bernstein was at the bottom of this mischief. But why arrest Lady Maria? The Chaplain knew nothing as yet about that letter which her ladyship had lost; for poor Maria had not thought it necessary to confide her secret to him.

As for the pocket-book and its contents, Mr. Harry was so swollen up with self-satisfaction that evening, at winning his three bets, at rescuing his two friends, at the capital premature cold supper of partridges and ancient Burgundy which obsequious Monsieur Barbeau had sent over to the young gentleman's lodgings, that

he accepted Sampson's vows of contrition, and solemn promises of future fidelity, and reached his gracious hand to the Chaplain, and condoned his offense. When the latter swore his great Gods, that henceforth he would be Harry's truest, humblest friend and follower, and at any moment would be ready to die for Mr. Warrington, Harry said, majestically, "I think, Sampson, you would; I hope you would. My family—the Esmond family—has always been accustomed to have faithful friends round about 'em—and to reward 'em too. The wine's with you, Chaplain. What toast do you call, Sir?"

"I call a blessing on the house of Esmond Warrington!" cries the Chaplain, with real tears in his eyes.

"We are the elder branch, Sir. My grandfather was the Marquis of Esmond," says Mr. Harry, in a voice noble but somewhat indistinct. "Here's to you, Chaplain—and I forgive you, Sir—and God bless you, Sir—and if you had been took for three times as much, I'd have paid it. Why, what's that I see through the shutters? I am blessed if the sun hasn't risen again! We have no need of candles to go to bed, ha, ha!" And once more extending his blessing to his Chaplain, the young fellow went off to sleep.

About noon Madame de Bernstein sent over a servant to say that she would be glad if her nephew would come over and drink a dish of chocolate with her, whereupon our young friend rose and walked to his aunt's lodgings. She remarked, not without pleasure, some alteration in his toilet: in his brief sojourn in London he had visited a tailor or two, and had been introduced by my Lord March to some of his lordship's purveyors and tradesmen.

Aunt Bernstein called him "my dearest child," and thanked him for his noble, his generous behavior to dear Maria. What a shock that seizure in church had been to her! A still greater shock that she had lost three hundred only on the Wednesday night to Lady Yarmouth, and was quite *à sec*. "Why," said the Baroness, "I had to send Case to London to my agent to get me money to pay—I could not leave Tunbridge in her debt."

"So Case did go to London?" says Mr. Harry.

"Of course he did: the Baroness de Bernstein can't afford to say she is court d'argent. Canst thou lend me some, child?"

"I can give your ladyship twenty-two pounds," said Harry, blushing very red: "I have but forty-four left till I get my Virginian remittances. I have bought horses and clothes, and been very extravagant, aunt."

"And rescued your poor relations in distress, you prodigal good boy! No, child, I do not want thy money. I can give thee some. Here is a note upon my agent for fifty pounds, va-tien! Go and spend it, and be merry! I dare say thy mother will repay me, though she does not love me." And she looked quite affectionate, and held out a pretty hand, which the youth kissed.

"Your mother did not love me, but your mother's father did once. Mind, Sir, you always come to me when you have need of me."

When bent on exhibiting them nothing could exceed Beatrix Bernstein's grace or good-humor. "I can't help loving you, child," she continued, "and yet I am so angry with you that I have scarce the patience to speak to you. So you have actually engaged yourself to poor Maria who is as old as your mother? What will Madam Esmond say? She may live three hundred years, and you will not have wherewithal to support yourselves."

"I have ten thousand pounds from my father, of my own, now my poor brother is gone," said Harry, "that will go some way."

"Why, the interest will not keep you in card-money."

"We must give up cards," says Harry.

"It is more than Maria is capable of. She will pawn the coat off your back to play. The rage for it runs in all my brother's family—in me, too, I own it. I warned you. I prayed you not to play with them, and now a lad of twenty to engage himself to a woman of forty-two!—to write letters on his knees and signed with his heart's blood (which he spells like hartshorn) and say that he will marry no other woman than his adorable cousin, Lady Maria Esmond. Oh, it's cruel—cruel!"

"Great Heavens! Madam, who showed you my letter?" asked Harry, burning with a blush again.

"An accident. She fainted when she was taken by those bailiffs. Brett cut her laces for her; and when she was carried off, poor thing! we found a little *sachet* on the floor, which I opened, not knowing, in the least, what it contained. And in it was Mr. Harry Warrington's precious letter. And here, Sir, is the case."

A pang shot through Harry's heart. Great Heavens! why didn't she destroy it? he thought.

"I—I will give it back to Maria," he said, stretching out his hand for the little locket.

"My dear, I have burned the foolish letter," said the old lady. "If you choose to betray me I must take the consequence. If you choose to write another, I can not help thee. But, in that case, Harry Esmond, I had rather never see thee again. Will you keep my secret? Will you believe an old woman who loves you and knows the world better than you do? I tell you, if you keep that foolish promise, misery and ruin are surely in store for you. What is a lad like you in the hands of a wily woman of the world, who makes a toy of you? She has entrapped you into a promise, and your old aunt has cut the strings and set you free. Go back again! Betray me if you will, Harry."

"I am not angry with you, aunt—I wish I were," said Mr. Warrington, with very great emotion. "I—I shall not repeat what you told me."

"Maria never will, child—mark my words!" cried the old lady, eagerly. "She will never

own that she has lost that paper. She will tell you that she has it."

"But I am sure she—she is very fond of me; you should have seen her last night," faltered Harry.

"Must I tell more stories against my own flesh and blood?" sobs out the Baroness. "Child, you do not know her past life!"

"And I must not, and I will not!" cries Harry, starting up. "Written or said—it does not matter which! But my word is given; they may play with such things in England, but we gentlemen of Virginia don't break 'em. If she holds me to my word, she shall have me. If we are miserable, as, I dare say, we shall be, I'll take a firelock, and go join the King of Prussia, or let a ball put an end to me."

"I—I have no more to say. Will you be pleased to ring that bell? I—I wish you a good-morning, Mr. Warrington," and, dropping a very stately courtesy, the old lady rose on her tortoiseshell stick, and turned toward the door. But, as she made her first step, she put her hand to her heart, sank on the sofa again, and shed the first tears that had dropped for long years from Beatrix Esmond's eyes.

Harry was greatly moved, too. He knelt down by her. He seized her cold hand and kissed it. He told her, in his artless way, how very keenly he had felt her love for him, and how, with all his heart, he returned it. "Ah, aunt!" said he, "you don't know what a villain I feel myself. When you told me, just now, how that paper was burned—oh! I was ashamed to think how glad I was." He bowed his comely head over her hand. She felt hot drops from his eyes raining on it. She had loved this boy. For half a century past—never, perhaps, in the course of her whole worldly life—had she felt a sensation so tender and so pure. The hard heart was wounded now, softened, overcome. She put her two hands on his shoulders, and lightly kissed his forehead.

"You will not tell her what I have done, child?" she said.

He declared never! never! And demure Mrs. Brett, entering at her mistress's summons, found the nephew and aunt in this sentimental attitude.

CHAPTER XL.

IN WHICH HARRY PAYS OFF AN OLD DEBT,
AND INCURS SOME NEW ONES.

OUR Tunbridge friends were now weary of the Wells, and eager to take their departure. When the autumn should arrive, Bath was Madame de Bernstein's mark. There were more cards, company, life, there. She would reach it after paying a few visits to her country friends. Harry promised, with rather a bad grace, to ride with Lady Maria and the Chaplain to Castletwood. Again they passed by Oakhurst village, and the hospitable house where Harry had been so kindly entertained. Maria made so many keen remarks about the young ladies of



Oakhurst, and their setting their caps at Harry, and the mother's evident desire to catch him for one of them, that, somewhat in a pet, Mr. Warrington said he would pass his friends' door, as her ladyship disliked and abused them; and was very haughty and sulky that evening at the inn where they stopped, some few miles further on the road. At supper, my Lady Maria's smiles brought no corresponding good-humor to Harry's face; her tears (which her ladyship had at command) did not seem to create the least sympathy from Mr. Warrington; to her querulous remarks he growled a surly reply; and my lady was obliged to go to bed at length without getting a single *tête-à-tête* with her cousin—that obstinate Chaplain, as if by order, persisting in staying in the room. Had Harry given Sampson orders to remain? She departed with a sigh. He bowed her to the door with an obstinate politeness, and consigned her to the care of the landlady and her maid.

What horse was that which galloped out of the inn-yard ten minutes after Lady Maria had gone to her chamber? An hour after her departure from their supper-room, Mrs. Betty came in for her lady's bottle of smelling-salts, and found Parson Sampson smoking a pipe alone. Mr. Warrington was gone to bed—was gone to fetch a walk in the moonlight—how should he know where Mr. Harry was, Sampson answered, in reply to the maid's interrogatories. Mr. Warrington was ready to set forward the next morning, and took his place by the side of Lady Maria's carriage. But his brow was black—the dark spirit was still on him. He hardly spoke to her during the journey. "Great Heavens! she must have told him that she stole it!" thought Lady Maria within her own mind.

The fact is, that, as they were walking up that steep hill which lies about three miles from

Oakhurst, on the Westerham road, Lady Maria Esmond, leaning on her fond youth's arm, and indeed very much in love with him, had warbled into his ear the most sentimental vows, protests, and expressions of affection. As she grew fonder, he grew colder. As she looked up in his face, the sun shone down upon hers, which, fresh and well-preserved as it was, yet showed some of the lines and wrinkles of two-score years; and poor Harry, with that arm leaning on his, felt it intolerably weighty, and by no means relished his walk up the hill. To think that all his life that drag was to be upon him! It was a dreary look forward; and he cursed the moonlight walk, and the hot evening, and the hot wine which had made him give that silly pledge by which he was fatally bound.

Maria's praises and raptures annoyed Harry beyond measure. The poor thing poured out scraps of the few plays which she knew that had reference to her case, and strove with her utmost power to charm her young companion. She called him, over and over again, her champion, her Henrico, her preserver, and vowed that his Molinda would be ever, ever faithful to him. She clung to him. "Ah, child! Have I not thy precious image, thy precious hair, thy precious writing *here*?" she said, looking in his face. "Shall it not go with me to the grave? It would, Sir, were I to meet with unkindness from my Henrico!" she sighed out.

Here was a strange story! Madame Bernstein had given him the little silken case—she had burned the hair and the note which the case contained, and Maria had it still on her heart! It was then, at the start which Harry gave as she was leaning on his arm—at the sudden movement as if he would drop hers—that Lady Maria felt her first pang of remorse that she had told a fib, or rather, that she was found out in telling a fib, which is a far more cogent reason for repentance. Heaven help us! if some people were to do penance for telling lies, would they ever be out of sackcloth and ashes?

Arrived at Castlewood, Mr. Harry's good-humor was not increased. My lord was from home; the ladies also were away; the only member of the family whom Harry found was Mr. Will, who returned from partridge-shooting just as the chaise and cavalcade reached the gate, and who turned very pale when he saw his cousin, and received a sulky scowl of recognition from the young Virginian.

Nevertheless, he thought to put a good face on the matter, and they met at supper, where, before my Lady Maria, their conversation was at first civil, but not lively. Mr. Will had been to some races? to several. He had been pretty successful in his bets? Mr. Warrington hopes. Pretty well. "And you have brought back my horse sound?" asked Mr. Warrington.

"Your horse? what horse?" asked Mr. Will.

"What horse? my horse!" says Mr. Harry, curtly.

"Protest I don't understand you," says Will.

"The brown horse for which I played you,

and which I won of you the night before you rode away upon it," says Mr. Warrington, sternly. "You remember the horse, Mr. Esmond."

"Mr. Warrington, I perfectly well remember playing you for a horse, which my servant handed over to you on the day of your departure."

"The Chaplain was present at our play. Mr. Sampson, will you be umpire between us?" Mr. Warrington said, with much gentleness.

"I am bound to decide that Mr. Warrington played for the brown horse," says Mr. Sampson.

"Weil, he got the other one," said sulky Mr. Will, with a grin.

"And sold it for thirty shillings!" said Mr. Warrington, always preserving his calm tone.

Will was waggish. "Thirty shillings, and a devilish good price, too, for the broken-kneed old rip. Ha, ha!"

"Not a word more. 'Tis only a question about a bet, my dear Lady Maria. Shall I serve you some more chicken?" Nothing could be more studiously courteous and gay than Mr. Warrington was, so long as the lady remained in the room. When she rose to go, Harry followed her to the door, and closed it upon her with the most courtly bow of farewell. He stood at the closed door for a moment, and then he bade the servants retire. When those menials were gone, Mr. Warrington locked the heavy door before them, and pocketed the key.

As it clicked in the lock, Mr. Will, who had been sitting over his punch, looking now and then askance at his cousin, asked, with one of the oaths which commonly garnished his conversation, what the — Mr. Warrington meant by that?

"I guess there's going to be a quarrel," said Mr. Warrington, blandly, "and there is no use in having these fellows look on at rows between their betters."

"Who is going to quarrel here, I should like to know?" asked Will, looking very pale and grasping a knife.

"Mr. Sampson, you were present when I played Mr. Will fifty guineas against his brown horse."

"Against his horse!" bawls out Mr. Will.

"I am not such a something fool as you take me for," says Mr. Warrington, "although I do come from Virginia!" and he repeated his question: "Mr. Sampson, you were here when I played the Honorable William Esmond, Esquire, fifty guineas against his brown horse?"

"I must own it, Sir," says the Chaplain, with a deprecatory look toward his lord's brother.

"I don't own no such thing," says Mr. Will, with rather a forced laugh.

"No, Sir: because it costs you no more pains to lie than to cheat," said Mr. Warrington, walking up to his cousin. "Hands off, Mr. Chaplain, and see fair play! Because you are no better than a—ha!"

No better than a what we can't say, and shall never know, for as Harry uttered the exclamation, his dear cousin flung a wine bottle at Mr.

Warrington's head, who bobbed just in time, so that the missile flew across the room, and broke against the wainscot opposite, breaking the face of a pictured ancestor of the Esmond family and then itself against the wall, whence it spirted a pint of good port-wine over the Chaplain's face and flowered wig. "Great Heavens, gentlemen, I pray you to be quiet," cried the parson, dripping with gore.

But gentlemen are not inclined at some moments to remember the commands of the Church. The bottle having failed, Mr. Esmond seized the large silver-handled knife and drove at his cousin. But Harry caught up the other's right hand with his left, as he had seen the boxers do at Marybone, and delivered a rapid blow upon Mr. Esmond's nose, which sent him reeling up against the oak panels, and I dare say caused him to see ten thousand illuminations. He dropped his knife in his retreat against the wall, which his rapid antagonist kicked under the table.

Now Will, too, had been at Marybone and Hockley-in-the-Hole, and after a gasp for breath and a glare over his bleeding nose at his enemy, he dashed forward his head as though it had been a battering ram, intending to project it into Mr. Henry Warrington's stomach.

This manœuvre Harry had seen, too, on his visit to Marybone, and among the negroes upon the maternal estate, who would meet in combat like two consecutive cannon-balls, each harder than the other. But Harry had seen and marked the civilized practice of the white man. He skipped aside, and saluting his advancing enemy with a tremendous blow on the right ear, felled him, so that he struck his head against the heavy oak table, and sank lifeless to the ground.

"Chaplain, you will bear witness that it has been a fair fight!" said Mr. Warrington, still quivering with the excitement of the combat, but striving with all his might to restrain himself and look cool. And he drew the key from his pocket and opened the door in the lobby, behind which three or four servants were gathered. A crash of broken glass, a cry, a shout, an oath or two, had told them that some violent scene was occurring within, and they entered, and behold two victims bedabbled with red—the Chaplain bleeding port-wine, and the Honorable William Esmond, Esquire, stretched in his own gore.

"Mr. Sampson will bear witness that I struck fair, and that Mr. Esmond hit the first blow," said Mr. Warrington. "Undo his neckcloth, somebody, he may be dead; and get a fleam, Sambo, and bleed him. Stop! He is coming to himself! Lift him up, you, and tell a maid to wash the floor."

Indeed, in a minute, Mr. Will did come to himself. First his eyes rolled about, or rather, I am ashamed to say, his eye, one having been closed by Mr. Warrington's first blow. First, then, his eye rolled about; then he gasped and uttered an inarticulate moan or two, then he

began to swear and curse very freely and articulately.

"He is getting well," said Mr. Warrington.

"O praise be Mussy!" sighs the sentimental Betty.

"Ask him, Gumbo, whether he would like any more?" said Mr. Warrington, with a stern humor.

"Massa Harry say, wool you like any maw?" asked obedient Gumbo, bowing over the prostrate gentleman.

"No, curse you, you black devil!" says Mr. Will, hitting up at the black object before him.

"So he nearly cut my tongue in *tu* in my mouf!" Gumbo explained to the pitying Betty. "No, that is, yes! You infernal Mohock! Why does not somebody kick him out of the place?"

"Because nobody dares, Mr. Esmond," says Mr. Warrington, with great state, arranging his ruffles—his ruffled ruffles.

"And nobody won't neither," growled the men. They had all grown to love Harry, whereas Mr. Will had nobody's good word. "We know all's fair, Sir. It ain't the first time Master William have been served so."

"And I hope it won't be the last," cries shrill Betty, "to go for to strike a poor black gentleman so!"

Mr. Will had gathered himself up by this time, had wiped his bleeding face with a napkin, and was skulking off to bed.

"Surely it's manners to say good-night to the company. Good-night, Mr. Esmond," says Mr. Warrington, whose jokes, though few, were not very brilliant, but the honest lad relished the brilliant sally, and laughed at it inwardly.

"He's ad his zopper, and he goos to baid!" says Betty, in her native dialect, at which everybody laughed outright, except Mr. William, who went away leaving a black fume of curses, as it were, rolling out of that funnel, his mouth.

It must be owned that Mr. Warrington continued to be witty the next morning. He sent a note to Mr. Will, begging to know whether he was for a ride to town or *any wheres else*. If he was for London, that he would friten the highwaymen on Hounslow Heath, and look a very genteel *figar at the Chocolate House*. Which letter, I fear, Mr. Will received with his usual violence, requesting the writer to go to some place—not Hounslow.

And, besides the parley between Will and Harry, there comes a maiden simpering to Mr. Warrington's door, and Gumbo advances, holding something white and triangular in his ebony fingers.

Harry knew what it was well enough. "Of course it's a letter," groans he. Molinda greets her Enrico, etc., etc., etc. No sleep has she known that night, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth. Has Enrico slept well in the halls of his fathers? und so weiter, und so weiter. He must never never *quaril* and be *so cruel again*. Kai ta loipa. And I protest I shan't quote any more of this letter. Ah, tablets, golden once—are ye now faded leaves? Where is the jug-

gler who transmuted you, and why is the glamour over?

After the little scandal with Cousin Will, Harry's dignity would not allow him to stay longer at Castlewood: he wrote a majestic letter to the lord of the mansion, explaining the circumstances which had occurred, and, as he called in Parson Sampson to supervise the document, no doubt it contained none of those eccentricities in spelling which figured in his ordinary correspondence at this period. He represented to poor Maria, that after blackening the eye and damaging the nose of a son of the house, he should remain in it with a very bad grace; and she was forced to acquiesce in the opinion that, for the present, his absence would best become him. Of course, she wept plentiful tears at parting with him. He would go to London and see younger beauties: he would find none, none who would love him like his fond Maria. I fear Mr. Warrington did not exhibit any profound emotion on leaving her: nay, he cheered up immediately after he crossed Castlewood Bridge, and made his horses whisk over the road at ten miles an hour: he sang to them to go along: he nodded to the pretty girls by the roadside: he chuckled my landlady under the chin: he certainly was not inconsolable. Truth is, he longed to be back in London again, to make a figure at St. James's, at Newmarket, wherever the men of fashion congregated. All that petty Tunbridge society of women and card-playing seemed child's play to him now he had tasted the delight of London life.

By the time he reached London again, almost all the four-and-forty pounds which we have seen that he possessed at Tunbridge had slipped out of his pocket, and farther supplies were necessary. Regarding these he made himself presently easy. There were the two sums of £5000 in his own and his brother's name, of which he was the master. He would take up a little money, and with a run or two of good luck at play he could easily replace it. Meantime he must live in a manner becoming his station, and it must be explained to Madam Esmond that a gentleman of his rank can not keep fitting company, and appear as becomes him in society, upon a miserable pittance of two hundred a year.

Mr. Warrington sojourned at the Bedford Coffee-House as before, but only for a short while. He sought out proper lodgings at the court end of the town, and fixed on some apartments in Bond Street, where he and Gumbo installed themselves, his horses standing at a neighboring livery stable. And now tailors, mercers, and shoemakers were put in requisition. Not without a pang of remorse he laid aside his mourning and figured in a laced hat and waistcoat. Gumbo was always dexterous in the art of dressing hair, and with a little powder flung into his fair locks Mr. Warrington's head was as modish as that of any gentleman in the Mall. He figured in the Ring in his phaeton. Reports of his great wealth had

long since preceded him to London, and not a little curiosity was excited about the fortunate Virginian.

Until our young friend could be balloted for at the proper season, my Lord March had written down his name for the club at White's Chocolate House, as a distinguished gentleman from America. There were as yet but few persons of fashion in London, but with a pocket full of money, at one-and-twenty, a young fellow can make himself happy even out of the season; and Mr. Harry was determined to enjoy.

He ordered Mr. Draper, then, to sell five hundred pounds of his stock. What would his poor mother have said had she known that the young spendthrift was already beginning to dissipate his patrimony? He dined at the tavern, he supped at the Club, where Jack Morris introduced him, with immense eulogiums, to such gentlemen as were in town. Life, and youth, and pleasure were before him; the wine was set a running, and the eager lad was greedy to drink. Do you see, far away in the west, yonder, the pious widow at her prayers for her son? Behind the trees at Oakhurst a tender little heart, too, is beating for him, perhaps. When the Prodigal Son was away carousing, were not love and forgiveness still on the watch for him?

Among the inedited letters of the late Lord Orford there is one which the present learned editor, Mr. Peter Cunningham, has omitted from his collection, doubting, possibly, the authenticity of the document. Nay, I myself have only seen a copy of it in the Warrington papers in Madam Esmond's prim handwriting, and noted, "*Mr. H. Walpole's account of my son Henry at London, and of Baroness Tusher—wrote to Genl Conway.*"

"ARLINGTON STREET. Friday night.

"I have come away, child, for a day or two from my devotions to our Lady of Strawberry. Have I not been on my knees to her these three weeks, and aren't the poor old joints full of rheumatism? A fit took me that I would pay London a visit, that I would go to Vauxhall and Ranelagh *quoi!* May I not have my rattle as well as other elderly babies? Suppose, after being so long virtuous, I take a fancy to cakes and ale, shall your reverence say nay to me? George Selwyn and Tony Storer and your humble servant took boat at Westminster tother night. Was it Tuesday?—no, Tuesday I was with their Graces of Norfolk, who are just from Tunbridge—it was Wednesday. How should I know? Wasn't I dead drunk with a whole pint of lemonade I took at White's?

"The Norfolk folk had been entertaining me on Tuesday with the account of a young savage Iroquois, Choctaw, or Virginian, who has lately been making a little noise in our quarter of the globe. He is an offshoot of that disreputable family of Esmond-Castlewood, of whom all the men are gamblers and spendthrifts, and all the women—well, I shan't say the word, lest Lady

Ailesbury should be looking over your shoulder. Both the late lords, my father told me, were in his pay; and the last one, a head of George Anne's reign, from a rhesus advanced to be an earl through the merits and intercession of his notorious old sister Bernstein, late Tusher, *née* Esmond—a great beauty, too, of her day, a favorite of the old Pretender. She sold his secrets to my papa, who paid her for them; and being nowise particular in her love for the Stuarts, came over to the august Hanoverian house at present reigning over us. 'Will Horace Walpole's tongue never stop scandal?' says your wife over your shoulder. I kiss your ladyship's hand. I am dumb. The Bernstein is a model of virtue. She had no good reasons for marrying her father's chaplain. Many of the nobility omit the marriage altogether. She *wasn't* ashamed of being Mrs. Tusher, and didn't take a German *Baroncino* for a second husband, whom nobody out of Hanover ever saw. The Yarmouth bears no malice. Esther and Vashiti are very good friends, and have been cheating each other at Tunbridge at cards all the summer.

"And what has all this to do with the Iroquois?" says your ladyship. The Iroquois has been at Tunbridge, too—not cheating, perhaps, but winning vastly. They say he has bled Lord March of thousands—Lord March, by whom so much blood hath been shed, that he has quarreled with every body, fought with every body, rode over every body, been fallen in love with by every body's wife except Mr. Conway's, and *not* excepting her present Majesty, the Countess of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland, Queen of Walmoden and Yarmouth, whom Heaven preserve to us.

"You know an offensive little creature, *de par le monde* one Jack Morris, who skips in and out of all the houses of London. When we were at Vauxhall, Mr. Jack gave us a nod under the shoulder of a pretty young fellow enough, on whose arm he was leaning, and who appeared hugely delighted with the enchantments of the garden. Lord, how he stared at the fire-works! Gods, how he huzzayed at the singing of a horrible painted wench who shrieked the ears off my head! A twopenny string of glass beads and a strip of tawdry cloth are treasures in Iroquois land, and our savage valued them accordingly.

"A buzz went about the place that this was the fortunate youth. He won three hundred at White's last night very genteely from Rockingham and my precious nephew, and here he was bellowing and huzzaying over the music so as to do you good to hear. I do not love a puppet-show, but I love to treat children to one, Miss Conway! I present your ladyship my compliments, and hope we shall go and see the dolls together.

"When the singing woman came down from her throne, Jack Morris must introduce my Virginian to her. I saw him blush up to the eyes, and make her, upon my word, a very fine

bow, such as I had no idea was practiced in wigwams. 'There is a certain *jenny squaw* about her, and that's why the savage likes her,' George said—a joke certainly not as brilliant as a fire-work. After which it seemed to me that the savage and the savagess retired together.

"Having had a great deal too much to eat and drink three hours before, my partners must have chicken and rack-punch at Vauxhall, where George fell asleep straightway, and for my sins I must tell Tony Storer what I knew about this Virginian's amiable family, especially some of the Bernstein's antecedents, and the history of another elderly beauty of the family, a certain Lady Maria, who was *au mieux* with the late Prince of Wales. What did I say? I protest not half of what I knew, and, of course, not a tenth part of what I was going to tell, for who should start out upon us but my savage, this time quite red in the face, and in his *war-paint*. The wretch had been drinking fire-water in the next box!

"He cocked his hat, clapped his hand to his sword, asked which of the gentlemen was it that was maligning his family? so that I was obliged to entreat him not to make such a noise, lest he should wake my friend Mr. George Selwyn. And I added, 'I assure you, Sir, I had no idea that you were near me, and I most sincerely apologize for giving you pain.'

"The Huron took his hand off his tomahawk at this pacific rejoinder, made a bow not ungraciously, said he could not, of course, ask more than an apology from a gentleman of my age (*Merci, Monsieur!*), and, hearing the name of Mr. Selwyn, made another bow to George, and said he had a letter to him from Lord March, which he had had the ill fortune to mislay. George has put him up for the club, it appears, in conjunction with March, and no doubt these lambs will fleece each other. Meanwhile my pacified savage sate down with us, and *buried the hatchet* in another bowl of punch, for which these gentlemen must call. Heaven help us! 'Tis eleven o'clock, and here comes Bedson with my gruel!

H. W.

"To the Honble H. S. Conway."

MUNCHAUSEN REDIVIVUS.

OUR old friend the Baron has turned up again. The last time we heard of him was some two years ago, when, having for the sake of his health taken a little run through Georgia, he favored the Editor of the London *Times* with a sketch of what he saw and heard *in transitu*, concealing his identity for the time being under the modest cognomen of James Arrowsmith. John Bull, who loves big yarns, gave the Baron that undivided attention and unlimited credit which a traveler of his celebrity deserves; and, grateful for past favors, he now appears again before the British public.

For some occult reason the Baron has once more changed his name and country. He has become a hopeful convert to his Holiness of Rome, has assumed the priestly tonsure, joined

the order of Dominican monks, and—so he tells us in his just published work—has, under the name and title of Emmanuel Domenech, abbé and Roman Catholic missionary priest, traveled again through our land, and sojourned some time on its southwestern frontier. The veracious work from which we shall presently cull a few choice bits, is called "Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico," is dedicated to "His Lordship, Dr. Odin, Bishop of Galveston," and was composed by its author—so he assures us—"in the calm of retirement." It comes to us fresh from the press of an eminent London publishing house.* It will be perceived that though the Baron has substituted the priestly cowl and the title of abbé for the rifle and the title of Nimrod, he has lost none of that charming and remarkable faculty of meeting with surprising adventures, which has made him what he is, the greatest of Munchausens.

The Baron arrived in New York in the winter of 1851. He remained in the metropolis fifteen days, and then "embarked in one of the monster steamers which ply on the Hudson, as far as Albany." There was a race. The two contending boats "weighed anchor" at the same moment, "and got out in a spirit of proud rivalry." They got ahead at the moderate rate of from twenty-five to twenty-seven miles per hour; but the captain, "not satisfied with this speed, had casks of oil and grease thrown into the furnace." The rest of the account is so stirring that we can not do better than quote the words of the Baron. "The fire seized the vessel twice. At forks of the river [!] the rival boats endeavored to cut clear ahead in order to shorten their way; and in this manœuvre they often became entangled, with the danger of both going to the bottom, while there were from seven to eight hundred passengers on board. The contest was becoming quite a serious matter, and our lives were in jeopardy, at once from fire, smoke, and water. We held a hurried meeting, discuss the crisis, and send a deputation to the captain, praying him to desist from this dangerous course. He replied with Jack-Tar American politeness: 'You be d—d; for what you pay, you may as well all go to h—ll.' At the same time he bawls out to the fireman, 'Fire, fire, you there—more lard in the furnace!'

"Our position had become truly fearful, when one of the passengers put an end to it by leveling a musket at the poor helmsman of our rival, and discharging its contents into his body. The poor fellow let go the wheel, and dropped down frightfully wounded." Thus the Abbé—the Baron we should say—arrived safely at Albany. From there to Cincinnati, and thence by steamer to New Orleans. Entering the cabin on a Sunday morning, the Baron heard an Epis-

* *Missionary Adventures in Texas and Mexico: A Personal Narrative of Six Years' Sojourn in those Regions.* By the ABBÉ DOMENECH. Translated from the French under the Author's superintendence. London: Longman, Brown, Green, Longmans and Roberts. 1853.

copal bishop preaching to the passengers. He was "attempting to prove that as there is no water in the moon, there could be no men there; it being manifestly impossible for men to live without water." The Baron sighs over the depravity of a "sect" whose bishops preach about the habitableness of the moon. Had he but known of those Kentuckians who totally abjure water, and drink only whisky, he could easily have confuted the Episcopal train of reasoning.

From New Orleans to Texas; which the Baron, in the character of abbé and missionary priest, traversed in various directions for some years. Galveston he reports as "a place infested with Methodists and ants;" the latter being the least troublesome of the two, as he was able, by means of jars of water, to insulate himself and his effects, and thus protect himself. Not, however, without a preliminary stinging. From Houston the Baron traveled through a wilderness interspersed with "Economical roads" in a bullock wagon. Here, properly, his adventures began. The driver slept, and the wagon rolled down a deep ravine. On getting to the bottom the driver asked coolly, "Are any of your bones broken?"

"No."

"Good; then no harm is done."

Proceeding a little farther, a panther leaps out of the bush upon one of the horses; whereupon the driver dismounts, shoots the panther, hoists his carcass in alongside the Baron, and again gets under way. Presently they stop at a farm-house to dine, but are interrupted by a deep growling at the door.

"It is only a bear; never mind it!" says the host, in answer to the inquiring looks of his guests; "they don't do any harm." But an enterprising Frenchman thought differently, went out and wounded the unoffending Bruin, and then finished his dinner. And so on until his arrival at Castroville, the scene of his future labors. Here the Baron—we must call him the Abbé now—made his *début* by baptizing a child. When the ceremony was concluded the father asked the Abbé "what was to pay." The latter politely returned, "We make no fixed charge on such occasions."

To which the answer was as polite a bow as the Abbé's; and nothing more. Thus the good Abbé lost a prospective dinner by his politeness. Another time an old lady generously handed him sixpence, saying, with a burst of emotion fitting the occasion, "There, your reverence, say as many masses as you can for that."

But why dwell longer on such trivialities, when greater things are in store?

Castroville abounded in every known species of reptile. The good Abbé formed a museum, among whose most inconsiderable acquisitions was a centipede eleven inches long, and a caterpillar thirteen inches in length and two in circumference. As for serpents, "they were every where under our feet; we walked on them, and crushed them unconsciously, without paying any attention to the fact." In truth, the pigs and

out of the place chiefly subsisted on snakes, and the chickens "fell absolutely upon the serpent-head and devoured it without experiencing any bodily inconvenience"—a fact which was not lost upon the Abbé. Finding himself once dinnerless, he persuaded his companions to cut up and cook a freshly caught rattlesnake. Skinned, cut up small, and dressed with cayenne pepper, the meal tasted somewhat of frog and turtle; but the stomach of an abbé could not succeed in relishing the new fare. It was of no use, therefore, that snakes were killed every day; that a friend of the Abbé took up a snake in mistake for a corn-stalk; that a cobra de capello was killed in the school-room; that a "tiger hunter" killed a rattlesnake seventeen feet long, eighteen inches in circumference, and having twenty-five rattles, he having at first mistaken it for a dead tree. Or, finally, that the Abbé himself one day hunting for a stray horse, stunned a stunning rattlesnake, tied a string about its neck, and dragged it victoriously after him into town, at great peril to himself, from the struggling animal.

Cats were found more palatable than cobras; and the Abbé devoted his leisure hours to fattening stray specimens of the *Felis domestica*, which he afterward "turned into delicious friassces." This fare was varied by occasional messes of game, chief among which was a crocodile, which our Abbé shot one day in a neighboring stream; and the arrival of which threw the town of Castroville into a ferment. The tail was cooked, but did not please the fastidious palate of the captor, who complains that the musk with which it was impregnated got into his head, and thence into his clothes, where it remained for a fortnight. Even alligators failed afterward; and the Abbé complains that he was forced to eat pork which had grown maggoty to that degree that one of his companions (a facetious priest) used the worms in his share for fish-bait. The fact seems to be that that portion of Texas does not flow with milk and honey. The Abbé not only was near upon starvation, but he grew ragged to a degree which he hesitates to describe. For some time he and his companion priest had but one cassock between them, and while one said mass the other walked about in his shirt-sleeves. Poorer yet was his colleague at Brazoria, to whom an old bottomless tin bath-tub served as bed, dining-table, and altar to say mass upon.

The Abbé's circuit was a wide one. Traveling over it, he saw one day near Dhanis, a small settlement, a Mexican woman bound to a tree, and entirely scalped, but yet living. Her mouth was covered with blood and hair, showing that the Indians (less ambitious of scalps than is their custom) "had endeavored to make her eat the scalp of one of her companions—three of whom lay at her feet scalped and dead." Thousands of wasps buzzed voraciously about the victims. The Abbé procured help for the woman, and, with proper attendance, she finally recovered from her wounds! It must be added

that the Baron acknowledges the rarity of such a recovery. Traveling farther, after this, our friend avoided the Indians, whose proximity he ascertained by various marks, among which the following is a very ingenious observation: He had remarked that where deer abound the Americans, when they kill an animal, remove only the legs and shoulders; the Mexicans take the whole carcass except the head; Europeans take the entire carcass, leaving nothing; while the Indians eat the flesh, carry off the skin, and leave what then remains to the wolves.

One of the Abbé's friends, a German naturalist, gave the Indians the worst fright they had probably ever had. The old gentleman was out collecting specimens, and as he caught snake, centipede, lizard, or what not, he fastened the prize to some part of his clothing as the readiest means of carrying it. Having secured a goodly variety of serpents, he knotted these round his body, a huge rattlesnake serving him as a girdle. Thus accoutred, the enthusiastic naturalist strayed unware into a Comanche camp. No sooner was he espied than there was a general roar of terror, and the entire crew of Red skins, warriors, squaws, and papooses, fell down to the ground at the feet of the "Snake King," treating him with every civility, and almost worshipping so mighty a sorcerer.

When about attending upon some cholera patients, the Abbé was bitten by a tarantula, in consequence of which half his body was paralyzed for some time. He nevertheless continued his attendance upon the sick, during the six weeks wherein the cholera devastated the little town. Coffins growing scarce, it became customary to drag the purple and livid bodies to their graves upon pieces of ox-hide, and often men dropped dead by the side of the moving corpse. At the expiration of six weeks the Abbé himself was seized with symptoms of the dread disorder. He filled a glass goblet with camphorated alcohol, laudanum, unground pepper, and Eau de Cologne. One-third of this dose cured him. After a sleep of twenty-four hours he awoke convalescent.

Scarce was the cholera over, when two men on the road murdered their companion; and one of the murderers, putting himself in the way, was seized upon by a righteous mob, who proceeded with him according to the code of Judge Lynch.

"Do you want to see your wife and children?" the wretched victim was asked, on his way to the fatal tree.

"No," was the answer. But he would like some whisky.

When the noose was about his neck, he was asked to pray to the Virgin Mary.

"I'd like to know how the Virgin will help me at this moment."

"Ah!" said the butcher who acted as executioner, "You don't know, don't you? Well, we'll try to do something for you."

Whereupon the man was strung up without farther words.

"Such is justice in America," says the Abbé; and thereupon proceeds to relate how he saw an American sheriff at Brownsville "flogging Mexicans to death with his ox-hide lash;" how, in a grog-shop, he heard a tipsy American judge propose, amidst shouts of applause, this toast, "To Justice, modified by circumstances;" adding, shrewdly, that, of course, "it is only a Mexican, a coward, or a simpleton, who would appeal to law for justice." He relates how "medical science is not much better represented in the United States than the magistracy," which he exemplifies by the instance of a Yankee doctor in Brownsville, who sawed off a shattered leg with a hand-saw; afterward vibrated between the two occupations of porter and physician, but, finally, "killed so many and so quickly too that he had to renounce his profession," and was thereupon chosen to the Texan Legislature!

One more of the Abbé's reminiscences, and we have done. This time he speaks of his "opponents, the Protestant ministers," who are, according to him, "no eccentric exceptions of a particular locality: they are types of a class in all these countries." He relates that one of these "opponents," a Presbyterian minister, of some wealth, had three marriageable daughters who remained on his hands. Tired of waiting for matrimonial aspirants, he "put in execution an idea essentially American. One Sunday he preached on the subject of marriage, amplifying the text in Genesis, 'Increase and multiply.' He proclaimed to his audience that this was a divine *precept*, and not a *counsel*. He descanted with eloquence and warmth on the bliss of the hymeneal state, and ended his sermon by offering his three daughters, with three thousand dollars of fortune for each, to whomsoever would espouse them. He added that he would receive the names of the candidates after the service; and that his choice would fall on those who would furnish the surest guarantee of moral character. A wag of an Irishman who happened to be present, did not wait for the time prescribed by his minister to make his voice heard, but asked him to put his name on the list for *two*." Of course the meeting burst into laughter, and the poor preacher's matrimonial project was spoiled.

From all this, and more, it will be seen that the Abbé's opinion of the United States is scarcely complimentary. He gives it as the result of his observations that "nine-tenths of the children in the United States go to school as soon as they can walk, and are considered as men from that time forth; and a most ridiculous deference is paid to these citizens in short frocks. They are not commanded to do this or that; they are respectfully requested to do it—the common formula on such occasions being 'My dear Sir, will you have the kindness to do this, or to go there?' If to the prayer be added a sweet cake, the young gentleman obeys with an air of importance." As soon as the "young fellow can read, write, and cipher, he

is placed in business, with the command to make money, and thereafter he leads a migratory, trafficking life, "chews, smokes, and drinks on board the steamer incessantly; reads the advertisements in the papers, the electioneering manifestoes, and the names of the candidates. Such," concludes the sagacious Abbé (—Baron), "is American education."

We leave the Baron, who claims modestly and poetically of this latest of his numerous

works that, "like the violet, it possesses no other charm than the sweet perfume of truth." The reader who has followed him thus far will have wondered at the remarkable preservation of those powers which enabled him already a century ago to make the name of Munchausen a household word, and which place him, even now, foremost in the illustrious list of travelers headed by Ferdinand Mendez Pinto himself.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE pacification of Utah is definitely announced. Messrs. Powell and McCulloch, the Peace Commissioners, reached Salt Lake City on the 7th of June. They found the city almost deserted, only a few of the inhabitants remaining to take charge of the property, and burn it unless some peaceable arrangement should be effected. The Commissioners put themselves in communication with the leading Mormons, who declared their readiness to yield obedience to the Constitution and laws of the United States, and to recognize the newly-appointed civil officers. The Commissioners then proceeded to Provo, fifty miles to the south, whither Brigham Young and the great body of the inhabitants of Salt Lake City had retired. The conferences were altogether amicable, and at their conclusion a public meeting was held, at which Mr. Powell delivered an address, in which he congratulated the inhabitants upon their submission to the laws, and promised them full protection. He said that while the President would exercise his right to send the army wherever he deemed its presence required, it was not his purpose that it should be encamped in their cities; and if Utah should remain tranquil, only a small part of the force ordered to the Territory would be required there. Military posts would be established to protect travelers from Indian depredations. On the 14th, Governor Cumming issued a proclamation, promising, in the name of the President, a free and full pardon for all treason and sedition heretofore committed, and for all criminal offenses associated with, or growing out of, overt acts of sedition or treason. In the mean while the army had commenced its march from Fort Bridger on the 13th, and reached Salt Lake City on the 26th. The troops passed through the streets, and, crossing the Jordan, encamped on the opposite bank. The city seemed almost deserted as they marched through, and the few inhabitants who were visible paid little apparent attention to the march of the troops. On the last day of June, Governor Cumming, accompanied by Brigham Young, returned from Provo to Salt Lake City, and subsequently the Mormons began to make their way back to their deserted homes. Colonel Johnston has been absent to select the spot for the encampment of the army. Toward the South the Indians have grown somewhat troublesome.

In California the excitement growing out of the discovery of the Frazer's River gold-fields continues to increase. Steamers and sailing vessels of the largest class have been put on the route to convey emigrants. Fifteen or twenty thousand men are reported to have already left California for the new

Dorado. The reports of those who have reached the region are yet far from satisfactory. The amount of gold actually received is very small. The difficulties in reaching the diggings and in transporting supplies are great, and it is doubtful whether the climate and the nature of the rivers will allow the digging to be successfully prosecuted for more than three or four months in the year. Hon. Isaac J. Stevens, delegate in Congress from Washington Territory, has addressed an elaborate letter to Mr. Cass, protesting against the proclamation of the Governor of Vancouver's Island prohibiting foreigners to enter Frazer's River for the purpose of trade, and imposing a tax upon miners. He argues that these restrictions are illegal, and urges that our Government should interpose with the British authorities for the removal of these restrictions; should demand the repayment of all sums collected by way of miners' tax; and should make reclamation for the value of all vessels and cargoes confiscated under the proclamation of the Governor.—The official reports of the defeat of Colonel Steptoe by the Indians, in Oregon, have been received. They confirm the previous accounts, with the exception that our loss was greatly exaggerated. Seven officers and soldiers were killed and eleven wounded. The loss of the Indians was much greater. "The war," writes Colonel Steptoe, "has been maturing for some time; but if I could have beaten the enemy at the start, all future difficulty might have been prevented. As it is, I fear that many lives will be lost before a satisfactory adjustment can be arrived at. The savages appear to have been excited by rumors that the Government intends to take possession of their lands, and the Act of the last Congress to lay out a military road from Walla Walla to the waters of the Upper Missouri fully satisfied them of the truth of the rumor."—Considerable reinforcements were at once dispatched from California, and the pacification of Utah will leave a large body of troops disposable for service in Oregon. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs in Oregon, however, recommends that the troops should be withdrawn at once. He says that the number of Indians in the Territory has been greatly overstated; that their hostility arises from fear of being driven from their homes, and that they promise to create no further difficulty if the troops are withdrawn and their rights respected. Our true policy, he says, is to send a peacemaker to them, and to redeem the promises made to them of agricultural implements and other presents.

The attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph cable has again miscarried. As noted in our last Record, the vessels sailed from Plymouth on the 10th of

June, the cable being equally divided between the *Niagara* and the *Agamemnon*. Three days after sailing the expedition encountered a terrible gale, which continued without interruption for nine days. The ships kept together for seven days of this weather, when they were obliged to part company. They rejoined each other at the appointed place in mid-ocean on the 26th. The *Niagara* had rode out the gale gallantly, sustaining little damage. The *Agamemnon*, being more deeply laden, suffered severely, and was for some time in imminent peril of going to the bottom. The cable was spliced, but before five miles had been payed out it parted on board the *Niagara*. The ships came together again, a new splice was made, and each vessel had payed out about forty miles, when the communication ceased. It was supposed on each vessel that the separation had taken place on board of the other. But when the rendezvous was reached it was found that the fracture had taken place at some distance from each ship, and apparently at the bottom of the ocean. The vessels came together, and the cable was once more joined. It was decided that if the cable should part again before each vessel had gone a hundred miles, another attempt should be made; but if this distance was exceeded, they should return at once to Queenstown. On the evening of the 28th the third attempt was begun. All worked well on board the *Niagara* until 9 o'clock of the evening of the 29th. Something more than a hundred miles had been sailed, and nearly a hundred and fifty miles of cable had been given out, when the communication suddenly ceased, and it became evident that the cable had parted, and, as was inferred from scientific tests, at or near the *Agamemnon*. It was then determined to test the strength of the cable. It was blowing freshly, and the immense vessel was allowed to swing by the cable, which endured the strain more than an hour; then a heavy pitch of the sea snapped it, and the *Niagara* bore away for Queenstown, where she arrived on the 5th of July, having seen nothing of the *Agamemnon* and her consort. Nothing was heard of these until the 12th of July, when they made their appearance at Queenstown. All had gone on well for more than twenty-four hours. The sea was perfectly calm, the strain upon the cable, as indicated by the dynamometer, being about 2100 pounds, only one-third of what it was warranted to bear, when all at once, without the least apparent cause, it parted close by the stern of the steamer. As the distance agreed upon for abandoning the expedition had been exceeded only by a few miles, it was determined to return to the place of rendezvous, in the hope of encountering the *Niagara*; but seeing nothing of this vessel, after cruising about for some days, the *Agamemnon* headed for Queenstown, which port was reached after an absence of thirty-three days. Altogether the weather had been most unexpectedly unfavorable for the accomplishment of the expedition. As there was still, notwithstanding the loss of four hundred miles of cable, a considerable surplus above the quantity supposed to be required, the Directors determined to make another trial this year, and the expedition set out again for this purpose on the 18th of July.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

In *Mexico* the Government of Zuloaga seems to be near its termination, if indeed it is not already at an end. In consequence of the imposition of the forced loan upon foreigners, our Minister, Mr.

Forsyth, suspended diplomatic relations until he could receive instructions from his Government, but decided to remain in the country in order to afford protection to American citizens. His position was sustained, the United States Attorney General deciding that, while it was admitted that a general tax might lawfully be imposed for legitimate purposes, and according to usual forms, yet the collection of money in the proposed loan was in effect a forced contribution, contrary to treaty stipulations. The Mexican Government abandoned the plan, and received some additional pecuniary aid from the clergy. In the mean time the Constitutionalists made head in various parts of the country. San Luis Potosi fell into their hands on the 30th of June, and the leaders of the Constitutional forces in the various frontier States were preparing to concentrate their troops and march upon the capital. The Government sustained a very decided loss in the death of General Osollo, their ablest military leader. It was estimated that the present Government had under arms about 18,000 men, in all parts of the Republic, while the forces of the Constitutionalists numbered about 21,500.—A severe earthquake took place in the valley of Mexico on the 19th of June. The aqueducts which supply the capital with water were seriously injured, and much damage was otherwise done. The total loss is estimated at six millions of dollars, and some fifty persons lost their lives.

In the Republic of *Dominica*, the war which has been waged for months between General Santana and President Baez has been brought to a close by the abdication of the latter on the 12th of June. An election was subsequently held, and Don José Valverde was chosen President.

From *Central America* the only intelligence of special interest relates to the contest for the Transit Route. M. Belly's French scheme, noted in our last Record, appears to amount to nothing. The Nicaraguan Government has sent Señor Maximo Jerez as Minister to the United States. He brings with him the Cass-Yrissari treaty (noted in our Record for June, where its ratification was prematurely announced), ratified by the Nicaraguan Government, with certain alterations, relating mainly to the landing of United States troops upon the Isthmus, and the protection of the Transit Route by an armed force.

In *Venezuela*, General Castro, the leader of the movement by which Monagas was overthrown, has been chosen President *pro tem*. He received sixty votes in the Council against fifty cast for General Paez, who had not yet returned to the country from his exile.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Bill providing for the admission of Jews to Parliament has passed the House of Lords. It gives the House of Commons the power of omitting, by resolution, the words "on the true faith of a Christian" in the oath administered to members.—The India Bill was slowly advancing through Parliament.—The discovery of gold on Fraser's River has attracted general attention to that portion of British America. In reply to a letter from Governor Douglas, of Vancouver's Island, recounting the measures which he had taken, Sir E. B. Lytton, the Foreign Secretary, says that Government approved of the course which he had taken in asserting the right of the Crown to the sovereignty of the territory, and its claim to the gold found there. He is also commended for waiting for fur-

ther instructions before sending a military force to compel the taking out of gold licenses. It is, says the Secretary, no part of the policy of Government to exclude Americans and other foreigners from the gold-fields. On the contrary, no obstacle is to be interposed to them, so long as they submit to the recognition of the royal authority, and conform to such rules of police as may be established. The right to navigate Frazer's River is a separate question, which Government must reserve. A bill was introduced into Parliament, and promptly passed, erecting a portion of the Pacific dominions of Great Britain into a colony, under the name of New Caledonia. The Governor is to have the power of making laws to govern the colony for five years, after which a Legislative Assembly is to be convened. Vancouver's Island is not at present to be annexed to the colony; but provisions are made for doing so at a future time. The subject of the renewal of the charter of the Hudson's Bay Company was brought forward by Mr. Roebuck, who introduced resolutions against the renewal, and providing that so much of the territory hitherto held by this Company as was now needed for colonization should be resumed at once by the Government. In the course of his speech Mr. Roebuck said that, unless some counterpoise was established, the United States would overshadow not only England but the whole earth. He argued that this was to be done by building up in British America lines of settlements from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Plans had been laid before the Government for carrying a railway directly across the entire continent. The accomplishment of such a scheme would unite England with Vancouver's Island and with China, and would widely extend the civilization of England, which he would boldly assert to be superior to that of America, because the English were a free people uncontaminated with slavery. Upon the grounds of public policy he urged the abrogation of the privileges of the Hudson's Bay Company, which was simply a fur-hunting company, and as such necessarily opposed to colonization. Very similar ground was taken by the Ministers. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton said that "already in the large territory which extends west of the Rocky Mountains, from the American frontier up to the skirts of the Russian domains, we are laying the foundations of what may become hereafter a magnificent abode for the human race; and now eastward of the Rocky Mountains, we are invited to see, in the settlement of the Red River, the nucleus of a new colony, a rampart against any hostile inroad from the American frontier, and an essential arch, as it were, in that great viaduct by which we hope one day to connect the harbors of Vancouver with the Gulf of St. Lawrence." The Ministers, however, urged the withdrawal of the resolutions of Mr. Roebuck on the ground of certain negotiations now pending with Canada in respect to the territory in question, and the necessity of ascertaining the precise legal rights of the Hudson's Bay Company. Mr. Roebuck assented, and the resolutions were withdrawn.—The filthy condition of the Thames is a prominent subject of discussion. The foul odors arising from it render the new Houses of Parliament almost uninhabitable. A bill has been introduced providing for the purification of the river and the draining of London at an estimated cost of \$15,000,000, to be borne by Government.—The name of the *Leviathan* steamer has been changed back to the

Great Eastern. The company to which it belongs have expended all their money, and are unable to fit the vessel out for sea. An unsuccessful application had been made to Government for assistance. An outlay of \$300,000 would enable the company to send the ship to sea, without the saloon and other accommodations for passengers, but the directors could not raise this without the aid of the shareholders. A project has been broached for using the vessel in laying the Atlantic Telegraph cable.

A ministerial crisis has just happened in Canada. When the two provinces were united in 1840, Kingston was selected as the capital. The place was found to be inconvenient, and four years after the seat of Government was removed to Montreal. In 1849 the Parliamentary Buildings were burned down by a mob, and the Legislature made Toronto and Quebec the capitals for alternate periods of four years. This having been found inconvenient, the Legislature last year petitioned the Queen to select a place for the seat of Government. Her Majesty named Ottawa. The Legislature voted, by a small majority, that the place selected by the Queen was not a suitable one. The Ministers considered this vote an act of disrespect to the Queen, and resigned their offices. Mr. Brown, the leader of the Opposition, was then requested to form a new Ministry.

FRANCE.

The Conference of the Plenipotentiaries of the Great Powers is in session at Paris. The affairs of Turkey, and particularly the settlement of the Constitution of the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia, are the principal subjects before the body.—The great naval arsenals, magazines, and docks at Cherbourg were to be inaugurated early in August. Notwithstanding the animadversions of the English press, which represents the establishment of these works as a direct menace against Great Britain, and taken in connection with the constant increase of the French navy, as a proof of ultimate hostile designs on the part of the Emperor, Queen Victoria has accepted an invitation to be present upon the occasion.—The French Minister of Foreign Affairs has published a manifesto in relation to the question of privateering. Thirty-seven Powers have given in their adhesion to the principles proposed by the Paris Conference last year. Spain and Mexico have agreed only in part. The United States only have declined to accept the propositions.

THE EAST.

The recent intelligence from India is not such as to warrant the expectation of a speedy termination of the war. Wherever the insurgents are met in the open field they are defeated; but they disperse only to reassemble at some other point, and the British forces are too few in number to occupy the country. Thus at Calpee, where a desperate stand was anticipated, Sir Hugh Rose routed the rebels with little difficulty; and it was supposed that they were effectually dispersed. But he was surprised by the announcement that they had reassembled near Gwalior, attacked the troops of Maharajah Scindia, one of the allies of the English, defeated them, and taken possession of the strong fort of Gwalior. A considerable portion of Scindia's forces joined the enemy in the midst of the action. This defection is of special importance, as showing that the native troops are by no means to be relied upon. The English forces were soon concentrated

at Gwalior, and the fortress was retaken. Meanwhile the hot weather had come on, producing much sickness in the European army, while the natives suffer little in consequence of it.

From *China* we learn that the English, French, and Russian fleets had proceeded northward to the Pei-ho River. The demands of the Plenipotentiaries not having been complied with, the fort at the mouth of the river, mounting 138 guns, was attacked on the 20th of May by the English and French gun-boats, and taken with little difficulty. Two days after, the forces commenced the ascent of the river. Six thousand French troops, originally destined for Cochin China, were on the way to the seat of hostilities. The American frigates, *Mississippi* and *Minnesota*, with our Commissioner, Mr. Reed, were at the Pei-ho, but neither they nor the Russians appear to have taken any part in the action. At Canton an ineffectual attempt was made on the 2d of June to rout the Chinese "braves" gathered on the hills near the city.

On the 15th of June the Mohammedans of Jeddah, the port on the Red Sea nearest to Mecca, suddenly rose upon the Christian inhabitants. The English Consulate was first attacked and plundered. Mr. Page, the English Consul, and his wife, were killed; then the mob rushed to the French Consulate, and in spite of the efforts of the Turkish

Governor, killed Mr. Eveillard, the Consul, and his wife. Their daughter, a girl of twenty, with her own hand killed the murderer of her father, and afterward, though severely wounded, saved the life of a member of the consulate. More than forty Christians lost their lives in this outbreak. The Sultan, upon the reception of the tidings of this outrage, dispatched a force of 2000 men to Jeddah for the purpose of punishing the criminals.

—The insurrection against the Turkish Government, which has for some time existed in the *Herzegovina*, has been composed, mainly by the interposition of the foreign Consuls. The leaders of the insurgents set forth their complaints against the Turkish authorities, but were told by the Consuls that in order to receive the interposition of the European Powers they must first submit to the Government of the Sultan. They said that they had been so often deceived by the Turks that they would not trust them. They were finally induced to send in their submission, and the commander of the Turkish forces had received orders to withdraw his troops. In *Bosnia* the Christians, who had been disarmed by Omar Pasha, resisted with their implements of agriculture, but were defeated. Six thousand Bosnian Christian peasants had sought refuge in the Austrian territory, in consequence of the excesses committed by the Turkish soldiers.

Literary Notices.

The Life of Thomas Jefferson, Vol. III., by HENRY S. RANDALL, LL.D. (Published by Derby and Jackson.) In the closing volume of the biography of Mr. Jefferson, which is now issued, we have a full portraiture of his life after retiring from his public career, presenting the venerable patriarch of Virginia amidst the shades of Monticello, surrounded by a devoted family circle, and troops of friends, who came from far and near to listen to his colloquial wisdom and to pay homage to the sage in his declining days.

At the close of his presidential term, in 1809, Mr. Jefferson was sixty-six years of age. Upon returning to Monticello, he found his affairs in confusion. His estates had suffered by his protracted absence. The want of the master's eye, and the indulgent treatment to which his slaves were accustomed, had brought his plantations into a state of disorder. The spring was cold and backward. Few signs of vegetation were yet visible, even in that early climate. Mr. Jefferson succeeded in planting only a limited breadth, and there was but a faint promise of harvest returns. He was thus compelled to take an active part in the agricultural administration. It was his habit to rise early, devoting the prime of the morning to his extensive correspondence, and from breakfast to dinner going the rounds of his shops and gardens, or on horseback among his farms. It was not until the dinner hour that he permitted himself to indulge in the society of his friends, which was to him always a delightful recreation, and in which he exercised such varied fascinations. From that time till dark he enjoyed the company of his guests, chatted with the neighboring planters who frequented his house, and made himself the centre of a charmed circle. Between candle-light and early bedtime he was always with his books. His conversation took a wide range. On a great diversity of topics he was

equally at home. He talked with his neighbors of plows and harrows, of seeding and harvesting, spiced with an occasional discourse of politics; to his gay and fashionable guests he made himself agreeable by his profusion of reminiscence and anecdote; and the ambitious young men who sought the presence of the philosophic Nestor, hung eagerly on his lips as he expounded the principles of government, and counseled them to cherish a supreme interest in the freedom and happiness of man.

His property, which had greatly suffered from the embarrassments of the Revolution, now consisted of about ten thousand acres of land and one hundred and fifty slaves. Under ordinary circumstances, this would have made him independent. But from various causes he had been obliged to burden it with heavy responsibilities. His public offices had been sources of expense. While a member of the Virginia Assembly, a member of Congress, and the Governor of Virginia, his salaries were unequal to the demands upon his purse. While in France, as well as during his Presidency, his disbursements were more than his income. He thus left office owing \$20,000. The financial revulsions that rapidly succeeded increased the burden of debt, and laid the foundation of the pecuniary difficulties that embittered his latter days. He was never an improvident man. He had remarkable habits of order and economy, was regular in keeping his accounts, knew the value of money, and was by no means disposed to waste it. He was simple in his tastes, and spent little on himself; nor was he disposed to risk his property in visionary and fantastic experiments. But his generous hospitality, of which a host of visitors availed themselves without stint, made excessive demands upon his means. His guests crowded in upon him from every country, at all times, and with no regard to his convenience. Every day,

for about eight months in the year, brought a supply of fresh recruits. People of fashion, men in office, military and political characters, lawyers, doctors, judges, Protestant clergymen, Catholic priests, members of Congress, foreign missionaries, ministers, Indian agents, tourists, travelers, artists, strangers, friends, alike served to swell the mighty host. Some came from affection and respect; some from curiosity; some to give or receive advice or instruction; some from idleness, and some from example. With this swarm of well-bred guests, came also an influx of impertinent gazers, who wished to say that they had seen the great Democratic leader. Groups of utter strangers, of both sexes, would plant themselves in the passage between his study and dining-room, consulting their watches, and waiting to look at him as he passed out to dinner. A woman once punched through a window-pane with her parasol, in order to get a better view of the hero of her fancy. He was waylaid in his rides and walks. When sitting in his portico in the cool of the evening, parties of men and women would sometimes approach within a dozen yards, and gaze at him point-blank, as they would have gazed on a lion in a menagerie.

The number of guests who came to stay over night was sometimes not less than fifty. With thirty-seven house servants, and the members of his own family, the whole produce of Monticello was not sufficient to furnish food for so many mouths. Not only was every thing raised at Monticello consumed by the host of visitors, but it was necessary to make frequent drafts on his estate at Bedford. Nor were the products of his own farms alone adequate to the perpetual drain. The delicious Virginia ham, on its bed of greens, engirdled by its rim of eggs, in the Old Dominion fashion, with a slice of chicken or turkey, which was ample fare for the table of a plain country gentleman, would not answer for the fashionable epicures that frequented the halls of Monticello. Thus every thing went rapidly to rack and ruin. There were occasional gleams of good fortune, but the general exhaustion and loss were inevitable, unless Mr. Jefferson chose to change the social customs of his life. Without prodigality or improvidence, without embarking a dollar in speculation, he was reduced to comparative poverty. The bulk of his property was literally eaten up by his countrymen. But there would have been still enough to carry him comfortably to the end, had he not lost a large sum of money by indorsing for a friend.

But let us take a look at the interior, which concentrated so many fascinations. The house stood on the very summit of the eminence which gave its name to the estate. It was a long brick structure of a lofty balustraded story, the central portion surmounted by a fine dome. Spacious porticos and piazzas surrounded the house on all sides. The central room was a large square hall, into which the visitor first entered. On the right were horns of the moose, elk, and different varieties of the American deer. Their antlers were hung with Indian and Mexican antiquities, articles of costume, war-clubs, shields, spears, bows, quivers of arrows, and other specimens of aboriginal art. On the left were bones of the mastodon, and other fossil remains from Ohio, and numerous specimens of minerals and other natural curiosities. The busts of Jefferson and Hamilton stood on massive pedestals, on each side of the main entrance. The hall open-

ed by folding glass doors on the drawing-room in the rear. This apartment was neatly furnished, and had a floor of parquetry. A harpsichord stood in one corner; the walls were hung with fine portraits of celebrated American Viceroyals, Andrew Doria, Raleigh, Cortes, Bacon, Newton, and Locke, Washington, John Adams, Madison, and Monroe. On each side of the door opening on the portico, were busts of the emperors Alexander and Napoleon. The dining-room and tea-room were adorned with busts of Washington, Franklin, Voltaire, Lafayette, and Paul Jones. The library extended through the depth of the house, opening into the conservatory.

With these appropriate surroundings, the last years of Mr. Jefferson passed serenely on, presenting a beautiful spectacle of hale and sympathizing old age. There was nothing to disturb the peace of his declining days but the pecuniary losses, which came through no fault of his own, and which he bore with philosophical composure. He retained his love of books to the last. The favorites of his mature years were his choice in the evening hour. The Bible, *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, *Euripides*, were his last reading. The approach of the fatal moment was very gradual. His deportment to his family was marked by the utmost gentleness and consideration. He evidently made an attempt to keep up their spirits. He conversed with his wonted vigor and animation. There was no sign of speedy death but the infant-like debility of his frame. But he never separated from his family for the night without showing, by the fervor of his parting kiss, that he felt the farewell might be a final one. He declined allowing any member of his family to remain with him during the night, until very near his death. To the last he declined the attendance of any of its female members; nor was he aware that the library-door was left ajar to enable them to steal silently through the darkness to hover about his bed. He even required the servants that watched with him to have their pallets in his room, so they could sleep most of the night. About the middle of June he expressed the opinion that his time was at hand. Failing, by quite perceptible degrees, till July 3, his slumbers were evidently those of approaching dissolution. He slept until evening, when he awoke, and seemed to imagine that it was morning, remarking that he had slept all night without being disturbed. "This is the Fourth of July." He fell asleep again: and on being aroused at nine to take his medicine, he replied, in a clear, distinct voice, "No, Doctor, nothing more." His slumbers were disturbed and uneasy, the usual opiate having been omitted. He sat up in his sleep, and went through all the forms of writing—spoke of the Committee of Safety, saying it ought to be warned. As twelve o'clock approached the family anxiously noted the minute-hand of the watch, with the hope that his death would not take place before the morning of the great anniversary. Their wishes were fully gratified. At four in the morning he called his servants, with a loud and clear voice, perfectly conscious of his wants. This was the last time he spoke. At ten he fixed his eye intently on a friend, who stood beside his bed, signifying his wish that his head should be raised to a more elevated position. About eleven, again fixing his eye on the friend just alluded to, he applied his lips to the wet sponge which was presented with evident relish. This was the last sign of consciousness, and

at about fifteen minutes before one he ceased to breathe.

Mr. Jefferson, as portrayed in these pages, was a man rarely endowed in intellect, temper, and moral disposition. He scarcely possessed what is called genius, of which a creative imagination is an essential attribute, but he was certainly an original thinker, with a love of bold, perhaps rash speculation, a keen insight into general principles, and no ordinary acuteness in their application, a native love of the beautiful, a refined taste in literature and art, an unrivaled sagacity in threading the labyrinth of politics, and though an earnest and vigorous partisan, free from malignity or baseness in his relations with opponents. Without claiming profound erudition, in the modern sense of that term, he was a person of great and various learning—his stores of knowledge were not only extensive but accurate and well-arranged—for his time and position, indeed, his attainments may almost be deemed wonderful. His genial and sunny disposition was a perpetual joy to his household. A much larger circle was under the charm of his benign and tempered wisdom, whose treasures were lavishly poured forth in conversation with his friends and visitors. Few men have been so free from the defects which mar the brightness of social intercourse; he had no narrowness of view, no petty egotism, no restless vanity, no deceitful profession; but was always frank and transparent, tolerant of different opinions, generous to an intellectual adversary, earnest in his convictions, and always expressing them with simplicity and candor. He was hated only by those who knew him not; most loved by those who were deepest in his confidence. The portraiture drawn of his private character by Mr. Randall is certainly high colored, but is sustained by too many facts to permit us to doubt its likeness. After the heats of party have subsided forever, Mr. Jefferson will be cherished in the memory of his countrymen as a patriot of the most sincere intentions, a disinterested and honest statesman, a scholar, whose acquisitions might be envied by the most assiduous votary of learning, and a man who commanded love and veneration in proportion to the intimacy with which he was known.

WELLS'S *Natural Philosophy, for the Use of Schools, Academies, and Private Students.*

This is a duodecimo volume of 450 pages, professing to exhibit the latest results of scientific discovery and research. This book contains a large amount of useful information, and it is presented in quite a readable form; while its mechanical execution is neat and attractive. The work has unquestionably considerable merit; but if designed as a text-book for the instruction of students in Natural Philosophy, its defects are serious and fundamental. The book is sadly deficient in system; the style is loose and prolix; and the volume is disfigured by errors of the gravest kind. During a hasty perusal we have marked over a hundred errors, few of which can be charged to the carelessness of the printer. We have not room for a complete list of these errors; but we will present a few as a sample.

On page 61 we are informed that "a pendulum 81 feet long will vibrate once in nine seconds." We recommend to the author to try the experiment.

On page 84 he says, "if the earth revolved 17 times faster than it now does, *all bodies* on the

earth's surface would be deprived of weight." It seems necessary to inform the author that this conclusion is *only* true of bodies situated on the equator.

On page 115 he says, "a beam will sustain the greatest application of force when *compressed* in the direction of its length." But his own table, on page 116, shows that the force required to *crush* a wooden beam is far less than the force required to *pull* it asunder.

On page 144 he informs us that "glass *repels* mercury." We will condescend to inform him that glass *attracts* mercury, and the attraction of glass for mercury is *far stronger* than its attraction for water.

On page 196 he says, "if we reduce the length of a musical string *one-third*, it will yield a note two octaves higher." If Mr. Wells is a musician, we will recommend to him to test this principle by experiment.

On page 286 he says, "the mass of air in a hurricane is driven *outward* from the centre toward the margin." We challenge Mr. Wells to name a single example of the kind here described.

On page 309 he says, "the general effect of concave mirrors is to produce an *image larger than the object*." Probably Mr. Wells intended that we should apply this remark to the reflecting telescope.

On page 321 the author gives a definition of "*the optical centre of a lens*," but his definition is totally erroneous.

On page 324 he says, "the magnifying power of lenses is not, *as is often popularly supposed*, due to the peculiar nature of the glass of which they are made, but to the figure of their surfaces." Mr. Wells, in his Preface, disclaims any pretensions to originality; but he here condescends to correct an error into which every scientific optician has fallen.

At the bottom of page 327 he administers a dignified rebuke to Sir Isaac Newton.

On page 329 he treats of "spherical aberration," but unfortunately confounds two principles totally distinct from each other.

On page 331 he defines "complementary colors," but his definition is absurd in theory as well as false in fact.

On page 335 he says, "the circular form of the rainbow is in consequence of the sun being a light-producing disc, and not a luminous point." Mr. Wells has here reached the climax of absurdity.

On page 367 he informs us that, "by the aid of the Rosse telescope, the nebulae have been discovered to be suns *with planets moving round them*." Will Mr. Wells inform us *in what book* the account of these observations has been published?

The description of the phenomena of terrestrial magnetism, on pages 426, 427, and 428, is miserably defective and inaccurate.

On page 428 we are told that, "for all the ordinary purposes of the wanderer upon the ocean, the magnetic needle may be considered as *free from error*." If a navigator should sail from New York for Liverpool, and rely upon his compass needle as pointing exactly north and south, will Mr. Wells inform us what port he would probably reach?

We think we have quoted sufficiently to show that Mr. Wells's book is altogether an unsuitable one to put into the hands of students from which to acquire a knowledge of the principles of Natural Philosophy. The errors which we have pointed out, particularly in Optics, are not trivial, but glaring and fundamental.

Editor's Table.

THE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.—The progress of society constantly tends to increase the distinctness and independence of the family, considered in the light of a domestic organization. As men are better governed, as trade and commerce are conformed to natural laws, as the various interests of citizenship in their bearing on the business and general welfare of the community are more fully appreciated, the privacy and sacredness of home become more essential to the stability and growth of society. At the same time, the outward world acts with greater influence on the fireside. Civil institutions, prosperous industry, mechanical improvements, diffusing intelligence, contribute to the strength and happiness of the family. And, in turn, the family promotes the advancement of the state. A beneficent interchange of good offices is thus maintained, each working in its own providential sphere for the advantage of the other, and both combining their respective agencies in the onward march of humanity.

Never has home occupied its own ground more completely than at present, and never has the external life of society been more closely connected with its character and condition. A modern household is a miniature world, insulated within its own realm, exercising its own prerogatives and enjoying its privileges, without disturbance. Amidst this seclusion, it is intimately identified with the movements of the age; it is, more than ever, a part of the brotherhood of mankind; and nothing can happen on the globe that does not affect its circumstances. Every day places its private fortunes at the mercy of those changes which are always going on in mercantile and national affairs. A storm on the ocean sinks its treasures, and a battle in India covers its walls with the shadow of death. But it is equally open to the meliorating influences of civilization. The great world takes no step forward that home does not feel; and as nations advance in the arts of peace there is a deeper significance given to marriage, childhood rises to a happier destiny, and domestic piety utters a psalm of devout thanksgiving.

Among those ties which bind the external life of society to the family we may name literature as one of the strongest and most important. Every man of observation knows how much the domestic idea has entered into modern writing, and what a marked change in the modes and manifestations of creative thought has been produced since authors became conscious of the kind of patronage they were to receive. Indeed, the spirit of criticism which has been developed of late years in the private circle of the family has done more to elevate literature than all our dogmatic reviews. And what is still more striking, the vast increase in the number of those books written for the quiet hours of home, and especially for the hands of women and children, their rapid gain, both in quality and quantity, over selecter works of science, shows us that the intellect of the world is enlarging its relations and coming into nearer contact with household mind. We rank this fact among the most hopeful signs of the age. Whenever literature draws its inspiration from such a source, it must gather the best of wisdom as well as the noblest of aspirations into itself.

But our present concern is with the newspaper in the family. The period has not long passed

when the newspaper was almost exclusively regarded as for such thoughts and communications as were understood to have reference to men and their pursuits. Business, politics, and such other distant interests as specially appertained to professional and mercantile life, occupied its columns. One section of the world, and it extremely limited, was under the watchful eye of the editor, and his vocation was restricted to a jealous oversight of its affairs. A man among men, he had no other standard than manly intercourse prescribes. His range was narrow, and often his views and temper narrower. But when the free spirit of an awakened and enthusiastic era penetrated into the operations of society; when, above all, mind, as mind, received an honest and liberal recognition; when intellect was liberated from its inthrallment to classes and factitious associations and taught to think and speak for kindred intellect, wherever it had its abode; then the newspaper, first to herald the dawning age and first to shine with its early light, spread its irradiating beams over the broad surface of human life. The change so effected, amounting to a revolution, proved most beneficial. If it did not restore the days of chivalry, it created a moral and social knighthood that refined sentiment and improved character. It made the editor something more of a man by bringing the conventional rules of society to bear upon him, and by substituting public opinion for class-opinion (or, better said, sex-opinion), it lifted him several grades higher in the scale of intellectual and moral being. The modern newspaper owes a large proportion of its power to the fact that it has become the exponent of society—society as constituted by men and women—and it dates this enhancement of its authority and influence to the time when it entered the household as a guest of accredited respectability and reliable worth.

Without the slightest sympathy with what is termed Woman's Rights movements, we may remark that a movement other than that which is technically advertised in platform speeches has long been progressing with the happiest results. The last honor accorded to woman was mind; but if delayed by strange obtuseness of thought, and yet more niggardly breadth of sentiment, it has finally been yielded with a whole-souled grace sufficient to make amends for past injustice. The returning sense of truth has wrought this noble work. It has been done without the rickety machinery of conventions and the hypocritical symbolism of creeds that exaggerate a truth until it swells into a lie, and intensify a virtue into the fanatical fury of a vice. It has been done silently, but surely; and we are now witnesses of the fact that the growth of generous and sympathetic feelings are able, of themselves, to remedy abuses and rectify errors. We have learned that woman is wedded to man in all relations; that she is his counterpart every where and in every position; and because of this tendency in all things to form an alliance with her, we have come to feel that she is the heart of business no less than the heart of home.

But—to take up the stitch we dropped in this sentence-knitting—let us return to the newspaper. We say, then, that the idea of a family newspaper ought to have especial reference to woman. Not exclusive reference, however, for that would be an extreme almost as unfavorable to her true culture

in the affairs of daily life as her entire neglect. What she needs in a newspaper is such information, such forms of thought, such intellectual, moral, and social action on her nature, rather than on her intellect, as shall expand her mind and mature her character in that experience which is common both to woman and man. Compelled as she is to have, in some things, her own exclusive range of ideas and emotions, there is danger that she may confine herself too much and too intensely to this separate field; and hence the importance of enlisting her attention and sympathy in behalf of those objects that appeal to us outside of the peculiarities of sex. Side by side with man she may thus be educated in all that concerns real life. She may remain "a keeper at home," and yet go abroad; may acquire a full knowledge of the world, and not pay the penalty of too much intercourse with it. By this means she may be fitted to supply a want that men often express, viz., intellectual and social companionship in matters that are above routine, etiquette, and drawing-room gossip. The positions of the two sexes, viewed in relation to the interchanges of mind, are certainly not linked together as they should be for mutual improvement, nor are they as sympathetic in kindred offices of sentiment as their happiness demands. Every intelligent person, of both sexes, has often felt this painfully. But how shall it be improved? How may men as men, and women as women, meet on common ground without abatement of faculty, each retaining his and her endowments, both themselves in nature's best sense, and yet opening their minds to each other's influence in hearty fellowship of thought and feeling? How may those sympathies which now so frequently weaken the intercourse of mind between the sexes be converted into agencies of strength and vigor? But one method has ever occurred to us, viz., to put them both in possession of the same sources of intelligence—to train them, after attaining mature life, under the influence of the same master-thoughts, and through the same general instrumentalities—to give them a common property in the intellectual life of the world, and let their hearts throb alike beneath its inspiring energy. A family newspaper meets this necessity. It offers a woman precisely the sort of information and discipline which she requires for conversational charms. The spirit of a first-rate newspaper is the spirit of active, energetic, daily life, with mind to give it dignity and ready tact for versatile adaptation; and this is just the spirit which our better class of women demand, to enable them to fulfill their intellectual and social relations with becoming propriety and effect.

A family newspaper, then, must report the world every week, as far as it can and ought to report it, for the instruction, enlivenment, and happiness of the family. It should be a biography of life, a history of action. All that is attractive in science, beautiful in art, inviting in letters, with whatever else may invigorate and refresh mind by careful devotion to what is good, and hearty homage for what is great, it should command in sufficient measure for its pages. It must be a newspaper in every meaning of the word—one that shall faithfully depict the great surface of the world as the restlessness of passion, the mutations of opinion, the changes of mighty events speed over it; and one, too, that shall look deeper than the surface, and contemplate those principles in which

the order of society and the welfare of existence have their roots.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT has been a burning summer. Lord Rosse should not have abdicated the honors of prophecy until facts had put him in the wrong. But Englishmen have such an inveterate way of being honest, that he instantly relinquished all the possible glory. John Bull is no saint, but he has what has passed into a proverb, a "downright honesty," which is the best of all national characteristics. Perhaps sufficient justice has not been done to the influence of this quality upon his national position.

Honesty is always manly; and the attitude of Lord Malmesbury in the late "outrage" excitement was simply that of a gentleman. There was no prevarication or stuttering. He said plainly, "We don't assert such and such things, but we do others, and we ask you to help us do what we both agree ought to be done." If diplomacy could only come to this how satisfied we should all be!

Apropos of honesty and hot weather, the Fourth, our national natal day, was an exception in its coolness to the usual temperature. Perhaps it was because it was celebrated on the fifth. In New York there were fewer murders, riots, and fights in honor of the day than for a long time previous. There was also a regular oration—not before the city government, as in other places—but a political society. It was elaborately prepared, and was properly spiced with glory and patriotism, and was productive of immense satisfaction to an appreciative and discriminating audience.

Eloquence ought to be cheap and common on the Fourth of July, and apparently it was so in all parts of the country. One simple rustic, with amiable credulity and surprise, applied an original standard of excellence to eloquence, and exclaimed in print, speaking of a discourse delivered on the Fifth—"Another sentence contains over five hundred words, is twelve inches long in print, and is decorated with about two hundred and fifty adjectives. If that be not oratory, I should like to know what is!" It is, at least, a very pretty way of measuring it, and may lead to important practical results. Lyceum committees and literary societies, in contracting for orations and lectures, might order eloquence in advance. They would doubtless find speakers to "fill the orders."

Thus a committee might request a discourse of an hour long, to consist of five thousand words, be the same more or less, with one good rousing adjective for every three words, sentences to vary from fifty to six hundred words, with climaxes and apostrophes *ad libitum*. Fancy the sharp man of the society counting up the oration afterward, and catching an occasional short fifty, or an attenuated adjective stretched over four words! He would consider it in the bill.

However, the Easy Chair has lately had its talk about eloquence, and must not push farther in that direction. It would be a melancholy sign of the fond garrulity and forgetfulness of age to be chewing the cud of old reflections. And yet how much sweetness and pith they have still! A really good thought is always good to return upon and think over. It is like Moore's vase of roses, the scent hangs round it still. Or rather, why not like an orange which you can never squeeze dry? Or

again, like the purse of Fortunatus, in which you always find a gold guinea? A good thought is like a favorite old coat, it is so well made that you can never believe it is worn out. Friends may tell you it is very shabby, but you know its form is becoming to your own, and you secretly believe that every body sees what you see. And yet what ingratitude men show to old coats, and to old thoughts!

The Easy Chair has seen grave, good men, or such they seemed to be, who deliberately decoyed peddlers into their rooms, and actually bartered for money the old familiar coat, endeared by a twelvemonth, nay, by years of intimate companionship! The mind sickens at human depravity!

For think but a moment *how* intimate a friend your coat is! It sees and knows what no human being knows or sees, or even, perhaps, suspects. It goes with you to drinking-shops, to play-houses, to gambling-houses, perhaps even to banks and counting-rooms! It knows all you do and say, and yet—O fidelity and friendship—it is faithfully and forever silent. How it could compromise you—how it could ruin you—how it never tells your wife whose arm last rested upon yours—how your fate depends upon its silence—and—O fidelity, again—how silent it is!

Well, in all the wear and tear of its existence, its efforts to cover you in all your doings, untiring, unsleeping, in fact losing its nap for you every day, accommodating itself to your least wrinkle, clinging so closely to you, and continually fitting itself to your motions, and doing this all with such touching silence—has there been no softening of your heart? Have you actually been upon these terms with a friend so discreet and inseparable, sleeping in the same room with him, and often—in moments of forgetfulness, or on occasion of very early homeward returns in the morning—upon the same bed with him, intertwined in an inextricable embrace, and without a solitary emotion of sympathy or gratitude? Can the human heart be so hard? Are monsters, then, no fable?

Ah! make no excuses. The Easy Chair knows in advance your paltry subterfuge. It already hears you saying, in a strain unworthy a man, that your honor compels you to forego any but ceremonious intercourse with a claimant of such a character that he has even been cut by your tailor!

Of course, when a man comes to this, dewy pity sets in. The Easy Chair leaves him to those purifying showers.

But how did we get here? Were we not speaking of eloquence, and Fourth of July, and other good thoughts? To be sure we have wandered a little. But some wandering may be forgiven to an old Easy Chair chatting with his friends, and giving a word to every whim. Do you expect him to deliver set discourses, with adjectives like bread at a French dinner, *à discretion*? Not at all! not at all! But he will end as he began, and returning to the Fourth, show you how "the fathers" used to "do" the eloquence on the great day. Here is the last sentence—the snapper, to speak irreverently—of an oration delivered in Boston on the seventeenth anniversary of our national independence by a subsequent President of the United States, John Quincy Adams. The orator is describing the millennial consequences of his hope that "the career of arbitrary power will be radically extracted from the human constitution," and after lavishing a great

many words—although not so many as a hundred freely spattered with adjective sauce, he exclaims:

"Visions of bliss! with every breath to heaven we speed an ejaculation that the time may hasten, when your reality shall be no longer the ground of votive supplication, but the theme of grateful acknowledgment; when the choral gratulations of the liberated myriads of the elder world, in symphony sweeter than the music of the spheres, shall hail your country, Americans, as the youngest daughter of Nature and the first-born offspring of Freedom."

BUT the summer is not only vocal with the music of "Independent," but of literary orators. It is our season of College Commencements, which are the most pleasant of all pleasant public occasions.

The word College, with us, usually describes a high school or advanced academy. The term University, or an institution comprising instruction in the universal circle of science and arts, is hardly to be applied to any of our institutions of learning. Many of them are generously endowed, but few of them even aim at the ends of a university. Of course, seats of learning will be valuable and frequented in the degree that they supply the knowledge required. All kinds of acquirement are sought by men, but in Iowa Sanscrit will naturally be less studied than engineering or agricultural chemistry.

Now what we most need in our colleges is an adaptation of means to ends. As most of them can not command sufficient funds to place themselves upon the broadest university foundation, they ought to supply, in the best way, such instruction as the circumstances and necessities of the time and region in which they are situated demand. But nothing is so inflexible as college tradition. Our colleges are modifications of the European university. Cambridge, New England, is Cambridge, England, only less so, and the character of the English Cambridge was impressed upon it by monks centuries ago.

Hence our colleges are constantly putting the emphasis in the wrong place. For instance, the technically classical interest is the chief interest, and the colleges are officered by accomplished professors and scholars in the Greek and Roman language and literatures. Now the Greek and Roman languages are very interesting to all who speak the English because the latter tongue owes much to the former. Also, the Greek literature is the earliest and one of the most magnificent in the world. For the Latin, however, not much is to be said. Rome has given us no grand or great poet, nobody to stand with Homer or Dante or Shakespeare. Virgil and Horace are surely the best, but they are of the lesser Gods.

Now these languages and literatures, however good they are, are not better than our own for any possible purpose of ours. And yet, while it is fair and right that they should be taught, is it not pitiful that only until recently, and by no means universally now, the noblest of languages and the richest of literatures—our mother English—have been adequately taught. The majority of young men who go to college spend four years in liberalizing study, intending to devote themselves to business, and counting upon their college education as a kind of leaven of learning for their whole lives. During the college years they are obliged to pursue certain studies. Now, by all rules of common sense, ought

they not to be those which will be most useful to them? If a man intends to be a practical dyer, is it the object of a university to teach him Astronomy? You say, of course, no; but that the object is to humanize his mind by general study. That is not, as the Easy Chair conceives, the intention of a university, which is to give any man of any age the means of acquiring any information upon any subject he may desire.

But even if it were, then he must be "liberalized" to the best advantage; that is, as he has but four years, he must get the most out of them. If he can master Latin, Greek, and English, with Science, Philosophy, and Art, let him do so, and we will all seek his beneficent acquaintance when he graduates. But if he must make an election, the Easy Chair would advise him to select his own language and its literature, and leave by the way the smattering of "the classics." Don't be bullied by names. Shakespeare and Milton are "classics" as absolutely as Cicero and Aristotle. Yet the college system usually compels the youth to dig a certain quantity of Demosthenes and chew a little Juvenal, whether he is aware of such individuals as Bacon and Spenser or not. The college tendency is to send the budding dyer from the recitation rooms to his vats able to scan Homer and read Ovid's Art of Love, but unable to read Chaucer, not yet introduced to Bacon or Bunyan, not upon speaking terms even with Shakespeare or Milton, nor knowing Butler, Jeremy Taylor, Sir Thomas Browne, Hooker, Swift, or Defoe by sight.

The point is, that not only is he more likely to wish to pursue studies in sound English literature, if he is a sensible man and has but little time for any study, but the colleges are least prepared to give him what he most wants.

In obedience to the same traditions, at the annual Commencements the venerable and venerated President of such a college may be seen solemnly crowned with a monkish cap, significant of nothing under heaven but a sentence to death, solemnly addressing the Honorable the Board of Trustees and the Reverend the Corporation upon the proficiency of the young gentlemen now graduating, in a language which the profoundly interested and attentive aspect of those learned bodies forbids the suspicion that they do not understand, although the willful and naughty spectator will sometimes secretly say to himself what was said of the old Diplomatist, "Nobody can be as wise as you look." This lucid performance closed, the honored and beloved Prex (h. and b. spite of the awful black cap) then hands each of those accomplished young gentlemen a diploma, which is to certify their capacity to serve living people; but as it is written in a language which not only died before those people were born, but is so dead that even its professors do not know how it was pronounced, the diploma is as intelligible to the people to whom it is addressed as a recipe for pudding sauce written in Choctaw to a New England housekeeper.

These are but feathers and straws, but they show how the wind sets in the college grounds.

Of late years, however, a great change has commenced, and even that black cap is in danger. In the Eastern States we are still in a certain way colonies of Europe; but beyond the Alleghanies a different life will make a different college. Education there will gradually be seen not to be a certain acquirement in certain traditional directions, but the development of men in such a way that

they may best do their work where they are placed. The immediate dependence of a democratic government upon the people, and the dependence of all popular government upon popular morality, make it all the more necessary that we should have a system of education, not traditional and alien, but so suited to the moral, as well as the intellectual and scientific, requirements of the people, as constantly to promote the popular morality, and, consequently, the national prosperity and the permanence of our government.

THE author of "Nothing to Wear" was clearly not a man who had nothing to say. City life, from the Fifth Avenue to the Five Points, was a pathetic phantasmagoria before his eyes; and in the easy, tripping, musical, and touching verses with which the world is now familiar, he pointed the old moral and adorned the old tale with a kind of trenchant tenderness which placed his satire among the best in our literature. Its immediate popularity was immense and extraordinary—and deserved.

Of course the question has been often enough asked whether the success was a chance. That inquiry always is suggested by a first brilliant stroke. People remember Single-speech Hamilton (calling him famous without knowing who he was or what his speech was). They quote Kinglake's "Eothen" as the work of a man whom its great popularity paralyzed. And every body wondered whether Mr. Butler would try again, or whether his talent had nothing further to wear in the career of literary creation.

The Phi Beta Kappa Society of Yale College put this question in a very pointed and personal way by asking him to deliver its annual poem at its late Anniversary. To that question the poet returned a prompt and elaborate answer; and "Two Millions," read before that Society on a lovely summer evening in the church consecrated by the associations of many college festivals and glowing intellectual performances, was printed the next day, and has been read on many a lovely evening and bright morning since—and the public is now aware that "Nothing to Wear" was not the whole crop, but only a single fruit upon the tree.

There is no need of comparing the two poems. "Two Millions" is much more carefully finished and considered. In its spirit it belongs to the best school of contemporary literature, and of all literature. It is a fluent, graceful, sparkling, trenchant satire—not by a recluse, but by a man of the world, who sings from his own knowledge, from his personal experience of character and life. And it is most felicitously adapted to reach and touch those sinners who sleep under sermons and snore under "goody" talk. It is broad, but not extravagant. It is plainly a satire, yet so sensible that its lesson is not lost in the laugh it occasions.

May the kind heart and the shrewd eye and the cunning hand that produced it long fulfill their office! The harvest is always ripe for the sharp silver sickle; and it is not wasted though it may be stored out of sight of the reaper.

THERE is something incredible in the quiet way in which the American public submits to the grossest wrong. In no country are the facilities and inducements of travel so great as they are with us, and nowhere in the world is traveling so dangerous. It is impossible to take a seat in our cars without a backward look of peculiarly yearning

love to the friends who are left behind as to those whom we shall see no more. Half a dozen times in the year the newspapers bristle with exclamation points and imposing types upon occasion of some fresh railway slaughter, and meanwhile the massacre goes on, and the reader exclaims, "It is too outrageous!" "It is abominable!" "They ought to be hung!" And the papers turn indignant periods, and the Easy Chairs sneer, and still the slaughter is not checked.

In a country where the people govern, such a state of things is as ludicrous as it is tragical. What prevents some representative introducing, and all the representatives supporting, next winter, in the Legislature, a bill making it imperative upon every railroad company to fence the whole length of their road—to keep such a corps of road surveyors that they may be in sight of each other, and in communication from one end to the other, day and night—that these road surveyors shall be responsible for the condition of the track and the state of the rails—that there shall be corresponding officers for the survey of the cars, and that the conductors and drivers shall be so well paid that they shall constitute a class in every way equal in ability and responsibility to the very best class of ship-masters. Let there be also some kind of communication between the cars and the locomotive. The Easy Chair has been in a train on which the bolts connecting the cars broke, and, of course, that absurd string which runs along the tops of the cars snapped, but it did not even sound the bell upon the locomotive, which dashed forward, and could only be stopped by a prolonged and frantic pulling at the same cord.

The last accident (at the time of writing), that upon the Erie Railroad, was evidently the result of the most culpable carelessness—either a rail was lying upon the track, or the rail was broken. In the first case it should have been known, of course; and, in the second, it ought equally to have been tested before the passage of the train, and its condition ascertained. Then the cars were thrown off from a curve, and a curve upon a very high embankment. Upon the top of this embankment there was no fence. If there could not be a fence, on account of the situation, why was not the security of a fence found in a greatly diminished speed? On the contrary, around this curve, upon an unprotected embankment, the train dashed along at such speed that the passengers were nervous, spoke of the danger, and changed their places.

In the absence of any law requiring certain conditions of speed and protection, the President and Directors of the Erie Railroad may plead that their own directions were sufficient. The tragedy shows that they were not sufficient. Either the driver of the locomotive whirled the train around that curve in obedience to orders, or he did not. If he did, the officers should be indicted for conspiracy to murder; if not, he should himself be liable for the same offense, and so with the conductor. He, if any body, knew the running regulations of his train. If he was obeying instructions, in allowing such speed at such a place, he should suffer with those whose agent he was. If he didn't like to interfere with the engine-driver, or was allowing the rate upon his own responsibility, he should be criminally indicted.

The truth is, as every body knows, that most of the railroads in the country are bankrupt—that they run in reckless rivalry with all neighboring

roads—that speed at any rate is therefore the end sought, and that all the details of safety are sacrificed. The experience of railroad, in this country has proved that they are such speculating enterprises that it will not do to leave the details of their management, in respect of human safety, in the hands of their managers. The people of the country, therefore, should take the matter up, and declare that there shall be no railroads at all except under certain stringent conditions. There is many a good lesson which we Democrats might learn out of the book of Despotism, and one is the protection of human life from the chances of travel. A man goes all over Europe by diligence, and steamboat, and car, and is surprised to find how gayly he goes—how he enters a railway station without feeling that he is stepping into his tomb, and how freely and fully he lays down his plans of travel without wondering whether he shall survive to reach the next town.

If the Easy Chair should chance to catch the ear of any legislator in any State, why will he not consider whether he could do a better service to his constituents than to save them from the bloody consequences of the mad rivalry of railroad companies?

THE mails are generous to the Easy Chair. Not so much in bringing letters as in showing how kindly and interestedly his words are heard. There must be differences where all are human—need there be rabid and furious quarrels? Last month we chatted together of vituperation, of personal invective. Have we not learned to see—is it not the richest result of experience when we do learn to see—that it is not the fact of difference among men which extinguishes hope in so many hearts—but the *spirit* of difference? Who has ever listened to an ecclesiastical debate—who has ever heard a minister of God who is love, preaching a doctrinal discourse without seeming to hear a distant music penetrating the sharp and loud denunciation, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest?"

A correspondent of the *Christian Intelligencer*, writing from Pekin, Illinois, thinks that the Easy Chair favors Sabbath-breaking, and hopes that it "will no longer parade before the public eye, in disgusting union, piety and worldliness, those uncongenial companions;" and most unnecessarily accuses this venerable piece of furniture of things which self-respect and regard for the friend who has so gravely misunderstood the matter prevent the Easy Chair from repeating.

The Easy Chair claims to be judged by its general spirit, and not by occasional isolated phrases and sentences which, from certain points of view, might bear a construction which was not intended. May a man not do good—to himself and to his neighbors—upon the Sabbath-day? Is there no significance in the words, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?"

Let the correspondent remember that it is the letter which killeth, and the spirit, *only*, which giveth life. A man may "stand up for God"—as Dudley Tyng said—in such a way, that he shall never be admitted to see his face.

Now hear what a different strain from beyond Illinois:

"A PLEASANT LITTLE TOWN, IOWA.

"MY DEAR EASY CHAIR.—I have neither youth, beauty, nor talent, so dare not kneel at your feet, or lay my

hand caressingly on your arm; but I should like to stand behind you, and whisper into your indulgent ear my thanks for your—~~such~~—~~ear~~. I will call them.

"They have brought back to my mind a vision like reality of hearing the cuckoo's sweet song in green England, and, if my memory serves me truly, no poet can exaggerate its plaintive sweetness.

"Were you ever at Highgate, dear Easy Chair? It is within sight and sound of the 'modern Babylon,' but yet, a few years ago, had all the appearance and loveliness of a country village. There is a cemetery there now, a pretty place because of its natural situation, laid out on a sloping eminence, with green fields around it, and the dear hedge-row elms here and there lifting their old, yet leafy-crowned heads, to the blue sky. Looking to the south, there is a heavy, murky cloud (looking full of confused noise), that ever hangs over London; yet *here* making every thing seem *purer* and *calmer* to a 'Cockney,' who *loves* every thing like country.

"And oh, Easy Chair, that cemetery is a *sacred* place as well as a pleasant, for there lie my dear parents, awaiting the day when they shall again see their children, so far away now from that grave and each other!

"I do not know *why* I wrote the last sentence, for I was going to tell you that where the cemetery is now used to be a flowery field, with a small thicket of trees, and *there*, standing in a garden opening into it, I first heard the cuckoo at twilight, and, thanks to your May paper, can hear it still.

"What memories come crowding! O kind Easy Chair, tell me, is it best, or not, to have our feelings and affections warm and young, while our bodies are getting old? I thank you for your papers. I always feel them to be written from a kind and true heart.

"Your sincere well-wisher,

"N. N. Y."

ANOTHER, also from the West, after saying such sweet things of the Easy Chair that modestly reluctantly compels him to believe it better not to let the public know what at least one friend thinks, proceeds to tell a few truths of Mr. Porte Crayon which shall not be concealed:

"After lingering long and lovingly over the dear old Chair, I turn tremblingly to see if that charming Porte Crayon has come again to enliven us with his graphic sketches. In saying Porte Crayon, I allude also to Larkin, for I can not think that two such artists exist at the same time in the same country. I have heard him called the Cruikshank of America. I know that I am no judge of such matters—for how should one be, raised in the prairies of a new country? But I can not help thinking that while Cruikshank makes his characters superlatively ludicrous he is not true to nature, while every one admits that Porte Crayon is perfect. He, no doubt, adopts as his motto that 'Truth is stranger than fiction.' The minute we have finished reading the Magazine in the house, the negroes send for it in the kitchen. 'Did you ever see the like ev that? The man what drawed these picters mus be a conjurer. If there ain't Ole Uncle Jim; and that's the very spit ev Dinah.' If it were not for the pleasure it affords us all, I should be sorry that Porte Crayon was a contributor to *Harper*, for it is almost impossible to keep the numbers neat enough for binding. But what is a book for but to make people happy?"

Is not our diocese truly democratic? If you doubt, look here:

"My home is not in the sunny South, or on the Western prairies, but on the shore of one of those large lakes whose waters help to form the mighty Mississippi; so that these waters, which now lie so calm before my door, after flowing thousands of miles past many a beautiful scene, and busy city, and quiet home, may at last mingle with their kindred in the Gulf or lose themselves in the ocean. Among the many, many firesides that your Monthly visits, in none is it more welcome than in mine. Months pass here and I do not look upon the face of a white woman, except my own; and thus cut off from all society,

I know how to prize it, and the reading the variety of articles that crowd its pages has beguiled the tediousness of the long evenings during the past winter. Even the Indian girls are never weary of looking through its pages to gaze upon the strange scenes it brings before them, and the fashion plates seem particularly to interest them, and, no doubt, awaken strange thoughts in their minds. So I thank you most heartily for all the good things you bring together for the amusement and instruction of your readers."

STILL another picture from the South:

"I will rock you gently, O kindly Easy Chair, upon the wide porch of a stately Southern house. Scattered over the knoll upon which it stands are the forest trees which the 'woodman spared.' A series of great log steps served to cross the fence to the road in the times I wot of, but they have yielded, I doubt not, long ere this, to a patent gate.

"Half a mile beyond is a town—a city, they call it—with a magnificent red brick court-house, the refulgence of whose tin roof lightens all the 'Dark and Bloody Ground' of the 'Regulators' and 'Moderators.'

"All round the mansion extend the piazzas, and I will put you on wheels, dear Easy Chair, and we will make the circuit on a mid-summer evening. 'What! a youth and a maiden on every side? Are they all lovers?' 'Not quite; but they are on dangerous ground.' The sun has gone down—not to sleep among the flowers of the 'last prairie of Texas'—a hundred and twenty miles through the forests of oak, and pine, and hickory, and sweet gum, might bring you to the first one; not to bathe his fiery disc in the waves of the Mexican Sea—two hundred and fifty miles, as the crow flies—and yet the scene is very beautiful.

"The moon is up now, and on that side where most her light falls, you shall see a fair-haired youth leaning against a jasmine-cumbered pillar of the porch, rapt with the music of the words of a most fair lady, half reclining on a rustic couch beside him; her forehead is too high—her chin is too small—she is over-pale for beauty, but that may be the moonlight—and now I see her eyes, I find it does not matter about the rest.

"Her hand is upon his arm, and if ever man was bound in chains of adamant, it is he: he could easier stop the throbbings of his heart with a word than fling off the thrall of that little hand. And now she is growing earnest; she springs up, and points to the almost faded castles of the sunset; her eyes see farther than ours, and in their shadowy depths I see now, what I could not see before—the long, dreamy swell of the 'Mexican Sea,' ever heaving, like restless memories upon the horizon of the Past. But the vision passes, and the 'royal purple' eyes rest again upon the charmed youth. Come away, Easy Chair! You and I had better not listen; and I have seen those chains of gossamer and iron woven before. Ah! Lucy Petway, Lucy Petway! spare him!"

In the April Number for this year the Easy Chair replied to the letter of "a friend without a name," and to that reply the friend dispatched a rejoinder in explanation.

"The Easy Chair chanced to roll a castor upon a certain snuff-colored dress worn by one of his audience; and having had occasion before to defend the choice—in a private way—after this manner, 'The homelier the dress the handsomer the wearer,' I could not forbear saying, 'Will you have the goodness to move your chair, Sir?' I could not rise."

A FRIEND in Urbano, Ohio, writes:

"Seeing various attempts to improve that beautiful song, 'John Anderson my Joe, John,' I am tempted to give you from memory a similar attempt, and I think successful, to give a preface to Bruce's Address. The facts, communicated to me in 1832, by an Irish physician, Dr. Hunt, of Rossville, in this State, were, in substance, as follows. At a party in the 'Ould Country,' the 'Address' became the subject of criticism—objections being

made that it commenced too abruptly, when a gentleman present said the evil could be remedied, and on being pressed, promised to attempt it. During the evening he produced the following:

"At Bannockburn proud Edward lay,
The Scots they werena far away,
Just waiting for the dawn of day,
To see wha would be best.
The sun at length peep'd o'er the heath,
And blush'd to see the work of death,
When Bruce, with soul-inspiring breath
His men he thus address'd—
"So'st thou wha ha'e we! Wallace bled," etc.

"I have never seen this addition in print, and do not think it ever has been published in this country, at least. So much was I struck with its beauty and appropriateness that it has remained in my memory for over a quarter of a century."

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE long-pending *Cagliari* affair, so far as England is concerned, is now over. Our readers surely know its history: how a Sardinian steamer, of the regular mercantile service between Genoa and Naples, was seized, a year ago and more, by a Neapolitan war vessel, and her crew thrown into prison—the crime alleged being the transport of revolutionary insurgents. Two English engineers formed part of her crew, and were imprisoned with the rest. The Palmerston Government negotiated, vacillated, while the poor engineers grew sick and half crazed in their cruel confinement. The Derby Government demanded instant release of the men, and indemnity—giving ten days for answer.

King Bomba made answer that, under compulsion, he submitted; but would name no sum as indemnity, as he recognized the justice of no such claim.

England named three thousand pounds, and took men and money. All the liberals of the Continent rejoice in the discomfiture of the Sicilian king; while the French and Russian journals take a special delight in contrasting the vigorous action of England toward the small Italian state with her manner toward America in the matter of the Gulf visits. No one sympathizes with the King who has been fleeced; yet there is some dignity, some truth, and a great deal of bitterness, in his curt reply to Malmesbury, alleging injustice, and an arrogance of power, which, being unable to resist, he must silently suffer.

If, now, this Southern monarch had, by conciliation, by mercies, put himself in such relations with his subjects, and the rest of Italy, as to have allowed him to enter such plea for his tame submission as duty to his people, who could not be taxed with the hazards and the losses of war, what sympathies—royal and democratic—would have gathered round his court! As the matter stands, he has played the part of braggart and coward, while his isolation deepens the stigma. Even the Austrian and the Russian organs, while they question seriously the *brusquerie* of the British diplomacy, do not lend a word of condolence with the discomfited court.

The men of Montenegro still hold their position in the mountains, while the plains eastward of Grahova are whitened with the Turkish tents and the French war ships cruising abreast of Cattaro. But this, as well as the lengthened discussions of the Paris Congress in respect to the Danubian Principalities, has given way latterly to the more immediate interest attaching to the seizure of the

Regina Celi, and the debate on the affair in the British House of Lords.

The excited tone of the Paris journals upon this subject will warrant us in recapitulating the principal facts in the case. The *Regina Celi* sailed last autumn for the western coast of Africa, to procure a cargo of "free African laborers" for service in the French colonies of the West Indies. The vessel made a harbor upon the coast of Liberia; the Captain (Simon) submitted the details of his scheme to the authorities of the port, accompanied them to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, where interviews were had with the President. The result was an agreement to furnish passports to four hundred "free laborers," on condition that Captain Simon should pay into the treasury of the republic a sum of fifteen hundred dollars for such right of "pass." It does not appear, from the documents thus far produced, whether the authorities were to undertake the procurement of the laborers, or whether this was to be an additional charge upon the Captain. However this may be, the recruits were speedily made up on Liberian soil, and nearly three hundred were already on shipboard (the ship lying some half mile off the shore), when, in the absence of the Captain, an altercation occurred between a black cook attached to the vessel and one of the emigrants; the fight soon became general; the emigrants massacred the crew, sparing only the ship's physician.

The Captain, seeing indications of difficulty from the shore, approached the vessel in his cutter, but was warned off by the blacks; he, however, succeeded in picking up one sailor who had leaped overboard to escape death at the hands of the mutineers.

He next secured the services of some of the local authorities, as well as a company of American seamen, and made a new attempt to gain possession of the vessel.

While affairs were in this state—the French ship drifting, and the Captain arranging his forces—a British steamer sailed into port, took possession of the *Regina Celi*, received the Captain on board, without paying much heed to his story or his claims, and steamed away, with the French vessel in tow, to Monrovia.

Here the blacks were allowed to land, carrying, as the Captain alleges, very much of the cargo with them.

The captain of the steamer enters claim for salvage, against which the Frenchman protests.

The discussion of the affair has now passed under the "distinguished consideration" of diplomacy, and, the other evening, was subject of debate in the House of Lords.

Lord Brougham dwelt upon the event as illustrative of the horrors of slavery, and concluded by calling "upon the governments of France and England to put an end, at once and forever, to the odious traffic in human beings."

The Earl of Malmesbury (Foreign Secretary) spoke of it as an affair lying between the respective governments of France and Liberia; but said, farther, that "it would be his duty to protest to the French Government against the course which they were pursuing, which, although it appeared to be a system of immigration, could only be considered a renewal of the slave-trade."

Earl Grey "regretted to find that the Government of France was at that moment a gigantic slave-dealer, and that wars were undertaken in

Africa for the purpose of obtaining captives to sell to the French Government. He considered that the French Government were responsible to God and man for the war which devastated Africa for the purpose of obtaining slaves; and regretted that a French officer should act the disgraceful part of filling the office of supercargo of the vessel in which they were shipped."

These are grave charges, and have excited, as we have said, no small amount of ireful talk on this side the Channel. The *Constitutionnel* says, curtly, "France can not and will not accept the manner in which the noble lord (Malmesbury) and some other orators of the Upper House have spoken of the conduct of the French Government in what concerns the importation of free laborers into our colonies."

Others are even more indignant in their tone; and a grave journalist, not heretofore counted in the Imperial ranks, says, "Public sentiment in France has been too largely excited by the extraordinary criminations of the House of Lords, to allow the Government to keep silence. It must declare itself with energy. The questions of African emigration, now for a long time discussed between the two governments, has taken now a long stride; it must be definitively resolved upon, and pushed with zeal."

Will France yield the point? Will England, with Lord Carnarvon's exhibit of the enormities of the Coolie transportation, press the point?

If packed and brutalized Indiamen will give new value to the sugar plantations of Jamaica, may not packed and brutalized Liberians give value to the fields of Martinique? The largest difference seems to lie in the color of the exportation; and neither seems in the way of helping us to a solution of the problem—how to work tropical lands by men who think instead of men-machines. Let the *savans* settle us this point, and we shall need neither Coolies nor Africans.

STRAIGHT from this sturdy political topic we will drift away, far as the Bosphorus, into the Imperial Serai. Nezibeh Sultana, daughter of the Ottoman ruler, has been married, and we assist at the nuptial fête—so much of it, at least, as belonged to her processional passage to her new home.

The ceremony was announced for the hour of noon, but long before that time the part of the Bosphorus in front of the Imperial palace was alive with caiques of every size and description—from the stately five-oared, with its crew in Brussa silk shirts, down to the most modest single-oared caiques, with a rag for a carpet and a Jew for a boatman. Before the waiting-rooms, which are separated by a court-yard, transformed into a garden, from the palace itself, the caiques of all the pillars of the state were drawn up in a line, waiting for their masters. These latter perform, in the marriages of sultanas, the part which in common marriages belongs to the friends of the bridegroom, while the female portion of their families paid their homage to the bride in the harem. The palace showed no great signs of preparation. All the range of the apartments for males and the state apartments looked as dead and deserted as usual; only at the gilt iron gate which leads to the harem symptoms of life were visible. The passage leading down from the portico to the gate was inclosed by a high screen of red-cloth, and the steps covered with gorgeous carpets, on which gaudily-

dressed slave children were disporting themselves. A few palace servants carrying trays tied up in colored gauze along the quay toward the caiques, some eunuchs in gilt uniforms making themselves busy, and now and then a white-faced palace dignitary trying to look active, were all that appeared. But if there seemed little life in the palace, so much the more was outside. The quay, usually so gray and dismal, looked like the gay parterre of a garden; crowds of Turkish women, in all the colors of the rainbow, were trying to settle down, forgetting, in their eagerness of sight-seeing, their inborn Oriental dignity, and chattering, quarreling, and pushing about like any lively European crowd. At one o'clock the indispensable salute of cannon announced the beginning of the proceedings. One by one the high officials entered their caiques; passing the palace, they stopped at some distance from it, waiting for the appearance of the bride, and ready to head the *cortège*. By degrees the palace caiques approached and moored along the quay, leaving the place of honor before the gate to the splendid state caique destined for the sultana, and immediately before it another, similar, but not so rich, for the Kislär Aga, who has to deliver over the bride to her future husband. The sultana's caique was painted white, with richly-gilt carvings along the bulwarks, and rose-colored oars, likewise relieved with gold ornaments. In the after-part of it a beautiful little cabin, all gold and pale blue, with glittering Venetian blinds, was erected. A faint sound of song, the usual marriage ditty, heralded the approach of the bride; the children disappeared, the servants formed a row, and the procession began. First came, supported by two blacks, the Kislär Aga, who is at the head of the whole female department of the palace, and plays a prominent part on all such occasions. After him the mother of the bride, gorgeously dressed in pink satin etjeh, likewise supported by two blacks, one of them holding a large pink umbrella embroidered in silver over her head. She was followed by the younger brothers and sisters of the bride, each of them accompanied by their mothers and their suites of ladies and blacks. When these had passed and taken their seats in the caiques, the red screen was spread out and drawn down to the door of the little cabin, so as to conceal the bride from profane eyes. In spite of these precautions, before she descended the flight of steps one could catch a glance of her as she came out, covered with a rose-colored veil from head to foot, and followed by a host of ladies and children of the palace, who accompanied her, singing the monotonous marriage chant, which sounded quite melodious as it came across the water. The screen was withdrawn, and a fat eunuch in a rich uniform sat before the door of the cabin which had let in the bride. The signal was given, and the procession started, the high officials in front according to their rank—the highest nearest to the bride; after them the caique containing the Kislär Aga, and then the bride, followed by her sisters and brothers, and her own and their suites. The distance from the palace to Emerghan, where Mustapha Pasha's summer palace has been taken for the couple, is about five miles, and the sight which they presented while the procession passed slowly was quite unique. Wherever there is a quay along the whole distance, it was covered with a multitude, almost exclusively women, who in sight-seeing have here always the right of precedence. Wherever there is no quay,

and the houses rise close to the water, the windows presented the same aspect. On all the prominent points the military were drawn up, with their bands playing, so that the *cortège* was almost all along accompanied by the sound of music. The effect which this *ensemble* produced it is impossible to describe. Color, which forms the most prominent feature in every Eastern *tableau*, lent to this, too, a charm of its own; the most glaring tints harmonized, and were framed in by the equally bright-colored houses on both shores, looking their best in the brilliant sunshine, with emerald-green hills as a back-ground, a cloudless sky above, and a blue, calm sea below. It was a real feast for the eye. After a row of about an hour and a half, the procession reached its destination. The sultana stopped before the harem door, in her caique, until all the female part of the *cortège* had landed, and formed inside to receive her. Before the screen was closed one could see the *grande maîtresse* come down to introduce the bride to her house. Again the sounds of the marriage song were heard, the screen was withdrawn, and the bride had passed.

Now, as we come back from this bridal service upon the Brazen Horn, let us take note (since we have no more serious things to occupy us) of a railway chit-chat; the place lying between the crowded Ems and the equally crowded Aix-la-Chapelle; the talkers a smoking German, a red-whiskered Englishman, and a loquacious Hungarian—for, in this heated season, the Rhine country brings all nationalities together.

The Hungarian and Englishman have been voyaging in company through the countries bordering the Danube. The Hungarian repeats adventure after adventure, the Englishman confirming all with ejaculatory "No" or "Yes," and the German puffing, listening, and illustrating his wonderment with "*Der Teufel!*"

"It happened," says the Hungarian, "that one day we came into a village where a great crowd was gathered about what proved to be a scaffold. The authorities were all present, and a corps of soldiers, besides an infinite number of peasant men and women. As we came up the poor culprit had just dropped, and was dangling in the air.

"Now what does *milord* do but jump forward, burst through the soldiery, draw his pocket-knife, and cut the man down. So quickly was it all done, that the wretched creature fell upon his feet alive; and as it formed no part of the law in that country that a man should 'hang till he was dead,' he was quit of justice. Of course there was a great uproar; *milord* was seized, his coat torn from his back [the Englishman nods assent; the German puffs, and says "*Der Teufel!*"], and would have been hanged himself, perhaps, if he had not drawn out his purse and offered to make it all right.

"A hundred guineas was counted over to the magistrate; fifty to the family of the victim; besides which, *milord* insisted upon paying fifty more to the man he had saved, which made him fifty times richer than he had ever been in his life.

"What do you think of that?"

"Magnifique!" says the German; "what humanity, *milord!*"

Milord shakes his head. "No; it was only a fancy I've had for a long time to get possession of a rope with which somebody had been hanged. I applied at Newgate, but the people said no; I paid

two hundred guineas for this—it's in my portmanteau."

Of course we do not vouch for the truth of railway conversations; who can? The English, however, are certainly very fond of *entrées*.

Another railway story about Ary Scheffer, who is *just now dead*, and the Duke of Orleans. The painter instructed the Orleans princesses in drawing, and endeared himself strongly to all the family of Louis Philippe. The Duke of Orleans was in the habit of visiting the artist at his studio. On one occasion, as he passed in at the door, in his usual *bourgeois* dress, he was hailed by the porter.

"*Mon ami*, do you mount to the rooms of M. Scheffer?"

"I do," said the Duke.

"*Eh bien*," said the porter; "the tailor has just now left a pair of pantaloons for him—would you be so good as take them with you?"

"*Très volontiers*," said the Duke; and, presenting himself to the artist, said, "I hope, *mon ami*, I don't use too much ceremony with you; here are your pantaloons the tailor has just left."

The mortified artist attempted apology for his porter.

"There is no need," said the Duke; "he took me for a friend of yours—why shouldn't he?"

The anecdote gives a pleasanter coloring to our memory of the King's son than one of Ary Scheffer's portraits could.

We said Scheffer was dead. Let us put on record a fact or two about his life.

He was born in Holland in the year 1795; was educated in France, and his artistic tendencies were all French to an extreme; his drawing perfect; his coloring exaggerated; his sentiment stilted. His greatest pictures are "Francesca Rimini and her Lover meeting Dante and Virgil," the "Dead Christ," and two from Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." He avoided the coteries of Paris, and held an isolated position; none of the established critics, by reason of this, were his friends. As a man he was much beloved.

THE late Paris duels have called up the subject of dueling anew; and among the most extraordinary affairs of that nature which inquiry has brought to light, is the story of a duel commencing in 1794 and ending only in 1813. We commend its perusal to Messrs. Gwin, Wilson, Burlingame, *et id omne belliger*:

In 1794, then, there lived a Captain of hussars, Fournier by name, at Strasbourg, who was the most hot-headed and quarrelsome man in all that region. Again and again he had slain his man in duels, but no successes seemed to satiate his taste for this sort of murder. On one occasion he had wantonly provoked a young man, named Blumm—who was a great favorite among the good bourgeoisie of Strasbourg—and as wantonly had slain him.

The whole town was full of excitement, and the whole town condemned Fournier as his murderer. Still, dueling was honorable; who should venture to punish the murderer, who was only duelist?

It happened that, upon the night of the burial of poor Blumm, a great ball, long time announced, was given by the military commander of the place. Fournier was among the invited guests; but the general commanding, foreseeing what unpleasant *rencontres* might grow out of his presence, gave or-

ders to his aid-de-camp, Captain Dupont, to station himself at the door, and, citing the order of his general, to give *congé* to Fournier.

Dupont accepted the commission. Fournier in due time presented himself. Dupont addressed him: "Fournier, what are you doing here on the night of poor Blumm's burial?"

"Ah! *c'est toi*, Dupont; *bon!* I come to the ball, naturally enough."

"And I am here to prevent you, by my general's orders."

"Ah! *c'est ça!* I can not fight the general, for his rank; you will, perhaps, have no objection?—you who commit impertinences at second-hand."

Dupont accepted the challenge; in a few days they fought, and Dupont succeeded in giving the desperado a severe sword wound; but Fournier, even as he fell, claimed a new meeting. On his recovery another duel was fought, in which Fournier wounded Dupont severely. But Dupont, maddened by the ruffianism of his antagonist, and trusting to his skill, insisted, upon his recovery, on a third trial. Fournier declared for pistols, being himself unflinching in his aim, and amusing himself on leisure evenings by shattering the pipes in the mouths of the soldiers with pistol-balls.

Dupont, however, claimed a privilege of the military service, and the trial was renewed with swords. Both were slightly wounded. Upon this a duel convention was drawn up between them (still in existence), running in this way:

1st. As often as MM. Dupont and Fournier find themselves within thirty leagues of each other, they shall meet half-way between, for a duel with swords.

2d. If either of the combatants finds himself restrained by the exigences of the service, the other shall make the entire journey, in order to effect a meeting.

3d. No excuse, except such as may grow out of the exigences of military duty, shall be admissible.

The convention was executed in good faith; on every occasion when it was possible for the two hot-heads to meet, they met, and fought desperately.

A most extraordinary correspondence sprung up between them, of which we give a sample.

"I am invited," writes one, "to breakfast with the staff of *chasseurs*, at Luneville; and since you are in that place, upon leave of absence, I shall accept the invitation, and shall hope for the opportunity of giving you another sword thrust.

"Truly yours."

Or, again:

"DEAR FRIEND,—I shall pass through Strasbourg at noon, on the 5th of November next. You will find me at the Hôtel des Postes: we will have a fight."

Sometimes the promotion of one or the other, by destroying their military equality, interfered with the prosecution of their agreeable engagements. Thus Fournier writes:

"MY DEAR DUPONT,—I learn that the Emperor has made you General of Brigade. Accept my felicitations. The appointment gives me special pleasure, since it restores you to equality of rank with me, and gives us opportunity to renew fight, which I shall surely do on the first occasion."

The affair, naturally enough, attracted great attention in its day. Each bore the marks of numerous wounds: each was anxious to compass the

death of the other. Both, however, were admirable swordsmen, and held religiously to the law of the duel, which forbade a second thrust after blood had once been drawn.

On one occasion, it is related that they met unexpectedly by night in a chalet of Switzerland.

"Ah, Dupont, it is you! Let us fight!"

Dupont threw aside his cloak, and put himself in position. As they parried thrust after thrust, the following conversation took place:

"*Parbleu!* I thought you were in the interior."

"No, I am ordered here."

"Good! We shall we near by. Are you lately arrived?"

"This instant."

"Very good to think of me." And as he spoke Dupont's sword pierced his neck-cloth, grazing his neck, and pinning him to the wall.

The noise of the altercation had drawn in officers from a neighboring chalet, who separated the antagonists.

So through fourteen years the long duel trailed, satisfaction not being given or gained.

At length Dupont found himself on the eve of marriage. His *fiancée* insisted the strife should be ended. He paid a visit to Fournier; he represented to him the inconvenience of the feud and the intervention of his bride. He proposed a finality.

A duel should be fought with pistols.

Fournier, conscious of his force in that way, expressed surprise.

Dupont says, "I know this. But I have a scheme to put us on a level. A friend of mine has a pleasant copse, inclosed by a high wall; there are two gates—one to the north, one to the south. At noon precisely, to-morrow, you shall enter at the north gate, pistol in hand; I shall enter by the south. Once within the copse, each shall seek his occasion to fire.

The terms were accepted. At noon the next day they entered; the gates were closed; they advanced cautiously from thicket to thicket. At length they discovered each other, and at the same instant each took refuge behind a trunk. Five minutes passed: Dupont slowly thrust his arm beyond shelter; the bark flew, there was a quick report, and one ball of Fournier's was lost. Five minutes more, and Dupont cautiously thrust his hat into sight: on the instant it was pierced, the ball grazing his fingers.

He now marched out coolly: Fournier left his shelter, with the empty pistol in his hand—cool to the last.

Dupont took deliberate aim at his heart—stopped. "I have your life in my hands," said he. "I give it you on this condition—that if you ever harass me, or provoke me to renew this long fight, I shall have the benefit of two balls before you fire." The condition were accepted; the fourteen years of duel were ended; Dupont was married; the story is done.

WHAT more? Shall we tell you what heat is raging in Paris? How our feet cling to the asphalt—how the carriages are moving around the skirts of the Pré-Catalan till two of the morning—how the damsels of Mabilite faint and fall—how the glory of the Chateau des Fleurs is wilted—how we sigh for the deep glades of Fontainebleau, where the Court is holding its revels—how the talk of munition and armaments, the taunts of the *Times*,

and the explanations of the *Moniteur*, heat us only the more?

Or shall we give you to read only the *idées* in which we indulge—a careless, half-sleepy eye-cast over the *Faits Divers*?

A pair of slippers, a gauze dressing-gown, an open casement, a gentle, languid breeze from the river, a murmur in the poplars, a *Galignani*, and we read:

“WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN WRITES.—M. Chevalier reports his 94° Fahrenheit, yet people believe the thermometer is keeping back the truth. The real warmth of Paris may be estimated by the number of gentlemen who walk about with their hats off, and who, with handkerchief in hand, are constantly employed in delicate attentions to their head. Maids may be seen sleeping in the chairs of the public gardens, leaving the children in their charge to look after themselves. The politicians who read newspapers by habit under the trees in the many open-air resorts of this pleasant city, may be observed journal in hand, without looking at its contents. I believe all the learned leading articles about the Danubian Principalities are sadly neglected just now. It is also too hot to get up any interest about the Montenegrins. No one seems really alive and in earnest but certain English travelers, who may be seen issuing out of the hotels of the Rue de Rivoli. They, with guide-book in hand, walk as rapidly in the burning sun as if they had just left the office of their London house of business, and feared to be too late for a railway train. Why are we English always making a labor even of our pleasures? It was frightful to see young Farnham racing with his two sisters in the sunlight to-day (84° Fahrenheit in the shade). It was three o'clock when I met them, and already they had seen, since breakfast time, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Louvre, and the Garden of Plants! They were all proud of their work, and, panting, told you so with damp, red faces and dusty boots. ‘Come and see the Governor!’ exclaimed my friend. We proceeded accordingly to Meurice’s *coiffeur*-room, as Farnham called that long saloon on the ground floor, where Englishmen may be seen daily taking their breakfast and reading the newspaper. Old Farnham (he is the Farnham of Farnham, Grigg, and Mason, M——r) was also doing business. He had got the waiter up in a corner, and, with note-book in hand, was endeavoring to calculate how much English beer was consumed in one year in Paris. The whole family are working from morning to night, regardless of the heat or the nominal object of their visit to Paris. Every one else, as I said before, is idle. The *cafés* on the Boulevards are doing a wonderful business in romantic drinks of rainbow hue, from the rose-colored *sirop de groseilles*, convulsed in soda-water, to *opal absinthe*. If other trades are dull, those who live by the thirst of the fashionable world must be doing a good business.”

That 84° Fahrenheit may carry sensation of heat to those beyond the channel; but you will smile at it in Norfolk.

And you will smile at this:

“PRIZE FIGHT BY WOMEN.—Two disreputable women (Anne Smith and Rachael Gough) were discovered on Sunday morning in the pottery-fields near Liverpool, stripped to the waist, and fighting after the most approved fashion of professional pugilists. Their ‘fancy men’ were acting as seconds. The affair, it appeared, had been got up by the men

in question, who had been wagering as to the fighting properties and merits of their respective innamoratas. The women were brought before the local magistrate yesterday, and were committed to prison for a month.”

And at this:

“TOLERANCE FOR CHINA.—At the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, last Saturday, Lord Brougham related the following amusing anecdote:

“Lord Lyndhurst gave me, a short time since, an anecdote of a gentleman who was connected with the Hague, and who on one occasion received an invitation to the house of a Cuban gentleman, a negro proprietor of a large estate, where he was received with the utmost hospitality and treated elegantly. He said that he was rather entertained when, after dinner was over, his colored host said that he was a man without any prejudice whatever, and that whenever he found a person honest, honorable, and respectable in every point of view, he held out the hand of fellowship to him, even though his color were as white as that table-cloth.”

A *Times* correspondent states this curious fact:

“Monroe Edwards (who died a convict in an American jail) succeeded in swindling Lord Brougham and the late Lord Althorp by the pretense that he was here to expose an attempt to introduce African slaves into Texas, then an independent republic; but that was proved to be merely the clever hoax of an ingenious rascal, and the only sufferers were, not the Africans, but the philanthropic noblemen above-named.”

And he goes on to speak in this way of the Gulf visits: “The grave question that has now arisen for the last time between the United States and Great Britain has absolutely nothing to do with the slave-trade, or with slavery. The great fear is, that we shall only awake too late to a sense of the imminent danger of the position. A Washington correspondent, on whose accuracy I have been accustomed for many years to rely, writes me that public opinion had compelled the Administration to order (at any rate the attempt at) the capture of one of her Majesty’s vessels of war now stationed on the American coast. Much as the results to which this might lead are to be deplored, I think that if, reversing the case, twenty-one of our coasting vessels had been fired into and boarded by an American corvette in the British Channel, we should deem a less vigorous course derogatory to the reputation of the British navy; and I can well imagine, Sir, the vigorous eloquence with which your pen would announce that the ‘insolent Yankee’ had been brought into Plymouth Sound under the stern of her Majesty’s ship. We have committed a series of gross outrages; it behooves us first to make proper reparation, and then, having ascertained whether the present or the late Administration are responsible for what has been done, to avenge, without respect to party, such audacious and wicked trifling with the interests of the masses by the governing class.

“I am, Sir, etc.,

“VOYAGUER.”

Again, this waif from Italy: “A discovery, interesting to the literary world, has recently been made at Florence, being that of a manuscript copy of Dante, thought to be in the handwriting of Petrarch. The Grand Duke, and particularly the Hereditary Prince, who pays much attention to literary matters, requested the savant Amici to

visit all the libraries in which there are manuscripts of Petrarch, and take a *fac-simile* by means of photography, in order to compare with them the manuscript now lighted on. M. Amici visited Milan for this purpose, the Ambrosian library in that city containing a Virgil copied, it is said, by Boccaccio, but with notes in the handwriting of Petrarch. On one of the leaves is a note written on the very day that he lost his Laura, and mentioning the fact."

And, finally, a characteristic speech from Mr. Dickens before the "General Recreation Society" of London: we have room only for a bit of its introduction: "You must know that I have still at home one very dear young child not yet arrived at the years of sufficient discretion to go to school in France or Germany with his brothers. He has formed a decided hostility to all cats in the neighboring courts, in which he is assisted by a Scotch terrier. These two—the English child and the Scotch dog—are perpetually flying in and out of the garden, the terrier in a sort of poetical rapture of cats. This very afternoon I was in my own room, endeavoring with a heavy heart to consider the responsibility I had taken upon myself for this evening, but I was unable to do so in consequence of these two, and so I resolved to go for a short stroll. The first thing I saw when I went out of my own door was a policeman who was hiding among the lilacs, apparently lying in wait for some burglar or murderer. After observing him with great anxiety for a minute or two, I was relieved to find that the subject of his vigilance was nothing more than a hoop, which he presently took into custody, and carried off to the station-house. Now, my way happened to lie through three leading squares. In the first I encountered a company of seven little boys, each boy carrying a bag much larger than himself, a very peculiar bottle, and a very home-made fishing-rod, with which impediments they were making their way to Hampstead ponds, where I imagine the party would not arrive in time to tumble in before dark. I found the dignity of the second square—a highly genteel one—very much impaired by having the game of hop-scotch chalked all over its pavement; and here, too, I found my own personal dignity suffered some little detriment through my becoming, without my own consent, a centre point or pivot to a game between two boys, who avoided each other round me, and looked at each other through me, and made me of no more account than if I had been a sort of moving post or pillar. Coming to a long hackney coach-stand in that neighborhood, I found the waterman in a state of red heat and rage, because some children were sending their shuttlecocks flying about among the horses, while other little children were shouting to an imaginary ba-a-a-loon. In the third square I arrived in time to offer relief to three diminutive little boys, who had been made the sport of three other diminutive little boys, a size larger, and who, in default of any thing else for play, had thrown the three little boys' caps down an area. I arrived in course of time in Lincoln's-inn-fields, where speedily I seemed to find myself in an enemy's country, as awful spikes had been stuck into all the posts for the impalement of the youth of London, and there, too, I saw an attack on the part of an officer in gold-lace hat, and armed with a large cane, upon the little boys there, whom he pursued with horrible menaces."

Editor's Drawer.

A MEMBER of the diplomatic corps from our country, residing in Europe, writes: "You can form no idea how home-like and refreshing it is to cut the pages of your mirth-provoking Drawer, and enjoy the feast of good things, away over the seas, and among a strange people. Next to being at home is the pleasure of receiving and reading *Harper*. For good and sufficient reasons you need not mention the exact spot from which you get this note; but you may be sure that your Magazine finds its way here, and is always welcome 'as the hand of brother in a foreign land.'"

THE keeper of the Drawer is under obligations manifold to the friends at home and abroad who supply these pages with so many capital things; and never have the obligations been greater than during the summer months just passed. But the state of our pages has been such that the amount of matter in the Drawer department has been necessarily curtailed, and many of the choicest favors of our friends are yet lying snugly under lock and key, waiting for a place and space to air themselves. We make this explanation that our correspondents may not suppose that the pleasant things they have sent us have been overlooked or forgotten. On the contrary, they are struggling for a hearing, and shall have it soon. In the mean time let us have the best that every reader has at his command, under the good old rule—"The more the merrier."

IN a place in Wisconsin, the name of which we can not pronounce if we should succeed in spelling it, resides a correspondent of the Drawer who furnishes the following:

"Odd and good is old Dr. Nichols, who formerly practiced medicine in Ohio. He 'took up' the business, having been 'brought up' to a trade; and as the calls and fees did not come fast enough to suit him, he added an apothecary's shop to his business, for the retail of drugs and medicines. He had a great sign painted to attract the wondering eyes of the villagers, and the Doctor loved to stand in front of the store and explain its beauties to the gaping beholders. One of these was an Irishman, who gazed at it for a while with a comical look, and then exclaimed,

"'Och! and by the powers, Doctor, if it isn't fine! but there's something a little bit wanting in it.'

"'And what, pray, is that?' asked the Doctor.

"'Why, you see,' says Pat, 'you've got a beautiful sheet of water here, and not a bit of a bird swimming in it.'

"'Ay—yes,' replied the Doctor; 'that's a good thought. I'll have a couple of swans painted there; wouldn't they be fine?'

"'Faith and I don't know but they would,' says Pat; 'but I'm after thinking there's another kind o' bird what would be more appropriate.'

"'And what's that?' asks the Doctor.

"'Why I can't exactly think of his name just now, but he is one of them kind of birds that when he sings he says "QUACK, QUACK, QUACK!"'

"The last that was seen of Pat and the Doctor, Pat was running for dear life, and the Doctor after him."

It is one thing to say you are going to die, and

quite another thing to be told of it by somebody else. This truth is well illustrated by an incident which a friend relates as occurring in his own experience. He is a lawyer:

"One of the coldest nights in January I was roused from my sleep by a loud knocking at my door, for the servants were all in bed and it was past twelve o'clock. I opened the window, and was told by a rich Irish voice that a gentleman at the St. Nicholas was dying, and wanted a lawyer, and I must come without a moment's delay. Hurrying on my clothes I was soon in the street, and, reaching the hotel, was conducted at once to the stranger's room. Evidently he was very sick. I took my seat by his side, expressing regret at finding him so ill. 'Yes, Sir,' he said, 'I am dying, and I want to make my will; will you write it at once?' Paper and pens being at hand, I drew up his will at his dictation. He had large property. Stocks, real estate, and various securities were bequeathed to his several relatives; charitable institutions were remembered, and the whole thing done in legal form. Before closing the document I said to him, as he was a stranger in the city, perhaps he would wish to make some arrangement or leave direction respecting his burial—what cemetery, etc.—or what should be done with his remains. Starting up from his pillow, and making a grasp toward me, he cried out, 'Burial! cemetery! remains! What are you talking about? You villain! do you tell me I'm going to die! I'm not going to do any thing of the kind! Get out of this room! What are you doing here? I don't wish your company—out with you!'

"It was plain the man was out of his mind. In his weak state the excitement had been too much for him. He tore his bed-clothes, raved for an hour or two, then became quiet and went to sleep. I left the house and returned to my own, pondering upon the strange scenes through which I had passed. The next day I called at the hotel to make inquiries after my client. He had packed up in the morning, and taken the cars for home! The excitement had set him up. I was a better doctor than lawyer. But, whether he regarded me as one or the other, he had left a note for me, apologizing for his conduct and inclosing fifty dollars."

WE have read the following long time ago, and now have it from two correspondents who think it has never been printed, and they are telling it to the world for the first time. Well, it is a very good story:

"A young Methodist minister, full of zeal in his Master's work, was 'riding circuit' in the mountains of North Carolina. At the forks of the road there lived a brawny, stalwart son of Vulcan, who did the blacksmithing for all the country people therearound. He was a man of strong will, and a zealous disciple of Tom Paine. His Herculean frame, and bold, flat-footed way of saying things, had impressed his neighbors, and he held the rod *in terrorem* over them.

"One calm, bright Saturday morning many of the neighbors—as is the wont in these out-of-the-way places, had assembled at the blacksmith's shop. The young minister rode up, saddle-bagged, on his sleek, nice steed (Methodist ministers are famous as judges of horse-flesh, you know). After passing the usual compliments with the neighbors, Mr. Vulcan walked up, and, in an unmistakable voice and manner, inquired,

"Where are you going to, Sir?"

"Mockingly the minister replied, 'To heaven' (heaven), where I have an appointment to preach."

"Did you not receive a message from me that you should not preach there, nor elsewhere in my grounds?"

"I did."

"Do you mean to preach?"

"I do."

"Do you know who I am?"

"I do."

"And you mean to disobey my order?"

"I do."

"You will have to walk over me first then," at the same time seizing the minister by the arm, and attempting to pull him from his horse. In a twinkling the active young man sprang from his horse plump upon the body of the blacksmith, his weight carrying them both to the earth, the minister uppermost. Skillfully, artistically putting in his fist into the blacksmith's face, while one hand held him tightly by the throat, the smith had no time to lose, but soon bellowed out 'Enough!' greatly to the amazement and amusement of the by-standers, who looked on and 'let him.'

"May I preach?" says the minister, still pinning him to the earth.

"No!"

"Very well," and he began to repeat his blows with telling effect.

"Enough!"

"May I preach?"

"Yes," says the smith.

"I want Tom Paine's works—where are they?" asks the minister.

"What do you want with them?" replied the smith.

"You shall burn them."

"I will die first!" cried Vulcan, still pinned, but making a death-struggle to rise.

"Very well," and the minister put in his blows again, hot and heavy.

"Enough, I tell you, enough! will you kill a man?"

"Will you burn Tom Paine's works?"

"No! no! no!"

"Very well," and the minister put in a blow which brought the claret.

"Yes, yes! I will burn the books if you will let me get up!"

"All right! but you must go with me to meeting to-day and hear me preach."

"No; I will die a hundred deaths before I will do that!"

"Yes, you shall!" and fixing one knee on the breast of the bravo and one hand on his throat, he began pommeling the smith with zeal, and no mistake.

"Vulcan bawled out, 'Yes, yes! any thing! You shall preach, I will burn Tom Paine's books, and will go with you to meeting!'

"There was an honest earnestness in his promises; so the young man helped him up, and washed his bruises. Vulcan walked into his house—a few rods off—soon returned, bringing all his infidel books with him, laid them on the hearth, set his bellows to work with his own hand, and soon they were consumed.

"Wash and dress yourself, and come along. I am late—you have detained me," said the minister.

"And so did Vulcan; and the preacher says 'he went, listened, prayed, and in a short time became

a humble, consistent Christian, and is to-day the most useful and valuable member I have ever had in all my churches.'"

THE monotony of a recent trip from New Orleans to Memphis was pleasantly relieved by the following somewhat unusual occurrence:

Dinner—the great event of the day—being finished, how to "kill time" was the only thought of the passengers. Some proceeded to the hurricane-deck; others, with a determination to lose money as well as time, were seated in the "social hall," engaged in the fascinating game of "poker;" but the greater number were lounging in easy postures about the cabin, perusing "*Harper* for July," or deeply immersed in the "yellow-covered literature" so plentiful on our Western waters.

In the ladies' cabin were seated the captain and his friend—a rich Tennessee planter—and two lady acquaintances, playing a social game of "euchre." Near the party, at the piano, sat a lovely young widow, who was returning East from a visit to the "Crescent City," and with whom the young planter had formed a slight acquaintance. Suspended above the instrument was a mirror, in which was reflected the pretty features of the young widow; and from the frequent glances of the planter in that direction, he seemed far more interested in the music than in the cards.

At last he exclaimed, "Captain, do you think there is any music in such pieces as she is playing?" to which the captain replied, "No; I have heard Gottschalk and Thalberg play just such stuff in New Orleans at two dollars a ticket, and I must say I had rather, ten to one, hear our boys sing 'Jordan' or the 'Mississippi Boat-race' than listen to the best of their fancy music." One of the ladies here remarked that her friend was performing some of the choicest gems from "*Il Trovatore*;" and that all the best music was from the operas. The young Tennesseean then desired to know what operas "*Yankee Doodle*" and "*Arkansas Traveler*" were taken from? for, in his opinion, they were among the best pieces he had ever listened to. Rising from his seat, he proposed the question to the lady at the piano; seeming to have more confidence in her opinion, on so important a subject, than in that of his companions, and pretended great surprise at being informed that his favorite pieces were not operatic. The party now gathered round the piano, and one and another favorite song was called for, and performed by the obliging widow, to the evident delight of the young planter, who, in his turn, asked her to sing "Do they miss me at home?" This finished, it was agreed that the performer should favor the company with *her* favorite; whereupon she commenced the well-known song, "I would like to change my name." During its performance the Tennesseean seemed wholly absorbed in either the music or the musician; and when, in the second verse, she sang,

"I would like to change my name,
And settle down in life;
Here's a chance for some young man
That's seeking for a wife.
Perhaps you think I'm jesting,
And mean not what I say;
But if you think so, try me,
You'll find I'll not say nay!"—

she gave him a roguish look from her laughing black eyes that evidently excited new emotions within him, for—with a mixture of boldness and

diffidence—he remarked that he had often heard that there was much truth spoken in jest; and that, for his part, he was willing to test her sincerity. Suiting his actions to his words, he wrote his name on a card, and, handing it to her, he asked whether the name upon it would make an agreeable change. Although herself much surprised at the part she was acting in a joke that was becoming more practical than was at first intended, she did not appear displeased with his question, or to wish to retreat from her position, but still rather evaded a direct reply. As he pressed her for an answer, she asked him if he really was in earnest? and upon his assuring her that he was, she said, "Then, so am I." "Enough said!" exclaimed the young planter; "if there is a clergyman on board we will have the ceremony performed forthwith."

The captain informed him that the Rev. Mr. C—, from —, was on board; but desired that he might have a little time to make suitable preparations for the occasion, which it was agreed should come off at eight o'clock on the same evening.

Accordingly vigorous preparations were immediately set on foot by the captain, who was determined that the time or occasion should not easily be forgotten by any of the participants. His success was complete; and a happier bride and bridegroom, or a merrier wedding party, was never seen than "tripped the light fantastic toe" that evening on board the stanch steamer.

The pleasure of the party was at its height when the captain announced that they had arrived at — landing, where his friend would be obliged to leave them. And so, amidst the cordial congratulations of their friends, the best wishes of the passengers, and the cheers of the crew, the happy couple left the boat for their "sunny Southern home." As the boat resumed her course we turned into our berths to dream on the events of the day, and wonder at the irresistible "power of music."

As the quasi King of America is said to be descended from the Kings of Kippen in Scotland, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to know how the *Buchanans* of Arnpryor came to acquire that title.

James the Fifth of Scotland, who is described as "a very sociable, debonair prince," had a custom, like the celebrated Haroun Alraschid, of traveling in disguise, in order to hear complaints which might not otherwise reach the royal ears. On these occasions he assumed the name of "the Goodman of Ballangeich;" that is, the farmer or tenant of Ballangeich, a steep pass behind the royal castle of Stirling.

In the autumn of 1530, James, who was feasting at Stirling castle, sent for some venison to the neighboring hills. The venison had to pass the gates of the castle of Arnpryor, belonging to the chief of the Buchanans.

Buchanan had a considerable number of guests with him, and was short of victuals, although they had more than enough of liquor.

Seeing so much fat venison passing his gate, the chief seized on it, and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to King James, he somewhat rudely answered that if James was King in Stirling, he was King in Kippen—the name of the district in which the castle of Arnpryor is situated.

On hearing what had happened, James immediately mounted his horse and rode to Buchanan's house, where he found a couple of grim warders, with battle-axes on their shoulders, standing sentinels at the door.

These warders refused the King admittance, saying the laird was at dinner with his friends, and could not be disturbed. "Yet go up, my good fellow," said the King to the milder looking of the wardens, "and tell the laird that the Goodman of Ballangeich has come to feast with the King of Kippen." The warder went grumbling into the castle, and told his master "that a chiel, wi' a rough, red beard, who ca'd himsel' the Goodman of Ballangeich was at the gate, and said he had come to feast with the King of Kippen." As soon as Buchanan heard these words he knew the King was there in person; and hastening down, asked his forgiveness for his insolent conduct.

James not only forgave him, but, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison; and, after washing it down with copious draughts of claret, became so softened that he gave the laird liberty to tithe any of the royal venison that might thereafter be passing his gate. And thus the chief of the Buchanans of Arnprior was ever afterward, and is even now, jocularly called the "King of Kippen."

"WHOEVER has been present in the New York House of Assembly when the question is taken upon the final passage of a bill, can scarcely fail to remember that after the roll has been called, perhaps the second or third time, one member after another rushes in from the lobby, screaming out, 'Mr. Speaker, I desire to have my name recorded in the affirmative!'"

"The writer of this recently borrowed of an Assemblyman from one of the rural counties a book of travels, entitled 'Travels and Adventures of Alexander Henry,' published at Montreal in 1809. Mr. Henry had been an Indian trader, and miraculously escaped with his life from the massacre by the Indians at Fort Michilimackinac, in 1763.

"The morning after the massacre,' Mr. H. says, 'I was alarmed by a noise in the prison lodge; and looking through the openings of the lodge in which I was, I saw seven dead bodies of white men dragged forth. Upon my inquiring into the occasion, I was informed that a certain Indian chief, called by the Canadians Le Grand Sable, had not long before arrived from his winter's hunt; and that he having been absent when the war begun, and being now desirous of manifesting to the Indians at large his hearty concurrence in what they had done, had gone into the prison lodge, and there, with his knife, put the seven men whose bodies I had seen to death.'

"Written, by way of note, at the bottom of the page from which the above extract is taken is the following, in the handwriting of the member: 'In parliamentary language, *he desired to have his name recorded in the affirmative.*'"

A CORRESPONDENT in Kansas sends the following to the Drawer. He signs his own name to the story, warranting it to be true:

"Judge Jones, of Indiana, celebrated alike for his want of beauty and his superior shrewdness as a criminal lawyer, when once on a visit to the State Fair at Indianapolis, was presented with a *jack-knife* by a 'committee of ways' for being the

ugliest man in the State. The Judge good-naturedly pocketed both the knife and the joke. Sometime after, when attending a term of the Circuit Court of Liberty, Indiana, he one day espied a man on the street who immediately attracted his whole attention. After following him through the town, examining his face closely, until, seemingly convinced of some doubtful question, he approached the man and stopped him.

"My dear Sir," said the Judge, 'I have a present in my possession that belongs to you.'

"Thank you," replied the stranger, 'I will be pleased to receive it.'

"The Judge drew from his pocket the jack-knife, and offered it to him.

"This must be a mistake," exclaimed the man. 'This knife does not belong to me.'

"No mistake," said the Judge. 'I know it is yours. This knife was awarded to me by the State of Indiana as a premium for being the ugliest man in it, and I always thought the award was just until I met you; but now, Sir, I am satisfied there was an error, and I do not wish to wrong you any longer by retaining that which is honestly yours.'

"Dropping the knife in the stranger's hand, who remained speechless with amazement, the Judge quietly walked off."

"ALL the ignorance of the country is not confined to the West, from which so many of your cases of stupid blundering come." So writes a patriotic Eastern man, who is willing that all should come in "share and share" alike. He tells us of one of the New England census-takers who arranged his statistics under the appropriate heads, and was generally correct; but mistaking *sex* for *sects*, he returned the deaths, etc., of all the persons named as Methodist, Baptist, etc., instead of male or female. That will do till something better beats it.

As good a colored story as we have had in many a month comes from an Augustan correspondent in Georgia:

"Simon had long aspired to the easy and dignified office of cart or ox-driver. One day he looked with envious eye upon the favored Jef, as, seated upon the pole of his cart, he drove whistling along, the impersonation, in Simon's view, of the true *otium cum dignitate*. Never doubting his qualifications for the post (what office-seeker does?), he longed, or, as he expressed it, 'fairly ecched,' for an opportunity of displaying his skill, confident that it would be such as could not fail to secure him a permanent seat upon the cart, *à la* Jef, removed. At length fortune seconded his wishes; Jef was luckily absent; the corn must be sent to mill; Simon must yoke 'Buck and Darb,' and carry it.

"Now you gwine to see drivin'," said he to the 'boss,' when, having finished the preliminaries, he took his seat upon the cart, cracked his whip over the cattle, and added spirit to its effect by a well-modulated 'Gee up higher!' Away rushed Buck and Darb in grand style for about ten steps; then suddenly stopped, with a jerk that well-nigh precipitated our hero from his long-coveted seat. A second 'Go 'long da, Buck! you Darb, what you 'bout now?' with numerous and divers scientific jerks at the line and artistic flourishes of the whip, resulted no better. 'Why, 'pon de face of de yeath, what's got into dese steers? Jes' look at Darb

now, a pullin' agin Buck, and a tryin' to twis' his tail roun' toder way! Do b'leve in my soul dem steers knows I ain't Jef! And yander's de boss, too, 'll be hollerin' at me 'fore long!

"After seein' him worry with them a little longer, the boss, who had seated himself on the fence a few yards off to enjoy the sport, did 'holler' at him, to tell him he had yoked the oxen on the sides to which they were respectively unaccustomed, and that he must disengage them, and put Buck on the right side and Darb on the left.

"'Heh!' said Simon, 'wonder why I didn't see dat! I thought somethin' must be de matter; I'll fix you now, my boys—you see ef I don't.'

"Pretty soon he was off his seat and had them disengaged from the cart, but without removing the yoke! 'Gee up da, Buck! I'll drive you roun' to de tother side, and den we'll see what you gwine to do wid your tantrums when de boss's a lookin' at me from de fence yander!'

"By this time he had got them round, and, of course, after arranging them head foremost in *propria forma*, they came out exactly in *statu quo*. 'Laws 'a massey!' said he, in a self-deprecatory tone, 'what was I thinkin' about, drivin' you roun' de *wrong way*! 'Pears like I ain't got good sense dis mornin', somehow. You Darb, come out o' dar! I boun' I get you right dis time! Spec' you'll fool about wid your projectifications tel de boss'll be down here d'rectly. Whoa, gee! GEE, I say!'

"Owing to some inexplicable fatality, his success was no better this time than before. He drove round to the right, crossed over, and came out—second best. 'Well, now,' said he, 'dis is a purty spot o' work, ain't it? Dat Jef's done somethin' to dese steers! Sho'se you're born, he's done somethin' to dese steers!'

"The oxen had, by this time, got turned with their heads toward the cart, and were standing at the end of the pole, waiting the result of their driver's meditations. Carefully reconnoitering their respective positions, he seemed suddenly to be inspired with a project which must succeed in spite of fate. The reader shall have the benefit of the train of reasoning: 'Dere dey stan's, Buck an' Darb, boaf of 'em lookin' dis way; Buck on de right han' and Darb on de lef'; dat's jes' de way dey ought to be. So now, my chilluns, I reckon I'm gwine to fix you. I'm gwine to jes' drive you up to de cart *so*; and den I'm gwine to make you turn your heads toder way, and your tails dis way; and den you's 'bleeged to be right, whedder you will or no!'

"I have always regretted that this brilliant scheme was never fully tested. It was but half executed when the boss came up, and made him take off the yoke and change them. What the result would have been had he been left to himself admits of discussion. It is due to Simon, however, to say that many years of profound meditation have but served to confirm him in his original conclusion that they'd 'been 'bleeged to been right!'

AN Arkansas correspondent relates a curious case of church discipline in one of the parishes in that State. It shows the progress of civilization, which is marked by the advance of the follies of the age.

The congregation in Platteville was excited by a complaint being made against Mrs. Plimley, a handsome young widow, that she was in the habit

of adding to the hues of health the color of the rose upon her cheeks; in other words, that *Mrs. Plimley paints!* The offense became so flagrant, and the ladies generally were so much scandalized, that the widow was called to account. She urged in extenuation that she used but the smallest possible quantity—just a slight tinge. But she was told that the quantity made no difference: it was wrong to counterfeit the complexion; it was disrespectful to Providence to seek to wear a face that had not been given her; and she must abandon the use of it. She asked if the shade of color made any difference in the offense, and was told that of course it did not. She then said that she must complain of Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Hawkhurst, Mrs. Benjamin, and several other notable ladies, all of whom, to her certain knowledge, used lily white (prepared chalk), and made faces for themselves such as Nature had denied them. This put a new complexion upon the whole affair. The widow insisted that she had her tastes; they had theirs. If she was to be censured for making her white cheeks red, they must be for making their dark faces white. And so it came to pass that, by common consent, Mrs. Plimley was let alone.

ONE of the respected ministers of Northern New York writes to the Drawer in words following, to wit:

"In the month of June I was at Potsdam, St. Lawrence County, New York, attending the yearly Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and at the same house where I boarded were several of the clergy, one of whom was a true *son of Erin*, a man of strong mind and no lack of Irish wit. One evening, as we all sat in the parlor after tea, an old acquaintance of our Irish minister entreated him to tell the company the story of his first encounter with a skunk in this country. After much hesitation and evident desire to get out of the affair, he consented, and related the following incident, which I afterward obtained leave to publish. There is no doubt of the entire truth of the whole affair, as it was verified by a number of persons who were eye-witnesses of a portion of the ludicrous scene. The story, told in the third person singular, and very singular, is this:

"When the Rev. Mr. Norton was preaching at Sackett's Harbor, he was called upon by the presiding elder of that circuit to attend a quarterly meeting of the church in one of the neighboring towns, which was to be held on Saturday. Consequently our reverend friend was obliged to travel during the evening after the services were over in order to fill his own pulpit on the ensuing Sabbath. Forgetting his overcoat when he left home, he called, on the way, upon one of the brethren, and obtained one. After the day's exercises were over, he mounted his horse and took his way toward home. Evening soon came on, and as he entered a piece of woods it became quite dark. Riding slowly on he perceived a small animal near his horse. He came to the sage conclusion that it was a rabbit. He at once dismounted and gave chase. The race was hot, but soon our friend came up to it, and with his whip gave the rabbit a clip over the back. No sooner was the blow given than the worthy divine found himself lying prostrate upon the earth, with a terrible burning sensation in his eyes, and almost suffocated with a strong sulphurous odor as he then imagined. But he soon picked himself up, and returned thanks to his Maker for

having delivered him safely from the jaws of death. He mounted his horse with the firm belief that he had encountered the Evil One face to face. "For," said he, 'I have seen him with my own eyes, have felt his fire upon my face, and smelt the sulphur emanating from his nostrils.' Never before had he seen or smelled a skunk.

"He soon came to the house of his friend, and went in to leave the overcoat. He found his friend in bed, and said to him, 'I have returned your coat.'

"*'Whew! oh, whew!'* said the brother. *'Whew! throw it down—throw it down!'*

"And so our friend did throw it down, and left with no very favorable impression in regard to his brother's treatment. Soon Mr. Norton reached home and retired to rest. In the morning he was awakened by a gentleman who occupied the rooms above him calling him to help him find the skunk. 'There is surely one in the house. I have not been able to sleep during the night for the smell *Whew! whew! quick! whew!*'

"This was the first intimation that our worthy pastor received which enlightened him in regard to the true character of the animal which he had given chase to the night previous.

"But the most trying part of the act was yet to come. It was the Sabbath morn, and he had to attend divine service, and, like most Methodist ministers, he had but one good suit of clothes, and those completely saturated with essence of the peddler. But these he must wear; and out he started, with his lady upon his arm, for the church. It so happened that they had to meet the citizens of Sackett's Harbor who were members of the Presbyterian Church on their way to service, and almost every one greeted our worthy pastor and lady with a 'Good-morning—*whew! oh, whew!*'

"*'Now, wife,'* said he, as they came near their church, 'let go of my arm when we get to the steps, and I will hurry through the crowd and into the pulpit in short metre, so that none will stop me to converse.'

"This feat most admirably he accomplished, but not without a *'Whew! whew!'* greeting his ears. He soon opened the religious services, and made a short prayer, read a short hymn, and preached a very short sermon, with every now and then an audible *'Whew! whew!'* coming up from the audience instead of the usual responses.

"Service being over, our pastor thought best to remain in the pulpit until the congregation had dispersed, and the road clear for his exit. All left the house but one of the stewards, an old and particular friend of our pastor, who cautiously approached the pulpit, and said,

"*'Brother Norton, I have shut all the doors, come down and help me to catch the skunk. There is one in the house.'*

"*'Oh no, Brother R—; there is no such thing.'*

"*'Yes there is,'* insisted Brother R—; 'for I see him now, and have seen him and smelled him all through service. *Whew! oh, whew!* terrible—terrible! There, don't you see him? under that table—just the end of his tail sticking out. Come on—come on! *whew!* and we will end him—*whew!*' And, with a sudden jump, the steward made a grab at the tail of the beast, when, lo and behold! he brought forth a bit of old brown paper which had lodged under the carpet back of the table. An explanation was then made by the pastor, and he

took his way home to clean his garments and profit by his experience."

THE LAST "GOOD-NIGHT!"

"*'Good-night—good-night!'* a silver voice
 Rang through the midnight dream;
 And a fair young one with thrilling smile
 Flashed in the lunar stream.
 Of the moonlight in my entranced soul,
 With a "whispering tender loam."

"*'Good-night!'* broke from my answering tongue,
 And the beautiful shape was gone;
 I woke as the distant clock tolled out
 The hour of another dawn;
 And the holy moon was smiling down
 On the cottage porch and lawn.

"She is dead!" a voice sobbed faintly forth;
 I knew she had gone before!
 To her sweet "Good-night!" my waking ear
 Would never listen more!
 The beautiful angel, Death, had come,
 And opened the pearly door.

And down in her bedroom's mellowed light
 Lay Florence, white and fair;
 With the pitying moonbeams on her brow
 And the curls of golden hair:
 But I thought of the spirit above the stars,
 And only the casket there.

At a Court in Texas, the Hon. Judge Devine presiding, the jury in a criminal case failed to agree; and, as is usual in such cases, the Court attempted to coerce a verdict, which elicited from the foreman, J. R. Sweet, the following impromptu lines, addressed to his honor:

"Dear Judge Devine, do send us wine,
 Or something good to eat;
 For 'tis plain to see we can't agree—
 Your obedient servant—Sweet!"

The Judge dismissed the jury.

"A SHORT time since I happened," says an Iowa citizen, "to stray in at a Democratic Convention for the nomination of city officers, and where the 'Sons of Green Erin' were out in some force; and sauntering around, my attention was arrested by the following colloquy between three of 'Erin's' broths of boys' aforesaid.

"It seems the Convention were then counting the votes just cast for some officer, and our friends' ears were frequently saluted with the word '*Tally,*' which they were a little puzzled to understand. At length one says to the other:

"*'An' what's a tally, Jemme?'*
'Faith, I think it's about a dozen!'
'A dozen, ye fool! It's more nor three dozen!'"

A CORRESPONDENT in England, who cherishes the Drawer, writes:

"A dozen years ago, in my 'hot youth,' my lot in London was fixed in the same establishment with a young fellow from a northern county. We were each strangers in the great city, and now and then went together to see some of its wonders. He was a mighty swell—great on breast-pins, finger-rings, and an irreproachable silver-headed riding-cane—and was so well up in all things genteel that he could have dined at the table of royalty, and not have blushed when the Queen asked him to take wine with her. Of course I felt my own inferiority when alongside him. But I learned to put a new estimate upon his qualities one day when we went to see Madame Tassaud's incomparable wax-

work. He handed me the catalogue, and kindly allowed me to be the *cicerone*. We came to a group—'Napoleon and his Generals'—which scarcely needed any reference to the catalogue at all. But my friend said, 'Which is Napoleon?' Wondering at the query, I pointed out 'the little corporal.' The next question was, 'Which is *Bonaparte*?'"

MANY very amusing sayings of the little people come to us, which we do not print. Why not? Well, because they are the queer imaginations of the children about serious things; and when put in type, and read in the family circle, they make the children laugh at thoughts and words which should never be mentioned with levity. The Drawer is no ascetic, but the Drawer never made fun at the expense of truth, or sought to turn into jest a thought that should be sacred in the chambers of the soul. So the "little four-year-olds" often say curious things about their Maker, death, and heaven; but when they are repeated in the Drawer to *amuse* a million they lose their beauty, and become almost if not quite profane.

A TRAVELED London lady gives the following incident, among others, to a circle of admiring friends, on her return from America:

"I was a dinin' haboard a first-class steamboat on the Hoeigho River. The gentleman next me, on my right, was a Southerner, and the gentleman on my left was a Northerner. Well, they gets into a kind of discussion on the habbolution question, when some 'igh words hariz.

" 'Please to retract, Sir,' said the Southerner.

" 'Won't do it,' said the Northerner.

" 'Pray, ma'am,' said the Southerner, 'will you 'ave the goodness to lean back in your chair?'

" 'With the greatest pleasure,' said I, not knowin' what was a comin'. When what does my gentleman do but whips out a 'oss pistil as long as my harm, and shoots my left- and neighbor dead! But that wasn't hall! for the bullet, comin' out of the left temple, wounded a lady in the side. She huttered an 'orrifick scream.

" ' 'Pon my word, ma'am,' said the Southerner, 'you needn't make so much noise about it; for I did it by mistake.'"

"And was justice done the murderer?" asked a horrified listener.

" 'Hinstantly, dear madam,' answered Miss L—. "The cabin passengers set right to work and lynched him. They 'ung 'im in the lamp-chains, right hover the dinin'-table, and then finished the dessert. But for my part it quite spoiled my happatite."

FROM Indianapolis, that beautiful capital of a great State, the Drawer gets this letter:

"There is in our county a very consequential lawyer by the name of *Smith*, and whatever may be the value of his opinions *in law*, his opinion of himself is certainly a very enlarged and comprehensive one. His exceeding good-nature makes amends, in a great measure, for this foible of his, and he is a great favorite among the members of the bar. *Smith* visited Washington, just as other great men have done, and *Smith* was introduced to Mr. Buchanan. On his return his friends gathered about him, and he related to them the following incident. Said he:

" 'I received an earnest invitation from the President to call upon him as soon as he learned I

was in the city. I did so, of course. When I arrived at the White House the President was in consultation with the Cabinet; but the moment he received my name he dismissed the Cabinet, and invited me in. We had a long and confidential conversation in reference to public affairs, and I gave him my advice in relation to the Kansas difficulty. He was very much affected as he spoke of the trials and responsibilities of a man in his position; and when I bid him farewell, he held my hand for some time affectionately in his, and said, "Friend *Smith*, as you value your personal happiness and peace, never do you accept the nomination for the presidency." And on the impulse of the moment I told him I would not!"

"It is said that, on sober second thought, he regretted his impulsive promise. But he is a man of his word, and future conventions will only waste time in nominating him. *He won't accept.*"

SOME years ago Mr. Jenifer represented Maryland in the United States Senate, and very frequently, among his friends, indulged in warm laudations of his native State, descanting particularly upon the beautiful scenery and social charms of the eastern shore. The constant recurrence to this topic became somewhat annoying to his senatorial friends, and among others Tom Corwin, who determined to seize the first opportunity to insinuate that some other theme would be equally agreeable. Opportunity was not long wanting. Several Senators and Members of Congress met at the table of a friend, and while engaged in discussing the good things of this life, Jenifer took occasion to revert to his old subject. Politeness induced all to listen, and none present seemingly gave so much attention as Corwin, who blandly remarked, during a pause in the conversation, that what had fallen from his friend Jenifer was doubtless correct, as, during his younger days, an incident that occurred in Ohio, and which he would relate, must satisfy all present. Jenifer was all attention while Corwin, in a manner impossible to convey an idea of on paper, related the following:

"Formerly, in Ohio, it was customary for persons having claims upon the General Government for pensions to come into open Court, and, as opportunity offered, have their pension papers regularly drawn and attested. One day, while I was seated in Court, an aged man made his application, and the Judge assigned me the duty of taking his deposition and preparing the papers. I accordingly proceeded to make the usual examination; and, after some preliminary questions, inquired his age. His reply was, 'Just fifty-six years old.' Supposing he misunderstood me, I repeated the question, but received the same answer. I then informed him I did not want to know how old he was at the time he left the service, nor when he came to live in Ohio, but how many years old he was. I was again answered, in a voice tremulous from age, 'Just fifty-six years old.' Finding it impossible to get a correct reply, as the man was evidently much older, and could not have seen the service for which he claimed a pension if his age was only fifty-six, I stated to the Judge my inability to obtain a correct answer to my interrogatory. The Judge, after listening to my statement, called the claimant before him, severely reprimanded him, and informed him if he did not answer correctly he would order him confined for contempt of Court. Again the old man was questioned.

What was his name? His age when he entered the army? How long he served? What corps he served in? What rank he held? To all these queries he answered promptly; but when the query, How old are you now? was put, the same answer was returned—"Just fifty-six years old." The Judge ordered him into custody; and, as the sheriff was leading him away, the old man turned to the Judge, and asked if he might be permitted to say a few words. Yes, but he must be careful. "Well, your Honor," said the old man, in a voice broken by emotion, "I was forced to stay about twenty years on the eastern shore of Maryland, but I have never reckoned that as any part of my life."

It is sufficient to say that no more was heard from Jenifer in praise of the eastern shore.

MANY of our readers will recollect Colonel Marinus Willet, who formerly resided in the vicinity of Corlaer's Hook. Shortly after the close of the late war, and prior to the time the emancipation act gave freedom to the slaves in this State, the Colonel was possessed of two chattels called Cæsar and John. He had given leave of absence on Sunday afternoon to each alternately, one remaining at home while the other was absent, strict charge being given to behave with propriety under the penalty of having leave of absence cut off.

For several Sundays in succession the Colonel remarked that Cæsar was invariably absent, while John was at home answering any calls made upon him. Imagining that John was imposed upon by Cæsar, and determined that each one of them should perform his round of service, the Colonel inquired of John why he was so frequently at home and Cæsar absent? He was surprised when informed that it was the result of a pecuniary arrangement between the two slaves, Cæsar having agreed to pay John a stipulated sum for performing his duty each alternate Sunday. The Colonel supposed something was going on of which he ought to be informed, and the next morning called Cæsar to account, desiring to know where and how he spent his time, and where he procured money to pay John for performing double duty. Cæsar for some time declined to tell where he went, or how he was engaged, but warmly asserted he was not doing any thing disgraceful. The Colonel, however, insisted upon knowing where the money came from, and threatened Cæsar with his direst displeasure unless he made full confession. Cæsar, thus pressed, informed his master that he went regularly to church.

"To church! where?"

"Down by de sugar-house in Leonard Street."

"Well, if that is true, where do you get money to pay John? I insist upon knowing."

"Why, marster, I preaches a little, and dey pays me for it."

"Oh! you preach, do you? Well, what do they give you—how much?"

"Well, you see, marster, that 'pends on the c'lection; sometimes half-dollar, sometimes dollar."

"Half a dollar for preaching? Why, Cæsar, that's shocking poor pay!"

"Well, yes, marster; but den, you see, it's shockin' poor preaching too!"

The Colonel did not interfere any farther with Cæsar's theological pursuits.

OLD Michael Swartz—peace to his ashes!—was

for a long time the leading politician in a German settlement as noted for its humanity in fur industry. He was always a member of the "Vigilance Committee," and assiduously attended to its duties. John Swartz was a distant relative of his, and revered with a just pride the distinguished position of his venerable uncle. Being asked who he should vote for at an exciting election, he replied, with a face as blank as it was honest: "Vell, den, I don't know who I shall vote for—I ha'n't seen Mike."

A LITTLE one in Chicago is the author of the petition that is made below.

She had been visiting the "ragged school," and was sadly grieved with the rags and dirt of the poor children. At night, when she came to say her evening prayer, she added to her usual petitions these words: "And bless the poor ragged children: give them kind fathers and mothers, and new clothes, and give them *all a bath!*"

A very desirable request, and one that the managers of ragged schools might well aim at complying with. Cleanliness is allied to godliness, and religion is a great foe to dirt.

A LITTLE girl about six years old was talking with her uncle.

UNCLE. "Millie, did you ever hear of Curry, the calf-weaner?"

NIECE. "No, Sir."

UNCLE. "There was a man, named Curry, so ugly he followed calf-weaning for a living. When the calf was with the cow he would look under on the other side, and as soon as the calf saw him it would let go, run off, and never suck again."

NIECE. "Uncle, I think you could wean 'em quick!"

UNCLE JOHN was a sturdy old farmer, generous-hearted and well to do in the world, very fond of jokes and much addicted to drawing the long-bow. One evening, by the side of a good fire in Ricketson's bar-room, he related to him and an admiring crowd a remarkable circumstance that he had witnessed during a recent journey to New York. Ricketson expressed his wonder, but Uncle John vouched fully for its truth, as it had occurred under his own eye. "But," said he, "I never could believe such a thing without seeing it myself."

"Neither could I, Uncle John," said Ricketson.

Uncle John wilted.

MANY years ago old Mr. Coons attended to a bar and a small stock of goods for his worthy son, who has since become somewhat famous as being the founder and for many years the master-spirit of the town of Razorville, Texas. The bar-room being large, and the stock of goods very small, they were kept in a large bar with the liquors, inclosed with a wooden grating. John M'Cabe, somewhat of a wag, was idling about the bar-room, and observing that the old gentleman was careful to lock the door every time he came out of the bar, said:

"Uncle Coons, you needn't be so particular to lock the door every time you come out. A man couldn't make day-wages stealing out of your store, anyhow."

THE Drawer very well knows that every household thinks its four-year-old unapproachable in his own peculiarities. We hold that ours has a turn

of reflection decidedly original, and submit his opinion concerning the origin of babies.

Paterfamilias has been in the habit of putting various little presents under four-year-old's plate at the dinner-table, that the family might enjoy his pleasure and surprise, and the little fellow scarcely looks to any other quarter for gifts. Now it happened the other day that his philosophy was pushed into a corner by the question:

"Where did we get our baby?"

Four-year-old was puzzled. Though he had watched his baby-brother's progress and development with great interest, and loved him dearly, too, he had evidently considered him, hitherto, as a matter-of-course possession. He hesitated for an answer but momentarily. Directly he clapped his hands, and cried, with a brightening face:

"I know—I know! God put him under our plate!"

THE "Chief-Justice," as he is called, of Storr's Township, in Ohio, has been in the Drawer already. A Cincinnati correspondent says:

"I take the liberty of sending a sample of his administration which I had from the lips of 'His Honor' himself.

"It is well known that he prides himself upon never having had an appeal taken from one of his decisions, having always succeeded, by threats or cajolery, in inducing litigants to decline taking one. But on one occasion he came in contact with a defendant who was deaf to all attempts to induce him to forego what he claimed as his legal right. The Squire, however, was equally determined that no appeal should be taken, and accordingly kept out of the way, so that the party should have no opportunity of entering bail. He succeeded until the last day for entering bond, when, happening in his office, he was horrified by seeing two carriages stop at the door, filled, as he says, with some of the most respectable and wealthy citizens of Cincinnati, whom the defendant had brought to go his bail—so that no possible objection could be made.

"Well," says the Squire, 'this stumped me for a while. I thought I was up a tree, and no mistake. The men were good, there was no doubt of that; and how to get out of the scrape I couldn't see. At last a bright thought struck me. So ranging them all in a row across the office, I began: "You and each of you do solemnly swear that you are worth real estate, over and above all your debts and liabilities, to the amount of ten thousand dollars." "Yes," was the response from all. "And that you each of you made the property you own honestly and without cheating anybody!" This,' says the Squire, with a chuckle, 'stumped them. There was not one would take the last part of the oath; and before the defendant could bring down other bail the ten days were up, and he could not appeal. So I issued execution and made the money.'

"The above is literally true. It is but justice to the Squire, however, to say that he has lately been re-elected for the seventh term of three years, having received every vote cast at the election, not even a blank being cast against him."

"LOOKING over some old letters recently, I discovered the following, which I once begged as a curiosity from the gentleman to whom it was sent. Having seen it taken from the post-office, I can vouch for its correctness, *verbatim et literalim*, according to the original document. It evidently

refers to a trade or 'dicker' partially completed, and explains itself:

"INDANAPOLIS IND. April 30th. 1856
"Mr. W P N— if you want my cow you can have hir for 25 dollars paable three month after date she gives 2 galons a day and a gaining
GEORG W P—"

"JERRY KELLER' was an Irish lawyer whose fees and promotion did not keep pace with his merits. Mayne, a man of profound dullness, was made a judge. 'There,' Keller was heard to mutter one day, in a voice like distant thunder, 'there sits Mayne, risen by his gravity; and here Keller, sunk by his levity. What would Sir Isaac Newton say to that?'"

As a specimen of "taking it coolly" we do not know that any thing richer than this, from a Tennessee contributor, has come to the Drawer:

"Mr. Barnes, wife, and two children, his niece, and another young lady, with the writer, formed a party leaving Memphis for Clarksville, Tennessee, in the beginning of the summer of 1857. Arriving at Smithland, we were compelled to take a smaller boat, on account of the extreme lowness of the Cumberland River. Such was found in the *Nettie Miller*, a very nice little stern-wheeler. We were proceeding on our way rejoicing, when suddenly we were all thrown out of our nests and brought up standing in the middle of our state-rooms. All the gentlemen rushed out in *déshabillé* to learn the trouble, and were frankly told by the captain that his boat was badly snagged, and would sink in a few minutes! Mr. Barnes flew with the alarm to his wife and the young ladies, seized his children, deposited them safely in a wood-boat which the *Nettie* fortunately had in tow, and ran back. Surprised not to see any of the ladies out yet, he rushed to his wife's room, and found her very quietly washing her face and hands.

"Why, my dear, the boat will sink in less than three minutes!"

"Well," she replied, 'I think I can be out before that time.'

"Dragging her along, he rushed, almost frantic with excitement, to the young ladies' room, and found them very quietly combing their hair.

"For Heaven's sake," says he, 'young ladies, what do you mean? The boat will sink in less than two minutes; and here you are combing your hair!'

"Why, uncle,' says the niece, 'you didn't expect us to go out there before all those young men with our hair in this fix—did you?'

"All were finally safe on board the wood-boat, except the captain and two or three of the crew. The steam was rushing from the boiler with a thunder-like roar, and the timbers of the almost sunken boat were cracking furiously; but loud above all these an old maid was heard to scream, 'Oh, captain, do go back to my room and bring me my teeth!'"

"ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA TERRITORY, January, 1858.—Some of us, members of the bar out West, enjoy your legal anecdotes hugely, and the samples of legal documents reported in the Drawer are rich in the extreme. Your 'Wisconsin Scribe,' for instance, gives us a good thing in the way of a decree for divorce, as 'did up' by Mr. Justice Peters; but we occasionally scare up a good note out here in Minnesota, in the higher courts. At the last

Term of the United States District Court in this city, a couple of representatives from the rural districts walked up to the clerk's desk and submitted the following, with the air of a foreman who has just reported an indictment for murder:

SAINT PAUL, M. T. *Overlook* 25.4.1887

TO THE SAID COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

I John Roosen want to get my Naturalized Papers. I also George Roosen want to get My passports of Naturalization to be come Asitizens of the united Steats accorden to Sd Law of the united Steats

GEORGE ROOSEN age 24 years

JOHN ROOSEN age 23 years

The Bearers of this is Sodisfied to be come asitizens of the united Steats and to Swear against all forren Pours and alegens accorden to the Law of the union And teritory of M Territory

"We observed a broad grin break over the usually placid countenance of our friend Prescott, the clerk of 'said' court, while inspecting the document; and the parties having been duly sworn 'against all forren pours and alegens,' he submitted it to us, and we thought of the Drawer right off."

A LEARNED doctor of medicine writes: "I am glad to see the Drawer open for the reception of medical items. An incident has recently occurred in my practice which has amused me greatly; and if others enjoy it, I shall be paid for reporting the case. One of my patients related the facts in his own experience on this wise:

"When you visited me yesterday, doctor, I hoped the remedies you had administered had put an entire stop to this fit of the gout. But how unreliable are all human expectations! This morning I had an urgent call on business into a distant part of the town, which I thought, with using the necessary precautions, it would be perfectly safe for me to answer. With the assistance of my wife I accordingly put on my thickest overcoat, and over that my India-rubber coat; while my lame foot was incased in the loosest shoe we could find; and Jim took special care to wrap as much of me as he could in my largest buffalo robe, which human hands had not touched since last March. So, comfortably ensconced, I started to face the easterly wind and rain, though out of door for the first time within a week. I soon began to feel better, as I always do after having been shut up several days in the house. It was not long, however, before the sting—and such a sting as none but sufferers like myself can fully understand—returned to the spot "where it delights to dwell." At first I called myself some hard names for daring to go out in such weather with such health; but I bore the twinges of pain with considerable screwing and grunting, till I arrived at the place of my destination. I then "hastened slowly" out of my carriage, and began to look about me with a view to estimate the amount of damage resulting from the rash exposure of my health. Some unusual sound suddenly caused me to look toward the buffalo-robe remaining in my carriage, from which, to my astonishment, I saw bumble-bees flying by the dozen.

"It appeared that they had selected one corner of this robe for their winter-quarters, in a fold of which they had built their nest, and had stowed themselves nicely away in a dormant state. The jarring which they had experienced, together with the warmth of my feverish foot, had put many life

into them, and they were flying fairly round me, evidently thinking "merry May" and other songs.

"All this seemed plain enough, thought I, but could this reviving of the bees have any thing to do with reviving the gouty pains in my foot? On slipping off the loose shoe from the affected foot, I discovered that two of the bees had crawled in between that and my stocking, and, in order to express most pointedly their joy and gratitude to their benefactor, had gone, in their way, to kissing his great-toe. The gouty pains did not continue long; and I was not sure but this puncturing process did good homeopathically, so far as "like cures like." That part of the treatment to which I most object is their not adhering to that fundamental principle of homeopathy which requires remedies to be administered in extremely small doses."

THE following I have often seen in print, but I have never yet seen its solution; will some of the readers of the Drawer give it?

ENIGMA.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,

Sooth, 'twas an awful day!

And though, in that old age of sport,

The rufflers of the camp and court

Found little time to pray—

'Tis said Sir Hilary mutter'd there

Two syllables by way of prayer.

My first, to all the brave and proud

Who see to-morrow's sun;

My next, with its cold and quiet cloud,

To those who find their dewy shroud

Before the day is done:

And both together to all blue eyes

That weep when a warrior nobly dies!

THIS story from a Western wag is a genuine out-wester:

"In recently making the trip in a stage-coach over the rugged range of hills called the 'Baraboo Bluffs,' between the towns of Lodi and Baraboo, in Wisconsin, the coachful of squeezed and jolted passengers found some relief from the tediousness of the journey in the original remarks which, from time to time, fell from the lips of an elderly woman who was one of the company.

"She persisted in expressing great contempt for the other sex, and for married life generally, and intimated that such had always been her opinion; and as it had previously leaked out from her conversation that she had been married and had raised a large family of children, I ventured to ask her how it happened, that, with the feelings of contempt she had from the first felt for the men, she ever could have married one of them?

"'Wa'al,' said she, 'young man, I'll tell you jest how 'twas. When I was a little gal I lived in a family where there was an old maid, who, in going up stairs to bed, had to go through an entry way where there was a pile of potatoes in one corner, and she used to make me go and cover 'em up with a blanket before she went by 'em, for fear they'd see her, 'cause they had eyes. Wa'al, thinks I, if old maids is like that, I won't be one nohow. So you see, as soon as I got old enough, like a fool, I went and got married.'"

IN these times, when the commercial standing of the best of men is liable to suspicion—when bank presidents and merchant princes are suspected of running away if they leave suddenly—it is not certain but that Thompson, of Walton, in Georgia, is

wise in advertising his intention to make a brief visit in another county. He puts the following into the village paper :

TO ALL PARTIES CONCERNED.

THE SUBSCRIBER, WISHING TO VISIT THE new County of Glascock, and not being willing to depart without taking an affectionate leave of his loving, kind, humane, and charitable fellow-citizens, thus publicly gives notice that he will start for the above destination on Monday, the 29th instant.

CHARLES A. THOMPSON,

Of Walton.

N.B.—He expects to leave in broad daylight, and will be absent ten days or two weeks.

"DR. THOMPSON, 'mine host' of the Atlanta Hotel, was in your Drawer," says a Georgia correspondent, "as Judge Underwood's 'Know-Nothing man.' The Doctor is a jolly, free-hearted Georgia landlord; but his wit is often blunt-pointed, and misses fire. He had furnished a hurried breakfast for some Southern passengers by the cars—bustling about, with all sorts of helter-skelter sayings.

"Gentlemen, here's your breakfast. I've seen better, and I've seen worse."

"I never did see much worse," says one of the passengers.

"The Doctor was taken down. As they rose to pass out, asking what was to pay,

"Fifty cents down, or a dollar when we charge it," said the Doctor.

"Well, charge it, then," said our grumbling friend.

"I'm sold!" said the Doctor. "Go on, gentlemen; I'll charge it."

GEORGIA, by an old friend, writes: "The year 1818 will be long remembered by the old people of Georgia as the dry year, in which corn did not mature at all in large portions of the State.

"I've got the corn which will stand the drought," said Austin Edwards, the landlord of Elberton Hotel, to Judge Dooley, then Judge of the Northern Circuit. "I got the seed from a Tennessee hog-drover, and planted a square in my garden; every stalk had six large ears, and hanging to the tassel was a nice little gourd full of shell'd corn. It beats all natur', Judge! Did you ever hear the like?"

"The Judge listened to the landlord with great gravity, and replied,

"Why, Austin, 'tain't a circumstance to the corn made by our friend Tom Haynes, of Hancock County. At court there, last week, I staid with Tom. He was just finishing gathering in a piece of bottom land which he cleared last winter and planted in June. It never rained upon it at all. He turned his hogs in to eat the almost dried-up small stalks. Going to look after his hogs the next morning, he saw an old one in great glee with a large ear of corn in her mouth. He couldn't imagine where she had got it; but, on examining closely, he found she had rooted it up from the foot of a dried-up corn-stalk. Astonished, he looked at another, and another. He then had his field well dug over, and found from one to ten ears at the root all over the field. He said he made an excellent crop."

"Well, well," said Austin, "that beats my corn! I must have some of that seed."

"It was thus Judge Dooley handled great liars."

"A YOUNG, newly-admitted attorney, in 1819,

named John Jacks, was spouting furiously at the hotel in Greensborough, Georgia, against John C. Calhoun, the great statesman of South Carolina. 'He oughtn't to be elected constable in his district. He hasn't either talents or principles,' said Jacks.

"Judge Dooley heard him out, and, with great gravity, replied,

"Mr. Jacks, I know Mr. Calhoun well; and I am certain of his modesty and great respect for public opinion; and if you will write to him, he will take down his name, and not run for Congress at all."

"Jacks was sold; he never got over it during his stay in Greensborough. He went to the West, and exploded under an excessive pressure of greatness unappreciated."

"A FEW years ago," says a correspondent of ours, "in the northern part of Wisconsin, a preacher of a certain persuasion which denounces all associations outside of the Church as utterly uncanonical, took for his text that sadly unheeded advice of Paul, 'There should be no schisms.'

"Here, my brethering," said he, 'we have the plain word of Scripture against all schemes! It knocks on the head the Missionary scheme, the Bible scheme, the Tract scheme, the Sunday-school scheme, and the Temperance scheme, and all such like devices of the devil!'"

MANY a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old Texas Ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. A correspondent tells the story:

"Well, I did come nigh onto taking eight thousand acres onest," said old Joe, mournfully. "You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt, without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues just below here for a pair of boots."

"For a pair of boots! I cried out.

"Yes, for a pair of boots for each league."

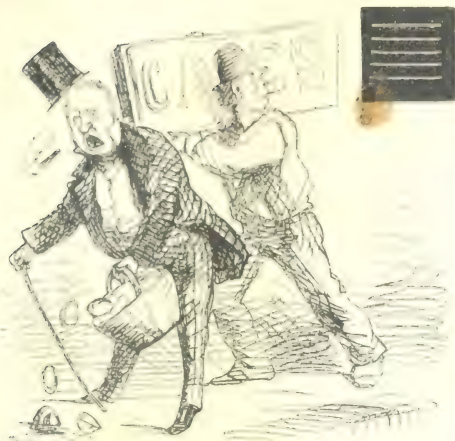
"But why, on earth, didn't you take it? They'd be worth a hundred thousand dollars to-day. Why didn't you give them the boots?"

"Jest 'cause I didn't have the boots to give," said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned two leagues of land."

"HERE," writes a correspondent, "is a specimen of Western eloquence which I have never seen in print, but which I have seen in the handwriting of a celebrated Doctor of Divinity, who, if he should happen to see it here, will wonder how it got into the Drawer:

"Who discovered the North Pole?—Our own illustrious Jefferson. Who hung the star-spangled banner on the heaven-piercing summit of the Andes?—Our own immortal Franklin. Who discovered the route to Cappadocia by the way of Cape Cod?—That fearless Moorish navigator, Paganini. Let us, then, fellow-citizens, with the horoscope in the one hand, and the Magna Charta in the other, plunge boldly on the raging billows of the Mississippi, and leave no sea untried until we shall have united Tivoli with Tripoli, and Gretna Green with the rock of Gibraltar. Then, and then only, shall be brought to light Tarantula—that long lost isle of bliss of which a Pluto reasoned and a Galen sung."

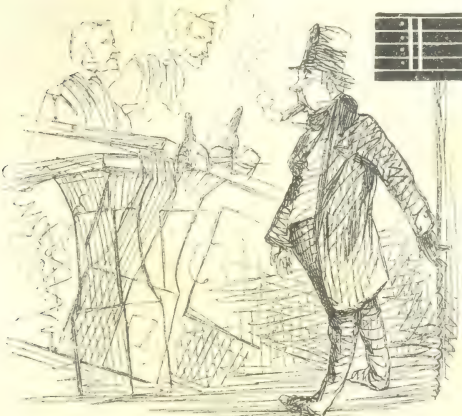
A New System of Musical Notation.



A Stave.



A Bar.



A Double Bar.



A High Note.—Value Fifty Dollars.



A Low Note.—Value Twenty-five Cents.



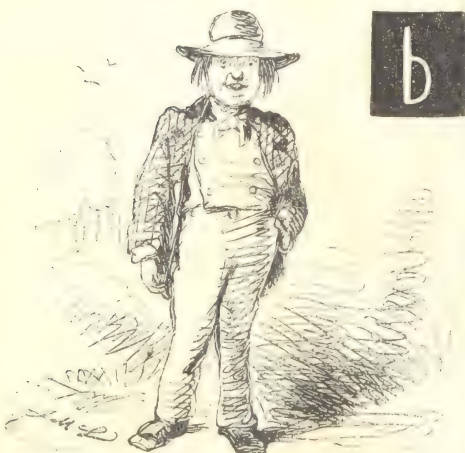
A Shake.



A Slide.



A Sharp.



A Flat.



A Natural Consequence.



Allegro.—Quick Time.



Andante.—Slow.

Fashions for September.

*Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT
from actual articles of Costume.*



FIGURE 1.—EQUESTRIAN COSTUME.

THE EQUESTRIAN HABIT which we engrave for this month commends itself by its intrinsic beauty, and by its adaptability as well for the light stuffs which suit the present season as for the darker and heavier materials appropriate for later autumn. In our engraving the jacket is of jaconet, trimmed with a narrow pea-green silk cord set on in double lines, with buttons and pendants to match, the centre being white with a green border. It is confined by a cross-lacing of the same cord, forming lozenges over the vest. The sleeves are of moderate fullness, widening below. At the back of the arm they reach midway to the wrist, but are cut away in front with a sweep, opening to the elbow, where they are ornamented with buttons; they are bordered with cord to match. The under-sleeve is of tulle *bouillonnée*, with narrow stripes of green or black velvet. The vest is of white Marseilles, with small gold buttons, and edged with a narrow purling. The chemisette is of insertion, with a narrow purling at the top. The skirt may be of any suitable material. When this dress is made of heavy materials, a more elaborate style of trimming may be employed. It appears to special advantage in a Polish green habit cloth, when the straw hat may be replaced by the jockey cap, which, with the riding-hat, is represented below. The cap is indeed the latest mode; it is made of velvet. The hat is of straw, trimmed

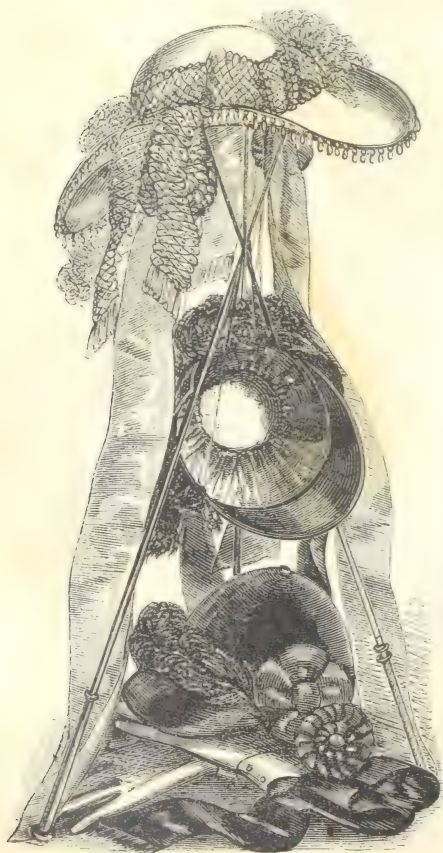


FIGURE 2.—RIDING HAT, CAPS, ETC.



FIGURE 3.—HOOD CAP.

with a white plume, a rich straw braid, and white ribbons and rosettes.

The HOOD CAP is designed to be worn with a *robe de chambre*. It is made of a deep blonde, turning all round. The front row is turned back upon the other to form a *barbe*, and is trimmed about the crown with a small ribbon *ruche* which comes forward to meet the ornaments of the front. On the top is a bunch of ribbons, and a double row of No. 5 ribbon joins the two barbes under the chin.



FIGURE 4.—MUSLIN UNDER-SLEEVE.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CL.—OCTOBER, 1858.—VOL. XVII.



THE BIRLOCHA.

STRAIN'S RIDE OVER THE ANDES.

[It was the design of Lieutenant Strain to write out the details of an expedition to explore the Paraguay, and publish it consecutively with this. The two were then, with the Darien Expedition, to be put in a book form. His sudden and unexpected death having prevented the completion of this plan, his papers were placed in my hands for publication.

J. T. HEADLEY.]

LIEUTENANT STRAIN having been for a long time on duty on the coast of California, was ordered home in the United States store-ship *Lexington*. Having doubled Cape Horn three times in three years he was not anxious to make a fourth trip, and so asked and obtained permission to leave the vessel at Valparaiso, and striking across the continent to Buenos Ayres, there wait her arrival. In the middle of February he, with two companions, set out from Valparaiso to visit Santiago, the capital of Chili.

Two *birlochas*—vehicles resembling a rudely-constructed, old-fashioned chaise, capable each of carrying two persons—were the only conveyances. These *birlochas* were drawn by one

horse within the shafts and another without, attached, by a single trace, to the left side. On the latter the driver sat, who, with powerful bits, controlled both animals. On ascending hills a third horse was often attached to the right side of the shafts. Accompanying them were two extra peons, each leading eight extra horses, to serve instead of relays, of which there were none on the road. Emerging from the city a little after three o'clock in the afternoon, they commenced ascending by zigzags the range of hills behind it, and soon stood on the summit and looked back on the town, the harbor, and the broad Pacific sleeping in the distance. As Strain saw the black hull of the *Lexington* resting motionless on the waters of the bay, soon to start on her race around the Cape, a feeling of regret stole over him that he had left so many warm and genial companions, to undertake the long, solitary, and dangerous journey across the Andes, for his two friends were to accompany him no farther than Santiago. Waving a silent adieu, and throwing one look

upon the blue ocean which, for twelve years, had been his home, he turned toward the mountains that, far away on the eastern horizon, lifted their glittering summits, peak upon peak, into the clear heavens above.

He soon had a specimen of the skillful yet furious driving of these crazy vehicles for which the *birlocheros* are so notorious. Hitherto it had been up-hill work, and hence slow. But now they had reached the summit, and the rolling country that stretched away before them gave full scope to the drivers to show their Jehu propensities. Without stopping, the rider of the extra horse, which had been fastened to the *birlocha* to assist in the ascent, unhooked him, and throwing the trace over the dash-board, rushed off like a Bedouin to assist in driving the spare animals. The *birlochas* also dashed off on a wild gallop, which made it difficult for the occupants to retain their seats.

Up and down the gentle ascents, and away across the level stretches, they swept on at a rate that prevented any study of the country. Arriving at Casa Bianca about four o'clock they determined, as it contained a good hotel kept by an Englishman, to spend the night there. To this arrangement, however, the drivers would not consent, having resolved to push on to a village farther ahead. After arguing the matter for half an hour, Strain cut it short by threatening to knock the *capitaz* down. The chief driver then demanded money to feed his horses. This Strain refused to give, and dismissed the whole with what the sailors call a left-handed blessing, declaring he would not give them a single *cuartillo*. After they were gone the landlord told him that his course was impolitic, for if the rascally drivers find they are to receive nothing as a present to themselves, they are very apt, in some awkward place, to let the *birlochas* capsize, much to the detriment of the occupants. So he called back the drivers and gave to them what he had refused to the *capitaz*, hinting that he was pleased with their conduct, and offended only with the former. Having thus harmonized matters, all went to supper.

The next morning they were early *en route*, and as the *birlochas* dashed at a gallop out into the open country, a cold, chilling breeze, apparently fresh from the snow-peaks beyond, made the travelers, though wrapped in heavy cloaks, shrink and cower into the corners of their vehicles. A long ascent was before them, but the temperature was low and the horses fresh, and they pushed up it on a brisk trot until the summit was reached, when they again struck into a sharp gallop, and went rattling down the slope. The road was cut in zigzags, and in making the sharp turns the vehicles would come round with a jerk that made the inmates often start with anxiety. It was dark, and they did not know but some of these acute angles were made on the brink of a precipice.

At length the long-wished-for dawn broke over the cold and strange landscape, and after

a gallop of a few miles they entered, through a long avenue of Lombardy poplars, the straggling village of Curucubi. The chickens running around in the yard of the hotel were soon on the table, and after a hasty breakfast they again took the road, and, having fresh horses, sped on at a tearing gallop through a beautiful valley on which the morning sunlight lay like a blessing. It was Sunday, and the road was thronged with neatly-dressed peasants going to make their holiday visits. Most of them were on horseback, and both men and women being beautiful riders they presented a gay and graceful appearance. Many of the peasant girls were exceedingly pretty, and using a side-saddle instead of riding astride, as they do in Brazil, seemed farther advanced in civilization than one was led to expect. A little after ten they arrived at the steep ascent of the Cuesta del Prado, the summit of which is reached by some ninety zigzags. Up this, with the sun nearly at meridian, they slowly toiled, while the heat, predicted by the driver, together with the suffocating dust, made the journey a difficult and painful one.

But when the ascent was at last gained, the view from it amply repaid the labor. Rising two thousand three hundred and ninety-four feet in the heavens, its top commanded the surrounding region to a vast extent. Behind them lay the beautiful and fertile valley they had just left, studded with groves and neat farm-houses, dropped, apparently at random, in the centre of richly-cultivated fields, the yellow grain of which contrasted pleasantly with the bright green of the poplars that lined the road and the avenues to the dwellings of the inhabitants. Before them was spread the immense basin of the valley of the Santiago, inclosed on all sides but one with high hills rising abruptly, like artificial elevations from the plain, or islands from the sea. Far away to the east stretched the colossal range of the Andes, presenting an almost impassable barrier to the adventurous traveler. Grand, mysterious, and awful, its white and silent peaks rose one above another till they pierced twenty-three thousand feet into the dim heavens. Clothed to the waist in perpetual snow, their immense masses and almost terrific outlines overawe the beholder and fill the soul with new and strange sensations.

The valley that lay between them and the Andes, with its green groves and meadows and yellow grain, and laced with streams sparkling in the sun, furnished a strange contrast to this majesty and grandeur.

But a short time, however, was given to the enjoyment of this magnificent and soul-stirring panorama; for the shrill cry of the drivers and strokes of their whips carried them to the descent, down which the horses that drew Strain's *birlocha* plunged with a recklessness that threatened the lives of all. They turned the first zigzag successfully; but the shaft horse becoming fractious he soon grew unmanageable, and at the second angle kept straight on to the



CHILIAN OX CART.

brink of the precipice, on the very edge of which the driver, by the aid of a powerful bit, succeeded in arresting him. Turning the horses back into the middle of the road they again started off, and were brought up at the next zigzag in the same perilous position. Again guided back into the road they started off anew, but instead of making the angle in obedience to the bit the vicious shaft-horse kept straight on as before, and, unable to stop him, the driver succeeded only in turning him aside, leaving the wheel of the carriage within a foot of the brink of the precipice, which here dropped nine hundred feet into the chasm below. The affair was now becoming serious, and Strain jumped out, advising his friend to do the same. The latter, with a rueful countenance, looked at his patent-leather boots, with which he was to walk the capital of Santiago, and confessed that, although in great bodily fear, he could not think of soiling them. Strain was not sorry he had acted on the hint of the landlord at Casa Bianca and propitiated the drivers, for nothing was easier than for them to save themselves and yet, at the same time, tip the occupants of the *birlocha* to Hades below.

Having arrived at the foot of the hill, the remaining distance to Santiago was over a level road and through a highly-cultivated champagne country.

One of the most striking features of Santiago is the Alameda, or *Cañada*, which signifies a glen—a name not inappropriately given, for it has all the quiet shade and freshness of one. This avenue is about one hundred and forty feet wide, and stretches for more than a mile

directly through the heart of the city. It is thickly lined with tall poplars, while, on either side, run two other avenues, also bordered with poplars. Outside of the whole, one on each side, run two rapid streams, fresh from the snow peaks of the Andes. When this splendid promenade is crowded with the beauty of the capital, it presents a most picturesque appearance. From the centre of the city arises a rocky eminence, surmounted by a fort, which at all times can command the place. The view from this height, embracing the city below, the distant and highly-cultivated fields, dotted with farm-houses and sprinkled with lowing herds, the sparkling streams, and, fifteen miles distant, the majestic Cordilleras, is one of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

The commander of this fortress had a novel way of announcing to the inhabitants the hour of noon. A convex lens was so arranged that, at twelve o'clock, it ignited some powder connected with the fuse of a gun, and thus fired it. The sun was made to serve the double purpose of artillerist and town-clock. If the climate was like that of England noon would seldom be announced. The Yankee clock has not yet reached Santiago.*

This city has long been regarded, and justly so, as the most beautiful South American capital. This is owing more to its position and the surrounding scenery than to the city itself. The

* As a branch of our National Observatory has been recently established in Santiago, the announcements of the gun will not be regarded as so infallible, and the people will have to bother their heads over the difference between apparent and mean time.

churches are well enough, with a great deal of wealth lavished on the interior. The cathedral is built of porphyry, and is an immense and imposing edifice. The streets are well laid out and commodious, and paved with mere pebbles instead of large round stones. The houses, which are generally of adobe, are mostly one story in height, as in other South American cities, on account of the frequency of earthquakes. There are few public ornaments, and few public buildings that possess much interest. The inhabitants have a bad character for morality, and Sir Francis Head said (referring to women of ill repute), "The lower rooms of the most respectable houses are let to them; and it is really shocking beyond description to see them sitting at their doors, with a candle in the back part of the room, burning before sacred pictures and images." This is overdrawn. Besides, it must be remembered that this class of women are far more respectable in Southern countries than with us. In Italy, for instance, not one is allowed in the street as such, nor permitted to remain in the city, unless she follows some other vocation. This makes them more respectable, and keeps them from those terrible vices and excesses which hurry the frail women of our own land to such a fearful doom. There is a vast want of good judgment and common sense exhibited both in England and the United States in their efforts to reform this class; and, we might add, a vast amount of hypocrisy. Many who, like Sir Francis Head, would be shocked to have one of these frail ones occupy the basement of a respectable house, would prefer to occupy a hotel at which a notorious prima donna was stopping, and think it an honor to have their daughters introduced to Madame Rachel, who openly flaunted in the face of the public the fruits of her dissolute life. From the notorious Empress Catharine down through the highest to the lowest ranks, the moral community are horrified and disgusted just in proportion to the position of the one sinning.

Still Santiago, it must be confessed, is a very immoral place; and when one is told it is full of priests, it is evident it can not be otherwise. The streets are crowded with these bloated and lazy monks and priests loitering along, and with unblushing effrontery strolling into houses of ill repute, where they can be seen leaning over the backs of the chairs of dissolute women, and in intimate conversation. Still the people, from ancient custom, touch their hats respectfully to them, and still believe in their teaching.

There is, however, very little real respect felt for their character; for almost all of them have families, and take no pains to conceal their disreputable conduct. The people laugh at their immoralities, and send their wives and daughters to confess to them, and outwardly exhibit all the forms of reverence.

It was now mid-summer, and the fashionable portion of the inhabitants were away at the various watering-places or on the sea-shore. The

few who could not afford to leave shut themselves up in their houses, as they do in more cultivated cities, feigning themselves absent. An excursion into the suburbs revealed in detail the extreme beauty of the country, which they had admired in the panoramic view from the fortress. You ride along, mile after mile, through a beautiful avenue of poplars, from which, at short intervals, smaller avenues strike off to the dwellings of the inhabitants, that are set back some distance from the main road. These, unlike the houses of the town, are mostly frame buildings, painted white, and so completely embedded in foliage that you catch only partial glimpses of them through the branches. There was a quiet, home-like look in these residences that one did not expect to see in South America.

Santiago, being the capital of Chili, has borne an important part in those revolutions that have rocked the South American continent. It was here, in 1814, that the young Carrera made the last stand for the patriots, and, when Rancagua fell, abandoned all hope, and the passes of the Andes became crowded with the rebel chiefs and men of distinction. Beyond those impenetrable barriers the scattered forces were reunited, and, three years after, re-entered this city with waving banners and shouts of exultation. The decisive battle had been fought fifty miles off on the twelfth, and yet the victorious troops trod the streets of the capital on the fourteenth.

After a week's pleasant sojourn in Santiago, Strain turned his thoughts toward the Andes, while his comrades prepared to return to the ship *Lexington*. Looking around for some good opportunity for continuing his journey, he met an Englishman, whose son, a resident of Mendoza, was about to return to that place, and the proposition was made that they should travel in company.

The 27th was fixed upon for their departure, as also that of the return of his friends to their vessel. Mutual regrets at parting kept them up conversing until the arrival of the birlocha, which was to return to Valparaiso. With affectionate adieus and mutual good wishes for each other's welfare, the friends parted. Thus was severed the last link that bound Strain to the *Lexington*, and he sat and smoked with Captain L— till morning. At six he and his companion mounted and rode out of the city. A bright sun, a smiling landscape, the cool, fresh breeze of morning, and a rapid pace, soon dispelled the sadness caused by the absence of his comrades with whom he had been so long in daily and pleasant intercourse.

The company consisted of Don Frederico, who was mounted on a mule; his peon, Bertoldo, who rode a large black, raw-boned horse, his lank, uncouth form set off by flea-bitten ears and the stump of a tail grown bald with age; and a small Chilean boy mounted on a mule, and leading a vicious colt that kicked at every object that came within reach. This Frederico, who was to be his companion in the long and



DEPARTURE FROM SANTIAGO.

desolate journey, proved to be a plausible scam, who had inherited from his father—originally a horse-jockey—all the trickery and deception by which such a character manages to sell worthless animals at a high price. He knew just enough English to swear with great fluency, but not enough for any other purpose under heaven. Indeed, in the vocabulary of profanity he was perfect; and by his liberal use of it, made up for his deficiency in farther knowledge of the language. Bertoldo was an excellent horseman, but he wore a six-story hat that made his head, at a little distance off, appear to be precisely in the centre of his body. To him the “whole duty of man” consisted in getting drunk on every opportunity, and no man ever stuck to his creed closer, or obeyed it more faithfully. The Chilean boy was evidently an offspring of Somnus, for night and day, standing, sitting, or riding, he would drop asleep, and thus often take the wrong road and have to retrace his footsteps. As for Strain, he was mounted on a miserable mule which Frederico had sold to him for about double his value. But though his companions were uninteresting, the country through which they were now traveling was beautiful. Wheat fields stretched away on either side of the road, interspersed with farm-houses embedded in shrubbery; rural churches, surrounded with neat cottages, rose up from among the poplars, under the branches of which gleamed forth smoothly-shaven grass-plats, while far away rose, stern and majestic, the lofty Cordilleras.

The road soon became thronged with the peasantry—men, women, boys, and priests—all

on horseback, and all on a gallop. Here a fat priest would lumber along, followed by two laughing girls on one horse—these in turn, perhaps, by a little boy with an old woman behind him. Some were carrying water-melons, others milk, chickens, eggs, and fish, but every thing on a canter.

Some of the peasant-girls were better dressed than others, and rode beautifully. As they swept by on a free gallop they would greet the travelers with a nod and smile, while the merry laugh of the various groups rung out on every side.

The peasantry, whether traveling or at work, invariably lifted their hats to the strangers—a custom peculiarly grateful to a traveler in a distant land. At half past nine the company rode into the little village of Colinas, where, with an appetite whetted by a ride of twenty-one miles in the morning breeze, they partook of a frugal breakfast. Mounting again, they rode on through the same delightful country. It was harvest-time, and the fields rung with the shouts and laughter of the peasantry treading out the grain of the wealthier proprietors of the land. Their own little farms were given them on condition that they should assist in harvest-time. Instead of regarding this as a tax or a burden, they seemed to look upon it as a pastime. Males and females joined in the merriment, and such romping, and shouting, and tumbling, and flying of straw, and uproarious laughter, Strain never before witnessed in any country. League after league they passed through the same boisterous mirth, till it seemed like a great holiday; while in the distance, as far as the eye could

reach over the open plains, could be seen little white clouds suspended here and there in the atmosphere, showing where they were winnowing the grain under the steady breeze that came down from the heights of the Cordilleras. The road was in excellent condition, the air clear and bracing, and all combined made the morning ride charming and delightful. At half past two they rode into the posada of Chacabuco, having accomplished forty-two miles since daylight.

The day now had become warm, and Strain resolved to halt till evening. It was his purpose to start at two o'clock in the morning, but by some mistake they got roused at midnight, and by one were on the road. Having retired at nine, he had but three hours' rest, and not sleeping any the night before, he became drowsy, and frequently fell asleep in his saddle, which several times nearly pitched him into the road. Shortly after leaving the posada they struck from the main road into the original mule-path, in order to make one of those "short cuts" which travelers amidst mountains learn to avoid. This path leading up the height was so filled with stones as to render it almost impassable, while running, as it frequently did, along the dizzy edge of a precipice, made the traveling it very dangerous, especially at night. It was moonlight, or they could not have passed in safety. The light was not strong enough to enable them to see clearly, but just sufficient to reveal the dark spaces over which they hung. On the summit of the Cuesta of Chacabuco the path again joined the main road, and they found, in their case at least, that the "longest way round is" not only the "nearest" but the safest "way home." From the top there is said to be a magnificent view; but darkness lay on mountain and valley, and all around was uncertain, wild, and mysterious. Here the patriot, San Martin, after having led his army, one by one, through the gorges of the Andes, met the Spanish forces, and, after a desperate fight, drove them down the mountain. From the foot of this mountain to San Felipe, a distance of ten miles, the road is level, leading across a cultivated plain, abounding in wheat, hemp, and broom-corn. The sides are bordered with cottages, standing so closely together that, for the whole ten miles, it is like passing through a populous village. As they approached the city the road lay along the Aconcagua River, which, winding backward and forward through the plain, compelled them to cross it frequently. There were no bridges except little rustic foot-bridges, which, spanning the stream frequently from high, abrupt banks, composed pleasing and tasteful features in the landscape. The water, fresh from the Andes, was icy cold, and its volume, increased by a turbulent tributary near the city, made the fording of it difficult and dangerous.

Having arrived in the suburbs of the town, Don Frederico sent the peons and baggage to

the hotel, designing to take Strain directly to the house of his uncle to rest till evening. But, to Strain's surprise, his mule refused to stir. He had formed a strong attachment to the thin, raw-boned, flea-bitten, stub-tailed black horse. This affection had been coming on gradually, but heretofore had not interfered with their movements. Now, however, it had reached that point of intensity that could not endure separation. Seeing the black horse passing down the street, he planted his fore-feet firmly on the ground and refused to stir in the opposite direction. It was not till after repeated and heavy strokes of the spur that he was induced to move, and when he did, he gave vent to his wounded feelings in such an extraordinary bray that it brought all the inhabitants in the neighborhood to the door. As he moved lugubriously along he, at short intervals, gave other equally extraordinary specimens of his vocal powers. At length he came to the public square, where were the barracks, in which a military band was practicing. The music seemed to deepen the grief of the love-sick creature, and stopping abruptly, and flinging his nose pathetically into the air, he lifted up his voice in a still more astounding manner. The band stopped instantly, and the players, flinging down their instruments, with the soldiers, rushed to the doors, while all the residents near flocked out of their houses, till a crowd stood in the street. When they saw what was the matter a burst of laughter greeted the poor traveler. Between the exhibition Strain made jerking the reins and striking with his heels, and the poor mule giving forth those lamentable sounds, the scene was inconceivably ludicrous, and the crowd enjoyed it keenly. Every fresh explosion was followed by a peal of laughter, and "Suoni la tromba!" "Suoni la tromba!" ("Sound the trumpet!") was shouted on every side. The disconsolate beast at last consented to move on, but when it reached the house where they were to stop, it gave forth one more parting wail. Don Frederico's uncle being absent, they were received by two cousins of his, a male and female. The latter was married, though extremely young. She had been pretty, but was now pale and thin, and evidently in the last stages of consumption. There was an air of resigned melancholy about her that made her deeply interesting, while her look and conversation appeared as if her thoughts were not in this world, but far away in that spirit-land to which she was fast hastening. It evidently wearied her to talk, not merely from physical weakness, but she took no interest in the common topics they were discussing, and after a short time left for her own apartment. Strain, drowsy and fatigued, soon fell asleep in his chair, and was finally awakened at hearing his name pronounced by Frederico. As he slowly opened his eyes he saw standing before him a creature of rare and wondrous beauty. She was another of Frederico's cousins, whom he had brought in to introduce. Thoroughly aroused by this



SOUND THE TRUMPET.

lovely apparition, Strain sprung to his feet to make his salutations, when his spur caught in his poncho, and he fell back in his seat, while Señorita Delfina smiled at his awkward predicament. In the next attempt he was more successful, and a kindly shake of the hand and a frank, cordial welcome quickly drove away his embarrassment. He had been warned of her charms at Santiago, but had no conception that he should behold such an extraordinary woman.

She was young, but had an air of self-possession, almost of hauteur, that would have become a queen. Having understood that Strain was an Englishman, she inquired if this was his first visit to Chili. Being set right on this point, she congratulated him on the valuable acquisitions his countrymen had made on the Pacific coast in the possession of California. The conversation becoming general, she exhibited an astonishing knowledge of history and geography, such as is seldom witnessed in the most select and cultivated society; and a knowledge, too, of all the important political events that had transpired in Europe, which took him completely by surprise. She put question after question, with an expression of deep interest; and when she came to more recent events, he was compelled to confess that she was better informed respecting them than himself, as he had been for the last year on the coasts of Mexico and California, and hence out of the way of periodicals. Turning to a table, he found a collection of books he did not expect to see at that remote point of civilization. Volumes lay scattered around nowadays seldom found on a lady's table. There was Corinne, the French Ency-

clopedists in the original, and other works, which showed that, while she took a deep interest in passing political events, her mind was also enriched with the stores of literature. He asked, with some surprise, if she read the encyclopedists. Her half-negative, and the blush which mantled her cheek, left no doubt as to the truth, while she could not converse on any topic without showing that her mind had taken a wide range. Their interesting conversation was interrupted by the announcement that breakfast was ready. Over this repast she presided with an ease and elegance that made her as charming there as she had been in conversation. Up to this time Strain had been perfectly contented with his traveling apparel, and his personal appearance generally; but such is the influence of female beauty on the manners of gentlemen, that no sooner was breakfast over than he stole away to the barber's, where, after being shaved and having his hair dressed, he returned as tidy and captivating as the groundwork upon which he operated, and his own limited wardrobe, would permit. At mid-day Señorita Delfina, acting the part of hostess, invited him to take a siesta, which he declined, on the ground that he was not sleepy—hoping, instead, to enjoy her presence and conversation. But she remembered the nap in the chair in the morning, and insisted on his going to bed. He was put into a room with a bed whose snow-white linen he could not consent to soil with his dusty clothing; so, using it only for a pillow, he lay down on the tiled floor, and was soon in profound slumber, from which he did not awaken till four o'clock, when he

was called to dinner. This was elegantly got up; and a pleasant journey across the mountains and his future happiness was drunk in Champagne—a wine unusual in any part of this country. During dinner she spoke of Lago Encantada and the Puente del Inca, the two most interesting objects he would find on his journey, and gave him excellent advice as to his traveling arrangements. After dinner, and when alone with Strain, she informed him that her father was a refugee from Mendoza, in the Argentine Republic, whence he had been driven for his political opinions. She was thoroughly conversant with all the political history and events that had transpired in those distracted provinces on the Atlantic coast, and gave him more insight into the various movements than he ever before had. She expressed her opinions fearlessly; and, when she came to denounce the petty tyrants who ruled her native country, that hitherto dreamy eye flashed fire, and the delicate mouth became rigid as iron. The transformation was complete; and as she dilated on the wrongs of her country, and pointed out the course that ought to be pursued, Strain gazed at her in undisguised admiration. There was an independence of thought in what she said, and a high, noble courage, which spoke in every lineament of her glorious face, that made her entrancing. With all her mildness and refinement of manner, there was in her the same spirit which burned in Joan of Arc and the Maid of Saragossa; and it needed only to change her sex to make a hero of her. Strain asked her why she did not raise a regiment herself; he, for one, would be glad to fight under her banner. She would by no means be a contemptible opponent. She is a daring, skillful rider, and four times has crossed the Andes to Mendoza. In those fearful passes, along the beetling precipices, on paths so narrow that the skirts of her robe floated out over abysses nearly a thousand feet deep, she would ride with the same ease and fearlessness as when she was sweeping in a wild gallop along the plain. She would sit a mere speck on the face of the cliff, and look calmly down on chasms that made the nerves of the strongest man quiver. Twice she had made the entire journey, two hundred miles, in four days—or, fifty miles a day—a distance which took Strain over six days to accomplish. It seems almost incredible that this could have been done; and nothing but the most urgent necessity could justify it. It can not be performed in this time merely by making greater speed on those portions of the route where a mule can go faster than on a walk, for they are too few and limited, but by traveling night and day. This, however, requires a power of endurance, and a hardihood of daring, rarely found in men. As he looked upon that beautiful form, and those delicate hands and feet, he could hardly believe that she had, night after night, camped among the rocks in those high, cold regions, or skirted those fearful precipices and plunged into those

gloomy, frightful abysses at midnight. But there was that about her that convinced one that she was equal to any emergency; and, at the head of a column of cavalry, would, with a curling lip and a flashing eye, charge full on a blazing battery, and not a pulse beat quicker except in the joy of the excitement and daring. The mere fact that, born and brought up as she was at the foot of the Andes (she was born at Mendoza), on the outskirts of civilization, with no apparent inducement to obtain those extensive acquirements she possessed, and no apparent use for them when obtained, would alone point her out as a most remarkable woman. It was plain that her spirit chafed, and her whole being rebelled against the limited and inappropriate sphere in which she found herself placed. It needed no confession on her part to prove this; for when Strain referred to it, the sudden gleam that shot from her eye, and the almost fierce look that followed, showed how deeply she felt it. It was really painful to see this magnificent creature, both in person and mind, shut up here for life. In figure, she was full without being stout, and her whole form rounded with exquisite grace. Her hair was black as the raven's wing, and folded back from a brow shaded with thought. Her eyes were large, dark, and dreamy when in repose, but capable of great and varied expression. When they kindled with excitement the rich blood under her brown cheek always responded. Her mouth, in regularity and beauty, matched the other almost faultless lineaments of her face; but it was not its beauty that arrested one—it was its extraordinary flexibility and power of expression. It seemed as if every ripple of thought or wave of feeling, as it floated over her lips, shaped them to its own character and meaning. Her voice, in common conversation, was soft and musical; but when she grew excited over the wrongs of her country, it increased both in volume and tone, yet it became neither shrill nor piercing, but sounded like a distant bugle-note.

So youthful, and yet so mature—so exceedingly beautiful, and yet thinking more of the intellect that is unprized and practically inactive than of her beauty—she can arrive at but one goal—disappointment. She will either take some rash and desperate measure, and get out into that world for which she is fitted, or at last, in mere weariness, marry one of the half-civilized beings around her, only to feel herself, like Pegasus, chained to a dray.

A little before six Frederico came to the door with the mules, announcing that every thing was ready for departure. Strain begged that he would stay overnight, but he refused. Lingered till the last moment, he at length bade her adieu, though with the expectation of seeing her again, for she informed him that within a week she expected to be in Mendoza. The sudden illness of her invalid sister, who was attacked with violent hemorrhage of the lungs, which was doubtless followed soon after by death, prevented the journey.

Strain left San Felipe with profound regret. He had become deeply interested in Señorita Delfina, and sympathized sincerely with her in her complete isolation from that society which could appreciate her, and which she seemed made to adorn.

The chief beauty of San Felipe is its public promenades, which inclose the town on two sides, and furnish a cool retreat for the inhabitants of a summer evening.

It was sunset when the company rode out of the place and commenced their journey to Santa Rosa, fifteen miles distant—the last village east of the Andes, and from which the ascent proper of the mountains commences. The brother of Señorita Delfina accompanied Strain out of the city—a compliment frequently paid to strangers in various parts of South America. For a mile after they had forded the river the country was rough and rocky, when they struck a rich and fertile valley. The road was good, while its sides were so thickly studded with houses that, for more than thirteen miles, it seemed like passing through a straggling village. Cottages and gardens and rural churches, with the cheerful peasants sitting in front of their neat dwellings, enjoying the evening and chatting with their neighbors, filled up the whole distance. With the roads good, the evening cool, the animals fresh, and such pleasing objects to beguile the way, time passed swiftly, and, very much to his surprise, Strain suddenly found himself in the little village of Santa Rosa of the Andes. There being no hotel, it was some time before they could find a place to pass the night in. They at length found a vacant apartment, and taking a drink of brandy and water in place of supper, of which none was to be had, with their saddles for pillows, lay down on the damp earthen floor to sleep; the last act of Strain being an angry growl at Frederico for bringing him to such a place as this instead of remaining in San Felipe, where were comfortable beds, and where he could have enjoyed for a few more hours the pleasant society of Señorita Delfina.

The next morning was the first day of March. The travelers rose early and managed to obtain a very slim breakfast. Strain then called on the governor of the department to obtain some local information; but this important functionary refused bluntly to communicate any, evidently suspecting his motives. From an intelligent merchant, however, he learned that the department of Santa Rosa was one of the richest and most productive of the republic, abounding in wheat and other agricultural products, as well as containing silver and copper mines. The country is healthy, subject to no endemic or epidemic diseases. There are a few cases of goitre, and this disease seems to be slightly on the increase. It is stated by those most worthy of confidence, that the goitre was unknown in Chili till about twenty years ago, when it made its appearance simultaneously with the introduction of poplars from Mendoza. This

being a frontier town, duties are collected on all goods coming over the mountains from the Argentine provinces, and here Frederico exhibited his Jewish propensities. Indeed Strain had a touch of it the day before at San Felipe. On going to take out his passport for leaving the country, Frederico suggested that he should pass for his clerk, and thus he could save three dollars and a half, as in that case the charge would be but four reals. A few weeks before, when he came from Mendoza, he brought with him several horses and mules, which he asserted at the custom-house in Santa Rosa he designed to take back with him, and so, instead of paying duties on them, he gave security that they should be paid in the event that he sold them in Chili. Two of these Strain had bought, and two had been exchanged for the two miserable worn-out hacks upon which Bertoldo and the boy were mounted. The colt had taken the place of another. To avoid paying duties, he had Strain's mules recorded as his own, which he averred he had loaned him for the journey. He was a shrewd financier, and evinced his sharpness still farther by borrowing of Strain the same day twenty-five dollars, which the latter could not well refuse, and which he knew he would never see again. Here they encountered a young man by the name of Astorga, who was also on his way to Mendoza, and who proposed to join company, which was readily agreed to. He gave the house where he was stopping, and said he would be ready at any hour they would call for him.

Finding that Frederico did not intend to start till toward evening, Strain strolled around the town to pass away the time as he best could. It did not put him in the pleasantest humor to think how much more agreeably he could have passed these twenty hours with Señorita Delfina in San Felipe.

The town proper contains about 4000 inhabitants, and is laid out with great regularity, with a large square in the centre. The streets are well paved, while through nearly every one runs a small mountain stream, pure as crystal and cold as iced water. These streams come from the snow-capped Andes, and, sparkling and rippling as they do through the various streets, impart a refreshing coolness in the summer, and present a novel and pretty aspect. A beautiful and shaded promenade encircles the entire town, while over all, and above all, towers, in awful majesty, the snow-capped summits of the Andes. Altogether, it is one of the prettiest towns in the region, though seldom visited by the traveler. Far away from the noise of travel and bustle of commerce, it nestles down at the feet of the Cordilleras—its inhabitants knowing or caring little of what is going on in the great world about them. Simple and contented, they are seldom troubled except when the rumblings of an earthquake are heard in the distance.

Toward evening they set out for the mountains, and Strain observing that Frederico was leaving without calling for Astorga, as he prom-

ised, reminded him of it. The latter replied, perhaps he had already gone; or if not, and they chanced to meet him, they could say that they went for him but could not find him. Strain saw at once that there was a motive in his conduct—that he wanted none but those who would do his bidding in the party. This made him still more anxious for another traveling companion through the mountains, where he would be completely at the mercy of this man, who had already shown himself to be thoroughly unscrupulous. There was, however, no help for it, and, leaving the town behind them, they entered the winding, fertile valley that led to the base of the Cordilleras. Passing near a mill by the roadside, they met a party of travelers, one of whom was from Mendoza and an acquaintance of Federico. Learning that Strain was an American, he accosted him in English, and informed him that he had been educated in Philadelphia, and at parting, desired him to inform Mr. Somebody there, whose name Strain forgot, that he was well, and had just been married. His bride, to whom he had been married by proxy, resided in Valparaiso, whither he was now going to reclaim her.

The road now commenced to ascend gradually, leading over a substantial stone bridge to the pass, or guard, where their passports were examined. The solitary old fellow stationed here was jolly and sociable. Though cut off from society he had not lost his interest in it; and he would not take No for an answer, but insisted that they should sit down and smoke a cigar and have a little chat with him. They humored him, and sat and talked till nearly dark, when they pushed on. Strain's saddle, being intended for a horse, was too large for the mule, and having lost the sweat-cloth from under it, and the crupper never being used in this country, the first steep pitch he descended he came very near going over the animal's head. Added to this, the boy who had the led-horse, and was put in charge of his cloak, fell asleep and lost both. This caused a long delay; for Bertoldo had to return some distance before he found them, and it was nine o'clock when they caught the glimmer of the light in a miserable hut where they intended to pass the night. Having reached this forlorn hovel, they dismounted and unsaddled for the night. In a short time Strain found himself seated before a fire kindled in the centre of the room, over which two quite pretty girls were cooking a supper of eggs, soup, and jerked beef. The prettier of the two was a black-eyed, coquettish girl eighteen years of age, whose intercourse with travelers had banished all original bashfulness, if she possessed any, and she and Strain became at once capital friends. Her sister had coquetted some six years longer with passing travelers, and hence was less sprightly and attractive. The entire supper was put into one earthen bowl, and each, furnished with a spoon, helped himself. They had just commenced when another traveler was announced, who

proved to be Astorga. Having ascertained that the party had started without him, he pushed on in pursuit. His peon, Jacinto, was a fine-looking, intelligent Guacho, who displayed his pride of country by wearing, even in Chili, a pair of fanciful, loose, white drawers, and a piece of red flannel singularly secured about the loins and thighs. He inquired why they had come off without him. Federico, with his ready coined lie, replied that they were unable to find him. He did not refer to Strain, who, feeling more independent with Astorga in company, was half-inclined to volunteer a denial, but finally concluded to let it pass, in order to have peace over the mountains. The supper, though fit only for an ostrich, they speedily dispatched, and the three companions lay down in the open air in front of the cottage and soon fell into a sound sleep.

Soon after daylight they were in the saddle, and, without waiting for breakfast, started off. The ascent had now commenced, the road following the side of the mountain, whose summits were lost in the clouds. Occasionally they would catch a glimpse of the peaks of the principal range standing far away against the cold, blue sky. As they pursued their devious, toilsome way toward these, the snow and ice that gleamed in the first sunlight reminded them that before night they would be in a vastly different temperature. The road was a mere shelf along the mountain, hanging over a mad torrent that rushed and roared far below. Compressed between two mountains, it tore along with such power as to carry with it not only heavy debris but huge rocks which it had loosened from the cliffs. At one place the rocky mountains approach to within fifteen or twenty feet of each other, giving a terrific aspect to the maddened waters. This is called the Soldier's Leap, from a tradition which asserts that once a soldier, hotly pursued by his foes, cleared the frightful chasm at a bound and escaped.

Toiling slowly onward and upward they reached, at ten o'clock, Guardia Vieja, or Old Guard, a ruined hut which is occupied only in summer. They breakfasted here on some beef, roasted on a stick. While it was getting ready Strain washed himself in the cold mountain torrent, notwithstanding the earnest expostulations of his companions, who declared that to wash on a journey inevitably brought ill-luck. They neither washed their hands nor faces during the whole route. This superstition is general throughout South America, though no one seems acquainted with its origin or can assign any reason for the belief in it. Here San Martin, who overturned the Royalists in Chili, fought his first battle with them. The Spanish general met him here as he emerged from the gorges of the Andes, and a fierce conflict took place. The patriots were weary with their long and fatiguing march, while the Royalists were fresh, and had chosen their position; but the enthusiasm of the patriots bore down all oppo-

sition; and the Spaniards, driven back over the narrow way, were hurled into the chasms and torrents below.

As they advanced the ascent became more precipitous and laborious. At mid-day they came to a large rivulet, whose water was clear as the atmosphere, and as it rippled over the white smooth stones it looked in the sunlight like a chain of brilliants. They were now on the verge of perpetual snow, and in the very heart of the mountains, that rose in a confused mass of savage peaks all around. On the banks of this beautiful stream stands a *casucha*, a strong structure built for the protection of travelers in spring and autumn. O'Higgins, the Irish dictator of Chili, had several of these erected, and placed in them charcoal and provisions, intrusting the keys of the stores to the couriers who conducted travelers over the mountains. This was very important, for the transit between Chili and the Argentine provinces was constant. Since then, however, they have been neglected, and now contain neither stores nor fuel. Without any chimney or door, they are damp and cheerless; still they are a great protection to the traveler against the piercing winds, and have preserved many lives. Strain's courier over the pampas had once been shut up in one of these eighteen days in a snow-storm. Some merchants finding it a matter of vital importance, very late in autumn, to send a message to Buenos Ayres, offered him twenty ounces of gold to carry it across the mountains. Tempted by the large bribe he set out, but here, in the heart of the mountains, he was overtaken by one of those snow-storms—*temporales* as they are called—the terror and strength of which the dweller on the plains has no conception of. Groping his way to the *casucha*, he entered it and lay down. As he looked out from the door, chasm and cliff were obliterated—naught could be seen but the driving snow, as, whirled by the tortured and imprisoned winds, it drove through the gorges or leaped madly upward into the murky heavens. The muffled sound of torrents in the abysses below could be heard only in the pause of the storm. The uproar was deafening, and the reflections of the solitary man, as he listened to it, locked up there in those savage solitudes, were heart-sickening. Day after day, and night after night, the storm howled on, mocking the hopes of the shivering wretch as he looked out in vain for some signs of change. At length his provisions began to fail, and he eked them out to the farthest limit. He would sit and gaze on his scanty stores, beating back the pangs of hunger, and with a strong will dole out to himself his miserable rations. This slow and steady approach to starvation was infinitely worse than death. At length the last morsel was consumed, and still the blinding snow-storm swept on. Knowing it was certain death to remain where he was, without the possibility of obtaining food, he crept out and started on his journey. Unable to see but a few feet in advance, sometimes

compelled to lay his face against the cliff, and hold on with both hands, to keep from being swept by the blast into abysses below, he slowly felt his way forward. In falls of the storm he would be startled by the muffled roar of a torrent right beneath his feet, and rising, apparently, from unfathomable depths. Sometimes slipping on the very brink of the precipice—once saving himself only by catching on the edge with his hands and with great difficulty crawling back, now floundering through heavy snow-drifts, and now picking his way over concealed torrents, hungry, cold, benumbed, weary, and affrighted, the poor man, after numberless narrow escapes, at length emerged into the valley beyond. His account of this horrible journey, related in all its details in his simple language, was thrillingly interesting. Though a brave man, and not given to devotion, he never alluded to this passage in his adventurous life without raising his hat and crossing himself, while a perceptible shudder shook his frame.

Passing up they soon came to another *casucha* standing at the foot of a steep hill, on the top of which was perched a third. The path, thus far, had been up a sharp ascent, but it was nothing compared to the one before them. The hill appeared to stand almost perpendicular, up which the path led in dizzy zigzags, looking as if one had been cutting a countless number of letter Z's on its breast. At the foot of it, and at the head of a gorge, there burst forth an immense spring, issuing from the mouth of a cavern. Strain at once suspected this was the outlet to the "*Lago Encantada*"—the enchanted lake—so long a mystery to the natives, and also to scientific travelers, who had heard in Chili of its existence. He was therefore not disappointed when, on surmounting the hill, he saw spread out before him a beautiful mountain lake, about a mile wide and three miles long. The great mystery to the natives was what became of the water that from numberless torrents, born amidst the snow-peaks, was constantly poured into it, and how, in spring and summer, it retained the same level. The outlet being a mile from the lake itself, it never occurred to them that this was one end of a subterranean passage, but had always regarded it as a mountain spring. The gorge through which its surplus waters originally passed has evidently, at some remote period, been closed up by a convulsion of nature, which threw an immense hill into its bed. The pressure of the water, as it rose to surmount this new barrier, forced a passage beneath. The mystery was thus easily solved; but it was natural that the ignorant and superstitious natives, awed by the grandeur and sublimity of this uninhabitable region, should seek for an explanation in the power of enchantment. Still continuing to ascend, the cold suddenly became so intense that Astorga's peon said it must be snowing on the mountain, which they afterward found to be true.

Proceeding slowly upward, absorbed in the emotions awakened by the sublimity with which

he was invested, Strain was aroused by the voice of Frederico, who said, in the most business-like way, "Come, let us take a drink of brandy and tighten our girths, for we have now got to climb the mountain." "Climb the mountain!" exclaimed Strain, "what else have we been doing all day, and a steep one at that?" Frederico pointed to a lofty and regularly formed mountain in the distance, presenting an imposing appearance as it stood out in a gorge against the sky. Regarding it a second time, Strain observed a zigzag line running up the face of it, as if drawn by a pencil. Indeed it looked more like a streak of forked lightning, pinned to the breast of the mountain, than a path for a living thing to tread in. Although it weaves backward and forward in incessant curves, yet even the inclined plane of the path lies at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees. Here the mules began to labor, and every few minutes would stop and take breath, and then of their own accord start on. It is in such cases as this that man comes to admire the patience and sagacity of this stubborn animal. There was no whipping, or spurring, or abusive words; man and mule had both changed natures—one had become docile and reliable, and the other kind. The natives are exceedingly cruel to their animals, and although the Chilians are the best riders in the world, they have no affection for the horse like the Arab. Strain therefore turned with surprise to Frederico, as if he expected a transformation in his physical appearance. He was unfeeling toward his animals, and used only coarse and abusive language to them; but now his voice was kind and encouraging, and he coaxed and praised by turns. The poor creatures strained faithfully up the steep acclivity; but the rarity of the atmosphere, the biting wind, which was now high, and the fatigue combined, told heavily upon them, and it was painful to witness their sufferings. Their breath came quick and fast, and was ejected from their nostrils with a loud sound, showing with what force it was expelled from the lungs. But apparently conscious that they had a definite task to perform, they needed neither whip nor spur, but, after stopping to breathe a few minutes, would patiently recommence their painful task. The scenery now grew wilder and more sublime. As they approached the summit the sea of peaks, which before had been shut out by the nearer mountains, began to unroll itself, and reveal to the startled traveler the terrific place into which he had pushed himself. At length they stood on the top, more than two miles high, and lo! there spread out a scene around, below, and beyond them, that language has no words to describe or to express the emotions it awakens. Standing in the centre of this vast assemblage of mountains, extending a hundred and twenty miles in width, and lost north and south in the distance, one seems to have been transported to a hitherto undiscovered world. It is a wilderness of snow-capped mountain masses. The sky was clear, and the sun, in all his evening

glory, hung just above the snowy peaks in the west, flooding them with a strange splendor. Between lay the deep, dark valley, from which the eye turned with a shudder; while before them rose the enormous white column of Tupungati twenty thousand feet into the heavens, its everlasting robe of white dazzling the eye as it stood bathed in the full glories of the setting sun. How still, how serene, slept that ocean of glittering peaks! how still, how mysterious, spread the darkness through those unfathomable abysses! Not a sound broke the impressive silence there, save the low wail of the wind. Not an animate object relieved the utter desolation, save the black form of a solitary condor wheeling slowly round a savage peak, as if by contrast to deepen the loneliness of the scene. Every thing is on a vast scale, as if God had exulted in the exertion of power when he had heaved these mighty masses together, and the soul is stunned and stupefied, and stands and trembles and staggers under the majesty and power it can not comprehend. The tremendous chasms and precipices, or frightful abysses, which are peculiar to the Andes, inspire feelings of terror as well as sublimity. Strain, who is peculiarly unimpressible to natural scenery, declared that this one view amply repaid him for all the discomforts and fatigues of the whole journey. In his diary he says: "Had I been *blasé*, I should decidedly have received an impression. I have heard and read much of natural scenery whose grandeur and sublimity had produced in observers a feeling of awe, and yet afterward viewed it myself without surprise, almost with indifference. The storm at sea, in all imaginable phases, I have witnessed without a profound impression. Neither have I been much impressed by the thunder-storm in the mountains, or by cataracts, or by the many natural objects on which so many highly-wrought pages have been lavished. Two views only, of which I have heard and read much, did not fail to realize my expectations. The first was the Andes, as seen from Valparaiso in winter; and the next, the view from the summit of the mountain pass of Uspallata."*

The slope by which they descended lay at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and was inclosed by lofty mountains, whose dazzling white and sun-tipped summits contrasted strongly with the dark depths into which they were plunging, and made one think of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The wind was piercing, and they became so thoroughly chilled that they were compelled to dismount and walk to keep from being benumbed. Rattling down the narrow way, often in danger of tripping and rolling over, they at length, at half past eight, reached the

* There is a good anecdote told of Sir Francis Head when he stood on this summit. His remark was not quite so bad as the Englishman's, who exclaimed on beholding Niagara, "How nice!" but approximated it. Surveying the wondrous spectacle, he exclaimed, "What can be more beautiful!" to which his attendant, a Cornish miner, replied, "Them things, Sir, that do wear caps and aprons." There is not much to choose between them.



PASS OF USFALLATA.

valley, and, mounting, pushed on to find a resting-place for the night. After about an hour's ride they halted, and began to look out for a spot to pitch their camp. They finally selected a huge porphyritic rock, because Astorga's peon had concealed under it two sticks of wood on his way over. It was a bleak and cheerless place; all around was black volcanic rock—not a sign of vegetation—nothing to relieve the eye but the snowy summits that stood,

“Like Earth's gigantic sentinels,
Discoursing in the sky,”

far, far above them. It was a relief to turn from the darkness that lay in vast, dense masses in the gorges and chasms to the stars that gleamed in unnatural brightness in the clear atmosphere of those high regions. Contrasted with the great motionless forms that lifted themselves on every side, and the profound silence and deadness around, they, with their spark-

ling, flashing beams, seemed like living, sentient beings moving in a joyous world by themselves.

The travelers, who seemed mere insects amidst these gigantic forms, sat around their little fire smoking cigars until ten o'clock, when they prepared to turn in. On examining the stock of blankets, cloaks, ponchos, etc., on hand, it was found that Strain and Astorga alone were provided with any. An unlined poncho, which could furnish no protection against the bleak mountain wind, was all that Frederico had. The selfishness and cupidity of this fellow had displayed themselves more and more ever since they started. In the first place, Strain had given him a third more for the two mules than they were worth; in the second place, he had paid all the expenses of the journey, when he ought to have paid but half, besides lending him money he was sure never to see again. He had also bought a large supply of horse feed, of which his mules never got a taste, although Frederico used one of them in place of his old black horse, which had broken down. The colt got the whole, which put him in fine condition for sale when they should reach Mendoza. But his coolness and impudence reached their climax this night, when he deliberately placed himself between Astorga and Strain, thus getting the threefold benefit of the blankets, of being protected from the wind, and having the warmth of two bodies around his own. Strain had the windward side, and tried to get a little sleep. The covering, however, was too narrow, and, lifting with every flaw of wind, kept one side shivering all night. When the cold became insufferable he would turn on the other side, and so kept shifting from side to side till morning. To compose him still more, Frederico lay snoring in a happy state of unconsciousness, showing how comfortable and pleasant he found his quarters. Strain's only consolation was in vowing a terrible revenge at some future time. Fortune helped him in this; for the colt that devoured all his feed became so frisky that, when Frederico mounted him in the streets of Mendoza, the vicious beast threw him over his head. He dared not again mount his pet horse; so his mortification was greater than if he had lost a dozen animals. To be an inhabitant of Mendoza and not be able to mount any horse, is not to be a gentleman. In fact, not to be able to ride is the next door to crime.

They rose at daylight, and the poor mules, which had passed the night without any food, were glad to leave so inhospitable a region. The temperature may be judged from the fact that the entire margin of the mountain torrent whose course they followed was firmly frozen.

As they were slowly passing down this valley, bounded on either side by enormous masses of porphyritic rock and mountains, Strain was taught a lesson of prudence which came well-nigh being his last. The descent having become more gradual, he relaxed his vigilance

over his large English saddle, which had hitherto, by shoving forward on the mule's neck, caused him no little inconvenience and anxiety. He was gazing up and around on the savage scenery, and did not notice that they had come to a sharp hill. Going down this the saddle slipped forward, when the mule gave two violent kicks in the air, which threw Strain, in a complete somersault, flat on his back on a rock twenty feet below. Not satisfied with this performance, the mule rushed forward and attempted to plant his fore-feet on Strain's breast. Though stunned by his fall, he had sufficient presence of mind to detect the object of the brute, and avoid the blow, by suddenly rolling down the hill. The mule concluded not to follow, and dashed off in another direction till he became entangled by the saddle, which had turned, and was brought back by the peons. About ten they stopped and lunched on tough beef at the camp of an old muleteer, and then proceeded on to the Puente del Inca, one of the objects of interest in this pass. It is a natural bridge, formed of conglomerate, about one hundred and twenty feet long and ninety wide.

This bridge is an object of greater curiosity to the scientific man than to the traveler. Here is a valley, a mile wide and of great depth, which has been scooped out, for miles above and below, by the terrific torrents that are formed by the melting of the snows on the surrounding mountains. There is no other outlet for the vast accumulation of water on their sides and summits. Now this bridge is not a boulder, or section of a mountain, which has been heaved by some convulsion of nature from its bed, and hurled into the ravine, damming up the stream, but is a part of the mountain itself. It seems impossible, however, that the torrent should have scooped out this tremendous gorge for so many miles, and here alone bored a tunnel through a rock only ninety feet thick, leaving a comparatively fragile structure standing amidst the monuments and traces of its power and fury. In contemplating it, the mind goes back for an explanation to that period in the history of the world when the climate was mild, and there was no snow on these mountains, and but a rivulet flowed here, or so cold that the snow never melted. As the climate changed, and the snow began to accumulate and to melt on these mountains, the stream formed and gradually increased in size, and in the progress of ages bored this tunnel, which widened and deepened with the steady increase of water, till now under its arch flows a frightful torrent.

Within a few yards of the bridge there is a spring of hot water; and directly under, in a shelf of the rock, and only a few inches distant, are two other copious springs of an entirely different temperature.

About one o'clock they reached scanty vegetation, where they unsaddled, and turning their half-starved animals out to graze, took a siesta. Awaking about four in the afternoon, Strain saw, on the opposite side of the valley, a series

of zigzags on an almost perpendicular mountain, fifteen hundred feet high. They looked like mere lines drawn backward and forward on the steep slope. From their regularity he thought they must be made by animals, though he could hardly conceive of the boldness that would induce them to venture on such a fearful elevation with so narrow a foothold. But while he lay wondering six guanacos marched, in a stately and dignified manner, over the crest of the mountain. As they came on in single file, each form was distinctly drawn against the clear blue sky, far up in the heavens. Without the least hesitation, and apparently as easy and confident as they would walk the valley beneath, they began their perilous descent.

Saddling up, they forded the deep and rocky torrent along whose margin they had been traveling; and, a little after dark, reached a cave by the side of the path, in which they found eight or ten muleteers encamped, who were on their way to Valparaiso after merchandise. Around the mouth were heaped, in confusion, pack-saddles, cargas, and so on; while in the centre burned a fire, throwing a red glare on the otherwise smoky, black walls of the cavern. Around it were grouped the peons, in various attitudes and fantastic costumes, their features assuming a strange wildness in the light of the fire—the whole resembling a bandit encampment in the fastnesses of the mountains. These were, however, harmless men, who greeted the strangers as they entered hospitably, the owner of the troupe rising from the seat of honor always assigned to him, and conducting Mr. Strain to it, who, as a foreigner, was peculiarly his guest. He then invited them to partake of the supper, which was nearly ready. They declining, he produced cigars, and Strain, in thanking him, incidentally remarked that they were peculiarly acceptable to him, as his had given out the day before. The good host immediately begged Mr. Strain to do him the honor to accept a bundle for the rest of his journey, assuring him that he had an ample supply, and even if he had not, he could resort to cigarettes, to which gentlemen from foreign parts were not accustomed. Courtesy forbade a refusal; and Strain thought that—although the day before his wrath was kindled at the whole race of Mendozans by the conduct of Frederico—there might be some true gentlemen among them after all. And so it is; a man may be made to sleep at night exposed to a chilling wind, by the selfishness of one man, and yet be repaid the next day by the courtesy and kindness of another.

In a short time the cheerful cries of their peons, sounding nearly overhead as they encouraged their mules up the steep ascent, hastened their departure, and our travelers, after expressing many thanks, mounted and pushed on to the Penon Rajada, or River Stone, where they had determined to pass the night. This rock had been at some remote period dislodged from the mountain mass above, and rolled down to the roadside, where it stopped, with its sum-

mit so far overhanging its base that it furnished comfortable shelter for three persons. It looked for all the world like a huge man-trap, balanced there on purpose to fall upon and crush the too trusting traveler. Astorga, Frederico, and Strain stretched themselves under this, Frederico, of course, in the middle, leaving a rough stone for Strain to find the soft side of. His two companions, enjoying the mildness of the night as compared with the preceding one, lay and sang national songs till a late hour, making the rocks around ring with their music. Coiled up under a beetling rock, buried, as it were, in the heart of the mountains, their merry songs seemed strangely out of place. One of these, designed to ridicule the priesthood—called the Franciscan Friar ("Padre Francisco")—was full of wit and humor. The people have no reverence for the priesthood, who are generally jolly, rotund, good-natured fellows—with large capacity for liquor and very liberal to strangers.

Roused up at four o'clock in the morning they pushed on, and after traveling about three miles, came upon a large troop of mules bivouacked. Among the travelers were several women, who were just rising from their mattresses, which were spread upon the ground, and making their toilet preparatory to setting out. Some had children too young to trust on the back of a mule, and these were placed in baskets and slung across the animal. Whenever a pair could not be had to adjust the balance, a stone, or some weight, was put in the other basket, and thus they were carried over these dangerous passes. Those in the camp kindly invited them to take coffee, and when they were about to proceed the women presented them with a pound cake. It is strange how these little kindnesses in a desolate, dreary country take hold of one's heart, and make him think better of his kind. With a "God bless the ladies!" our travelers pressed forward for the first of the three "*laderas*," as these three fearful passes of the Andes are called. A *ladera* is a narrow path cut along the side of the mountain, which is perpendicular on one side, and nearly so on the other. In making the one hundred and thirty miles, the width of the Andes here, the traveler surmounts the obstacles in various ways. Sometimes the bed of a torrent furnishes them comparatively easy traveling; again the gorge turns off in the wrong direction among the mountains, and they come abruptly upon a steep mountain, up which they are compelled to toil in laborious zigzags, and descend in the same way to another valley, which stretches toward the point they desire to reach. At another time the mountain comes down in a sheer precipice to the torrent along whose bed they wish to journey. A rocky margin has hitherto furnished them foothold; but it now presents nothing but a fearful abyss, through which the foaming waters go with a loud and angry roar. The mountain is too steep and high to go over the top in zigzags, and so the path is cut along the face of the precipice, di-

rectly above the stream. In some places it is not more than three feet wide, and cumbered with loose stones. The mountain side between the path and the torrent below, in some places, lies at a slight angle, in others it is a perpendicular cliff, so that a man on a mule can reach out his arm and drop a stone nearly a thousand feet into the shuddering abyss below. Neither is this narrow shelf level, but you ascend and descend the path, necessarily keeping just above the point where the sheer face of the precipice begins, for it would be next to impossible to cut a way along the smooth face of the cliff. In making the first descent Strain said, "I can compare my own feelings, as my mule smelled his way along the narrow descent with his nose almost between his legs, while his short neck and the path were entirely invisible, only to those of a man sliding slowly down a very steep roof, in a disagreeable state of uncertainty as to whether the gutter or trough at the eaves will sustain his weight when he reaches there." It seems impossible that men should ever get accustomed to this perilous mode of traveling; yet the women of this region will sit composedly on their mules, and look down hundreds of feet, and see naught but a dark abyss through which the torrent is raving. A single false step, a slight stroke of the load against the rock, the least start, and animal and rider would disappear like a fitting shadow into the gulf beneath. The last, the Ladera de las Vacas, is the worst of all. The mountain here comes to a point, presenting nothing but a sharp profile. Around this profile, or edge of the mountain, the path bends in an acute angle. In approaching this point, and doubling it, the narrow track passes directly along the edge of a precipice that descends in a straight line to the gorge below. Neither does the path pass along on a level to this dangerous point, but ascends sharply to it, at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, and descends abruptly the other side. At this point it is solid rock, which has been perforated by the feet of mules, each succeeding year wearing them deeper. Into these holes the cautious, sagacious animals now trod with great care and precision. The slightest mistake here would prove fatal, and our travelers held their breath as they crawled along toward the dangerous point. Even the muleteers who cross the Andes the most frequently never get so accustomed to its danger as to pass it without great anxiety. Pricking his ears, his nose to the rock as if smelling the track, the leading mule slowly felt his way along the narrow shelf. In approaching the edge of the mountain where the path turns it seems to the eye to end entirely, the narrow gash it makes showing clear and distinct like a human feature against the sky beyond. Above was the almost perpendicular and savage mountain; below, the dizzy precipice and the wild abyss; beyond, mountains interlocking mountains. Had they met other travelers here, one or the other party must have perished. In-

deed, in many places along this pass, it would have been impossible for a mule to have turned round, and frequently the path was so narrow that a man could not dismount to save himself, and must have gone over the cliff with his animal. One can well imagine that to such dangers the traveler can never become indifferent, and one unaccustomed to dizzy heights and dangerous paths must never trust his eyes over the precipice, or look upon the savage scenery around him. At length they reached the point where the path bent around the edge of the cliff, and then all the sagacity of the mules were put in requisition. The angle is so acute that the animal has to bend its body almost double to get around, and each foot is lifted and planted with a care that shows he is aware of his danger. Every one felt relieved when this last and most dangerous of the laderas was passed.

Sir Francis Head has the following fine piece of description on his passage of this pass. It is well that the accident mentioned occurred at the commencement of the pass, and not in its more elevated and more dangerous portions:

"As soon as the leading mule came to the commencement of the pass, he stopped, evidently unwilling to proceed, and, of course, all the rest stopped also.

"He was the finest mule we had, and on that account had twice as much to carry as any of the others; his load had never been relieved, and it consisted of four portmanteaus, two of which belonged to me, and contained not only a very heavy bag of dollars, but also papers, which were of such consequence that I could hardly have continued my journey without them. The peons now redoubled their cries, and leaning over the sides of their mules, and picking up stones, they threw them at the leading mule, who now commenced his journey over the path. With his nose to the ground, literally smelling his way, he walked gently on, often changing the position of his feet, if he found the ground would not bear, until he came to the bad part of the pass, when he again stopped; and I then certainly began to look with great anxiety at my portmanteaus; but the peons again threw stones at him, and he continued his path, and reached me in safety; several others followed. At last a young mule carrying a portmanteau, with two large sacks of provisions, and many other things, in passing the bad point struck his load against the rock, which knocked his two hind legs over the precipice, and the loose stones immediately began to roll away from under them; however, his fore-legs were still upon the narrow path; he had no room to put his head there, but he placed his nose on the path on his left, and appeared to hold on by his mouth. His perilous fate was soon decided by a loose mule who came up, and in walking along after him, knocked his comrade's nose off the path, destroyed his balance, and head over heels the poor creature instantly commenced a fall which

was really quite terrific. With all his baggage firmly lashed to him, he rolled down the steep slope until he came to the part which was perpendicular, and there he seemed to bound off, and turning round in the air fell into a deep torrent on his back and upon his baggage, and instantly disappeared. I thought, of course, that he was killed; but up he rose, looking wild and scared, and immediately endeavored to stem the torrent which was foaming about him. It was a noble effort, and for a moment he seemed to succeed, but the eddy suddenly caught the great load which was upon his back, and turned him completely over; down went his head with all the baggage, and as he was carried down the stream, all I saw were his hind-quarters, and his long, thin, wet tail lashing the water. As suddenly, however, up his head came again; but he was now weak, and went down the stream, turned round and round by the eddy, until passing the corner of the rock I lost sight of him. I saw, however, the peons with *lassos* in their hands, run down the side of the torrent for some little distance; but they soon stopped, and after looking toward the poor mule for some seconds, their earnest attitude gradually relaxed, and when they walked toward me I concluded that all was over. I walked up to the peons, and was just going to speak to them when I saw at a distance a solitary mule walking toward us.

"We instantly perceived that he was the Phaeton whose fall we had just witnessed, and in a few moments he came up to us to join his comrades. He was, of course, dripping wet; his eye looked dull, and his whole countenance was dejected; however, none of his bones were broken, he was very little cut, and the bulletin of his health was altogether incredible.

"With that surprising anxiety which the mules all have to join the troop, or rather the leading mule which carries the bell, he continued his course, and actually walked over the pass without compulsion, though certainly with great caution."

The great danger and difficulties of the journey were now over, and they trotted gayly down the valley, the slope of which every moment grew more gradual. About noon they halted on the margin of a stream, where they breakfasted on the cakes given them by the warm-hearted *Madozinos*. Soon after leaving the turbid stream along which they had been traveling they struck across a shingly, barren plain, and at twelve o'clock burst into the beautiful and fertile valley of the Uspallata, whose green fields, luxuriant foliage, and limpid stream was a pleasant relief after three days' journeying amidst the terrific scenery, barren rocks, snow-peaks, and mad torrents of the Andes. The valley is six miles long and two miles wide, and contains but one settlement, composed of a few small houses. This is the custom-house station of Mendoza, and the captain of the guard, with his buxom wife, received the travelers very kindly. A hut was

assigned them, and Strain, in the evening, having nothing else to do, counted the dogs in the court-yard. In one group there were twenty, looking gaunt and ferocious as half-starved wolves. It needed not the caution of the hostess not to venture out, for he must be a bold man indeed who would expose himself to such an array of beasts. The *Guacho* of the plain delights to surround himself with formidable dogs, and is seldom seen away from his habitation without a pack of six or seven at his heels.

Bertoldo, the peon, having an idle afternoon on his hands, celebrated his safe passage of the Cordilleras by getting "gloriously drunk." Like most men in this condition he became exceedingly affectionate, and after expressing his attachment to Strain in the strongest terms, at last approached him with a would-be grave and serious but in reality a maudlin look, and told him that, on one subject, his mind was fully made up—that he never would leave him until he had seen him safely in Buenos Ayres. Rum is a sad leveler, a thorough Red Republican, and produces the same effects the world over.

The beds were made on the floor, and just as Strain and Astorga had begun to undress for the night the Captain and his wife came in to have a quiet game of cards with Don Frederico. Finding the lady did not stand on ceremony with him, Strain thought he would return the compliment, and having finished his preparations for the night turned in, and, lighting a cigar, soon smoked himself to sleep—not before, however, he had seen the money he had given Frederico to pay expenses transferred to the Captain and his wife.

The next day they proceeded down the valley, and after riding a few miles stopped at a spring, when Frederico attempted, without breaking the seal, to read the letter of the Captain of the Guard to the authorities of Mendoza. Being remonstrated with by Strain he defended his conduct, and, to Strain's astonishment, Astorga, to whom he appealed, said he could see no objection to it, as the letter related entirely to them and their baggage. At noon they arrived at an elevated table-land, from whence they had a distant view of the pampas, which lost itself in the eastern horizon like a sleeping ocean. Nature seems to have formed the Andes as a sort of compensation for the vast and almost interminable plains that stretch westward from the Atlantic. Strain thought they had now done with mountain travel; but in leaving the table-land they descended a deep ravine for ten miles, which, for picturesque beauty, exceeded anything he had seen on the route. After a farther tedious ride of forty-five miles they arrived at Villa Vicencio, where they passed the night. Their landlady gave them their tea by candle-light, and then all began to prepare for the night. This was done by each one—the man, his wife, daughters, and children—making their beds in front of the house, and without paying the slightest attention to the strangers at their side, undressing and

creeping into bed. Strain did the same, and soon fell asleep. Awaking, however, in the night, he found he had a bed-fellow, which, on examination, proved to be a guanaco he had seen around the house. The animal, attracted by the warmth of the bed, had crawled in and nestled down by his side. Pleased with his confidence, he let him remain. Frederico being now near home, and anxious to see the misguided, unfortunate little woman who had a few weeks before consented to be his wife, roused them at midnight, and they started off down the ravine, which they soon cleared, and emerged on the sterile plain that reaches to Mendoza. Over this, for upward of thirty miles, they traveled as fast as the mules could carry them. At the suburbs of the city they stopped and refreshed themselves with water-melons, which here attain great perfection. The whole family that supplied them, with the exception of the children, were afflicted with that disgusting disease the *goitre*. Indeed it prevailed in every class of society in Mendoza to an alarming extent. There being no *fonda*, or public house, in Mendoza, Strain and Astorga, from necessity, though much against their will, accepted Don Frederico's invitation, and put up at his house. His mother was rendered hideous by the *goitre*, while the swelling neck of his pretty young wife showed that the disease had fastened on her also.



ISLANDS AND SHORES OF GREECE.

IT was one of those starry nights of which we sometimes dream, but which with these dim eyes of ours we seldom see. Sometimes I have thought there was no part of the world where stars came down so low as over the Levant. I remember one night at Sinai—but that's not to the point now.

The *Lotus* lay at her anchor in the little harbor at Rhodes, and a soft breeze stealing in from the northeast promised the weather we had been waiting for. The *Lotus* is a schooner-rigged yacht which belongs to my friend S——. She was built in England, after an American model, carried out to Constantinople by her owner, a wealthy scion of an old house, who furnished and stocked her in royal style, and, by dint of the most desperate exertions to clear out her larder, ate and drank himself into a fever, died while his boat lay in the Sea of

Marmora, and was buried at Constantinople. When we were there she was offered for sale as she stood, with her provisions and her crew, for they demanded to be sold with her, and sold they were. S—— bought her for a cheap figure, three thousand pounds—she was worth all of double that—and we accepted his invitation to make a cruise in the Archipelago. All told, there were five of us in the cabin. One was a Frenchman, our old friend Laroche, who crossed the desert with us, and another was of that same party, Stephen Strong; the fourth was an Englishman of the rarest kind, a jolly good Englishman, as one of his own countrymen would have called him, and a rare good fellow, as we emphatically voted him the first day out.

I can not now pause to tell how we came to be at Rhodes. We had wandered along the Troad, passed a week on the plain and among the hills behind it while the *Lotus* lay at anchor in the strait between Tenedos and the main land, then we had called at Lemnos and looked off at Mount Athos across the sea, and thence we ran down before a glorious north wind to the shores of Lesbos, coasting along which we found ourselves, before we knew it, in the Gulf of Smyrna. We lingered a fortnight in and around the old city, whose profane glory was that it claimed to be the birth-place of Homer, and whose sacred character arose from its being the spot where one of the Seven Churches grew in "tribulation and poverty;" but which is now better known as the home of the plague and of all manner of Oriental abominations.

And so, by way of Chios, and Samos, and Cos, and Telos, and a score of other isles of old fame, we came to Rhodes, where once was, but now is not, the Colossus, and, dropping anchor close by the old ruined tower of crusading times, we left the *Lotus* at her anchor while we took up our quarters on shore and looked here and there at the ruins of the city. For Rhodes is a mass of ruin. When I was there some years ago it was one of the finest cities of the Levant, and the old street of the knights was worth one's crossing an ocean but once to walk through. Now, alas, how changed! The earthquake and the gunpowder explosion of last year have scattered the old splendors of Rhodes. The stately church of St. John, the cathedral on whose pavement we read the names of Grand Masters and Knights of the Cross, is now utterly gone. There was a fine Greek column that used to form the stepping-stone by which one went up from the body of the church into what was once the chancel or the high altar, but of late has been a Moslem praying place. That column was covered with a Greek inscription, in small but finely cut letters. It was a relic of ancient Rhodes. I wished then to preserve it. I would if possible have carried it away, but the foolish and fanatic Turks refused permission. That stone was doubtless blown to very dust by the terrible force of the explosion, which rent to pieces all the old walls of the city.



THE HARBOR AT RHODES

The old church seems to have vanished. It was the monument of a brave and noble order; it is like the Knights of St. John, a memory now.

We often wonder how it is that nations vanish and their temples fall into ruin. Lo here in our own day an instance of it! The splendid order that retired from Holy Land to this island, and possessed it and had a name that will live in history forever, stout knights, kings, and priests, are gone, and in our own day we behold their stately temple shattered and scattered hither and thither, so that a thousand years hence men shall wonder over Rhodes as we now wonder over Athens and Karnak.

We were three days at Rhodes looking around and through the city, and on the third evening this article commences, if the reader will now permit me to go back and begin again.

It was a starry night, I said, and the breeze was from the northward. Jackson had gone on shore for a final package of provisions, and had taken with him Iskander, a boy of twelve, son of a Greek woman in Smyrna, who had shipped him as cabin-boy, to be delivered to his father in Syra, should we be able to stop there.

We sat in the cabin over the second magnum of Brousa wine, and the soft air stole in at the open hatchway. A low plash of oars from the neighborhood of the round tower was audible in the profound stillness, and a few minutes later the boat grated alongside, and then a shriek and a plash in the water startled us. We sprang to the deck. Iskander was gone. He had sprung like a monkey to the deck, but, missing

his hold, fell back, and went down between the yacht and the boat. Three of us were over in a moment. Laroche alone could not swim, and made himself useless with a boat-hook, plunging it here and there in the water in a manner that would inevitably have proved fatal to the boy had he found him. Fortunately he did not, but John S—— did, and we had him on deck in a moment, howling so furiously that there remained no reasonable doubt of the healthy state of his lungs. Jackson tossed the packages on board; and we got up the anchor, made sail, and moved slowly out to the northward, leaving Rhodes in a celestial starlight which I shall never fail to associate with my last view of the old city of the knights.

The morning dawned with a cloudy sky and an ugly horizon. We were sorry we had sailed. Low muttering gusts of wind came out of the north, and by eight o'clock the wind was out in his wrath, and the sea was rolling with a plunging swell that characterizes the Archipelago. We made fair way to the westward, however, until toward evening, when the tempest had increased four-fold, and now headed us from the westward and northward, so that nothing remained for us but to run for a lee.

As the day was going we had made the hills of Carpathos on the lee beam, and thinking to run around the southwestern side of the island and gain its protection, or that of Casos, its near neighbor, we kept away a little until finally, before midnight, we were running due south, and going with the speed of the wind that carried us.

It was a fearful night. I have seen few so

bad, none worse. Long before day it was evident that unless the gale broke we must either lay her to the wind and weather it so, or else let her go before it. It was evident we could not round the point of *Casos* as easily as we could make the lea of *Crete*. So we held a council on the after-deck, and determined to seek Paul's refuge at Fair Havens, and away we went before it.

Wild, fierce, and inhospitable were the coasts of *Crete* in that tempestuous morning, as we drove past the Samonian promontory. The waves rolled over the rocky point, and sent their spray high into the thick atmosphere, thick with blinding, furious rain. On went the *Lotus*, like a dead leaf on the winter wind. We stood together at the tiller. The crew were all on the look-out forward.

"Steady!" shouted the mate, as he bent forward in the misty rain and stared at something in the water ahead.

"Steady it is!" and so she went thirty seconds or less.

"Port—port—hard down!" and down went the tiller with all of us on it. She came up into the eyes of the gale with a sweep and a plunge; and then "Keep her away!" and she fell off slowly; then, gathering speed, dashed again before the tempest, close by a huge black rock, which looked out of the water as it had looked in ancient times at Paul's galley and Grecian and Roman fleets. Strange, hideous,

the head of a sea-monster, with tresses of seaweed, wet and tangled and curled, dashing and swinging around the black and seamed brow.

An hour later we were under the shores of *Crete*, in a comparatively smooth sea, and in the course of the forenoon the gale broke, and then came a steady wind from the southward.

We changed our minds and our course very suddenly, and resolved now to make all the northing we could while this breeze held. So we ran back to the east point of the island, and lost the breeze as the evening came down on us, with *Casos* well off on the starboard bow. Then for a fortnight we beat about the lower part of the Archipelago. We coasted the north shore of *Crete*, went into the old port of *Canea*, the chief port of the island, and whistled for a breeze every where in vain.

At length we ran into the Port of *Stanchos*, ancient *Cos*, birth-place of *Apelles*, where he painted his celebrated *Venus* rising from the Sea. But the days of *Apelles* are gone, and no artists are now in *Cos*. A Yankee skipper went in ahead of us and showed us the way; we overhauled him rapidly, and let go an anchor close alongside of him. He came on board half an hour later and gave us New York papers of only thirty days back, wherewith we enjoyed ourselves, reading the very medicine advertisements with infinite interest.

In point of fact we did little else but read these papers till we made *Patmos* on the star-



A STORM IN THE AEGEAN



PATMOS.

board bow one pleasant evening, and with a freshening breeze ran gallantly up to the anchorage.

It was Saturday night. We were not unwilling to pass the Lord's day at Patmos, and never did a Sabbath morning rise more gloriously than that. I was on shore early, alone; for none of my companions cared to be stirring before breakfast.

The little town is built on the rocks near the shore, and the climb is difficult even to it. But I found a Greek who led me by the best way, and then gave me some bread and oil, which I needed much. These, with a glass of sour wine, constituted my breakfast, and I was certainly in a good condition, if fasting could aid me, to receive spiritual instruction from the brothers of San Giovanni de Patimo, whose convent I proposed to visit. For Patmos, like all other sacred localities in the East, is in the hands of the monks, and the supposed residence of John, where he wrote the Apocalyptic vision, is inclosed in the huge and massive buildings of a religious house which dates its foundation from the early Greek emperors.

The convent is on an eminence commanding the little town and harbor—a vast pile of stone, containing church, chapel, grotto, and cells. I had a dozen guides to choose from, but adhered to my host who had first discovered me on the shore in the morning, and as we mounted the hill he chatted in broken language, half Greek and half *Lingua Franca*, while I breathed hard and was silent.

At the entrance of the convent a monk received me—Greek, as I recognized at a glance;

for a Greek priest can not be mistaken—noble-looking men some of them are. He led me direct to the grotto of John. "Here," said the caloyer, with all the volubility of a practiced cicerone, "here he lived; there he wrote; through those cracks (fissures in the rock-roof of the grotto) he heard the thunder of the Lord's voice; yonder his head rested against the wall. He was not rich; John was a great saint; his followers are poor also; a small present for the convent will be acceptable if you choose to give it;" and so my seeing was ended, and I paid my fee and went out, and sat down in the morning sunshine that blessed the rock of Patmos as of old.

Mount Elijah, the highest peak, stood up in calm splendor in that morning light, and looked off over the sea in all directions. Far below me the little *Lotus* lay at her anchor in the bay, and I could see the quarter-boat pushing off to the shore with my friends—a stillness which befitted the place and the memories which hallowed it rested on land and sea. No murmur came up to my seat from the busy modern town on the sea-side. I could in that serene day, "so cool, so calm, so bright," realize that I was in the Patmos of the beloved disciple, and, looking out on the rolling sea, I seemed in some measure to appreciate the sublimity and the pathos of that last prayer of the old, weary, and persecuted disciple who remembered the days when he had rested on the breast of his Saviour and Master, and now looked across the sea and likened it to the vast ocean on which he was going forth to seek the same old and beloved repose, and exclaimed as he would to a friend



A GREEK PRIEST.

who had gone to Greece or Italy with the same assurance that he would return, "Come, Lord Jesus!"

Sublime indeed was that faith of John Christ had loved him best of all the twelve, yet all had been called home except himself. He remembered that promise of mansions which his Master and Elder Brother had gone to prepare, yet he lingered, a lonesome exile on a rock in mid-sea; but he knew that the house was ready, and the Lord would come and take him to it.

See how I weary you with these thoughts! But I will let them stand to show you of what I thought at Patmos. The others came up soon after, and we went through the convent once more, and returned to the sea-shore in

time for dinner. There was nothing else to see at Patmos, and the next day we were off with a stiff southeaster for the coasts of Greece.

We ran to the southward of Icaria, making a straight wake over the spot where the son of Dædalus fell into the water (*Vide* the story in all sorts of old books), and then had a quiet run along the coast of Eubœa, which, if you will look at your map, you will see trends away to the northwest. Without a pilot, and wholly uninformed as to the old passage between the island and the main land of Greece, we did not dare attempt the run up the channel, lest arriving at the old bridge which once commanded all the commerce of the coast we should be obliged to turn back.

We rounded the Artemisian promontory and



CANEA, ISLAND OF CRETE.

ran down the Gulf of Zeitun with a whole-sail breeze, and at sunset we let go an anchor in a still and glassy sea whose blue waters once floated the Persian and the Grecian fleets. Calm as they now were, we of course remembered that they could be roused to fury even as when they dashed the Persian galleys on the rocky barriers of the Pagasæan Gulf.

The shores near which we now lay were famous in history and song. Imagine us on the deck of the *Lotus*, as the evening gloom came on, looking shoreward, if perchance Leonidas and his three hundred "walked o' nights." For here was Thermopylæ.

All night the wind moaned and muttered over the deck, as if indignant at our invasion of the waters which are sacred to them and to old memories.

In the morning we were early on shore, and for three days we wandered around the country. In these sketches I can not give you either the details of personal adventure or the full descriptions of scenery which a book might permit.

You know, of course, that the Pass of Thermopylæ ("the Gates of the Warm Springs") was a narrow road, along the foot of the mountains, between them and a morass which reached to the sea. An army could only pass by the road :

on their right were the precipitous and impassable hills, on their left the deep swamp and the sea.

Here, therefore, Leonidas, with his band, sat down ; and here they were equal to the Persian hosts.

Perhaps a brief sketch of the ground, as it now lies, may make the story of that battle more interesting to those who read this.

The pass is narrower at the northern or western, and the southern or eastern end, than in the middle. At the narrowest part the old Phocian wall was rebuilt by Leonidas. Its remains are still visi-



THERMOPYLÆ.

ble. The intermediate and wider part of the pass contains the warm springs, from which the name is derived. The water flows freely now as then—a sulphurous flow of clear, shining water, heated to about one hundred and ten degrees (Fahrenheit).

Approaching the pass from the south, we are at first struck with the mound, which is the everlasting monument of the Spartan band. On its summit are visible some stones that seem to be part of an ancient column or building which crowned the tumulus. Its very simplicity is its grandeur now. Where on earth will you show me hill or monumental structure that shall so impress the traveler as this old mound of the brave who fell at Thermopylæ?

A little farther on are the remains of the Phocian wall, and then we enter the morass. The springs flow from the foot of the hill. The road is built on a causeway, till we emerge at the northern end where Xerxes stood baffled.

The only incident worthy a pause to relate occurred on the second day of our stay. Pierre Laroche was a skeptic on most historical points. He has some doubts whether he ever had a mother, never having seen that parent. He denies absolutely the story of the Pass of Thermopylæ—considers it all nonsense of the poets. Pierre rode a horse down from Zeitun, and to prove that the morass was not such a barrier to the Persians as story hath it, he plunged in, vowing he would ride through it, and “show Xerxes how.” He came near going to have a personal interview with that distinguished monarch; for at the first leap his horse went in, and Pierre went over his head into the depths. We rescued him with difficulty—muddy, slimy, and, like a Frenchman, more skeptical than ever.

How delicious were those days of idle drifting down the Eubæan shore! We had little or no wind at all until we reached the southeastern point of the island; and then only



PLAIN OF MARATHON.

enough to take us, with all sail set, into the bay of Marathon.

The night was serene and calm and quiet when we ran along the battle-shore, and, letting go the sails, waited for the boat to lose her headway entirely before we let the anchor go.

“Hold on there, forward! Peter, how still it is! Did you ever *hear* such silence? There’s not a ripple on the sea, not a voice on the shore. I could not have been better satisfied than I am with this approach to Marathon.”

The mighty dead were calm, and rested in their tumuli along the plain. No ghost walked out to disturb the starlight. It was so calm and beautiful that no sooner had the anchor touched bottom than we sprang into the small boat and pushed shoreward.

The plain of Marathon and its story ought to be, if they are not, impressed on the mind of every intelligent reader:

“The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea.”

No simpler or better description can be given. The hills retire from the coast, leaving the plain where Miltiades fought, and where the dust of his valiant men remains.

Over this plain, in a moony night, we strolled, like ghosts of the ancient dead, silent mostly, and very thoughtful. Once in a while we plunged into bog-holes—for such is the penalty of moonlight excursions at Marathon as well as in America; but we cared little for the bogs, and at last we reached the mound which, doubtless, covers the valiant who fell at the great battle.

Seated on its top, we looked over the plain and the sparkling sea. We recalled the scene on the memorable night which preceded the engagement. The Persian host formed along the shore; their fleet in the rear, where now the *Lotus* lay solitary on the glassy sea. The Athenian host, on the declivity of the mountains, with trembling but brave hearts, vowed before their Gods to break on the morrow the hitherto resistless advance of the Medes.



RELICS FROM MARATHON.

"I say, Pierre, which do you think was the greater general, Pelissier or Miltiades?"

"Marechal Pelissier may go to—"

"Russia—eh, Pierre?" They talk of sending him to Russia, don't they? What will you miserable Republicans do, Pierre Laroche, now that Cavaignac is gone?"

"If you had said Cavaignac or Miltiades—"

"You would have pronounced for the Frenchman, I suppose? Well, well; Miltiades didn't know what he was coming to when he was here that afternoon, when the sun fought for him. Think of fighting at Marathon for such glory as this, to have Pierre Laroche there dare to compare him with the beggarly candidate of the Faubourg San Antoine!"

"I didn't compare them at all. You did it yourself, and I—"

"Don't dispute me, Laroche. I say you did. Didn't he, Peter?"

And so John made the night ridiculous with nonsense, as we strolled back to the shore.

"Will you swim off, boys?"

"Yea, all but Pierre."

And so we dashed the water right and left, as we plunged in, and made our way off to the *Lotus*.

We lay at Marathon over the next day, and got away in the night with a stiff breeze blowing fair to take us to Athens.

All that night we were running along a rough line of coast, with high bluffs of rock rising a thousand feet in the air, and the waves dashing on them and flying off in sheets of foam. The sullen roar of the sea on those rocks appeared to be more deep and full of meaning even than the solemn voice of the sea usually is.

I lay all night on deck listening to their sound with my eyes fixed shoreward where, once in a while, there was a white, ghostlike flash of the surf that seemed to be of a verity a nymph rising white and cold from her old slumber, and falling again into the deep, when she saw that Greece was still sleeping the sullen, torpid sleep of these later ages.

Morning dawned and we awoke. It was a clear day and the wind still blew fresh. The

sea ran high. The *Lotus* went along with that graceful swing that seemed to be just what she was built for.

I rose at daybreak and looked at the shore. We were three miles off from the land, but now we were opening the bay of Egina, and the grand hill of Sunium stood before me, majestic in the sea, which thundered at its base. I gazed steadfastly at the lofty summit, and, as the light increased, I began to see more plainly the remains which crown it until, at length, every white column of the Temple of Minerva stood out in the light of the rising sun.

I know no more grand and majestic view than that—the lonely Temple of Pallas, in ruins, on the promontory of Sunium, and the hoarse sea forever dashing with loud murmurs at its base.

As we ran up the Gulf on the right we saw Hymettus, and soon Pentelicus, rising from the interior. The latter hill looks down on the plain of Athens.

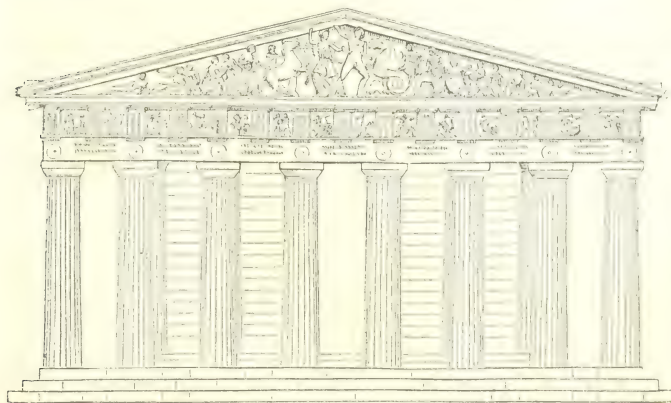
Before reaching the Piræus we ran along a low line of coast which stretches inland for some miles. This shore, grassy and sedgy, is raised but a few feet above the sea; and this is the level of the chief part of the city of Athens, which lay on the plain from five to seven miles distant.

Over this plain we saw the white summit of the Acropolis; distant indeed, but, with a glass, we could count the columns of the Parthenon. "John—that is the Parthenon." "Ay, Peter, I know it when I see it, as a boy knows the house in which he was born. Why, Peter, there isn't a stone of it that Morris Whaley, the old teacher of the Academy, hasn't beaten into me by dint of scolding and drubbing till I should know the Parthenon, if one of the Genii in the Arabian Nights had taken me up in New York and set me down on the Acropolis."

"Pleasant recollections and associations!"

"Yes, pleasant, though you laugh at them. There is Pierre Laroche now, miserable Gaul that he is (John dodged a bucket which Laroche shied at him)—Pierre, I say, has no idea of the pleasant associations which an American boy

has with his school-days. Morris Whaley kept school in a log-house long before the Academy was built, and there was a trout stream running by the very door, and the shadiest grove in all the world on the other side of the brook, and there was a room for the girls and a room for the boys, and all the day long there was fun and study, and study and fun, going on in that little log school-house. For Morris was a good soul, with none of the pedantry of some



FRONT ELEVATION OF THE PARTHENON.

teachers, and none of the stupidity of others. He had seen the Acropolis by dint of economy and third-class passages.

"You need not laugh at my recollections of Morris Whaley. Sit down, Peter; stretch your bones along the top of the hatchway, if you're too proud to lie on the deck as I do, and I'll tell you about Morris's death while the ship is making the Piræus."

So I sat down, and the others gathered around, and, as the boat cleaved her way through the classic waters, we listened to the story.

"Morris Whaley was growing old. He was, perhaps, sixty-five or seventy years old. No one knew exactly his age, and the old man was always quiet about it himself. He boarded with the minister, and the two used to make the evenings slip by pleasantly with talk and pipes.

"There was one little girl that went to the Academy whose blue eyes had won special admiration from the old master. Many a day I have seen him, when he seemed to be listening to the lesson she recited, in fact looking over the top of his book into those twin eyes of hers, and looking with a gaze that I could not interpret or understand. It was not as if he loved her, and yet there was a depth of tenderness in the gaze.

"But finally came the day when old Morris was to go out into the infinite mysteries of which he loved sometimes to talk. While he was sick we all watched around his bed, for all the boys loved him. One day, when I was alone with him, he said to me, in his broad, Irish accent, 'John, d'ye ever see Nellie Bliss nowadays?'

"Yes, Mr. Whaley, she was here a little while ago, to ask about you."

"Was she though? The Lord bless her! I wish I had seen her. Do ye think, John, she'd be thinking it too much if you just asked her to step in a bit and see the ould man?'

"She was there that afternoon, and when I asked her she came in.

"Ah! Miss Nellie, ye're a blessed child, to think o' poor Morris Whaley. He gathers strength from seeing your face.'

"I wish it might make you strong enough to be well again, Mr. Whaley.'

"Na, na! I don't mane strength for this world. It's strength for the lang journey—strength for the distances no man hath measured or counted. I'm goin' a far journey, Nellie—a far journey—and at the ither end I'll see some one who had eyes just like yours—just like yours; the same brown eyes.' And the old man sobbed.

"Nellie had taken his hand while he spoke, and now she said, softly, 'Who was she, Mr. Whaley?'

"She was my oun oun wife in the long ago years.'

"Were you ever married, Sir? I didn't know that.'

"Ye didn't? who did? She that was mine died, it's forty years since, and lies all that day

in the church-yard in Galway. Ah! Mary, Mary Bray, how the ould heart remembers ye!'

"That was my mother's name, Mr. Whaley.'

"For God's sake, child! who was your mother?" and he nearly sprang from his bed to seize her hands and look in her face. Well, it all came out that Nellie was his own grandchild, daughter of his runaway child that he hadn't seen for thirty odd years. But the shock was too much for the old man, and three days after he died. All the afternoon his mind wandered, and in the twilight he was quite beside himself. Very gentle, though, he was; and at one time he was saying, as if to his class, 'τύπω, τύπω, τέτυφα:' and then he would commence '*Odi profanum vulgus*,' or the sonorous '*Arma virumque*,' or some other familiar school passages; and then, when the night was changing into dawn, and the uncertain light stole in at the window, through the branches of the pear-tree, the old man turned in his bed, and spoke in a low voice, 'John—'

"Ease off the main-sheet!"

"Well, he didn't say that exactly. You might be a little more polite, Mr. Thompson, than to interrupt me in that way. He said, 'John;' and I said, 'What is it, Mr. Whaley?' and he said, 'Is Nellie sleeping?' and I said she was; and so he—yes, Mr. Thompson's interruption was not so *mal-apropos* either—he eased off the main-sheet, put up his helm, and slipped away before a soft south wind—away—away—ah! Peter, where away? Shall you and I ever see old Morris again?—ever sail our boat in seas that he is navigating?"

Mr. Thompson (the sailing-master) had waited the conclusion of John's story, and now thundered his orders.

"Ready there, forward?"

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

"Hard down!"

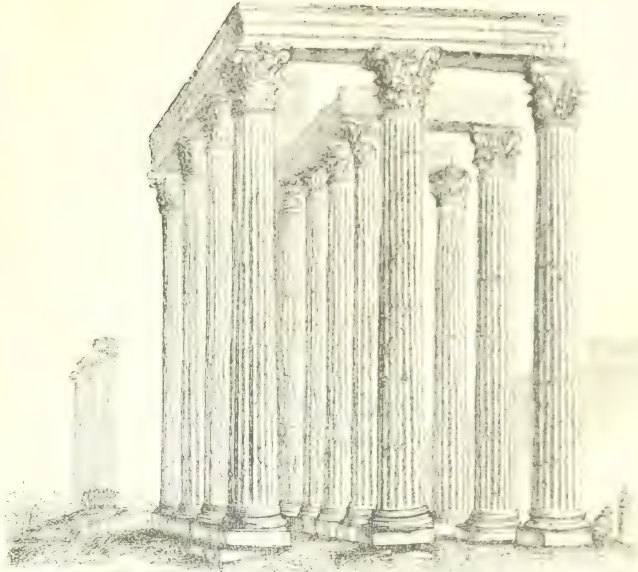
And so she came around with the breeze, which had been nearly abaft, now on the star-board beam; and we entered the narrow passage into the harbor of the Piræus, and let go an anchor under the side of the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, which was just getting up steam to leave on the voyage to Syra.

In ten minutes we were all ashore. Never were men more delighted to set foot on pavement. It was not that we had been long at sea, for we had been on land at a dozen places within three weeks; but we were anxious to see a civilized hotel, a comfortable room, and a good dinner. All these we found at Demetri's Hôtel des Etrangers, in the great City of Athens, whither we were conveyed from the Piræus in a New York barouche, drawn by two white horses that seemed to have been imported from a New York omnibus line, and over a road that certainly surpasses any thing American.

As we drove into Athens the sombre light of a cloudy evening scarcely sufficed to show us the white houses of the city, much less the dark Acropolis, crowned with the ruins of the temples of the Gods. Yet we caught their dim out-

lines as we dashed along the lighted streets, by shops of all modern goods and wares, until we turned a corner in front of the palace of King Otho; and, driving a little way to the westward, were deposited at the door of Demetri's house.

Fear not that I shall repeat to you the hundred times repeated story of Athens, or weary you with descriptions of the modern city or its ancient ruins. Three weeks the *Lotus* lay at her anchor in the Piræus harbor, and we were at anchor in the city of Minerva. Day after day we climbed the Acropolis, and dreamed in the Parthenon, the Erechtheum, the Temple of Victory which never flew from the hill. Day by day we walked along the bank of the Ilissus, and saw the ruins of the great Temple of Jupiter Olympus; or, driving down the banks of the Cephissus, we strolled in the olive groves where was once the Academy. Now we were in the



TEMPLE OF JUPITER AT ATHENS.



THE PNYX, THE ORATORS' STAND.

museum at the Temple of Theseus; now in a miserable hole where are preserved some plaster casts of the spoils which British Vandals carried away from the Acropolis, and called, with British taste, "the Elgin Marbles." Where were the Gods of Athens when the barbarians thus rebaptized the work of Phidias?

In no part of the Old World which travelers visit does the degeneracy of the modern times contrast so forcibly with the relics of the ancient day as in Athens. The magnificent remains of the Temple of Jupiter Olympus are surrounded by modern Greeks, eating cakes

and sipping sour wine or lemonade. The Clock of Andronicus, or the Tower of the Winds, is surrounded by the dirtiest houses in the city. All that is old is miserably contrasted with the modern, and the Parthenon alone stands in solemn majesty far above the city, gloomy and mournful in its sublime beauty. You have to get a ticket of admission to see it! Think of climbing the Acropolis, and presenting yourself at a shabby wooden door, to a soldier with a wooden leg and a wooden head, who takes your ticket

of admission, and hobbles after you around the summit of that world-renowned hill, watching lest you steal a statue by Phidias, or carry off one of the Caryatides of the Erechtheum.

They have become amazingly careful of their ruins since the English stole the frieze of the



FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE PARTHENON.

Parthenon; and well they may be. If they let the British Museum people alone, they would take the Acropolis; for with all our celebrity as a nation for thinking much of ourselves, we are far from equaling Mr. Bull in the matter of egotism. A genuine Englishman, thoroughly imbued with the "spirit of British institutions," has a firm conviction that art flourishes only on his little island, and that all discoveries and recoveries of ancient art are solely for the benefit of the Museum in London.

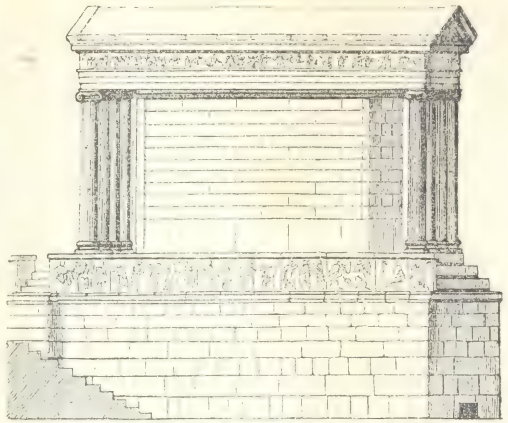
Some specimens of poor modern taste are here visible; the attempted restoration of portions of the Erechtheum, and of the Temple of Nike Arterios. The effect is bad. The restorations are sufficiently well done; but the traveler, thinking to sit down and look at the remains of old glory, finds old glory patched up with modern care, so that he is at a loss to know what he is looking at—whether the work of Ictinus and Callicrates, or of Messrs. Jones and Smith; whether the stone was carved in the days of Pericles or of Otho.

But one may be content with what there is of old Athens; and if he like not the city, he may mount his horse and ride out to Pentelicus, and climb its rugged side. There, sitting down, he may sweep with his vision the land and the sea where the bravest men have lived, the bravest deeds have been done; where valor, and honor, and glory have been more faithfully worshiped than on any other part of earth.

"The heroic lay is tuneless now;
The heroic bosom beats no more!"

"Peter, that was a pretty girl that we met in the street this morning—wasn't she?"

"Very."



TEMPLE OF WINGLESS VICTORY.

"You are short in your assent?"

"Because I have my suspicions about the girl."

"Nonsense! She was a young peasant from Hymettus."

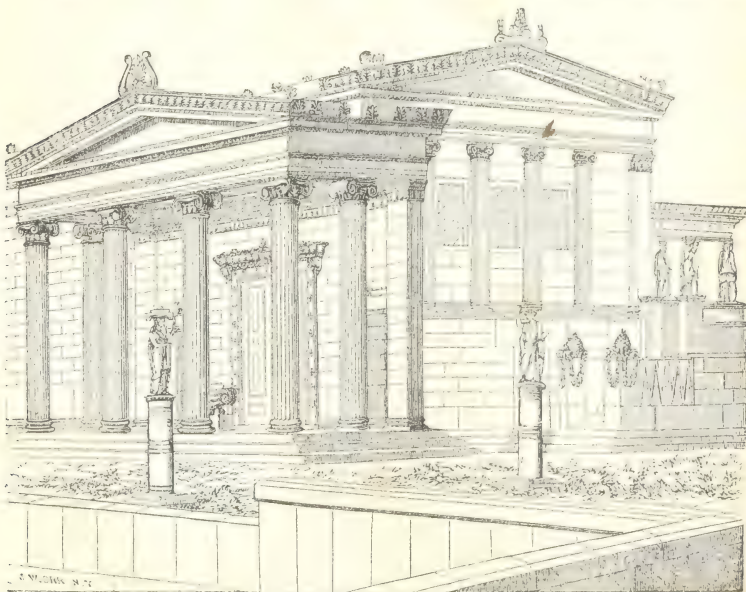
"A bee with a sting, oh wise Yankee! Beware of her!"

We had seen this same girl twice. She was certainly remarkably beautiful. Her complexion was milk and roses admirably mingled. Her eye was liquid, black, but fiery. She had a little round arm of her own that she showed coquettishly, as if she knew that it was pretty; and a foot of the daintiest for a Greek girl, when she let the slipper fall off, as she did just before we met her the second time. Nevertheless I had not liked her looks overmuch; very beautiful she was, but very dangerous, I thought.

Four or five days in succession we met her, and John had established a sort of acquaintance

with her, which had not yet proceeded so far as to words. But he at length attempted a Greek good-morning, and she answered in quite respectable French. John retorted—she replied—and so on.

I can not pause to relate the progress of the acquaintance, but John now became convinced that I was right; and with that peculiar love of adventure which characterizes so many of our countrymen, he



THE ERECHTHEUM RESTORED.

determined to see the adventure out. We had heard of the bandits who infest King Otho's dominions, and had no doubt that the girl was a lure from some of them.

Possibly you may think such an adventure not worth the relating. I am not quite certain that it does amount to much when one remembers how often the same sort of decoy-ducks are used in New York to draw men into the hands of ruffians. But a fight with Greek bandits on the plain of Athens is a little classical, and not altogether like a Five Point row in New York.

We arranged our plans with due care. Laroche took the idea with delight, and Hall, the Englishman, joined us willingly. Our arms were abundant; but we relied chiefly on leaded gloves, which were prepared by an ingenious Frenchman at the Piræus, under John's direction. When all was ready, John accepted an invitation from the little siren (the sirens were Greeks, weren't they?), and agreed to meet her at a place we had fixed on outside the city, and not very far in the rear of King Otho's palace.

Which muse shall I call on to help me in the song of our victory?

John met the lady, and the lady chatted and walked on, and John walked on, and we walked on—but out of sight, by reason of sundry olive groves, and gardens, and the like, which we judiciously kept between us and the enemy.

Three lounging, lazy-looking Greeks followed them slowly, until three more met them; and then—and then—

John struck a blow that sent one of them to Charon, begging a passage in haste. He never moved after he fell. The blow was fierce and crushing, on the very forehead, where Acestes struck the bull; and he fell even so. At the same instant we three leaped into the road, and the five were at bay. The victory was complete in thirty seconds. John, by-the-way, kept his eye on the girl, whom he considered his lawful prize. He knocked down a second of the robbers; and then, seeing the rest of them safe in our hands, he sprang after the escaping decoy, and stopped her with a trip of her little feet that sent her flying most ungracefully into the grass on the road-side.

We had then three living and one dead man and the girl. The others escaped.

It is not to be supposed that all this was done without an attempt on the part of the robbers to use their weapons. They drew enormous knives at the first; and Pierre Laroche quieted the ardor of his opponent with a pistol-ball through his right shoulder. I floored my adversary with the knuckles, and he lost his knife as he fell. When he got up he dashed after it, and I tripped him. That was the last of him; for he went into a mud-hole that cooled him off, and while I was disposing of another he ran. It was, on the whole, a pretty fight. I wish I could describe it more artistically.

We afterward learned what a risk we had run. The scoundrels usually attack in bands of twenty at the least. But we were fortunate

in our experience, and for a while we were the talk of the town. It is something, at all events, to be talked of in Athens.

Alas, that Greek bravery and patriotism is descended to this! A miserable people, with a hireling for a king and a mockery of nationality, it is not to be wondered at that there remains no drop of such blood as was poured out at Marathon and Thermopylæ.

While we remained at Athens a party arrived from Italy and took rooms at the Hotel des Etrangers. They were two gentlemen and four ladies—one of the ladies and her husband English, the other, an American family, father, mother, and two daughters. They were a pleasant addition to our party in the hotel, and we soon made some pleasant excursions together around the city. At last we proposed to them to make a voyage along the coast with us in the *Lotus*, and, to our delight, they accepted the invitation. It was not difficult to arrange the cabins for their use, and our room was ample, if we chose to crowd ourselves a little.

What a glorious day was that when we dashed up the straits of Salamis and stood on deck, all together, to discuss the locality of the greatest of sea battles! We had left Laroche in the city, and he was to drive across by the Pass of Daphne, and join us in the bay, where we would pick him up. We beat slowly up the strait, now standing over to the island of Salamis, now to the main, where Xerxes sat and saw his armies scattered to the wind. The wind hauled at noon so as to give us a fuller sail, and we went up into the bay of Eleusis, where we coasted along the eastern shore until we saw Laroche waving his hat demonstratively.

We sent the small boat for him. He was under charge of the police. It appears that the defile of Daphne is considered dangerous, and the armed police attend travelers who pass through it. They let him off without hindrance, and we then kept away for Eleusis, which lies on the northwest side of the bay. The King has made a splendid road from Athens to the city of ancient mysteries, where corn was first sown and Ceres held sway; but Eleusis is a ruin now. Only the pieces of an aqueduct, and the remains of temples and theatres, attest its old grandeur.

The next day we went out, as we came into the bay, by the straits of Salamis, and rattled across the Saronic Gulf to Calamachi on the eastern shore of the Corinthian Isthmus. We were four hours from Salamis to our anchorage, which we considered pretty fair time. It was nearly dark when we arrived, but we had time to look up some horses and an omnibus to carry us over to Corinth, and then we had a merry evening on deck and slept to the music of the Grecian sea.

What shall I say to you of Corinth? The voice of the Apostles rings in the moonlight nights along the lonesome sides of the Acropolis; so that the wanderer can hear it, and, hearing, can remember that this was once the greatest city



PLAIN AND HILL OF CORINTH.

of Greece—once the home of art, the seat of the Isthmian games, the residence of luxury and splendor, which is now, alas! the most desolate and mournful of Grecian cities.

The Acropolis looked to the Acropolis at Athens. The worshiper of Minerva at Corinth had but to climb the hill and kneel with face to the north and east, and he could see the sunlight on the white columns of the Parthenon.

The Acrocorinthus is now occupied by a Greek fortress, one of the best in Greece—which is not saying much for it—and the village at the foot, where once stood the luxurious palaces of the city of the Isthmus, is inhabited by a degenerate race, scarcely fit to be named as the descendants of those who fought with Lysander.

We had ridden across the country two hours, from the fort at Calamachi to the foot of the hill of Corinth. Then for two hours more we wandered about the plain seeking ruins and finding almost none. For but little is left here. There are remains of an amphitheatre, and of a temple—a fine row of old columns, but nothing more. The lofty hill, the fields of ripening grain, these are all that remain.

"Many a vanished year and age,
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,
Have swept o'er Corinth, yet she stands
A fortress formed to Freedom's hands!
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's shock,
Have left untouched her hoary rock,
The keystone of a land which still,
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,
The landmark to the double tide
That purpling rolls on either side."

One might possibly avoid quoting Byron in Greece if it were not for the guide-books. But they quote no one else, and furnish the noble poet's verses always precisely to one's hand.

The tone in which Miss — recited these lines would have been inimitable. They were impressive, and most of us were looking at the red lips of the fair speaker as they came out musically, when Pierre Laroche interrupted her.

"Ah that is very pretty, very pretty! I

have just been reading them in the Red book, which you call Murray;" and a general shout of laughter spoiled the effect of the fair lady's quotation.

We dined gloriously on the *Lotus*. Jackson had been on shore all the morning, and found the market of Calamachi worth his labor. He had not far to look, since one miserable hut contained pretty much all the trading facilities of the port. But the people

brought him fowls and vegetables, and we "dashed down" the dinner with a little very fair "Samian wine," while the *Lotus* went rolling gracefully on the long swell of the sea down the coast of the Peloponnesus.

THE AMERICAN DEER: ITS HABITS AND ASSOCIATIONS.

BY T. B. THORPE.

NO animal, native to our continent, is better known or more generally appreciated than the common deer. His form is exquisitely beautiful, his habits simple and delicate, and, as game affording employment for the hunter, and amusement for the sportsman, he is of all other animals the most universally popular. The deer tribe is diffused entirely over the continent, and in the extremes of north and south varies but very little in its general appearance; for the largest found in the swamp regions of the Lower Mississippi and the best specimens of Upper Canada will average about the same size. Their general appearance varies, however, in particular localities; and the experienced hunter will tell, by looking at the carcass, the kind of country "in which it has run." A deer living habitually in the highlands never attains the magnificent proportions of one occupying a low, wet region. This is because of the greater abundance and more nutritious character of the vegetation. As a general thing, whether in Maine or Florida, a deer that weighs two hundred pounds is considered of a large size; but they have reached, or weighed, two hundred and fifty, and even three hundred pounds.

In summer the animal is of a deep red color, and unfit for food. In winter he changes to a grayish blue, and is then in perfection. From the fact of this diversity of appearance Buffon was led astray by his correspondents, and was induced to say that there were two species of American deer, designated by the changes in color, which regularly take place in the same

animal. If any exceptions occur to the colors named, they may be looked upon as unnatural. There was found once in Louisiana a pet deer pure white, marked with red spots. Also in the same region a pure white buck was often seen and pursued, but we are not aware that it was ever killed; while, quite recently, a buck and doe, perfectly white, were caught in the Rocky Mountains, and afterward exhibited in some of our Western cities.

A general peculiarity of the deer species is, that, with rare exceptions, they renew their horns annually. The American deer usually sheds his antlers in the months of May and June. At these times the bucks have been met with one antler gone, and shaking their heads discontentedly, as the weather grows warm and the blood increases in the rapidity of its circulation. At this time also the doe drops her young, and both male and female may be said to have retired for the time being from strife, the buck burying himself in the deep fastnesses of the woods, and the doe, by a beautiful arrangement of nature, protected for a while from the pursuit of the hounds by giving out no scent, thus being left in comparative peace to foster its helpless young.

The place of separation of the old horn from the head at first is very tender, but the spot is soon covered by a membrane and is prepared for the new growth. The determination of the blood to the head, which preceded the displacement of the old antlers, seems suddenly to increase, and becomes more intense in proportion to the demand for the enormous secretions required for the new growth. The budding horn first makes its appearance in a soft pulpy mass, protected by a velvety covering; the development goes rapidly on, the increase of every few hours being clearly perceptible. Those who have had an opportunity of grasping these incipient weapons of defense realize a startling idea of the animal heat required by nature to forge them, for they throb, and glow, and swell—the very incarnation of reproducing life. The antlers are, finally, complete, and the buck is said to have a velvety head. The external surface now rapidly hardens, compresses the blood-vessels, and obstructs the circulation, and suddenly the whole of the once sensitive integuments lose their vitality, leaving a perfectly formed insensible weapon.

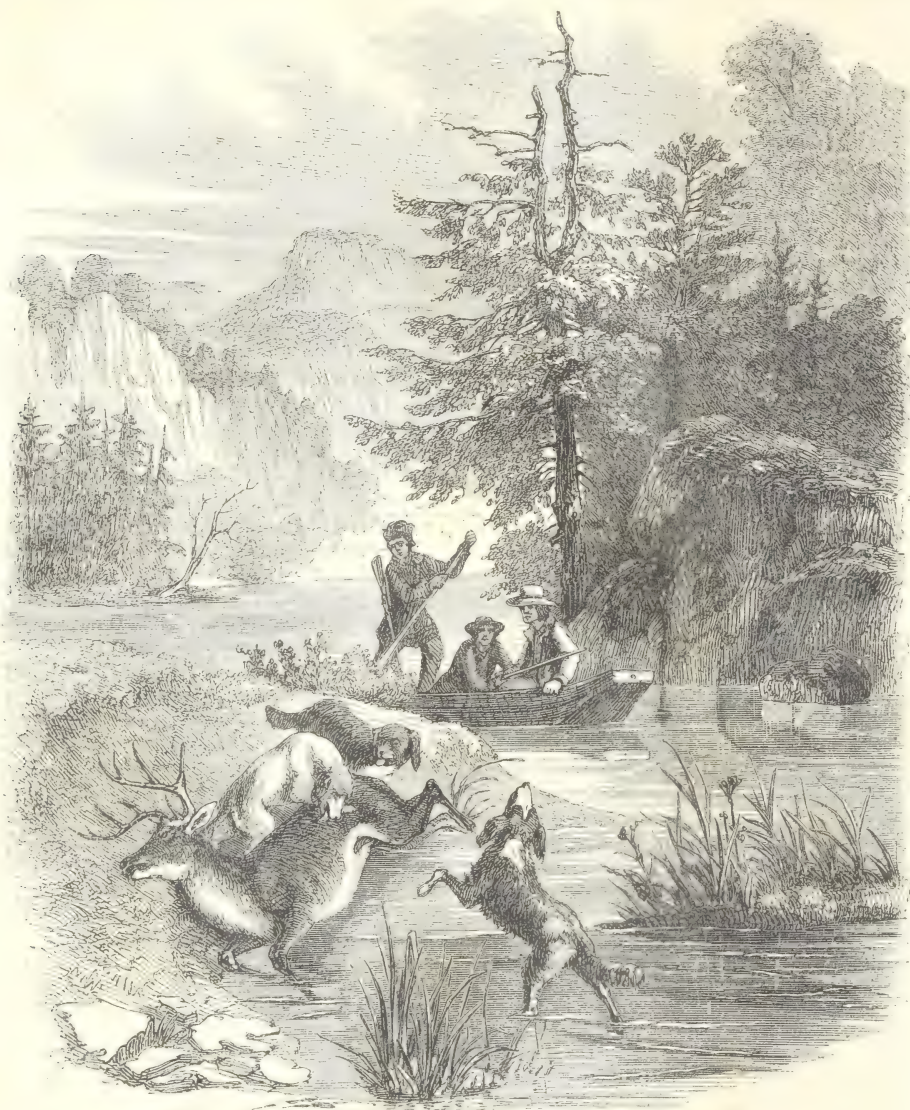
The buck, who up to this moment has sought the deepest recesses of the forests, and avoided all collision with his rivals and stinging insects, now comes forth and confidently prepares for future action. The velvety covering has performed its office, and now only mars the beauty of the growth beneath. That the weapons may be polished the buck commences rubbing them against the surrounding trees; the “peels” are thus torn off, and are often seen dangling to the bark and lacerated limbs. At last the new horn is left naked and *burnished*, and the animal stands perfect before you in all his pride of strength. It is now a charming sight to be-

hold him at early morn snuff the fresh air, look around with the mien of a monarch, and then, in the mere wantonness of his strength, dig his horns into the green turf and shake the uprooted grass and disturbed earth over his glossy sides. As the season advances he will spring at the lower boughs of the trees and entangle his antlers in the meshes of thrifty vines, or loaded oaken boughs, shaking the rich grapes or budding acorns plentifully at his feet. The size of the horn and the number of its prongs or antlers, are not necessarily indications of the size and age of the animal, although such is the common tradition. A yearling buck has one straight prong, and is termed a “spike buck;” but after he is three or four years old, or rather “aged,” the horns cease to be peculiar. The largest buck we ever saw, and apparently the most venerable among the patriarchs, had medium-sized horns, the branches consisting but of five antlers. The age of the deer is very nearly ascertained by an examination of the teeth, and, in addition to this, by the presence or absence of gray hairs about the forehead.

In this connection it may be well to repeat the often uttered question, What becomes of the deer's horns? for whether kept in parks or running wild in the woods there is a sort of mystery about the disappearance of these sturdy appendages. The head ornaments of the moose and the elk, equally with all the species, are rarely found in their most frequented haunts. After long exposure the substance of a deer's horn becomes very light and friable; and, when in that state, it is reported, on authority that appears reliable, that the deer and other animals greedily chew them up, as a corrective to acidity of the stomach—as cows may sometimes be seen picking out withered bones and chewing them vigorously, probably for the same purpose. If this theory be true, it will account in part for the singular mystery that attends the shedding of these horns. That wild animals have instincts thus to act is inferable from the fact that, when from age about to die, they retire to some lone place, some dark fastness or deep cave, where alone their bones are ever found.

Some years ago a man was looking for “strayed cattle” in a forest in Victoria Province, Canada West. While thus engaged, his attention was attracted by some curious shoots from the stump of a beech-tree. Upon examination he was surprised to find that they were the protruding antlers of a deer's horn, the body of which was embedded in the centre of the tree's trunk. It is probable that some forester had made a commencement at cutting down the tree, and left his work unfinished, when the horn was inserted and finally caught in the new wood which nature provided to fill up the gaping wound inflicted by the axe.

Independent of the fact that the deer annually sheds its horns, it has another peculiarity most worthy of notice. Upon examination there will be found, just above the hoof on the



A NORTHERN DEER HUNT.

hind leg, a spot sometimes scarcely noticeable in the fawn, but in old bucks very observable. This insertion seems to be the seat of the secretion which scents the air, and enables the hound to follow so certainly on the deer's track. In some old bucks we have found the depository evincing remarkable activity, and emitting, even to our senses, a strong, but not absolutely unpleasant odor. When the buck is in "the velvet," and the doe is with young by its side, these secretory organs become inactive, and thus they escape for the time being from their numerous enemies. But for this merciful provision of nature the species would become extinct.

The deer, though proverbially considered a harmless animal, is not without powerful means

of defense, to which, in part, must be ascribed its preservation. Its frame is one of the most perfect that can be conceived, one of the most beautiful mechanical constructions under the sun—a sublime combination of bone, muscle, sinew, elastic cartilage, and springy hoof, which jointly in action produce a rapidity of motion superior to many quick-flying birds. For the hunting-whip there is no handsomer handle than the fore foot and bone of the fawn; and, independent of its genial feeling in the hand, the marvelous beauty of its structure gives pleasure by its appearance. Independent of the speed of the deer, the male is armed by a "brow of bayonets," which gives majesty to its appearance, and when considered in connection with the powerful hind-quarters of the animal,

ever ready to drive them home with telling force, they become formidable weapons of defense, and no ordinary antagonist can withstand a fair blow from their many points. Although among themselves they are exceedingly playful, still they are not unconscious of their power to do injury, and are not disposed to pass by an opportunity to make the effort. For hours a herd of deer will feed quietly together, when suddenly a joust will commence between two rivals that will fill the whole herd with excitement—the does suspending their eating, the unoccupied bucks regarding the battle with professional gravity. The challenges of aspiring braves are very curious, and full of etiquette. There is no rushing together with unceremonious haste. They come side by side, affecting an unconsciousness of each other's presence, looking around and beyond, yet evidently, in spite of appearances, eyeing each other. While thus engaged, one suddenly presumes his opponent is off his guard, when he "pitches in," only to find his intended blow scientifically caught upon the horns of his antagonist. Rare, indeed, would it be to find a buck assaulted when off his guard. Sometimes these woodland duels consume the day, until the combatants sink exhausted on the broken turf; not unfrequently, when the opposing antlers are large and the battle fierce, they will lock together, and thus fasten the duelists in fatal contact. When this is the case, they oppose each other by pushing until one or the other falls; a hopeless struggle to separate then ensues, and the poor creatures recover their wind and strength only to realize that a lingering death is to close their career.

Some buzzards, on one occasion, wheeling over our heads, directed our attention to a dark spot in the forest, upon visiting which we found occupied by the dead and greatly decayed bodies of two once proud monarchs of the forest, who had thus fallen in their struggle for ascendancy.

Nor does the buck always confine himself to attacks upon his own species; many incidents are related where they have lost their fear of man, and without hesitation boldly commenced the battle. In the year 1808 the Earl who then held the title of Berkeley was walking with his little son in one of his parks, when he was set upon by an American deer which he kept as a curiosity. The Earl seized the horns of the animal with both hands, bravely holding on after he was thrown down and rudely trampled upon by the furious beast. In this critical condition he called out to his child not to be alarmed, but to take from his (the father's) pocket a knife, and stab the deer, or, if he could, cut his throat. The boy obeyed, reached his parent's pocket, found the knife, and went to work upon the throat of the animal. The noble boy's courage, however, was greater than his strength, and he could not cut the animal's windpipe; nevertheless, he quailed not, but dealt the brutal assailant of his father so many stabs that, weakened with the loss of blood, the deer was fain to make the best of its way back to its deep wood haunts, just as the Earl was all but exhausted.

It is traditionary that the deer species are long lived. Hesiod was so impressed with this idea that he suggests they reached the age of many centuries, and the reason of this was supposed to be dependent on the fact that they have no gall. This singular phenomenon was noticed by Aristotle, Pliny, and later writers, although it has recently been revived as the result of the observation of many of our Western hunters. To test the truth of this peculiarity in the group, Professor Owen extended his examination so far as to include a giraffe, and most singularly, by some freak of nature, it had two gall bladders; and it has been very properly observed that if he had continued his investigations no farther, this singular animal would have been credited with what would seem to be an unnatural amount of "bitterness." But subsequent experiments developed the fact that the giraffe, in its natural formation, was destitute of the gall. The deer, however, is not long lived—it shows symptoms of decay when ten years old—and we presume one that had reached the age of



SKULL AND ANTLERS OF DEER.

twenty would be justly considered a Methuselah of his kind.

If the deer does not reach a great age, its tenacity of life, while in its prime, is most remarkable; but perhaps it forms no exception to the general rule, that all animals, in high health, and possessed naturally of a superior organization, often "die hard." Man, of all created beings, shows the most tenacity; examples being recorded of the human frame surviving wounds, and maintaining life beyond what can be found exemplified in any other warm-blooded creature.

We have known a deer to keep its position in front of a fleet pack of hounds for near a mile, running all the while with its fore legs broken below the knee. A stag was killed in the year 1686 by Dorothea, the Electress of Brandenburg, and her attendants, that seemed for a while to have "a charmed life;" for every new wound, however severe, seemed only to inspire it with renewed power to elude its pursuers. Among other wounds inflicted a long time before it was pulled down by the hounds, was that resulting from a ball through the posterior part of the heart, through the middle of the right and a portion of the left ventricle; the wound was sufficiently large to admit a finger, and the fleshy fibres of the surrounding parts were much lacerated and contused.

A more remarkable case of vitality came under our own observation. Some years ago a friend residing in Concordia parish, Louisiana, after a very prolonged hunt, killed a fine old buck. After it was dressed according to custom, the negro boy in attendance proceeded to cut up the lights, liver, and heart, to divide them among the hounds. The boy met with his usual success until he came to the heart, which, when cut through to the interior, resisted the edge of his sharp knife. Our friend, who was a skillful physician as well as spirited hunter, had his attention attracted by the circumstance, and upon a critical examination, to his surprise he discovered that a rifle-ball had passed entirely through the heart, and that the orifice thus made was filled up with a cartilaginous substance very nearly resembling bone. It was evident that the animal had been at some previous season thus severely wounded, but escaping pursuit, had gradually recovered its health, for when killed no deer could have been in better condition.

A case not less extraordinary is reported by a physician living in Virginia. Like our friend just alluded to, he was fond of the chase, and on one occasion had the good fortune to kill a buck that was remarkable for his fine condition. In opening the animal the wonderful discovery was made that, at some time in the animal's history, an elder stalk had entirely transfixed his heart: on examination it was evident that the stalk had been thus embedded for a great length of time. The wounds which it had made in its ingress were perfectly healed, and no trace of inflammation was dis-

cernible, nor was there any sign of disease in the substance of the heart through which the stalk penetrated. Nature had kindly and effectually cured the wound, and preserved the life of the gallant buck that he might die by the hands of the doctor, *secundum artem*.

The circumstances connected with the death of "Bill Poole" rendered the event notorious, but when the post-mortem examination of the body displayed the fact, that he had lived eleven days with a pistol bullet embedded between the ventricles of his heart, additional notoriety was given to the circumstance. The popular idea that a wound in the heart was necessarily immediately fatal was exploded, and we find that men in a high condition of health are quite as full of vitality as are animals subjected to the chase. On the 21st of December, 1835, at Cincinnati, Ohio, a man by the name of Maguire was shot in the chest by a ball weighing seventy-four to the pound. He lived in spite of the perforation of his lung five days, and when dead, the physician discovered that his heart had been perforated by the ball, and the wound had begun to heal. In all probability but for the injury to the lung he might have recovered. A similar case, but perhaps more extraordinary, is related of a negro of McNairy County, Tennessee, who was wounded in the chest by a load of shot. He was doctored entirely for the relief of inflammation of the lungs, no indications appearing that the heart was diseased. Up to the sixty-seventh day of his confinement he improved in health, and finally died by an over-indulgence of his appetite. In tracing the course of his wounds after death, the physicians were astonished at finding three shot in the bottom of the ventricle, and two shot in the bottom of the auricle of the heart. The wounds made in the substance of the organ were all firmly healed, and the internal surface of the cavities, in which the shot were found, betrayed no sign of having suffered in any way from the presence of the shot.

The poets have created much sympathy for the deer by representing that, when torn down by the dogs, they have been known to weep. Somerville, Thomson, and even deer-stalking Will of Stratford, have alluded to their tears. This idea would naturally be suggested by a merely superficial examination of a deer's face, from the fact that there is an indentation under the corner of the eye peculiar to this animal, that gives the idea, in connection with its mild blue eyes, of melancholy, helped out, no doubt, by the fact that the inner lining of this depression is of a dark color, as if caused by the markings of continual drops of water from the eye. There is no reasonable authority to say the deer sheds tears; the physical representation that leads to such an idea is an evidence of the beauty and variety of Nature's handiwork, for it has thus made the deer species additionally charming, and separated its physiognomy from more destructive animals. Upon dissecting a deer's head the cavities alluded to are found



A HAPPY FAMILY.

to reach up into the jaw-bone. As the deer breathes through his mouth, these contrivances may be vents to add to respiration, and also to give more intense perception to the olfactory nerve—an addition not accorded to any other species.

The food of the deer consists of grasses, mosses, and weeds. They also browse on the tender buds of almost all kinds of shrubs and trees; but deer will destroy, seemingly without discrimination, every thing that is to be found in a well-stocked garden. They are also passionately fond of "mast," which term includes the whole acorn family. In the seasons when the mast is abundant the deer, as well as all other wild animals consuming vegetable food, become very fat.

In the northern parts of our continent the deer live for months, sometimes, on hemlock leaves, and so impregnated does their flesh become with the pungent odor that it is entirely worthless for food. At times these poor animals suffer immensely from starvation, and this is particularly the case when the snow is so deep that the creatures can not dig down to the surface of the earth and obtain some sustenance from the roots of grasses and herbs. In the year 1835 a gentleman, traveling in the vicinity of Lake George, came into a hemlock forest, which was full of different wild animals that had sought its protection against the unusual

prevailing cold. Here, among other things, he discovered a "deer yard," in which were huddled together nearly a hundred and fifty deer, who stood with their heads all turned out from the centre, to anticipate any outside attack. The deer had, by constant trampling, made an inclosure in the snow with walls over four feet high. Inside of this they had remained until nearly famished, many being so weak that they could not stand. Sixty of the most vigorous were taken out without their making any serious resistance, and placed in a large barn, where they soon recovered upon a diet of excellent hay. In the vicinity there were several small yards. So long had these creatures lived upon the aromatic leaves of the hemlock that their flesh was as pungent as the leaves themselves.

The favorite haunts of the deer are where they can find some matted thicket in which to hide, places they select with remarkable sagacity to secure seclusion. When their antlers are in velvet they then occasionally seek the sunny side of a hill, in the expressive language of the hunters, "to dry their horns."

The deer is a great bather, and a luxurious one. He chooses a shallow place with a hard bottom, and first scraping away any pebbles or other rough projections that may be distributed under his feet, he lies down with the air of a creature that is about to be comfortable and

knows how to enjoy it. After resting a while, that the water may quietly soak through his thick coating of hair and cool his sensitive skin, he rolls from side to side, occasionally rising partially out of the water, and shaking himself as will a Newfoundland dog. These traits suggest habits common to the deer, north and south; but in the swamps of Louisiana and the neighboring States the deer, at nightfall, seek the protection of the water against the attack of the poisonous mosquito, and will for hours remain entirely buried under the surface, with nothing visible but his sharp nostril, over which is continually buzzing a cloud of rapacious insects, which, the moment they attempt their bloody work, are disappointed, by the sinking of the nostril under the water. At this game of attack and defense will deer and mosquito indulge all night.

The scent of the species is very powerful, while the sight, on the contrary, is quite imperfect. A chamois, when dashing down the mountains, will suddenly stop, as if struck by a thunder-bolt, some yards from the spot where recent human footprints are visible in the snow, and turning, scared, away, will rush in an opposite direction. The very taint in the air is recognized long after the hunter is passed. The common deer will often approach within a few yards of a human being without perceiving him; but directly a change of position brings the scent upon the wind the animal will be off like a shot. In localities where they are not much hunted they do not fly at the approach of man, but, like all game, crouch in the long grass or underwood, endeavoring to conceal themselves, lying with their heads erect, their ears pressed flat on their necks, their eyes keenly watching the movements of the intruder, ready, on the instant, to spring to their feet. The Indians sometimes disguise themselves in the entire skin of the deer, imitating, at the same time, its cries and gait, and in this way often destroy many, provided the keen scent of the animal, which can not be deceived, does not take the alarm.

Of all animals known the deer is the most easily domesticated—a fact which seems exceedingly strange when we take its natural timidity and wildness into consideration. Persons who can imitate the bleat of the fawn often bring the doe within gunshot, though it is certainly a cruel thing to shoot the poor creature whose maternal affections have thus overcome its fear. It is not an extraordinary thing for the hunter to be obliged to push the doe off with the muzzle of his gun when he has accidentally captured its young. Upon seizing a fawn it will, for a few moments, struggle and bleat terribly; but when you set it down its contact with humanity seems to have changed its nature, for, like an affectionate spaniel, it will follow you home, *and never requires further domestication.*

When the doe goes out to feed she hides her fawn away, with maternal solicitude and consummate judgment. She will, by some power

known to herself, cause the young one to lie down in the thicket, and there remain until she returns. Nature has made these little creatures not only very strong and active, but has kindly mottled up its skin so that it is less distinguishable among surrounding natural objects than it would otherwise be. When very young they are red, with white spots on their sides like little stars; these spots disappear when they advance toward maturity, and entirely disappear when they assume their blue coat in the autumnal season.

A gentleman of our acquaintance was on a hunt when a doe was shot (a most cruel murder!), and, perceiving that it was with fawn, he stooped down, and, with his knife, brought the tiny thing into the world. The little animal, thus "untimely ripped" from the body of its dead mother, ultimately gained its feet, and, to the surprise of all who witnessed it, followed the party home. We afterward saw the animal in the full pride of a majestic head of horns.

It is not uncommon, in riding among the plantations of the South, to see a deer bound over the high Virginia fences into the road, stop and gaze upon your intrusive presence, and then frisking its tail, gambol along in sight, and suddenly disappear behind some Cherokee hedge. You know this to be a domesticated deer, not only from its sociability, but also from the little bell it wears upon its neck to protect it from the weapon of the hunter, who might otherwise be deceived, when met with in remote parts of the plantation where it was domesticated. These domesticated deer shed a beauty over the lawn, and afford infinite amusement when the hound puppies about the yard open at full cry and "give it a brush." The old dogs take no notice of these household pets, but seem to know them as well as any other prominent member of the family.

Mrs. Kenzie, in her "Early Day of the Northwest," relates that, as a token of gratitude from an Indian woman for some trivial favor bestowed, she received a fawn, which pleased her much by its soft blue eyes and dappled coat, and having often heard of the simile, "as wild as a fawn," she was greatly surprised to witness how soon it became tamed. Wherever the lady went "Fan" was sure to follow, showing all the familiarity and affection of a spaniel. On one occasion the pet made her way to a shelf of the dresser, endeavoring apparently to find a comfortable place to lie down among the plates and dishes. Upon examination it became evident that it was the protecting projection of the shelf the animal was after, as it always sought the shade of a chair or something else approaching an "umbrageous bower." The hint, or rather the instinctive feeling of the animal, being understood, at the usual hour of the morning when the gentle creature took her nap, a large green parasol was opened and set on the matting in the corner of the room. Fan was then called, when she would come and instantly nestle under the "genial shade," and fall asleep.



FIRE HUNTING.

There are three methods practiced by American hunters in killing deer, designated in general terms as "Fire-hunting," "Still-hunting," and "Driving." Fire-hunting is considered the least legitimate, and is seldom resorted to by the conscientious sportsman, except when game is very scarce, and consequently, from being much hunted, rendered too shy to approach in daylight. Two persons are necessary for successful fire-hunting, one to carry and attend to the torch, and one to bear the gun. The hunters are generally accompanied by a cur dog, one that is well trained and will not "open" on the trail.

The dog has a little bell suspended to his neck, the tongue of which is stuffed around with cotton that it may emit no sound until the proper time for action. If the weather is favorable, it must be a still, misty, dark night after a rain, which renders the fallen leaves so moist that they will make no noise under the feet of the hunter. A person of much experience can generally distinguish between the eyes of a deer and those of other animals when "shined" by a torch; first, by their brilliancy; secondly, by their unusual size; and, thirdly, by their great distance apart compared with other animals.

A colt's eyes approach the nearest in appearance, but they are dim. The deer also gazes at the light with great steadiness and intensity, while the bear and wolf are constantly moving theirs about, being of a more fretful and fiery disposition. The deer, fascinated as it was by the illumination, remains motionless, giving the hunter ample opportunity to approach within gunshot. If a hunter once loses the "eyes" after they have been "shined," he is satisfied that the creature is alarmed and is moving off, and he embraces the first favorable opportunity to fire. As a general thing, if the shot is at all successful, the victim falls, and is at once secured; but if mortally wounded, and yet possessed of strength enough to make an effort to escape, the "track-dog" is unloosed from the cord that has fastened him to his master, the cotton is removed from the tongue of the bell, and he follows in pursuit, the hunter for his course being entirely guided by the tinkling of the bell. If no dog is employed, and the deer runs off, the spot is carefully marked, and the hunter returns home and waits until daybreak to secure the reward of his midnight labor. It is related that Daniel Boone, while fire-hunting, "shined" a pair of mild blue eyes which struck him as not belonging to the game he was seeking to destroy. He lowered his rifle, and made farther examination, when, to his surprise, he discovered a young girl, who, with himself, was equally astonished at the adventure. Boone expressed the most eloquent gratitude that he had not fired his weapon, and waited upon the woodland nymph to her home hard by; in time

the damsel became the wife of this most famous of backwoodsmen.

We knew a gentleman who indulged in this rather questionable amusement, who saw what he believed to be the glare of a deer's eyes, and fired. His astonishment can be faintly imagined when he discovered by the yelp that followed that he had shot his "track dog" in the head, and at the instant when the animal was firmly held between the knees of a negro to keep him from too suddenly springing after any game that might be shot. Dr. H. J. Peck, of Louisiana—a most accomplished hunter and writer—speaks of a neighbor of his, who went on a fire-hunting excursion, and having discovered the eye of a deer, dismounted, and, with his companion, fastened their horses to a limb of a tree and advanced toward the deer. After walking some distance, and occasionally losing sight of the "eyes," they were finally "shined" and fired at, the result of which was, the killing of the gentleman's favorite saddle-horse.

"Still-hunting" resembles the English practice of "stalking," and with many gentlemen sportsmen is preferred to any other method. To an individual who is fond of nature, and can find amusement in communing with the solitudes of the forest, still-hunting possesses manifold charms.

A good still-hunter, says our friend, Harry Huntington, "of Trinity," must be thoroughly acquainted with the habits of the deer, know where he ranges, be able to tell his tracks from other cloven-footed beasts, and the time that has elapsed since they were first indented in



STILL HUNTING.

the soil. He must know which way the game in the locality walk when feeding, and the direction they take at nightfall—things which seem to bestrangely dependent upon the moon. The abundance of acorns or mast is also to be considered; and, moreover, still-hunting is most practiced, by all familiar with this wood craft, when the buck is seeking the company of the doe. Then they are less than usually cautious, and an imitation of the female, even if clumsily done, will often attract their notice; while others again, utterly reckless, will come rushing toward the hunter, and, not unlike some more intelligent lovers, find, instead of a flirtation, a premature death.

At this particular season the still-hunter is in his glory. The woods, if a favorable resort, seem to be alive, the deer are so active. Presently he notices coming toward him a doe, he lets the timid creature pass, knowing full well that a nobler haunch is following in the rear. Presently the vines and low hanging branches seem to shake as if agitated by a strong wind; two, three, perhaps four bucks are plunging on, almost side by side. It must be the work of a flashing thought only to decide which one is the finest, for they are going with almost lightning rapidity. This done, a slight whistle, or other unusual noise, is made; the intrusion arrests the bucks for an instant, and they stop to gaze: the delay is fatal, for the unerring weapon is brought to bear, and the far-reaching echoes of its report mingle confusedly with the sounds which come from the death-throes of a lordly monarch of the forest. A more difficult contest is exhibited when the still-hunter pursues his game in a less propitious season—at a time when the buck is comparatively unoccupied except by thoughts of self-preservation, and has no passions roused to betray him into imprudences. To approach a deer at these times requires patience which few possess; his suspicious nature must be conciliated by penances of almost suspended animation; the hunter must crawl upon his victim not only against the wind but he must move with the silence of the cloud's shadow: if the deer's attention is attracted, he must not be alarmed.

When a deer is reposing, satisfied that the wind will convey the approach of an enemy in that quarter, it gazes intently in the opposite direction. If there are any birds in the vicinity it watches them, knowing that they will give the alarm if any aggressor is near. It not only selects its cover with the greatest caution, but, if possible, it chooses commanding ground. The difficulty attending the pursuit of the still-hunter can, therefore, be appreciated. An eminent English deer-stalker was often balked by a wary stag, which had for years occupied a part of the plain from which it could perceive the smallest object at the distance of a mile. The man, determined to succeed, finally conceived the idea of approaching his victim behind a clump of bushes. Having prepared his screen he started at eight o'clock in the morn-

ing, pushing it slowly before him. At near six in the afternoon, after nearly ten hours' labor, the stalker managed, without alarming the stag, to get within gun-shot and bring him down.

It is a common thing for still-hunters, when a deer is suddenly "bounced up," or when one happens to be passing, to bleat, imitating the noise of the fawn. This, as we have already observed, will always arrest the attention of the buck. When a deer is approached, and, in hunter's phraseology, "has got wind" of his enemy, even if only an imperfect view is obtained, the hunter instantly fires; for on such occasions the deer makes a few bounds into some open space, in order to satisfy his curiosity, and then instantly disappears. The Indians excel in this method of hunting, being by nature remarkably patient and full of caution. In their preparations they wisely adopt colors for their dress that harmonize with the bark of the trees and decayed logs with which they are surrounded; and thus, with their bronzed faces, they are almost invisible while stealing through the thickets and lairs.

An old woodsman of our acquaintance, who had been, without success, still-hunting through a long day, from fatigue sat down on the banks of a small stream to rest himself. While thus negatively employed he was surprised at the sight of a number of deer at a distance entirely beyond the reach of his rifle, he being at the same time so situated that he could not approach them without being seen. Abandoning the idea of securing "their venison," he became interested in their playful gambols. Presently two lordly bucks commenced a joust, when, most unexpectedly, a third appeared—a young "spike," which, as if fired with revenge, made one plunge at the side of his now occupied antagonist, and drove his sharp horns into the quivering flesh, where they cut their way as if sharpened knives. The wounded, stricken deer staggered, and fell dead on the green turf. The woodsman leisurely proceeded to the scene of the foray, secured the game thus unexpectedly placed in his possession, and, with a heavy load upon his back, but a light heart, proceeded homeward. Such good fortune sometimes overtakes other individuals when they least expect it. A gentleman, riding along a well-beaten road in Southern Mississippi, was arrested by the sight of two large bucks furiously engaged in a fierce trial of strength. Finding that the animals did not heed his presence, he dismounted from his horse, and, without difficulty, killed them with his knife. Tying their hind legs together, he with great labor hung them over the back of his patient steed, and thus enriched he proceeded on his journey.

Killing deer by "driving" furnishes more excitement than either method already described. In "driving," the cheerful clamor of the horn, the thrilling cry of the hounds, and the inspiring sympathy of the well-trained steed, make the pleasure, at times, as perfect as it is possible for the hunter to enjoy. To be



THE DEER STAND.

successful in the drive the hunter must be acquainted with the character of the surrounding country, must be perfectly familiar where the game haunts, and must know at what places to enter the drive; for deer are fond of following and retracing the paths which they have formerly pursued, and will continue to do so even after they have been hunted "on the trace." It is also a well-known habit of the deer to skirt along the edges of thickets, and keep in the shade of the thick woods. In ascending rising ground they never take a direct route, but wind about after the fashion of a turnpike road; and in descending to the plains they observe the same rule. Hence it is that the hunter takes his *stand* in the lowest gaps between the hills; and by so doing he is sure to occupy the path the deer will take when driven from the vicinity. The morning is always selected for the hunt, and at daybreak the party is in the woods. The hounds are kept compactly together, and, as they become interested in the progress of things, witness the cheerful prancing of the horses, and hear the encouraging voices of the riders, they become constantly more enthusiastic, and in spite of all discipline, will occasionally yelp forth their impatience. The noble steed also sympathizes with the work in which he is engaged; and as he steps upon dead twigs that crush and break beneath his feet, he affects to start as if he already saw the game.

The hunters having finally reached the "drive," a consultation is held as to which *stands* are most available. This question settled, they separate, and each quietly moves on to the point assigned him. Meantime the *driver*, accompanied by the pack, scours through the outside of the range, circling round until the dogs come upon the trail of a deer. This done, they instantly open, as, no longer able to restrain their impatience, they make the surrounding heights and wooded isles musical with their cries. The deer, which have been quietly feeding in the vicinity, start at the sound, throw their heads in the air, and prance about, as if exulting in their conscious fleetness. The dogs, with heads near the earth, have now fallen into line, and are running close and compact, seriously engaged in their work. Occasionally you hear a sharp bark as the scent grows warm, and their steady, unerring course is accelerated. To them there is blood in the air.

The hunters have gained their "stands," where, concealing their horses in a neighboring thicket, they examine their weapons, and, lying down on the grass, wait with anxious ears the sounds that will announce the approach of their victim. Hours sometimes thus listlessly pass away, and oftentimes every surrounding object, by repeated examination, is vividly impressed on the eye. More particularly do the pathways of the deer leading from the highlands;

toward the hunter become painfully familiar. Patience is oftentimes exhausted, and the hunter pettishly wishes himself home, when suddenly he hears on what is now, perhaps, the noon-day air, the distant breathings of a sweet intoned horn. In a moment lassitude is gone; and he springs to his feet, inspired with life. The distant echoes play upon the air as will the sweet sounds of the Æolian harp. Under those notes are the breathings of the maddened hounds, who are now sweeping on in the path of destruction; while the deer, still defiant and vigorous, is flying and ambling by turns, unconscious of his fate.

Nearer and nearer the exciting sounds approach; for in the distant melody, the hum-drum of twenty or thirty throats mingling together in a general sound, you can occasionally discern the sharp bark of some impatient hound whose bloodshot eyes bespeak his Cuba stock—rushing on in anticipation of throttling the game so swiftly speeding on the wings of fear. A

glancing of bright rays, as if from a mirror, flashes in the blue vista of the distant gap that leads from the foot of the hills. The hunter is now on the alert. Another moment and a lordly buck comes plunging into the open space; his head is erect, his eyes filled with alarm; he has scented an enemy in *front*, and those fearful demons are ringing what may soon be his death-knell in his rear. Undecided he gazes, turns to fly back to his haunts, and then wheeling round, rushes on with headlong speed; the rifle is raised to the eye, and the spiteful echoes that follow tell of the flight of the messenger of death. The tail of the deer that, a moment before, like a white plume, waved in triumph over the noble haunch, drops suddenly down, the deer gathers up his body in pain—the lead has done its mortal work. But life still exists, and the animal rushes out of sight.

Before the hunter can regain his horse to follow, the maddened pack, like so many fiends, come rushing in sight, their voices ringing like



BREAKING COVER.



RETURN FROM THE HUNT.

fifty trumpet charges on the battle-field—with mouths open and teeth flashing, with ears erect, and eyes hazy with passion, they go on, treading, like inexorable fate, in the pathway of the wounded deer.

The hunter, now mounted, gives the dogs a cheer, exultant and soul-stirring; the horse, no longer manageable, inflates his nostrils, and, throwing his delicate limbs into the air, carries his rider like a spectre through the dust that rises in the track of the now distant hounds. Converging from point and point come in the different hunters, and, side by side, they spur their steeds over ravines, and rush down the sides of hills reckless of limb or life. At last the game is overtaken, the buck *is dead*; the dogs surround it, and reluctantly yield the prize to their masters.

Dragging the body to some shady place, hounds, horses, and hunters in turn recover their breath. The brute animals stand panting, their tongues out, and their sides heaving with painful efforts to regain composure. Now commence animated discussions upon the merits of the several dogs composing the pack. The body of the deer suggests a thousand reminiscences—the performance of the steeds revive the details of many hair-breadth escapes. Some cool spring near by is sought; the canteen is

produced, and the party, refreshed, is ready for the homeward route. The carcass of the deer is thrown across the back of a horse ridden by a faithful servant, the horn sounds to call the dogs together who have already broken into groups in search of fresh excitement, and the party thus joyfully end the day. Such are the leading incidents of a deer drive in the Southern States.

In the excitement of a drive places are passed over by the skillful rider that seem impossible when viewed in dispassionate moments. Deer sometimes fail to come within gunshot of the hunter at the stand, but pass beyond his reach. It is now that the expert sportsman shows his skill. Mounting his horse he follows and passes the hounds then coming in sight of the fleeing deer. He *rides across* the circle the animal is making to escape his enemies, and, having accomplished his object, suddenly reins up his horse, raises his rifle to his shoulder, and for the instant horse and rider are motionless as if of bronze. The deer, in spite of the speed with which he is flying, is killed in his tracks, and falls a legitimate prize to the prowess of man.

Hunters are very fond of good stories—those told round the camp fire have become proverbial. They are also given to practical jokes. One

of the most ridiculous we ever witnessed was "played upon" a friend of ours who was given, to an insane degree, to the indulgence of such unwarrantable wit—and therefore only made excusable in his case. The individual alluded to, from excessive fatigue, threw himself on the ground, while his party was indulging in a lunch, and directly fell asleep. One of the "boys" taking advantage of the occasion, tied a strong cord to one of the sleeper's feet, and then fastened the other end of the cord to a team of good dogs, which, lashed together, were quietly gazing upon the viands forming their master's meal. This done, our practical joker was awakened from his nap, not only by various punches in the side, but also by the presentation of some good brandy and water. By a concerted arrangement, just as he raised the tumbler to his lips, some one blew a blast on the horn, when the two hounds in the tackling made a spring, upsetting the gentleman with marvelous rapidity, besides doing other inconsiderable damage.

We once heard an old hunter gravely relate the story of "Ike Toadvine," who made a living by killing "varmints," and had a dog named "True," which was his friend and fellow-hunter for ten years. The dog was represented to be really part of his master, for old Ike declared, when he was intoxicated, that he loved him more "than he did his whisky." The dog in time died of old age, and his master, out of pure affection, tanned his hide, and with a piece of it mended his old buckskin breeches; from that time forward old Toadvine knew where the game was better than ever, for the patch would swell out and palpitate whenever it came within scent of a deer. We heard another old Hunter, John Spinck, of Ouichita, say that he once shot an old buck, which was so astonished and pained by the circumstance, that the "critter," in his agony, "broke through a sweet gum-tree four feet over, and tore the whole consarn up by the roots."

While in Texas we had the pleasure of meeting with "old Martin Bailey," known the country round as "*the* deer-hunter." He was a powerfully-made man, six feet high, and, like all men who are much in the forests, was slow of speech. He wore a buckskin hunting shirt, pantaloons, and moccasins, and had hanging to his person a hatchet, knife, shot-pouch, and powder-horn. His rifle weighed twenty-seven pounds, and carried a ball weighing exactly an ounce. He could with this weapon bring down a deer at two hundred and fifty yards. In four years this man killed fifteen hundred deer, only saving their skins. He could strip the animal of this natural covering in a few seconds; he made a cut along the belly of the animal, and then forced it off with his clenched fist inserted between the flesh and the skin.

The deer of America are thought to be more active and swift than those of Europe, and are ranked before the antelope, notwithstanding the extraordinary tales related of the latter by naturalists and poets who never saw one or the

other. The average speed of the deer is quite equal to the best blooded saddle-horse. An old buck is the least active, a spike buck is the fleetest. No calculation has ever been made of the number of miles an American deer could run in a given space of time. It is recorded that a rein-deer once ran nineteen miles in sixty minutes. In 1699 an officer carried the news of an invasion of Norway to Stockholm, with a single deer and sledge, making eight hundred and forty miles in forty-eight hours. For activity and high leaping the deer is superior to the horse. "We have seen a tame buck, suddenly alarmed by the hounds, leap over—without touching it—an inclosure near eight feet high; and we have seen a wild buck, pursued by hounds, clear a fence six feet high, leaping thirty feet clear in the extraordinary effort." Greater distances are recorded of the European stag. One is said to have accomplished fifty-four, and another sixty feet, but they are traditions of the "olden time," and most probably pleasant exaggerations.

As necessary as deer are generally considered as ornaments of an English nobleman's park, sometimes the "gentry" take an inveterate dislike to the breed, and destroy them with the most criminal recklessness. It is stated, on the best authority, that the late Duke of Portland ordered four hundred head of deer to be slaughtered at Bulstrode. The Earl of Jersey offered three thousand pounds for the animals alive, but was refused; the *noble* duke not only disdained the money, but even went farther, and accompanied his brutal act with the infamous injunction that the venison, skins, and horns should be buried in the earth entire. If a combination of crimes could create an unpardonable sin, it rests upon the head of this most honored nobleman.

In this country, with rare exceptions, we properly eat *our venison*; but the term in old times took a wider signification. It seems almost profane to go to Lord Coke for an opinion that shall bear upon our subject; yet the "venerable" tells us that venison derives its name from the means whereby the beasts were taken, and a beast must be hunted before its carcass could lay claim to the title. But to make the thing "legally clear," we learn from those old forest laws once in force in England, that a roe killed with buck or pheasant shot was *not* venison; while the wild boar, if he submitted to be chased before he was killed, *was* venison; and that the hare is venison too, because he submits to be hunted.

A Mr. Gilkey, of Independence, Missouri, while out on a hunting expedition, came across a buck in the midst of the open prairie. The gentleman was well mounted, and gave chase; in a few moments he overtook the animal, and threw a lariat over its horns. A fight now commenced, the rider only by the most finished equestrianship keeping clear of the fore-feet of the infuriated buck. Mr. Gilkey finally reached a small tree, around which he fastened the lari-

at, and was thus enabled to dispatch his game at leisure.

The Indians of Sierra Valley, California, resort to various stratagems to circumvent the deer. They not only disguise themselves in their skins, but they set the woods on fire on one side of the valley, which drives the game in the opposite direction, where bark ropes are stretched along the brow of the hill, with here and there openings to let the deer through. The Indians lie concealed near these openings, waiting for the deer, which edge along the rope, they not being inclined to jump over it unless greatly impressed with a sense of danger. By this simple contrivance many are slain.

It would seem to be necessary for the completion of our article to mention the black-tailed deer, which inhabit the mountains (for they rarely descend to the plains) of that part of our continent known as New Mexico. They are larger than the common deer, and their flesh is equally good for food. Living among precipices, they have habits peculiar to the goat and the chamois. When disturbed, they usually take a succession of bounds into the air, bringing their feet back again to the earth in nearly the same place from which they sprang. They possess the same curious disposition as the antelope, and thus frequently fall an easy prey to the hunter. The peculiarity of the common deer about the eye (elsewhere noticed) is possessed by the black-tailed species in a more eminent degree, for just below the internal canthus of each eye is an oval opening, which the animal appears to have the power to open and shut at pleasure. It is very properly supposed that these have something to do with the respiratory organs; for it is said that, when the deer is eating or drinking, these oval openings uniformly contract and enlarge with the motions of these organs. The young are even more easily tamed, if such a thing is possible, than the red deer. A well known peculiarity in its power of endurance is, that it will go without water for a day, or even two days, without apparent suffering.

As a curiosity of the deer species we must not forget the deer, specimens of which have been brought from the island of Java. When full grown they are among the most tiny things that can be imagined, not possessing the weight of a small rabbit. Their limbs are remarkably delicate, and their hoof, which is cloven, is almost transparent. In colors they are red and brown, with white upon their breast. From the nose, and extending back to the ear, is a tan-colored stripe, and under the lower jaw a white stripe, forming a trident. Their eye is large and projecting; they ruminant; and are the smallest animals in creation that chew the cud. They are represented to be very swift in their movements, and to all outward appearance are miniature representations of the common red deer of our own continent.

Venison, as a culinary dish, has ever been esteemed one of "the greatest luxuries of the

season," and the merciless way it is tortured while being prepared for the table is the best evidence of its high appreciation by cooks and gourmards. It is a nutritious food when eaten with other viands, but its a remarkable fact that, in an exclusive diet of "deer meat," it will finally cease to afford any sustenance, and the person thus living will present the phenomenon of actual starvation. Frontiersmen have been found in Texas in the last stages of exhaustion, wan, shriveled, and at the point of death, who had been reduced to this condition while there was a plentiful supply of venison in the camp. To discuss the way to cook venison would be to open all the mysteries of Ude and Soyer; upon one thing have its fanciers only agreed, and that is, that to be best enjoyed the meat must be served up *hot*. We have tried it broiled, fried, and stewed; plain, and mixed with innumerable condiments; we have partaken of it in palaces, and amidst the equally imposing associations of the primitive forest; we have rejoiced over it with one of Britain's proudest lords at our elbow, and a "Nature's nobleman" on the opposite side; we have indulged in venison served up in silver dishes, in costly china, and on fragrant birch bark; we have tried it when relying upon its natural sweetness for its flavor, and when it has been loaded down with spices and wines; yet the time in our history when eating venison made the most lasting impression was under the following peculiar circumstances: We once found ourselves, on a cold winter's day, with some half dozen fellow-travelers, working our tedious way through the then little-visited region bordering on the shores of Green River, Kentucky. Our mode of progression was by means of "an extra," in the shape of a stage attached to two indifferently good horses. The fare we obtained along the road, though seasoned by frank hospitality, was not always sumptuous nor always plentiful. On one occasion our breakfast consisted entirely of corn bread that had soured at the disgust it felt at being left uncooked in the centre; but our backwoods host jocosely remarked that we could do better at the next "hotel," still farther on the road. With this comforting assurance we proceeded on our journey, and kept on with it until our appetite and that of our fellow-sufferers was sharpened to an extreme edge. Desperate with hunger, we hesitatingly inquired at a log-cabin for food. Through the chinks between the logs of which it was built we easily observed the glowing flame of a hickory-wood fire. The "lady of the house," to our inquiries, said she had no *meat* to give us, but we were welcome to as much *venison* as we could eat, thus making as nice a distinction as ever did my Lord Coke. Looking in the direction she pointed with her finger, we beheld the carcass of a fine buck hanging within the huge jambs of the fire-place.

It was but a few moments' work, by the aid of my companions, to move the pine table nearly into the centre of the room. Some pure crystallized, but not too fine, salt was produced,

along with a hunting-knife possessed of an edge sharp to perfection. A cart load of coals was glowing on the earthen hearth, and a sharp, clear, winter wind came refreshingly through the openings in the cabin walls. Thus situated, we fell to work on the haunch of the lordly buck. A good carver and a man of sense wielded the knife and brought away the tender-loin steaks; they were laid upon the coals, and in a trice involved themselves in a fragrance that would not only tempt an anchorite, but would have roused an overfed and insensible alderman for one mouthful more. Snatching, as best we could, the delicious morsels from the embers, we delicately sprinkled them with salt, and ate! The viand was hot to intensity, but it only burned its rich juices into our lips, and gave an intense gusto to our palate we never before realized. Our conversion to the true way to cook and eat venison was complete—all doubts about the perplexed question were solved—and we never expect to realize the full merits of its wild sweetness until we find ourselves, after a long fast, again in a backwoods cabin, with a glowing fire, a handful of hard salt, and with a fine buck at our service hanging in the chimney jamb.

AN UP-COUNTRY ADVENTURE.

PICTURE to yourself a miniature lake, with high, wooded shores—literally a gem of the first water, in a magnificent setting. Time, nine o'clock; a breezy July morning; wind northerly; a sail-boat beating up against it, cutting its silver-edged furrow, and leaning lovingly under the shadows of the curved eastern shore. Crew consisting of—first, myself, at the helm; second, a lad, with tow trowsers and hair of a similar quality, trailing from the weather-side a line with a spoon-hook attachment; and, third, a half spaniel water-dog, seated on the bottom, wagging his wet, bushy tail, and winking, under his shaggy eyebrows, with an expression of sagacity and good-humored enjoyment almost human. I should not forget to mention a fine brace of lake bass, which Eliphalet (the lad's name—commonly called Life) had hauled in, and a small wild duck which Nep (that is the dog) had brought on board, after a shot from my fowling-piece had incapacitated her for flying or diving.

The weather was superb—"one of those charmed days" which paint, with brightest Italian tints, our pale native skies and rugged New England hills:

"It may blow north, it still is warm;
Or south, it still is clear;
Or east, it smells like a clover-farm;
Or west—no thunder fear."

I forgot my look-out for birds, and had given myself up to the delicious sensation of gliding through the water, of feeling the cool wind in my hair, of listening to the cawing of young crows in the pine-tops over the lee-shore, when suddenly the boy Eliphalet sprang up in the boat, and uttered a startling exclamation.

"Another bass, Life?" I said, listlessly.

"Just look! Jehu! look!" cried the lad—Jehu being not the name of the person addressed, by any means, but a simple ejaculation appropriate to the occasion. With one hand still dragging the line through the water, he pointed with the other to the summit of a long green slope, stretching up from a marsh on the northeast boundary of the pond.

This slope was now the scene of an exciting race: a man running as for his life; clearing fences, letting go his hat, and flinging, first his coat and then his waistcoat after it; two pursuers close upon his track.

Life stood up in the boat, and, putting his fishy fingers in his mouth, blew, like a small steam-whistle, a blast which the echoes caught up, tossed to and fro all around the lake, and from hill to hill, faintly and far off, beyond. I think there was never any other human achievement in the way of whistling equal to that boy's.

The fugitive, whose cravat was at that moment flying from his throat, heard the sound, and perceiving our sail, immediately altered his course, striking a straight line down the slope toward the marsh. He shouted, and, throwing up his arms, beckoned wildly for us to approach. His pursuers came with long strides down the declivity, reaching the barrier of a brush fence just as he had broken through it. He bounded forth upon the uncertain footing of the marsh, and by the time they emerged from the bush he again changed his course (as Life vociferously recommended, declaring that he would "sink in"), avoiding the low, wet land, and running due east, toward the woods. The pursuers followed—one considerably in advance of the other, and gaining on the fugitive—and soon the three had disappeared. An occasional shout, and the crashing of dry boughs, told us that the race was still kept up. Eliphalet was greatly excited, and I must myself confess to a more than lively interest in the event; our sympathies, as was natural, being enlisted altogether for the pursued.

"He'll come out of the timber in a minute!" said Life. "I see him! I see him! hurrah!" As he spoke the line cut through his fingers, and seizing it just in time to prevent its losing overboard, he hauled on board a pickerel, twenty inches long, that had chosen this strange and exciting time, of all others, for being caught.

While Life and the fish were flouncing together in the boat, I saw the fugitive's white shirt gleaming among the trees; and presently, making the water's edge, he ran out upon a log that lay in the lake, paused, pulled off his boots, hurled them at the head of his foremost pursuer, then plunged in with a shout, and commenced swimming toward us with all his might.

Anticipating his design, I had crowded the boat forward as fast as could be done on that tack with a head-wind, which failed us, or blew uncertain gusts, as we drew near the wooded shore. The fugitive was still several rods dis-

tant, appearing to swim with great difficulty, his pursuer following with strong, swift strokes.

"The oars, Life!"

If that boy had whistled like a steam-engine, he now worked like one, pulling the boat through the water where the wind scarcely shook the sail. We rapidly approached the fugitive. It was time. He was gasping and gurgling, with frantic strokes, making no progress, and apparently ready to sink. His pursuer was three or four yards behind him. All this time Nep (short for Neptune) was alert, upon his feet, whining, and glancing wistfully from the chase to me. I now gave the signal, and, with a splash, he went into the water. With his head above it, and his long hair afloat, he darted toward the drowning man. The latter was just going down, beyond the reach alike of rescue and pursuer, when Nep seized him by the shirt and the skin of his left shoulder (it was no time to be particular), and towed him alongside. Life shipped his oars, and dragged first the man and then the dog on board. We had headway enough to come around handsomely upon the other tack, heading off from the shore, while the second swimmer passed within about half a yard of our rudder-blade. He called to us to pick him up; and I should doubtlessly have accommodated him in so reasonable a particular, but his companion in the pursuit was also swimming out in expectation of a like favor, and thinking two such might occasion some inconvenience if taken on board, I resolved to be strictly impartial, and leave them both in the water. Nep was ardently desirous to offer them his assistance, but I objected, and cast out a loose board instead. The foremost swimmer seized it with an expression of countenance which did not strike me as especially grateful, still uttering entreaties or threats which were unintelligible amidst the shouts of triumph and defiance raised by the fugitive, and the vehement barking of Nep. The boat, meanwhile, laid her broadside full to the freshening breeze, and sailed smoothly and briskly toward the middle of the lake.

Leaving the pursuers to cool their warmth in the water, and return at their leisure to the shore, I now took occasion to observe more particularly than I had yet done the personal appearance of the man I had rescued. I must confess that I did not find it extremely prepossessing. I was little pleased with the jubilant and excited manner in which he hurled back his scorn upon his baffled pursuers. His face was alive with passion, his eyes glittered, his gestures were wild and rapid. I silenced the dog, but did not find it so easy to silence the man. At last my indignation was roused, and, in a voice of authority, I commanded him to be still. Thereupon his countenance changed; he looked about him with an expression of distress and fear, and cowered down in the bow of the boat.

"I swanny!" muttered Life; "if he makes any more fuss pitch him overboard!"

Although I could not but share the boy's sen-

timents, I saw fit to remonstrate against the uncharitable expression of them.

"Darned if I didn't think he'd have us upset!" said Life. "Mebby they're officers, and he'd ought to be took. I wish we'd let him be!"

I also more than half regretted interfering in the matter; but consoled myself with the reflection that I had acted upon a generous impulse, and that I ought not to be sorry for it, whatever the consequences. If I had stopped and calculated, and put cold discretion before the warm human instinct which prompts us to side with the weak against the strong and succor the distressed, then truly I might have been ashamed.

"Mebby it's agin' the law, and they'll make us smart for't!" remarked Life, more and more troubled as he watched my countenance.

"For what?" I answered. "It is always lawful to save a drowning man."

"That's a fact! I never thought o' that!" said the lad, brightening. "Of course we wouldn't let him drown—though I 'most wished we had, one time."

While this conversation was being carried on in low tones, the fugitive continued to crouch in the bow. I now perceived that his feet were small, white, and delicate; for he wore no socks, and his boots, as before stated, had been disposed of. His hands were of equally fine proportions. He was young, perhaps not more than twenty-five years of age; and, brushing away the wet and matted locks from his face, he showed a forehead of handsome and intelligent aspect. His head appeared rather broad and large in comparison with his shoulders, which were slender, and with the lower part of his face especially, which was narrow and weak. His features wore an expression of fear and dejection pitiful to witness. I began to feel a deep and compassionate interest in the history of this strange being.

"You are not an accomplished swimmer," I remarked.

He started, and glanced quickly around; but his eye resting an instant on me, my look seemed to reassure him.

"I did not know that I could swim; I never tried before," he said, with a swift glance, full of dread, at the water.

"'Twas a narrer 'scape!" remarked Eliphabet. "You run a darnation great risk!"

"But if they had caught me!" said the fugitive in a suppressed voice, twirling his fingers rapidly.

"What did they want to ketch you for?" cried Life, abruptly, stating the question which I was about to put in a rather more delicate way.

"Because—because—I am the most unfortunate and miserable wretch in the world!" exclaimed the man, in a broken, passionate way. "Do you think I wouldn't rather drown than have them take me? I've had enough of them!" And he gazed with kindling eyes at

the baffled pursuers, climbing up the fast receding shore.

"Have they any authority to arrest you?" I inquired.

"They are never without authority, such men—or at least some show of authority," replied the fugitive, uneasily. His tone and manner suddenly changed. "What is this young person's name?"

"Eliphalet," I said; "you can call him Life."

"Eliphalet, otherwise Life," resumed the stranger, "you did me the favor to pull me out of the water, which shall be remembered. You will place me under still further obligations by bringing my coat from the hill yonder. I am chilled!"

"I guess you'll ketch me doin' it!" growled Life, highly indignant at the proposal.

"Your cold bath was taken too suddenly in the heat of the race," I said. "There is an oar at your service, if you are afraid of a stiffening of the joints."

The man took up the oar, but threw it down again immediately.

"I didn't agree to work my passage! After all, coats are of no consequence. I've a good mind to tell you the whole story—who those devils are, and what they want of me."

"I guess they'd put ye where your wet shirt would dry pretty quick," said the grinning Eliphalet, "if they be devils."

He cast his hook into the water and coolly continued his fishing, suggesting that we were too far from the shore.

"You mean to deliver me up!" cried the stranger, starting with alarm. "Where are they? They have disappeared; they have gone for reinforcements! There's no hope!" And again the craven-hearted wretch twirled his fingers spasmodically.

"How can they take you?" I said. "This is the only fast boat on the lake. Your safety depends on me. Be calm now, and tell your story."

"You think me a coward; I can't help it, when I remember—!" said the man. "You will call it a great crime—no doubt it was—'twas certainly a great revenge! Yes, Sir," he added, with a gleam of triumph, "I took my revenge!"

"What revenge?"

"A terrible and comprehensive revenge!" he went on, kindling more and more. "To appreciate it, you must hear the story from the beginning. That would take me back too far, though. I couldn't bear to tell you of— But she perished with the rest! Yes, Sir, I killed her!—killed her, for the heart's sake! killed her, for love and revenge!"

A thrill of horror ran through my flesh. The wretched man had gradually crept toward me, along the bottom of the boat; and now he sprang up, with excited looks, and seated himself erect on the gunwale, which dipped suddenly to the edge of the waves. Eliphalet

screamed. I politely requested the stranger to move to the other side and remain quiet. Nep made room for him with a growl. It was clearly discernible that the man was no favorite on board.

"You see, I had set my heart on marrying her. God in heaven!" he exclaimed, "how I loved her!"

"You needn't tip us over if you did," muttered Life.

"It was Paradise for a time, till the serpent came," the man continued, his mind evidently whirled away by tempestuous memories. "He crawled in one night. I was absent; I was finishing my theological studies; for, you understand, I had chosen my profession—the ministry. Her letters grew cold, and finally stopped. That taught me more about hell than all the books! I was in hell, burning like a lost soul! What was my profession to me then? I could not read; I could not eat; for many nights I did not sleep at all. So one morning I ran away. My heart was so withered and in pain, and I looked so haggard to myself in the glass, I did not dare to see any one, so I stole off like a thief. It was a long journey—my thoughts were fierce and deadly all the way. I thought what I should do if she was false; and I knew then I should kill her—death! death!"

The poor wretch held his head between his hands, groaning miserably. I exchanged glances with Life, who earnestly made signs that the boat should be run ashore, and our dangerous acquaintance got rid of. I had different thoughts, however, and steered southward along the western shore of the lake, indicating to the lad that he should attend diligently to his fishing.

"For, will you believe it?" cried the man, looking up, "it was just as I feared all the while, they were making up another match for her. I was her cousin—did I tell you? and for that reason they all united to oppose our marriage. Her family and mine all combined against it. My own parents were cousins; and it was said As if to have hearts broken and souls destroyed were nothing!" he exclaimed, with a laugh that chilled my blood.

"Was it for this you took your revenge?" I asked.

"Ah, but you have not heard it all! Because we were cousins; that was *their* excuse. It was *hers* too; and now the perfidious creature said she had never thought of marrying me; that in all her treatment of me she had loved me as a cousin only! Now this is the secret truth—she loved another man! I arrived just in time. They little expected such a guest! They had managed me so shrewdly, and I was supposed to be some hundreds of miles away, stupidly eating and digesting the dry fodder of divinity books! I was learning something besides divinity just then!" Another laugh.

"Did you find her married?"

"I'll tell you!" I had disguised myself, put on some false whiskers and green glasses. Besides, I was changed so I imagine few would

have known me. It was just at dusk; I stopped at the house, and asked for a tumbler of water. She gave it to me with her own hands: little did she know whose eyes were glaring at her through those glasses—they would have killed her if they had been daggers! She saw how my hand shook—maybe there was something about my face, too, that frightened her, for she turned pale, and called her mother. The mother came, then the father, and they whispered together, and looked at me—for I was all this time slowly drinking the water, or pretending to drink; there was fire and gall in it, you can imagine, coming from her hand! Finally, they asked me to go in, and in I went. I found the old grandmother sitting there, fatter than ever, laid up with the gout; her head bolstered; her feet, big as churns, resting on chairs; the skin of her face seamed and yellow, like the rind of a musk-melon. She was an inveterate match-maker, had always talked against cousins marrying, hated me, and looked for a different husband for Laura. There was no hate lost; I hated every inch of her (and that was a good deal!) I could have strangled her then and there with my hands! But I kept quiet; sat with my hat on; said little; but observed. Shortly a man walked up to the gate. Laura ran out, just as she had done when I came; and now I saw that she had been expecting her lover, and had mistaken me for him. I knew him—he was a townsman; rich enough to please the old grandmother herself, who had some property to leave Laura, if she chose; and handsome and happy enough to make me consume with jealousy and rage, from the one glimpse I had of him through the window—Laura hanging upon his arm, looking up in his face, both smiling upon each other so fondly! From that moment they were all doomed, every one of them, lovers, parents, old grandmother; and I lived only to be revenged!”

“Didn’t none on ’em know ye?” queried Elphalet.

“Not till I bit the piece out of the tumbler!” replied the man, with wild, false gayety, void of mirth. “Shall I tell you how that happened? I think they were all afraid of me, for some reason; a presentiment of their fate, perhaps. Laura had disappeared, of course; but when, having rested and getting up to go, I asked to see and thank the young lady who had given me the water, they didn’t dare refuse. I went in to the entry—father and mother were both there—another door was opened; Laura came forward, with that man by her side. I bowed and said—‘You have presented a cup of cold water to the lips of a consuming soul. It shall be remembered. I wish to show my gratitude by asking for another draught of the same.’ I pronounced these words with peculiar emphasis and hidden significance.

“‘With pleasure!’ said Laura. A servant was ordered to bring the water; when it came, the mother filled a tumbler, and handed it to me.

“‘Not from your hand—only from hers,’ I said.

“Laura took it—her lover stood with his arm half around her, as if protecting her, as she gave it me. I tried to drink, for I was burning up within; but a sort of spasm seized my jaws, and I cut a piece out of the glass clean as if my teeth had been diamonds. I hurled the tumbler to the ceiling; the water and fragments flew all over us, as we stood there; Laura shrieked—they knew me then, and the father and the lover laid hands upon me.

“‘Gentlemen,’ said I, ‘I am not going to resist. But my time has not yet come. Unhand me!’

“There was fright and confusion enough for one while. I laughed to see the old grandmother, so fat and gouty, hobble forward on chairs to see what had happened.

“‘Adieu!’ I said, the world is wide; God is above all. Remember!’

“So I left them, and went home, and astonished my own family; and soon I was aware of a great noise about me in the village; and they had doctors sent for, none of whom dared look me in the face and tell me truly and plainly what they thought. If a man does that, I am his respectful, humble servant; but curse all liars forever!”

We were now coasting along the south shore of the lake, gradually working up again toward the eastern side—Elphalet taking on board now and then a fish; myself keeping a close look-out, ostensibly for birds, but in reality for bipeds of a different description. Our strange passenger eyed me keenly.

“The rest and best is to come,” he continued; “how I deceived them all; pretended to renounce all claim upon Laura; even preached for the old minister the very Sunday morning before the wedding! For I can preach like Mephistophiles! I don’t know but they would have invited me to perform the ceremony if I had been ordained—they had got to put so much confidence in me by this time. As it was, I kept away from the wedding. Nobody thought that strange. But I was not far off that night. I had found an old rusty pistol in the garret at home; this I had scoured up and loaded for the occasion. I crept about the house when all was dark and still, waiting and watching. The windows were lighted; I could hear, from time to time, laughing and singing; all went merry as a marriage-bell—for who cared for the torments of my soul? At last the guests went away. I was hid behind a wood-pile when they went out and passed near me. They were gay; but the night itself was not so black as my heart as I lay and listened.

“After they were all gone I crept back to the garden. The windows of the bridal-chamber were there. The curtains were down, but lighted up from within; and I could see human shadows upon them. I snapped my pistol three times at those shadows, but it missed; their hour had not come. The third time a curtain was put aside, and the bridegroom opened the window and looked out. He had heard the

noise. I remember wishing him dead; but I was afraid, and hid my pistol in some bushes.

"The next day they set out on a long bridal-tour, and still I waited for my revenge. It seemed almost providential when it came—every thing favored me. The husband had been building a new house; it was finished, and, on their return, there was to be a grand house-warming. 'I'll warm the house for them!' I said. I visited it every day for a week before they came, and had all my plans laid. At last they arrived, and the guests were invited—I among the rest. The old grandmother, with her gouty legs, was lifted into a wagon, lifted out of it again at the door, and carried up stairs. Laura met me, smiling and happy; I greeted her without a word. I could think of but one word all the while, and that I kept in my heart."

"What was that?" Eliphalet asked.

"DEATH!" said the fugitive. "If I had looked at her when she smiled, and said 'Death' as I felt it, why, that would have frightened her, and my trap would have been sprung! Ah!" he cried, alarmed at the course I was steering, "is this treachery?"

"We will beat up to the woods," I said; "then, if your friends are nowhere to be seen, Eliphalet shall go ashore for your boots."

"That will do, thank you—also for my coat," replied the man. "Meanwhile the conclusion. It was the bravest house-warming in the world! All our relatives were there—hers and mine, and their friends—just the persons I would have chosen. There was not one I did not hate from the bottom of my soul! There was a supper, and all were so merry! The bride and bridegroom were toasted. 'I'll toast them in a way they don't imagine!' I said to myself. The house rang with laughter. 'It will ring with something else soon!' There were stories told, and songs sung; and the old grandmother reigned queen—so far every thing had gone to her heart's content—and she sipped her tea. 'You'll sip something hotter than that!' I said to myself.

"When the dancing began I had the best excuse for withdrawing—my cloth, you understand. The dancing was in the upper rooms of the house, prepared for the occasion; no carpets down; brilliantly lighted. 'I'll make a brighter light than all that!' I crept down stairs to the cellar, where I had my materials all ready. I made one pile in the kitchen, one in the sitting-room, one in the library, high against the dry ceilings—first, shavings; then fragments of boards and laths; then chairs and books over all. I could hear the music and dancing above my head. 'Oh, you'll dance a different figure soon!' said I. I had all the keys of the house in my pocket. The lower sashes of all the windows were nailed fast; that's the reason they could open them only a little at the top. They little knew whose hand drove the nails! Last of all, I made a grand pile under the stair-case. The servants might have seen me; they stood in the open door

above, looking on, diverted with the dancing. 'We'll have a new diversion,' I said; 'fire-works!'

"I went up and spoke to the servants when all was ready.

"Don't be afraid; go in and sit down; they won't mind you."

"Somehow, nobody liked to dispute or oppose me. The servants had taken their lesson from the rest—that I was to be humored like a school-boy. So, without a word, they glided into the room and sat down in the corner. Then, very softly, I closed the door. They were all within—all those I hated; I was without. I turned the key in the lock. Still the music and the dancing—all so merry! Then I ran down stairs like a cat, locked the outer doors, and threw the keys into the pile under the stair-case. I first lighted the rubbish in the library with a bunch of matches; tore down the curtains, and dragged them, all blazing, through the sitting-room, through the kitchen, to the heap under the stair-case, firing every thing as I went; then trailed them down the cellar stairs, and dropped them among the shavings. I listened till I heard a mighty crackling and roaring burst out overhead; that was my signal for climbing through the cellar window, and away I went. Fire-works with a vengeance!"

The narrator uttered a gleeful laugh, which was speedily checked by the discovery that we were now running close to the shore.

"Eliphalet," I said, "jump off the moment we touch; find the gentleman's boots, if you can; take them around to the north side, and bring them, with his other lost garments, to the edge of the woods, where we will meet you and take you on board."

This order, placidly given, seemed to quiet the man's fears. Yet it puzzled and disturbed the boy, who scowled and muttered over it; but I gave him to understand by a look that he was to obey. Afterward, as he stepped ashore, I took occasion to whisper half a dozen words in his ear which enlightened his perceptions, and prepared him to assist in the execution of my plan. I pushed off again, leaving him in the woods, and when we were once more beyond all danger from the shore, my strange companion resumed his narrative.

"Where was I? Oh, the fire! I ran into the orchard and climbed a tree. There I had a charming view! To and fro, and round and round went the dancers. I could see them through the upper windows—Ha! ha! ha!—and I could see through the lower windows another dance; red flames waltzing; mad-leaping demons in red shirts chassing and crossing over!—a mock house-warming above, a real house-warming below!

"She was there—Laura—so smiling and happy; never thinking of me; dancing, with hell under her feet! So, in life, we polka and waltz over the infernal abyss, don't we? I almost shrieked with joy to see the fine show!

Suddenly screams—a wild rush of the dancers—the lower part of the house all a roaring furnace, the upper part a cage with a gridiron floor! Ho! ho! ho! it's no use trying the windows. Shriek and howl, ye doomed! Break the door open there! See the flames burst in! Spouts of fire from below! the stair-case a cat-act of fire! Dance, and dance again, oh ye worldlings! Waltz and polka and jig! there's music to dance by, with a running accompaniment of shrieks! Oh, superb! Look again! The dancers in red shirts from below are joining the dancers above! they seize them by shoulders and waists; sway them furiously to and fro; embrace with arms of fire; kiss with forked tongues of hell! A house-warming for you—ha! ha! ha! Now the old grandmother has it. See her on her gouty legs! How she leaps and whirls! Who would have thought she could do it? Bravo! never say die! A swarthy, grim, dare-devil has her. He envelops her all over in his flying red scarf. See, she grows dizzy and faint! Down they go, pell-mell, together! Crash the floor! down all! Windows shattered in vain; the red-shirt fellows drag back those that would leap out! Who toasts the bride and bridegroom? There they are, clasped together! down they go in the storm! smoke, and tempest, and fire! Ha! ha!"

The madman had sprung to his feet, and now stood screaming with terribly grotesque gestures, as if the hideous scenes he pictured were being enacted before his eyes. I had never in my life witnessed any thing so frightful. While I was endeavoring to silence and quiet him, and at the same time to prevent the boat from capsizing under his frantic movements, the tragical representation was interrupted by an incident almost laughable. The mad actor lost his balance and fell overboard. Backward, and head-foremost, down he plunged, quite disappearing for an instant; then showing a naked foot thrust upward; then a pair of hands clutching at the air; and, lastly, hair floating—at which hopeful appearance the dog Neptune, already in the water, dived, and seizing him by the light garment covering the back of his neck, brought him to the surface. Having with considerable difficulty got him once more into the boat, I picked up the dog and resumed my course, making for the corner of the woods.

The man strangled a good deal, brushed the wet hair out of his eyes, and looked around bewildered.

"I was telling you— Where was I?" he stammered.

"In the water," I replied, "as was fit. You had a great conflagration on hand, which it was needful to quench. Now have the kindness to remain quiet till we get ashore."

"Ashore?" he cried. "You are deceiving me! I see them; they are quite waiting. I'll not go!"

He started up, seizing an oar. The two men were visible in the woods conferring with Eliph-

alet. I perceived that it was now time to act decisively.

"Put that oar to its right use!" I commanded.

He turned; I caught his eye; its wild light flickered and fell before mine, and his purpose faltered.

"I am not deceiving you," I said. "I shall take you ashore; and you are to assist with that oar. You know how to row; if not, you can learn."

He was evidently not accustomed to any such direct mode of dealing. The oar dropped from his hands, and he endeavored again to look in my eye.

"Shall I teach you?" I asked.

"I know how." He adjusted the oar and dipped it once. "But you will deliver me up?"

"This I promise; no injustice shall be done you," I replied. "You must leave the rest to me. I know better than you what ought to be done. I am sound here"—touching my forehead—"and you are not."

"You mean so?" he demanded, uneasily.

"I know it," I answered. "You need a friend; I will be your friend."

"You will?" he cried.

"Have I not shown myself one? I have twice saved you from drowning. I have heard your story. I will do still more—I will protect you. But you must obey me."

"And you will not let me go back there?"

"Where?"

"Where they kept me shut up. They will put me to the torture next time. Don't let those wretches lay hands on me!"

"They shall not harm you; I promise, and I keep my word." I then directed him to row, keeping his eyes turned toward me. He complied, but with discontented and troubled looks. I watched him closely, aware how much depended upon the calm, constant presence of my eye. As we approached the shore my attention was for a moment diverted from him in looking out for a landing-place. Instantly, like a cat pouncing upon a mouse, he leaped toward me, snatched my gun from my side, and retreated. This was so quickly done that I scarce knew what had happened until I found the muzzle leveled at my head, and a demoniac pair of eyes behind it. It was well for me then that I did not lose my self-possession.

"Are you a good shot?" said I, regarding him fixedly.

"You are a good mark!" he replied, with a foolish laugh, turning the muzzle immediately from my head to the dog's.

Nep was growling fiercely.

"Show me," said I, "how well you can shoot. Hit that water-lily and I'll give you a quarter."

"I can do it!" He brought the gun to bear, took aim, pulled, and sowed the water around the mark with good shot. The lily trembled.

"Well done!" said I. Here's your quarter."

He pocketed the fee triumphantly.

"Load up again," he whispered, "and I'll

try a shot at one of those wretches when they put their heads out of the woods!"

"That would not be well," I said; "we must treat them like men if we would have them treat us the same. Give me the gun. The wind fails us, and I depend upon you to row ashore."

He took the oars with alacrity, and two or three minutes later we ran up under the woods, near the edge of the marsh, and landed. The two men, who had concealed themselves, sprang out of their ambush.

"Stand off," I exclaimed, placing myself between them and the fugitive. "This man is my friend!"

The poor wretch stood behind me on the boat, trembling. There was no escape for him, unless he took again to the water, and he evidently preferred trusting to my protection. The men, not fully comprehending the meaning of my attitude and words, explained, rather hurriedly, that they had come with authority to take him away.

"Prove," said I, "that you mean him no harm, and he will go with you."

"No harm is intended," replied one. "He left his friends last week, and we are sent to take him back."

The miserable man entreated me not to desert him, promising that if I would accompany him he would go wherever I wished. Eliphalet soon brought his clothes from the hill; and leaving the boy in charge of the boat, I set out to guide this strange party to the village.

Arrived at the hotel, dry clothes were procured, refreshments had, and telegraphic messages sent and received. My influence over the insane man was now completely established; whereat his attendants wondered, and asked how I had obtained it.

"I can not tell," said I, "unless it is by dealing with him honestly, treating him with gentle firmness, and showing no symptoms of fear."

I have had occasion to manage other cases of insanity since, and have invariably found the rule here indicated to hold good. The subject is usually quick to perceive in those around him the least signs of equivocation or fear, and to take advantage of them; but he can seldom resist the power of courage and truth, wisely and kindly administered.

In the mean time I learned something of the young man's history.

"We can hardly tell what was the origin of his insanity," one of his attendants told me. "Some think he studied too hard; for he was very deep in theology. Others think 'twas a love affair. He fancied his cousin, and began to act strangely just before she was married—preaching in the barn, talking to himself, and carrying about an old rusty pistol which he loaded with sand. He can tell a pretty straight story, and talk rationally enough on most subjects, till he touches upon what he considers his great crime—then he is all gone. He once tried to set fire to a house; he now imagines

that he burned it full of people, and that he is to be put to torture for the crime."

The men were returning him to a private asylum, from which he had recently effected his escape after a few months' residence. He had traveled without funds; carrying a pocket-bible with him, out of which he requested conductors and hotel-keepers to read enough to satisfy their demands upon him when they asked him for money.

It was not long before the train arrived on which he was to be removed. He was now in a merry mood, being elated at the prospect of the journey. Eliphalet appeared just as the party were entering the cars, carrying in his hand a pickerel whose tail touched the ground.

"Eliphalet, otherwise Life!" cried the young man, gayly, "the meeting is opportune! Farewell, and thanks. Give me that fish for a cane!"

"Can't spare it," muttered Life.

"Ingratitude in the highest!" said the other, turning upon his heel. "But I see how it is—bread! Wherein lies a riddle."

I entered the cars with him, and placed him in a seat with one of the attendants behind him, and the other at his side. I then took leave of him, having previously reconciled him to the idea of parting with me, and inspired him with confidence in his attendants. I leaped from the platform while the cars were in motion. He thrust his hand out at the window and waved a joyous adieu with his hat, then withdrew, and was seen no more.

As we walked away together Eliphalet had a good many questions to ask—among them the following:

"What did the everlastin' fool mean by *bread*?"

To which I had but a very foolish answer, namely, that I didn't know.

That answer, so easy and convenient, is yet the one which nobody likes to make. I feared its effect upon Eliphalet. He had hitherto considered me an oracle, giving me credit for knowing almost every thing, and guessing the rest. Now his faith was shaken. There was one thing I did not know—what an insane man meant by "*bread*."

I was humiliated. We walked on in silence. Eliphalet, never before so presumptuous, passed me in the path. I saw that a skillful stroke was necessary to win back his confidence and respect. The question must be answered! When great necessity urges we are capable of any thing, up to the very verge of the impossible. I succeeded—I found what subtle and shadowy meaning there was in "*bread*." I announced it triumphantly.

"You remember he wished you to give him the fish for a cane?"

"Yes," muttered Eliphalet.

"Very well; and when he said *bread*, he meant—that it was the *STAFF OF LIFE*."

The boy made no reply. The explanation was evidently not clear to him. Still it was an answer; and as such, it impressed him; for I

observed that almost immediately he stepped aside, allowing me to precede him, and afterward walked all the way behind me in the path.

HOW I FELL IN LOVE.

I AM an old bachelor. Of this fact I am not ashamed. I am not sure that I regret it very much. There is nothing in life to wound or afflict me. I may not be very happy, but nobody can make me very miserable, because no one stands near enough to my heart to reach it for good or for evil.

I was not always quite so callous. Years ago—but stop!—why am I going to reveal for the first time a secret that has never passed my lips? Perhaps, it is because I feel a strong wish for some one's sympathy, and, secure in my incognito, I can venture to pour out long-buried thoughts that few would suspect. My grave, hard, pale face is a discreet tombstone erected over the ashes of a dead hope and love: no eye can read the inscription written in its wrinkles, and my acquaintances will never guess whose pen has created these pages.

I was twenty-three, independent, not ill-looking, and was not generally considered either dull or uninteresting. It was spring-time: the lovely April month, when youth drinks in the balmy breath of Nature, and the mere fact of existence is a pleasure.

Caroline Ashton had invited some half-dozen guests to her father's plantation. He was absent: her mother and herself did the honors of their beautiful home. We were old friends and allies. She was a trebly-distilled flirt, with innocent eyes, a soft low voice, and a taste for mischief very strong and very well developed.

The time passed gayly and swiftly in the usual country fashion of rides, drives, impromptu picnics by day, and impromptu dances by night.

One evening—shall I ever forget it?—we lingered late beneath the moon's light, sauntering through the grounds. Twice had Mrs. Ashton sent to call us in, with some message to which none of us listened. I was standing with Caroline just at the extremest edge of a rustic barricade. It hung over the river as a protection to those who might ascend or descend too carelessly the narrow winding path, overshadowed by ancestral oaks, which skirted the broad stream, and was one of the numerous walks that beautified Ashton Hall. We had been a little sentimental, although each knew the other too thoroughly to be deceived. *She* was only "keeping her hand in," and *I* was lazily conscious that she was very pretty, and liked to tell her so.

"You are absurd," she said, turning away her head from my "ardent gaze." "Why can not men invent a new vocabulary of phrases. If Laura or Bessie were suddenly to take my place, you would keep on in the same strain and never *feel* the difference. Oh! how chilly it grows! Didn't mamma send after us?"

She shivered coquettishly and moved away.

"Stay," I pleaded; "pray, stay. It is so calm, so happy here. How different from

Bessie Mortimer's jingling talk and Charley Benson's inane laugh!"

"My friends, Sir! is it decent to speak so? But you prudently omit one name. Laura's lovely eyes are watching for you." She sprang up the steep path, laughingly waving her white hand.

"*Your fate* awaits you in yonder mansion, my lord; go seek it!" and she ran off, extending the broad ends of her scarf like wings on either side.

I overtook her, and we mounted the front steps together.

Mrs. Ashton met us in the hall with a slight shade of anger. "My dear," she said to her daughter, "twice I have sent for you: we have a guest, and a very mysterious one. You have worried me by your tardiness in coming."

"A guest! a mysterious one! is he a handsome man? I hope he won't turn out to be a traveling peddler? I am sorry, dear mamma, to annoy you. Kiss and make friends! It was so nice in the moonlight."

Mrs. Ashton smiled as she kissed the upturned, fresh lips. "No man at all, my dear. Read your father's letter. You need not go, Mr. Leicester: read it to Mr. Leicester, my child."

Mr. Ashton's letter was very short—very unexplanatory—very hurried. He simply said that business would detain him three weeks longer in Florida. Meanwhile he sent this letter by the daughter of an old client. "She is young, sad, and friendless;" so I remember the words ran. "Need I say more to commend her to the kind hearts of my wife and daughter?"

"And not even her name mentioned, you see!" exclaimed Mrs. Ashton, who, although the best of women, was a little nettled at this unceremonious advent. "Your papa always was, and I suppose always will be—"

"My papa," interrupted Caroline, gayly. "Just so, dear mamma, I have no doubt he always will be. But we can ask her her name, that's one comfort. Where is she? How did she get here? Let me put her through her catechism at once. I'll practice first on you, Mr. Leicester. Hold up your head. 'What is your name?' Don't say N. or M."

"Hush, hush!" whispered Mrs. Ashton, "she is in the drawing-room," and we were just at the door of that apartment by this time in our slow progress through the wide entrance hall.

The evening was a little chilly, and a few twigs burning in the chimney not only gave a cheerful, ruddy blaze, but attracted by their pleasing warmth. The clear globe of an astral lamp shed its mellow, steady light from the sofa-table drawn rather near the fire-place. Between these two lights, seated so that the one played flickeringly upon the dark silk of her skirt, while the other shone full upon her face, was a lady, who did not move as we entered. So grave, so lost in thought, so completely apart from us and from her surroundings, that when Mrs. Ashton spoke she started, and it was evidently with an

effort that she remembered where she was, and recognized our presence.

She had no beauty, I thought; and she was scornful "even unto death."

Her eyes were swollen with excessive weeping, her cheeks were pale, her mouth faded, her hair lustreless, careless, profuse. Her dress was almost shabby—a worn black silk, and an old shawl wrapped closely around her shoulders.

Unperceived, Miss Ashton made me a lugubrious grimace, as much as to say, "what a bore!" but she went up kindly enough, and with that involuntary air of superiority which woman must take toward those worse dressed than themselves; it was with a rather patronizing tone that she welcomed her father's client's daughter.

But it did not last. Simply the stranger thanked her, but in her words, her manner, her carriage, there was that nameless something which proclaims conscious dignity, well-assured position, superiority, more than *equality*.

Caroline drew back; she was not pleased, and yet she could not take offense. Catechise this regal Niobe! The thing was impossible. Caroline wanted to question her, began, broke down. I, meanwhile, played *personage muet*, and the stranger did not seem to have yet seen me.

At last Miss Ashton said, "Perhaps, mamma, Miss— I beg your pardon, papa neglected to tell us the name of your very welcome guest."

"My name," she said, "my name is Frederica Rawdon."

"Miss Rawdon?" The lady bowed.

"Perhaps, mamma, Miss Rawdon would like to go to her room. Is her luggage taken to it?"

"There is my luggage," Miss Rawdon said, pointing to a valise on the floor near her. "It is all I have."

The ladies tried to hide their surprise, and Mrs. Ashton rang the bell. There was an awkward pause. Caroline plunged into it. She evidently was determined not to be overpowered in her own house by a woman in an old gown, who seemed to have dropped from the moon.

She looked mischievously at me.

"There is a curious coincidence," she said; "your name is Frederica, Miss Rawdon, and this gentleman's is Frederick: allow me to present Mr. Frederick Leicester, and I appoint him your knight during your stay with us. He is more useful and agreeable than he looks."

"You deserved that," she went on, after an exchange of bows, whispering to me as she passed out of the room—she was following her mother and their guest. "You seemed to be enjoying my bother. But oh!" she exclaimed, pausing, with upraised hands, "who *is* this dreadful girl! Has she really lost *all* her friends, I wonder! And she is so lofty too! I know that I shall hate her! *Au revoir!* Sir Knight of the Lady of the Rueful Countenance!" and with a light laugh she disappeared.

But I shall never get through my story if I linger over all these details, and my reader

(should I have one) will be wearied before I have half finished.

Miss Rawdon was a mystery whom none of us could solve. That evening we discussed her when she retired, which she did early. I recollect Laura Hamilton, who was a great, dark-eyed, magnificent creature, saying many disparaging things of the unattractive stranger. If she would have allowed these girls to pity and protect her, they would have been kind enough, but she evidently rejected sympathy, and sat in the midst of us, Miss Hamilton said, like the skeleton of the Egyptian feasts.

Was it obstinacy or instinct? I was attracted toward this silent, plain, gloomy woman; and when the rest of the party, on separating for the night, murmured over the necessity, whatever it was, which had made Mr. Ashton dispatch to his family such an unpleasing addition to our merry, complete circle, I alone put in a word, and said that I was glad she had come, for her face interested me.

There was a general laugh, and no one believed what I said; but, for all that, I am sure I felt it even then.

The next morning, after breakfast, it was too warm to leave the house; the ladies sat and worked in the cool, dark library, and Francis Sheldon read aloud to them. I thought the book very stupid. I don't remember what it was; and first I yawned, and presently I nearly fell asleep, and wished heartily that I had gone out shooting, and felt too inert to start then. Miss Ashton aroused me with the gratuitous information that my features were not sufficiently classic to warrant their public display in such complete repose; and I then perceived, by a glance around, that *the* guest was absent. Through the open door I saw her in the adjoining drawing-room—at least, I saw some dark object gathered together upon the sofa. I went in pursuit.

It was she—doing nothing—leaning her forehead on her clasped hands. The hands were very small, and very white, and very beautiful. This discovery was pleasant and encouraging. Not so was her tone when I addressed her. She looked up wearily, with a slight frown; but I hoped that I was not intruding, or some such commonplace beginning, and presently she listened to me. I had to speak very low, not to interrupt the reader in the library, and a half-whispered conversation can not continue very formal.

I tried my best—I wanted to please—I wished to amuse and interest, if I could, a forlorn stranger in a strange place.

Miss Rawdon recognized and requited my efforts—not by gayety, not with smiles; but her replies grew longer, and she questioned as well as answered. We got on very well. I found her more than intelligent—she was clever, brilliant, pointed. She had traveled, she had read, she had profited by both. Her language was exquisitely chosen, her slight gestures perfectly graceful: I never saw a woman so loved her

hands like that one. No, I am wrong; years afterward, RACHEL's hands reminded me of Frederica Rawdon's.

"I wish I could make you smile—I wish I could light up your sad face," I thought. "How would you look, I wonder!"

This conversation lasted a great while—till the party in the library broke up, dispersing until dinner. Caroline Ashton was amused and annoyed. "You here all this time!" she said to me. "Bravo! you *are* eccentric!"

"Did you not give me over to Miss Rawdon?"

"Model of obedience!" she exclaimed, ironically. Of course Miss Rawdon had gone off before these words were uttered.

I sat next her at dinner. I walked with her that afternoon—all the evening I was near her. Not that Mrs. or Miss Ashton willfully neglected her; but she showed plainly that she wished to be let alone. She would take part in nothing, speak voluntarily to no one. She said more than once—not crossly nor peevishly, but decidedly—"I am such poor company, don't let me interfere with you. I feel so grateful to be here, and to be quiet. Pray don't notice me."

By tacit consent, in twenty-four hours Miss Rawdon became my charge, and nobody else's. They let us both alone. Caroline sneered a little, and Laura pouted a good deal; for they had not even the satisfaction of honestly saying or thinking that Miss Rawdon sought my attentions, which would have been a consolation. For days she received these attentions listlessly, indifferently; never raising her eyes when I approached her, scarcely making-room for me when I joined her.

I verily believe that had I suddenly disappeared during the first week of our singular acquaintance she would never have missed me to the extent of wondering where I was, or caring to see me again.

And I—I thought of her at every moment of my life! What was that woman's charm? The God that made her alone could tell.

Her coldness fretted me; her eternal sadness distressed me. If she would only say what ailed her!

At length the icy chain melted. It was the day week of her arrival in our midst. We were idly walking home after a long stroll; and, by one of those coincidences which, slight or strong, are constantly recurring, Frederica took the same path through which I had walked with Caroline Ashton, and she paused to rest half-way up the ascent, just where Caroline had stood when accusing me of "airing my vocabulary" of flirtation phrases for her benefit. I remember this; and I also remember the mocking laugh with which she sprang away, saying, "*Your fate awaits you in yonder mansion!*" She alluded, jestingly, to Laura Hamilton; but had my fate really met me at Ashton Hall in the shape of this grave stranger, of whom I literally knew nothing?

The moon, which then was young, had now

grown rounder and fuller. Frederica remarked on its beauty, on the lovely stillness of the night.

"I think it was even more beautiful ten days ago," I said, forcing myself to say something.

"The new moon shone in the purest sky I ever looked upon, and the atmosphere left nothing to desire. I should think the most fiery spirit would have felt its holy influence. Did you notice it? Where were you on that evening?"

"Where was I?" she said, turning upon me; "where was I? What makes you ask that question?"

Her eyes glittered—how bright they were!—her color rose, her figure dilated, her flexible brows bent into a frown.

"What makes you ask that question?" she repeated.

"Pray forgive me," I said, "if I have startled you by a thoughtless speech. I had no covert meaning in a simple question. Do not think of it again."

She sat down on a rustic bench behind us; she covered her face with her beautiful hands, trembling, shuddering, weeping.

I threw myself at her feet. Heaven knows what I said, what incoherent words or wishes I uttered. I don't think she heard me at first; but presently she gave me her hand—it was the first time I had held it—its touch thrilled me.

"How kind you are!" she said; "how kind you have been to me all these weary days! Oh that others were like you!"

"Are we both different from other people, or are we both just imprudent alike? I have closed my lips and refused my confidence to Mrs. Ashton, to her daughter, and feel a strong desire to open my heart to you. You show a deep interest in a total stranger, without in the least accounting to yourself for the feeling; and I believe in this interest, although Heaven knows I have cause enough to doubt all human kind. But I have faith in that nameless attraction which draws us to some and repels us from others. Have you?"

But why give her bare words? They never will convey, especially through my dull pen, the exquisite charm of her tone, her manner.

At last she was natural, herself. She put aside the mask she had forced herself to wear; she gave the reins to her suave tongue; she no longer imprisoned the light of her radiant eyes, nor checked the play of her ever-varying smile. By the rules of compass and art her lips were not perfect; by the judgment of those who studied them they were the heavenliest exponents, silent or speaking, of a delicious woman.

Ah me! to be twenty-three again, and to have again the wild, surging thoughts which, after deluging my heart with love, passion, frenzy, came welling, bursting to my lips, and lay there, too fierce to be beaten back and too timid to pass that barrier! I am nearly fifty now. That love gave me infinite pain, and yet—

"Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning

The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of
Morning.

Her cloud and her tears are worth Evening's best
light.

"Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his
frame.

And his soul—like the wood which grows precious in
burning—

Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!"

But I am wandering sadly. Who cares what an elderly man feels or don't feel? How my neighbor Patton would laugh and shake his jolly sides if he guessed that old Fred Leicester was growing sentimental! I must tell my story without these digressions.

Did not Frederica see at once that I was madly in love with her? She said not, afterward. She was not vain; she underrated her own attractions; she only thought me kind and sympathizing.

She did not speak any more of herself at that moment. It was late. We returned to the house. "To-morrow," she said, "I will tell you something about your friend—about this forlorn creature whom you have so generously borne with. I am not—" Mrs. Ashton met us at this moment, and chided me for keeping Miss Rawdon so long in the evening dew.

I thought Frederica looked brighter during this evening. I supposed others would notice it, but they did not. She seated herself, with a book, near the sofa table, read till ten o'clock, and then slipped off to her own room.

What dreams I had that night! How little they foretold what the morrow would reveal!

Well—the moment came. We were sitting alone, as we frequently did, in the bay-window of the drawing-room. The Venetian blinds were closed, the light was soft and subdued, the perfumes from each flower which grew in the garden beneath stole gently in upon us. The air was languid and yet cool. A distant voice every now and then reached us; the billiard room was the attraction to-day, and we were safe from interruption.

Each circumstance is impressed distinctly upon my memory. I see her now as she sat in the great chair, with her old, yet perfectly neat dress, her hands folded above her head, her eyes cast down. I had long ceased to think her plain; I wondered how I had ever done so. How could any one be plain over whose face every emotion traced itself in light or shadow? But, after all, I confuse my impressions then with my impressions later; in fact, I write very badly. I have half a mind to pause here—shall I? No; as well go on.

I spoke first. I reminded her of her promise the night before. She sighed, and told me her story with little prelude and in the fewest words. I can tell *it*—I can never tell how icily, how heavily it fell on my heart. She was not Miss Rawdon, she was not named Frederica. She had invented the name. She was a widow—

Florence Raymond. The only daughter, only child, of a rich and tyrannical father, the largest planter in the Southern country (I had often heard of him), and the most violent and obstinate of men. She married for love at sixteen, married most unhappily, led a dreadful life; Raymond died and left her once more dependent upon her father, at the age of twenty-two. Since then three years had passed. Eighteen months back she met with one whom it was plain to see that she adored. I would have needed only to hear her tone, without catching her words, to know that he was her earthly idol. Very casually she mentioned him; with a rising blush and veiled lids. "My father at first approved," she said, "of our acquaintance; we were betrothed with his consent; but I have a cousin, my father's nephew, who is a wretch, a miserable creature, whom I have detested since I was in my cradle. He hates me too, but he loves my fortune. Disappointed by my first marriage, he counted upon making his way now. Again baffled, he crept to my father with lies, only too well calculated to inflame and anger a person easily prejudiced. You can guess the rest. I was to have been married on that very evening, ten days ago, which you asked me last night if I remembered, instead of which, I was flying like a culprit from my home, owing to the kindness of a stranger my escape from persecution or a marriage with a man my very soul abhors. Yes, my father required that I should give my hand to his nephew; he actually thought—desired—that I should exchange a husband as quietly as one does a chair or table, or a servant, who happens not to suit you or your friends!"

"And where was *he*?" I asked, forcing my parched tongue to speak, when she paused, indignant and overcome.

"What *he*? Alfred?" and she colored crimson as she spoke his name for the first time. "What could he do? He is as poor as I am, in reality. He can not—Would it be right for him to put an eternal barrier between my father and myself?"

My lip curled, perhaps involuntarily.

"Don't blame him!" she cried; "I convey a wrong impression if you consider him mercenary. Would I not, probably, in future years, think him selfishly imprudent to have deprived me of my inheritance for his sake?" These words were not hers; she had heard them before, and repeated them like a lesson. "My father is as stern and inflexible as he is hasty. His favorite sister, whose life he had saved, whom he worshiped, displeased him by her marriage, and he allowed her to die in poverty and unforgiven. Mr. Ashton advised too that we should wait, that we should hope; he rescued me from my father's anger and his fierce determination, and sent me quietly here. I was going mad among them all."

"At least, you had the comfort of knowing yourself beloved; of feeling that, although apart, he would be faithful and true to you. There is consolation in that," I said, slowly.

She turned upon me, tears in her eyes. "Yes," she said, simply, but with effort, and sighed as if she felt great comfort indeed.

"He will come with Mr. Ashton to visit you perhaps?" I pursued. "There will be no great danger or trouble in such a step."

"You tease me," Florence said; for now I shall call her by her true name.

"How?"

"I don't like your tone—you mean more and something besides what you express. You are unkind. "What a child I am!" she interrupted herself—"A widow, twenty-five years old, and as full of sickly sentiment as a girl of fifteen! You must forgive me. I can not tell why I have taken the liberty of confiding in you; forget, if you can, all that I have said. I am behaving like a heroine of romance. Look upon me as a prosaic reality, and pardon my forwardness and want of delicacy. I am amazed at myself as much as you must be at me."

She rose and bowed. I caught her hand.

"Sit down—pray sit down again," I pleaded. "Indeed you wrong me, you misunderstand me. Can you suppose me insensible to the trust, the honor you have shown me?"

I spoke with warmth and sincerity. I reassured her. We talked on for long hours. I wanted to be convinced of what I suspected. Not from idle curiosity, but from the strong, the intense desire to know if her lover was really true to her, or if, in this time of trial and dismay, he had abandoned her because the fortune was insecure.

She defended him and herself bravely; pride and love were both in arms; woman's vanity and passionate devotion helped her long to keep her secret, but I held it at last. This had been the crowning drop in her cup of bitterness. Her father's unfounded wrath against her lover, his anger with herself, his threats of forcing her to marry, his violence, her cousin's hateful attentions—all, all had been borne, not meekly—for one could easily see Florence was no creature of angelic temperament—but these could be borne and they were, till he, the loved one, the adored of her heart, spoke to her of a necessity for separation. He loved her—he would never, could never love again—but fate divided them. He was poor, had no profession, lazy (she acknowledged), a spoiled child, used to luxury—what could they do, if they did marry? "And then," she sighed, "my temper is so uneven. I am naturally so rebellious. He has had such trouble with me, poor fellow!"

"Ah! he is very amiable?" I suggested.

She laughed merrily. It was the first laugh I ever heard from her lips—a lingering, musical, merry laugh. She stopped, as if shocked at herself, but also as if she could not have helped it. "Amiable! I don't think he could spell the word! He could not, I verily believe, get as near to the thing as that."

I shook my head doubtfully.

"I don't care to have him amiable: he suits me as he is."

She would say no more. I prudently stopped; and there our conversation ended.

Need I say what my thoughts were? I hoped he might prove all I thought him to be—and, Heaven knows, this "Alfred" was a monster of selfishness and ingratitude to my mind.

We were drawn together still more, of course, by this confidence, and dangerous to me was the intimacy which now ensued. Hopeless as I felt my passion, I could not give it up, nor even try to conquer it. How often I repeated the old adage, "Many a heart is caught in the rebound;" and how selfishly I prayed that the unworthy, the unfeeling creature (for such I unhesitatingly considered him), might never again claim the hand I longed to call my own.

I meant to wait patiently. I never intended to declare my love until circumstances had finally separated her from even the memory of the past. I should surround her with every proof of my devotion without speaking it; but my resolutions ended as such resolutions always must end.

The time was approaching for us all to quit Ashton Hall—I had already staid longer than the usual duration of my visits. Charley Benson had left; the party was breaking up; Mrs. Ashton was looking out for her lord, and matters could not go on in this dreamy way forever. Florence had no plans; she depended upon Mr. Ashton; she had had no letters from any one; the temporary excitement produced by her revelations to me, which, unburdening her mind, made her feel less solitary and care-worn, had in a measure passed away. She was very sad; it maddened me to see her so miserable, to feel that she was lavishing a wealth of tenderness I would have periled life and soul to gain, upon a cold, neglectful, calculating man, who, knowing her anxiety and unhappiness, made no effort to comfort or rescue her. I could stand it no longer; I told her I loved her, and I besought her to forget him and to listen to me.

Her eyes fixed themselves gravely, sadly, inquiringly, upon my eager, flushed, excited face. I was cold and hot all at once.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked, at last.

Heaven knows what I answered—what I said.

She was not angry, but she grew very pale, and her words were cold yet kind. She told me how much she had trusted me, how much she had relied upon my friendship. "This must end now. I must give up an intercourse fraught with dangers to us both." My heart beat.

"Yes," she continued, answering my eyes, for my tongue said nothing. "Yes. To both. I am not a simpleton altogether. Friendship between a man and a woman is by no means impossible nor impracticable until the word 'love' is mentioned. Then, incessant dangers arise—dangers of all sorts. It matters not how strong may be his resolutions never to repeat the fatal syllable—it *will* come; it matters not how engrossingly she may be attached elsewhere. Madame de Meulles has said, 'A wo-

man often resists the passion she feels; seldom the passion she inspires.' There is something very sweet, very powerful, in the conviction that one is seriously loved. Spoken or unspoken it carries its way. I will not expose myself to any such formidable *enemy*. As usual, I am candid. I do not love you, but I do believe that you love me. I am very, very much grieved that it should be so. Is it my fault? is it yours? You were warned, you were armed against such a folly. I have one comfort—quickly as it came, so quickly will it go."

"Never. You are my first love—you shall be my last."

She smiled.

"You do not believe me?"

"All men say this to every woman. Nearly every woman says it to any man whom she loves. It is considered a necessary fiction."

I buried my head in my hands; I did not care to argue the point.

She withdrew my hands gently from my face.

"Pray don't," I said; "for I did not choose that even she should see the tears that dimmed my eyes. Oh! what a fool I am to recall all this! Those were the saddest and yet the happiest moments of my life. Sad, because reason told me that I was destined to disappointment; happy, because hope never quite dies so long as there is life—and life for me was in her presence, the silence of her lover, the faintest gesture of her white hand, our separation from every one about us, the curve of her red lip, the gleam of her dark eye, the low, sweet, mournful cadence of her expressive voice. I slumbered and floated along. Time enough to awaken when some change or accident should arouse me. I just held on to the passing moments and never looked ahead.

How kind she was—how noble—how true! After urging me to go, to leave Ashton, and finding me determined to stay, she seemed to adopt my own ideas, and to let things take their natural course.

"You are obstinate," she said, "and I am weak. Listen to wisdom you will not; prudence you scorn. I can not go, and I have not the courage, the energy to avoid you. On your own head be the consequences;" and she began to talk of literature, music, any thing.

Well, the end was near at hand; it came. I had noticed a growing impatience in my idol, a restlessness of manner, a petulance, which she instantly repented and repeated. She would look earnestly at me, and then impatiently withdraw her gaze. She did not speak crossly to me, but her thoughts were hard, sneering, bitter, and so expressed themselves of her own self and of others. At length, one evening, again we sat upon that rustic bench overlooking the lazily flowing river, and Florence's dark eyes watched the setting sun, as, like a ball of fiercely heated iron, he dropped behind the trees.

The dewy shades of night softly crept down and spread around us: what possessed me I do not know; but I felt that a crisis was at hand,

and something forced me to speak once more of the love which was, I saw, filling my very existence. I poured out burning words of passionate affection—I called her cold, cruel; I accused her of trifling with me. I sneered at her callousness. Heaven knows what follies I uttered. I was fierce and bitter. Through it all she never moved nor spoke. At length I paused, and then her low, sweet voice broke upon the silence which followed, like a strain of angelic melody after a crash of noise and confusion.

"I thank you," she said, "for arousing me just as I was about to place my feet upon the verge of a precipice. I am still stunned by the sense of the danger I have escaped, and am equally divided between gratitude to you for doing me this service and terror at my own imprudence. Do you understand me? I can express myself very freely now, for I am safe. Have you been so blind as not to have perceived that during the past day or two a change had come over me? Do you remember what I said to you when first you declared your love? I feared for us both: however vaguely for myself, still an instinct bade me be wise and avoid you. I neglected the warning—and you, insensibly, grew upon me each moment." I would have seized her hand—she resolutely withdrew it: my blood danced and bubbled in my veins—she went on, calmly, and each word she uttered fell in measured accents, without a shade of emotion.

"I began to draw comparisons between you and—some one. He lost by the contrast, and you gained. Your unselfish, unexacting, eager, and respectful devotion, the sympathy you felt, the evident determination which you showed to convince me of your love, by respecting my position and leaving to time to work a change in my feelings, if change there ever would be, gave me so much pleasure, touched me so fatally, that my mind has been a chaos of remorse, happiness, doubt, determination. I could no more unravel it—this tangled skein of fifty opposite feelings—than I could make that sun pause in its downward course. Your hand has saved me the trouble. What! you accuse me of a want of faith in you, because I do not believe your love eternal after a three weeks' acquaintance! You call me callous, because I did not, at your first words, throw myself into your arms! You consider me heartless, because I cling to a love which does not date from yesterday! I am calculating, because I have been deceived, and fear to be so again; and, last of all—worst of all—I have trifled with your affection—coquetted with you! I"—and now her words came fast and indignantly—"I, who bared my inmost feelings to you, a stranger; who accepted you as my friend on the faith of your honest eyes, and your own wishes—disregarding the half-uttered warnings of Caroline Ashton, who, in our few conversations, has insinuated that your reputation as a flirt was only to be equaled by your vanity and your inordinate love of conquest! Mrs. Ashton too, has kindly hinted a

few such specks upon your excellence. Regardless of them, I chose to judge for myself, and this is my reward. Hush! not a word."

But I would speak, I would not be silent. I implored her forgiveness.

"I forgive you," she said; "I freely forgive you. More than that, I thank you. You have taught me a lesson. I read your character aright now. How many days have I been dreaming?"—she counted them off on her fingers—"Saturday, Sunday, Monday—and this is Tuesday—four days I have loved you—loved you in spite of memory, prudence, delicacy—every thing: what is more, I love you still, and I don't believe in you. Your vanity alone has been touched. The scales have fallen from my eyes. Were I to promise now to be yours, my charm would depart."

I caught her in my arms. She remained thus a moment, and her heart beat against me with a wild flutter, although she was motionless as a statue.

"Be mine!" I said; "tell me so at once—believe in me, trust to me!" I scarcely dared to tighten my grasp about her, she was such a willful creature—and I, who never feared man or woman, I feared her. She bewildered me: I knew she was in earnest, perfectly sincere in what she said, and yet how understand such reckless inconsistency? Her distracting lips parted in a half-sigh, and she looked up at me as if she hated herself and hated me, and yet—and yet—I bent down and kissed her. Never, while I live, will the memory of that kiss leave me. It burned into my heart, and the scar is there still.

"Are you mine?" I said, softly.

"No."

"Then why are you here?" and I drew her more closely to me.

She disengaged herself suddenly and fiercely from my embrace.

"I despise you," she said, "for your want of appreciation of what you should commend. Would you love me if I were so lightly won—I, the affianced wife of another man, caught, in three weeks, by a stranger's flattery and sympathy? How could you trust me in time yourself if you found me so careless now—so easy to woo, so easy to win? What is your love worth if it be given so freely to one who would prove herself unworthy in thus dishonorably accepting it? Am I disengaged from ties that, but for accidents, would now be indissoluble? Will you not let me decently bury one love—if it is to be buried—before I welcome another?"

"I will wait an eternity if you but give me hope—a certainty—in the future."

"Do I know myself? Do you know yourself? Three weeks since you had never seen me; three weeks since I was on the eve of marriage with a man whom I loved fervently. Should one trust to such hasty passion as now actuates us? Had we not better test ourselves by a better knowledge of each other, by time?"

"Time!" I repeated, scornfully. "Is time the only test of love?"

"In our case it would be very well to try it."

"And how long will this test endure?"

"Can I tell? It is no light thing, Fred"—and her voice seemed to caress my name as she uttered it; "it is no light thing to love as I have loved. My love has cost me too much to be lightly given up or lightly considered. It has been to me the source of more tears than smiles; and perhaps that is why it has been, and is, so mighty. Your tenderness has refreshed me like a spring in the desert; your very look of admiration when I speak, or when your eye catches mine; the consciousness that, do what I will, you find me charming, is very delightful to one accustomed to meet with reproof oftener than praise—averted looks more than lingering glances. Yet, can I forget that time was when his gaze dwelt as fondly upon my face, and his voice spoke the devotion he felt? You do not yet see my faults—he does. Perhaps that is the only difference between you."

"You can not expect me to listen to this."

"Hear me to the end. He has so long ruled my thoughts, my actions, my heart—what if his dominion be as strong as ever? Suppose what I feel for you is a mere ephemeral fancy—suppose I mistake gratitude for your sympathy, pleasure in your society, rest after much weariness, for love, and, twice perjured, awake to a morbid regret, to an undying remorse? I am pledged—I am bound. He may make me unhappy; but till he releases me I am his, and can not with honor break my bonds."

Silently I dropped her hand from my clasp; but she took mine and pressed it warmly, and then hesitatingly carried it to her lips, and a tear fell upon it as it rested there. I wish she or I had died just then!

An approaching step startled us. It was a servant breathlessly arriving, and the bearer of a request from his mistress that Miss Rawdon would come in as quickly as possible.

"Any thing the matter?" I asked, while a vague foreboding of evil instinctively possessed me.

"His master would be here presently," the man said; and "a woman had come with trunks for Miss Rawdon."

I motioned the servant away. Florence took my arm. She was pale as death and absolutely silent. Neither of us uttered one word as we slowly walked up that path. Once only she bent her eyes on mine. Neither of us commented on the arrival of Mr. Ashton, or the news that he might bring.

There was bustle and confusion awaiting us. Mrs. Ashton looked half-annoyed, half-pleased.

"So the mystery is solved, *Mrs. Raymond!*" she exclaimed, with a smile, and kissing her guest affectionately. "I have had a talk with your maid, who has just come with your luggage, and very indiscreetly and innocently told

me a great deal about you. Caroline and I would have kept your secret very safely, had you told us; but Mr. Ashton has sent on a little note which partly explains why you wished to be quiet and unknown, and from what he says I think your troubles are over, my dear; and I congratulate you."

This was in a half-whisper; but I caught the words.

"Here is a letter for you, too. I don't think you need to wonder who *it* is from;" and nodding to Florence significantly, the good lady drew me away into the porch.

"A queer business all this!" she said. "I am glad to see, at last, to the bottom of it. I have often heard Mr. Ashton speak of her father. He is a dreadfully violent man; and I suppose he would have been fully capable of coming here and shooting her, or Lord knows what." She talked on. I heard a confused murmur of, "Given his consent," "A widow—Mrs. Raymond," "Found out his nephew's villainy," "Taken one of his sudden turns," "Mr. Ashton," "Her maid has a very long tongue," "Servants know every thing," "Couldn't help listening," "She had puzzled us so much." Finally she wound up: "Are you not surprised to hear that she is a widow, and just going to be married again? If she had been prettier I might feel very anxious for you, Mr. Leicester; and I am afraid she *is* a great flirt."

I made a gesture of warning, for Florence stood in the door-way.

"I wish to speak to you, Mr. Leicester," she said.

Her voice was husky. I followed her into the empty drawing-room.

"*He* is coming with Mr. Ashton. They will be here in an hour." She spoke abruptly, impatiently.

"Well?"

She looked at me wildly, despairingly.

"What shall I do?"

"It is for you to decide."

"For me! Do you not know that I am a slave—that I am the victim of an infatuation that I can not conquer. One cold, searching glance of his steady eyes will make me fall again under his control, as powerless as the bird charmed by a serpent. I have no will where his is exerted. My vacillation, my weakness, are worthy of his contempt; and I have not the courage to tell him that I no longer love him. I can not tell him that a stranger has supplanted him. And do I know if you have! Frederick, pity me; do not judge me harshly. I have suffered so much, I have loved so much, that I can not analyze my feelings nor understand them. I have meant to act honorably by you, by him, by myself; and I am wrecked, wrecked, wrecked!"

"Do you forgive me?" she asked, after a pause.

"Freely. Can you forgive yourself for what you are about to do? I do not ask you from a selfish motive, but will you not be deceiving him?"

"Of course, I will!" she exclaimed, passionately. "He trusts me so entirely, and never doubts my constancy!"

"How much of this trust is to be attributed to his own personal vanity, and the satisfied conviction that he is too superior to be forsaken? I do not accuse him; I only put the question. And do you really think he has been true to you? Have you already forgotten how he behaved in the time of your trial and trouble? his arguments? his prudential considerations?"

"Hush! Don't remind me."

"Florence!" I said, and I took her trembling, cold little hand, "I have never loved till now. I am very young, but I shall never love again. This is the crisis of your fate and of mine. Be true to what is true. Whatever your decision, I am yours for life. Yours to have you mine; or yours at a distance, and as strangers before the world and in the world. God bless you, and guide you rightly! for you hold in your hands the earthly happiness of two human beings—your own and mine."

"And his," she murmured.

I made no answer, for I would not say what I really thought. We stood side by side, her eyes bent down, and her whole figure relaxed and weary.

Suddenly she started, shuddering.

"I must leave you." She passed her hand across her brow, as if to rid herself of some tormenting vision, and forced a smile. "Look at me for the last time in this shabby gown. This was one of my minor trials; I had to abandon my wardrobe when I ran away, and I have a taste for magnificence. I must 'make a toilet' for the first time in three weeks. Three weeks only, is it! It seems as if a whirlwind had swept me through long ages!"

She was gone.

The butler brought in extra candles. The rooms wore a look of *fête* and preparation. I wandered listlessly out of the house. I went back to that memorable bench. Wild, impossible thoughts chased each other through my brain, such as—no! I can not describe, I would not describe what I felt, what I contemplated. Hours wore away.

Back to society and its claims. Mr. Ashton had no doubt already arrived with his guest, and, of course, there were good-natured inquiries going on as to my absence. I cared very little for their remarks, but better brave it at once.

I was very deliberate, very careful: went to my room and arranged my dress; I think I brushed my hair unintermittingly for ten minutes. I recollect how slowly I went down stairs, never pausing, but secretly anxious to delay the moment.

So that was Alfred Varnham! He was talking to Mrs. Ashton. He was handsome, dark, high-bred, calm, grave, cold as a cold man can be, courteous withal, graceful and gentle.

I shook hands with Mr. Ashton: "Where

had I been?" "Asleep." Well, I had been dreaming, so my conscience only winced.

I was presented to Mr. Varnham. I saw a smile exchanged between Laura Hamilton and Garry Ashton. Not a muscle quivered—and this was the man she loved.

I answered mechanically and correctly, put questions of *de rigueur*, made phrases of politeness, and inwardly repeated, "She loves this man! she loves this man!"

"Mrs. Raymond will not sing, papa," Caroline Ashton said, "although you have just revealed to us what a musician she is, and begged the favor, through me, of one song!"

"Oh, she must consent!" Mr. Ashton exclaimed. "I must try my personal persuasions."

I followed his footsteps with my eyes. Mr. Varnham returned to his hostess, and Caroline drew me aside, whispering, "Have you seen her? What a transformation! Dress and brighter hopes have turned our plain miss-tery into a married beauty."

Then I saw her, but not distinctly. There was, as it were, a field of strange vapor between us, and I perceived a radiant figure, differing so widely from my late grave, quiet companion, that I could with difficulty recognize her.

The color of her gown was blue, and it had broad white silvery bands, shimmering and glistening like melted stars. Her shoulders were bare, so were her glorious arms; I had never seen them uncovered before, and they were dazzling. Her hair was dressed in some peculiar fashion; of course, in these days it would seem hideous and awkward, but it was very beautiful then, those piles of massive braids, crowning her head, with a soft curl peeping out here and there, and then one half-falling as if to kiss the white neck that carried itself so proudly.

There was a flush upon her cheek, a grand light in her large eyes. Gracious Heaven! how madly I worshiped her! not for her beauty—remember I loved her days before, and divined her power before she ever wielded it.

They were pressing her to sing; the whole party urged it. "Join your persuasions to ours, Mr. Leicester," Miss Hamilton called out, maliciously and markedly.

Florence caught my eye; I saw her color rise, spread, darken. Varnham slowly glanced at both of us.

Florence turned to the harp hastily, saying, "Since you all wish it, but I am out of practice."

A graceful woman at the harp is a very beautiful sight. I wonder now to see girls abandoning such an instrument for the piano. I would like to prose a little about it to calm down my nerves. I had not thought to feel so very deeply a memory which dates back so long.

"What shall I sing?" she said to Mr. Ashton.

"Let me see. I like ballads, you know; none of your fashionable screechinas. Nobody

sings Moore so well as you, my child. Give us 'In the Morning of Life;' you sang it charmingly for me a year ago."

I don't think Florence paused to remember the significance of the words she was about to utter, as, in the most melodious voice that ever charmed *my* ear, she began. Moore's melodies are passed away now; who would think of singing—

"In the morning of life, when its cares are unknown,
And its pleasures in all their new lustre begin,
When we live in a bright, beaming world of our own,
And the light that surrounds us is all from within;
Oh, 'tis not, believe me, in that happy time
We can love, as in hours of less transport we may;
Of our smiles, of our hopes, 'tis the gay sunny prime,
But affection is truest when these fade away."

"When we see the first glory of youth pass us by,
Like a leaf on the stream that will never return;
When our cup, which had sparkled with pleasure so high,
First tastes of the *other*, the dark-flowing urn;
Then, then is the time when affection holds sway
With a depth and a tenderness joy never knew;
Love, nursed among pleasures, is faithless as they,
But the love born of Sorrow, like Sorrow, is true."

Florence's voice trembled as she pronounced this last line. She swept the chords hurriedly, and got up. A murmur of admiration was interrupted by Mr. Ashton catching her hand. "But the third verse, my dear; you must not cheat us."

"I don't recollect it; it has escaped me."

"How does it go?" he continued; "I remember the last of it—

"So it is not mid splendor, prosperity, mirth,
That the depth of Love's generous spirit appears;
To the sunshine of smiles it may first owe its birth,
But the soul of its sweetness is drawn out by tears."

Florence shook her head. "I don't trust to my memory; it is sometimes faithless. I should never sing except 'by book.' Will not Miss Hamilton kindly replace me at the harp? You do yourself injustice, Sir, in wishing to hear me when some are present who put my poor voice to shame."

Varnham had his eyes fixed upon Mrs. Raymond as she spoke. Without looking toward him, she seemed to know that he was watching her. She went up to him and said a few words. He answered in still fewer, with a smile, sweet on the surface, icy beneath. Her back was turned to the company. I saw her give him an imploring, pleading look. His lips moved in reply to her silent, earnest appeal; then he crossed the room and spoke to Miss Ashton.

She stood where he had left her, pretending to examine the flowers on the table against which he had been leaning.

"Come into the piazza," I said to her. "The stars are very bright, the sky very clear. I shall almost be able to count the diamonds in your bracelet by the light."

We went out together.

"Florence! you are mad—or I am. That man does not love you. He can love nothing but himself."

"Hush! it is not honorable to speak so; it

is not like you—it is not you, in fact; you are beside yourself. There is a glitter in your eyes—a wildness in your speech. He has noticed it; he has noticed me. There is no deceiving him. Already he suspects—”

“So much the better. Make his suspicion a certainty. Florence, have you decided?”

“I have.”

“And—” my life hung on her words.

“Frederick, we must part!”

I see her now, as she stood before me in all her loveliness, her pride, her sorrow, and her strength.

“Are you determined?”

“It must be so.”

“Then I shall no longer importune you.”

She placed her hand lightly on my arm. “We must not part in anger. Later, you will understand me; you will know and feel how sorely I am pressed, how sadly tried. There are duties, obligations, memories, which must be obeyed. Turn where I will, I am hunted, pursued, baffled, beset by my own weakness and the power of others. Don’t mistake my meaning. A whisper, a hint of what has passed between us would be sufficient to break my present betrothal, and I would be miserable. So wayward, so uncertain I am—so divided between two strong feelings—so utterly perplexed, that this calm heaven never looked down upon a more troubled and distracted spirit. Forget me. I have been but a moment’s interest to a man, young, free, with the world before him, and with many a heart ready to exchange itself for his own. I am older than my years, saddened, wearied, disappointed. Do not desire to link your fresh life with mine. Twice I have loved; twice I have learned the bitterness of loving. Is it in myself? is it my fate? I shall never keep a heart. As a past dream you will care for me, and talk of me, perhaps, to your children. - But to-night we part. I beseech you to leave Ashton to-morrow. You peril my peace of mind—you will do no more. No earthly power can shake my resolve. Am I right? am I wrong? God knows. Farewell!”

She pressed my hand with convulsive energy; her burning lips touched my brow, and I have never seen Florence Raymond since that hour.

My story is told. Whatever blanks of importance, whatever necessary details I have omitted, my reader will kindly supply. I am no author; and I have been often diffuse, and again too succinct.

Does there remain any thing to add? She married, she lived, she died. Was she happy? I know not. Could I have made her happier? Sometimes I think so. I have flirted with many a girl since that spring-time at Ashton Hall. I have seen many handsome women, and fair hands have furtively slid into mine; and scarlet lips have met my own, and bright eyes have smiled and wept, they said, for my sake. But to no other ear have I whispered

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“I love you!” and I am the last of my name; and my sister’s sons will live here when the “old man” is gone, and jestingly rejoice that he never loved and never married.

Vale!

THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF JOHN HUSS.

THE traveler who visits to-day the old, half-decayed city of Constance, will meet, not far from the place where he lands on the shores of the lake, a huge, warehouse-looking building, a careful inspection of which will reward his curiosity. More than four hundred years ago it presented scenes toward which the eyes of all Christendom were directed with varied but intense interest. Mounting the stairs leading to the second story of this immense structure—the old *Kauf-haus*, or Market—the visitor enters a vast chamber, where the Council of Constance was once assembled, and which has been rendered ever memorable by the trial of John Huss and the thrilling eloquence of Jerome of Prague. The ceiling is very low, supported by heavy wooden pillars, and the rough planks of the floor give evidence of the ruder age in which they were first laid. The visitor might fancy himself in some neglected warehouse loft, only that yonder, partitioned off from the vast space, is a small room filled with some very curious and touching mementos of the Great Council. There are the wax figures of Huss and Jerome, the first bearing the following record: “John Huss, of Hussinetz, in Bohemia, born July 6, 1373, Rector of the University, and lecturer at Prague; burned alive at Constance, in consequence of the order of the Council, in the forty-second year of his age. His last words were, ‘I resign my soul into the hands of my God and my Redeemer.’” Even there, in the hall which was the scene of his trial, the martyr’s memory is honored. There is a model of the dungeon in which he was confined—a living sepulchre, three feet by ten; and there is the hurdle on which he was drawn to the scene of execution; while of the Pontiff who sought to make him the scape-goat for his own sins, and of the Emperor who blushed at being reminded of his violation of Huss’s safe-conduct, the only memorials are the chairs they occupied.

Passing along the streets, lined with buildings, many of them untenanted, we reach, on the shores of the lake, the Dominican monastery in which Huss was confined, and in whose damp dungeon he contracted that torturing neuralgia which for a time threatened his life, and made the long months of his imprisonment one continuous living martyrdom. At some distance to the west is the plain stone building where Huss first found lodgings on his arrival at Constance. In a niche of the wall stands a rude stone statue of the reformer, but with its features still distinct. It marks the dwelling yet known to every citizen as the Huss House. Still farther on, and outside the Gottleben Gate,

amidst cultured gardens, is the spot where the fagots were piled and the martyr suffered. A deserted Capuchin monastery stands near by, a monument of the past and a symbol of the present. The whole scene, within and without the walls, is quiet, and almost desolate, now; but the time was when it was thronged with the wealth, learning, nobility, and power of European Christendom. Near four centuries and a half ago (1414) kings, princes, nobles, prelates, priests, soldiers, and merchants were congregated there. The buildings of the city could not accommodate the guests. Booths and wooden structures of all kinds were erected outside the walls, and thousands were encamped in the adjoining country. The whole neighborhood presented a curious and novel scene. It was a miniature Christendom. There was the salesman with his wares, the prince with his escort, the magistrate with his symbols of authority, the servant hastening on his errands, bishop and presbyter, lord and vassal, soldiers of fortune, curiosity hunters, the abandoned and the profligate. Wealth and poverty, splendor and meanness, learning and ignorance, were strangely blended. The eye was now attracted by costly attire, sparkling with jewels and glittering with gold; and now repulsed by the loathsome forms of indigence, vice, and lust.

Learning was represented there. In the service, but not in serfdom to the Pope, might be seen Poggio Bracciolini, of Florence, one of the most illustrious scholars of his day, whose zeal for literature was rewarded by the discovery of many lost manuscripts of the classics. There, too, was Thierry de Niew, secretary to several popes, whose memory his pen has consecrated to historic infamy. There were Æneas Sylvius, less renowned as pontiff than as priest; Cardinal Zabarella, distinguished for his virtues and his learning, and respected by all; Manuel Chrysoloras, the illustrious scholar, who brought from the Eastern Church the tribute of his literary renown.

And, besides these, there were Cardinal d'Ailly, "the eagle of France" and "anvil of heretics;" John Gerson, for a long time the master-spirit as well as most eloquent and distinguished member of the Council; with a long list of representatives from the universities of Paris, Cologne, Vienna, Prague, Erfurt, Bologna, Cracow, and Oxford.

The scene was magnificent and imposing. The questions that had drawn together the vast assemblage had shaken Europe to its extremities. Three several pontiffs laid claim to the tiara. The nations were rent by ecclesiastical dissensions. Corruption in the Church and anarchy in the State had reached a height of profligate and unscrupulous daring that was loudly pronounced to be intolerable any longer. The whole head was sick, and the whole heart faint. Some remedy must be devised, and the doctors of Europe met at Constance to draw up the prescription.

But another matter, almost equally grave in

the eyes of the Council, was the popular charge against John Huss. Though accused of heresy, his crime was one not so much of doctrine as of practice. Except on the single point of the supreme authority of Scripture, it would be difficult to name one of his peculiar views which had not, at the very time, bold and earnest advocates in the Roman Catholic Church. It was only after his arrest, and during his imprisonment, that he avowed his adherence to the Calixtine doctrine of the Communion of the Cup. He had exposed pretended miracles; but the Archbishop of Prague had sustained him in it. He had rebuked the sale of indulgences; but so had Gerson. He had laid bare the rottenness of pontifical and ecclesiastical corruption; but Cardinal d'Ailly had done the same. He had denounced pontifical canonizations and church festivals, characterized by bacchanalian orgies; but, with more caustic sarcasm, Clemengis had set him an example. He had poured forth torrents of eloquent and indignant rebuke upon the papal crusade against Ladislaus; but Paletz, his former room-mate, now his accuser, had been his abettor. His crime—save that, philosophically, he was a Realist—was narrowed down to this: He would not bow down and acknowledge as infallible the image of its own authority which the Council had set up in the place of the vacant pontificate.

A melancholy interest gathers over the closing scenes in this fearful tragedy enacted by the Council. Their victim is no common man. His whole career, from the hour when his widowed mother, with her cake and goose as a simple present for the rector, set out with him on the journey from Hussinetz to Prague, enlists our sympathy. Huss, like many of his less distinguished compeers, was a charity student. But the poor boy was rich in the noblest gifts of mind and heart. To his dying day the malice of his enemies could not charge him with a mean or wicked act. Calumny left his private character wholly untouched. His patriotism might be termed ambition, and his zeal for a pure Christianity might be accounted infidelity to the Church; but his lips never uttered impurity, and his hand never held a bribe. He was liberal to the extreme of prodigality, but in honesty was an Aristides. The lessons of his pious mother were rooted deep in his heart, and no allurements or temptations could shake their hold upon his conscience.

He was not long in rising to distinction. Among the thirty thousand students of the university he soon took the foremost rank. At twenty-six years of age he became the Queen's confessor, and preached before the court. He was little more than thirty when he was chosen rector of the university. The liberality of two citizens of Prague built for him the Bethlehem Chapel. It was crowded to overflowing with an eager auditory. The preacher spoke with an authority and eloquence that carried all before it. At this juncture the widowed Queen of England brought back with her the writings of

Wicliffe. Huss was slow to approve them; but the more he read, the more he liked them. The spirit of the two men was sympathetic. He commended the writings of the English reformer. Copies were multiplied. Scores, elegantly bound, were soon in circulation. But the university took the alarm. The archbishop demanded that the books should be brought him, and he made a bonfire of them. The people were exasperated. The King remonstrated with the archbishop; but the large secession of students, dissatisfied with the patriotic zeal of Huss, who demanded that the university should be subject to Bohemian instead of German control, made him many enemies. He was accused of heresy. The Pope sustained the charge on a prejudiced trial, and forbade Huss to preach. He was forced, at length, to leave the city. But he would not be silent. He was still busy with tongue and pen. In different parts of the kingdom his voice was heard. At last he was permitted to return. The popular demand for his presence bore down all opposition. Again Bethlehem Chapel resounded with his bold denunciation and eloquent invective. A weaker man filled the episcopal chair. As inquisitor of the faith he certified to Huss's orthodoxy. The university commended him. Secure in the confidence of his integrity, Huss welcomed the approach of the Council. The Emperor sent him a safe-conduct, and he set out on his journey to Constance.

Many a hearty greeting did he receive on the way. At almost every place where he stopped crowds were eager to see and hear him; most approved his words. Almost at the same time with the Pope he reached the city. The first conference passed amicably. John XXIII. assured him that he should not be molested. "You are safe," said he. "Even if you had killed my own brother, no injustice should be done you." Huss returned to his lodgings. His fears were quieted; and as opportunity offered, he gave utterance to his views. The citizens of Constance thronged to see him. But his enemies were not idle. They first spread the report that Huss could read their secret thoughts. Some were terrified; but others were drawn toward him. And now the arts of his enemies were directed to his arrest. The reckless and unprincipled pontiff was persuaded that it would be a good stroke of policy, and give him credit for zeal against heresy, if he should arrest Huss. In violation of the Emperor's safe-conduct and the Pope's assurance, it was done by his order. Huss was thrown into prison.

The indignation of the Bohemian escort was extreme. John de Chlum sent to the Emperor—now on his way from Aix-la-Chapelle to Constance—an account of the outrage. Sigismund was enraged, and gave orders for the immediate release of Huss, even to tearing down the prison doors, if necessary. But in his absence the Pope declined obedience. The place of imprisonment was kept a secret. At length the Emperor reached Constance, but the Pope soon

had him in his toils. Sigismund dared not risk the consequences to himself and the Council of vindicating his own safe-conduct against a man charged with heresy.

Huss remained for a week, under a strong guard, in the house of the clerk of the cathedral of Constance, and was thence conveyed to the prison of the Dominican monastery on the banks of the lake. It was close, damp, and unwholesome, in immediate proximity to the receptacle of the filth of the monastery. Huss was seized with a raging fever, and his life was almost despaired of. The Pope sent him his own physician; "for," says an old historian, "he feared that John Huss might die a natural death."

It was in this vile and noisome cell that the three commissioners appointed by the Pope to examine Huss found him. They presented him the series of articles drawn up by Paletz, which he pretended to have extracted from his "Treatise on the Church," but which had been in part falsified. Worn down by sickness and anxiety, Huss felt impelled to claim the criminal's right, and apply for a legal defender. But this was refused him, on the plea that the canons make it a crime to defend a man suspected of heresy. "I besought the commissioners," said he, "to grant me an advocate. They at first granted my request, but afterward refused it. I therefore place my confidence in our Saviour Jesus Christ. May He be at once my Advocate and my Judge."

For three months, while the trial of the Pope was pending, Huss was left almost entirely unmolested. The humanity of his physicians ordered his removal to a healthier place: and his faithful friend De Chlum provided him with pen, ink, paper, and a Bible, of all of which he had been hitherto deprived. His patience, gentleness, and piety won the hearts of his keepers. Not rarely, when his examiners entered the prison, they found these rude and uneducated men listening with eager attention to his instructions. Several of his treatises, contained in his works, were designed for their perusal, or were written at their request. It is a touching memento of affection which we find in the simple names of Robert, James, and Gregory, appended at the close of these writings, and indicating the strong sympathy which attached them to the prisoner. The records of martyrdom scarce contain any thing more affecting than Huss's prison experience. His letters to his friends at Prague, afflicted, as well as indignant in his affliction, betray no murmuring, and affect no bravado. Repeatedly do they remind us of "Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ," in the affectionate earnestness and apostolic fervor of their appeals. Not a sign of wavering or irresolution do they betray throughout. Of his sufferings, which were intense, and of his hardships, which were cruel, scarce a single word escapes him. Now and then he cheers his disconsolate countrymen by the expression of a hope of release. But in his own mind the prospect

was faint indeed. "Pray to God for me," said he. "All my hope rests in Him, and in your prayers. Implore Him, therefore, to vouchsafe to me the assistance of His Spirit, that I may confess His name, even unto death. If he deigns to receive me at the present time, His holy will be done."

On March 20, 1415, the wily Pope fled in disguise from Constance. Huss was given in charge to harsher jailers than the Pope had allowed him. Armed men transferred him, by order of the Bishop of Constance, to the Castle of Gotleben, on the banks of the Rhine. He was shut up in one of the towers of the building, with irons on his feet; and at night a chain, firmly fixed to the wall, prevented the captive from moving from his bed.

For nearly two months Huss remained in the castle. The deposition of John XXIII. at length allowed the Council leisure to regard the importunate and indignant remonstrances of the Bohemians, who demanded for him an impartial trial. Little as Huss had to expect of mercy, he was rejoiced when, on the 6th of June, he was brought back to Constance. "I had rather be burned than suffocated in prison." So he wrote to his faithful friend De Chlum.

A congregation, embracing the prelates, doctors, and most of the members of the Council, met to hear the articles against Huss. They were read, and the assembly was about coming to a decisive vote, when the notary, Maldonewitz, a friend of Huss, hurried out to inform his countryman, De Chlum. The latter hastened to the Emperor. Sigismund was indignant, and gave immediate orders to suspend proceedings in Huss's absence, and to send him the objectionable treatises, which he would put into the hands of learned doctors to examine. The last direction the Council refused to observe; to the former they yielded, and ordered Huss to be brought before them.

He was first presented with his books, and asked if he acknowledged their authorship. He replied that he did; and added, "If any man among you can point out any mistaken proposition in them, I will rectify it with the most hearty good-will."

The first of the series of articles containing his objectionable views was then read, with the names of the witnesses who supported the charge. Huss commenced to reply, but the clamors of the assembly drowned his utterance. According to the account of an eye-witness the members behaved more like wild beasts than sage doctors. As the tumult subsided Huss appealed to the Holy Scriptures in his defense. "That is not the question," was shouted from all sides. Some accused him; others laughed him to scorn. Calmly glancing over the excited assembly, Huss exclaimed, "I anticipated a different reception, and had imagined that I should obtain a hearing. I am unable to make myself heard in such a noise, and I am silent because I am forced to it. I would willingly speak were I listened to." There were some

who admired the firm and noble bearing of Huss; but the assembly was too excited to proceed, and the sitting was broken up.

The Emperor, informed of the disgraceful scene, resolved to be present himself at future sessions, and curb the hot-headed zeal of the theological disputants. But even his presence was a feeble check. The first article, read by his bitter enemy, Michael de Cansis, charging Huss with having taught the doctrine of the Communion of the Cup, was met by a firm denial. To some of the others he gave a qualified assent, which was received with deafening peals of laughter. Cardinal d'Ailly attempted to prove, scholastically, from Huss's realism, that he must also believe in transubstantiation. Huss replied that transubstantiation was contrary to the natural order of things, and, as a miracle, the logic of realism made it an exception. Several members found fault with him for having expressed a doubt of Wicliffe's damnation, when the Englishman's books were publicly burned. "These were my words," said he; "I can not affirm if Wicliffe will be saved or lost; I would, however, rest content in the hope that my soul might be with his."

His appeal from the popes Alexander V. and John XXIII. was cited in accusation. "No appeal," said Huss, "can be more just and holy. Is not an appeal according to law—to have recourse from an inferior judge to a higher and more enlightened one? But what judge can be superior to Christ? Is there in any one more justice than in Him, in whom neither error nor falsity can be found? Is there any where a more assured refuge for the wretched and oppressed?" The reply of the Council to this plea of Huss was mockery and insult.

He was charged with having urged the people to take up arms in defense of the Gospel. "Yes," he replied, "I did so; but they were the arms spoken of by the Apostle—the helmet of righteousness and the sword of the Spirit."

An Englishman, Nason, asserted that he had caused the banishment of many learned men from Bohemia. "How can that be?" answered Huss. "When they were banished I was in exile from Prague myself."

But the time had arrived to close the sitting. As they led Huss away, guarded by soldiers, Cardinal d'Ailly exclaimed,

"John Huss, I have heard you say that if you had not chosen to come to Constance neither king nor emperor could have forced you."

"What I said," replied Huss, "was, that there were friends of mine among the Bohemian nobles who could have kept and concealed me so that no man, neither king nor emperor, could constrain me to come."

"Do you hear his audacity?" exclaimed the Cardinal, seeking to incense the Emperor against him.

"John Huss has spoken well," retorted the brave knight De Chlum. "I am but an insignificant person in Bohemia, compared with many others; and yet, if I had undertaken it,

I should engage to defend him for a year against these great sovereigns."

The Cardinal was not prepared for such language. "Enough has been said," he replied, indisposed to press the matter farther. But, turning to Huss, he urged him to submit to the Council. The Emperor seconded the Cardinal's exhortation. Acknowledging the grant of a safe-conduct previous to Huss's arrival at Constance, he, too, urged the prisoner to submit, without reserve, to the Council. Huss commenced his reply by expressing thanks for the safe-conduct; but De Chlum, fearing what might follow, checked him.

"I did not come here, excellent prince," said Huss, recovering himself, and speaking in a tone more than usually mild, "with the intention of defending any thing with stubbornness. God is witness to the truth of what I assert. Let any thing better or more holy than what I have taught be shown me, and I am perfectly ready to retract."

This was the utmost concession which Huss could make. He could not submit to any human authority. First of all, he demanded to be convicted of error from the Word of God.

Scarcely had Huss spoken when, at a signal from the cardinals, the soldiers dragged him away by his chains; not, however, till his faithful friend, De Chlum had exhorted him, "Noble Professor, sacrifice thy life sooner than abandon the truth." With a tearful eye Huss smiled his hearty assent.

On the following day, June 8, Huss had his third and final audience. Thirty-nine articles, ostensibly extracted from his writings, were laid before him. Some of these he acknowledged. Others he rejected, as incorrectly stated or as absolutely false. Many of them were taken from Huss's book "On the Church." They turned mostly on the invalidity of pontifical authority to interdict or excommunicate. Some concerned the doctrines of election and predestination, firmly held by Huss, although in a peculiar sense. Others bore upon the share which civil government might take in promoting the cause of ecclesiastical reform. The most offensive doctrine charged upon Huss was that, so generally known in connection with Wicliffe and some reformers of a later age, of dominion founded upon grace.

To this Huss replied at some length. He objected that the term "most holy" should be given to a wicked man, even though he were Pope. If a man were in mortal sin, he declared it was impossible that he should be worthily a king before God. Of these, the Scripture was true: "They have reigned, but not by me; they have been princes, but I never knew them." The Cardinal of Cambray was much excited. "What," said he, "will you not only shake down the Church, but attack Kings?" Paletz, attempting to explain the words of Samuel to Saul, to which Huss had referred, declared that "a pope might be truly a pope, and a king truly a king without being a Christian." "If John

XXIII. was a true pope," rejoined Huss, "why have you deposed him?"

A series of charges was based on Huss's vindication of Christ to the sole headship of the Church. In explanation of these Huss had a manifest advantage. "What is there," he asked, "to prevent Christ from governing the Church now, as at first, by his true disciples, without these monstrous chiefs, this triple head? Yet why do I ask? The Church has now no visible head. Yet Christ reigns."

The reading of the articles was closed, and Huss was asked if he would recant. He replied that he could not do it. To abjure was to renounce errors that had been entertained. But many of the articles charged against him he had never held. How could he abjure them?"

"What can you fear?" replied the Emperor. "For my part, I would disavow all kinds of errors."

"To *disavow*," answered Huss, "is not the same thing as *abjure*."

Cardinal Zabarella, inclined to mercy, promised him a form of retraction that would be unobjectionable; but he answered as before. Exhortation, remonstrance, and accusations followed. Huss, wearied to exhaustion, was still firm in his purpose. He demanded to be convinced of his errors from Scripture, and he would not hesitate to renounce them. But such conviction was impossible. The assembly dispersed, and Huss was led back to prison.

The result of the examination disquieted the Emperor. He was anxious, for his own sake, to save Huss from the flames. All his arts were employed to induce him to recant. A form of abjuration was offered him which it was hoped he would accept. He read it over, and replied, "I can not sign it; first, because it calls me to condemn as impious propositions which I hold to be true; and, secondly, because I should scandalize the people of God to whom I have taught these truths."

Persuasion and argument were employed in vain. One inflexible doctor of the Council, maintaining its infallibility, urged an unqualified submission. "If the Council," said he, "should affirm that you have but one eye while you have two, you would be obliged to assent to it." "As long as God shall preserve my reason," replied Huss, "I shall take good care not to say any such thing—no, not if the whole universe should endeavor to force me to it."

Palez, once his room-mate, now his accuser, visited him. Huss had asked to see him as his confessor, and Paletz was not at liberty to refuse. The interview was affecting. The apostate probably never doubted that Huss would finally retract, and felt some remorse when he saw the life of the reformer endangered. As he entered the prison, Huss mildly but sadly exclaimed, "Paletz, I uttered some expressions before the Council that were calculated to offend you. Pardon me." Paletz was much affected, and earnestly besought Huss to abjure. "But what," asked Huss, "would you do yourself?

Would you abjure what you never held, and incur the guilt of perjury?" "That would be hard to do," answered Paletz, and he wept. More words passed, and when the interview closed Paletz was the more unhappy man. He withdrew weeping bitterly.

Again and again, with the same result, persuasion and terror were tried. Bribes even were held out to him. The enemies of Huss urged him to recant and save his life. His friends encouraged him to be faithful to his conscience even unto death. His farewell letters, written at this period, are sadly affecting. They are tender, consoling, submissive, and even cheerful. He bestows some legacies, and makes provision for the payment of his debts. His enemies—even his bitterest accuser, Michael de Cansis, who taunted him in prison, and repeatedly said to his keepers, "By the grace of God, we shall soon burn this heretic"—he freely forgave.

A month of imprisonment had now passed since his first audience—a remarkable delay. The Emperor spared no pains to induce him to recant. But his efforts were futile. On July 6th he was summoned before the Council to hear his sentence.

The Bishop of Lodi preached the sermon. As a literary production it had some smartness. Its sentences were short and pithy. It was evident that the Bishop was more familiar with Seneca than with the New Testament. His text was, "That the body of sin might be destroyed." As he concluded, he addressed the Emperor: "Destroy errors and heresies, and especially," pointing to Huss, "this obstinate heretic." Such a work he pronounced "holy," and besought the Emperor to do it, and make his glory immortal.

The sentence against the writings of Huss was then read. It consisted of ninety articles. Huss wished to reply to each separately, but was not allowed. He was told that he might answer all at once. "So great an effort of memory as that would require," said the prisoner, "is absolutely impossible." He was proceeding to say more, when the ushers were ordered to seize him and force him to be silent. Huss was indignant. In a loud voice, and with hands uplifted to heaven, he exclaimed, "In the name of Almighty God, I conjure you to allow me an equitable hearing, that I may clear myself before all whom I see around me from the reproach of these errors. Grant me this favor, and then do with me what you will." But again his request was denied. Kneeling down, therefore, and raising his eyes and hands toward heaven, he solemnly commended his cause to the Sovereign Judge of the universe.

The articles were then read, Huss rarely offering any interruption. But when the charge was read of appealing from the Pope to Jesus Christ, he could no longer restrain himself. In few words he exposed the injustice of the pontifical sentence, and closed with the words—that must have stung many a conscience—"I

say confidently that the surest and safest of all appeals is to the Master, Christ. He it is whom no one can sway from the right by any bribes, nor deceive by false testimony, nor snare in any sophistry, since to each he gives back his due reward."

His disregard of the Papal excommunication was mentioned. Huss defended himself. He exposed the injustice that had been done him, and then declared that he had on this very account voluntarily and freely come to the Council, "relying upon the public faith of the Emperor here present, who assured me that I should be safe from all violence, so that I might attest my innocence and give a reason of my faith."

As Huss said this, he fixed his eyes steadily on the Emperor. A deep blush suffused the Imperial brow. Sigismund felt the shame and meanness of which he had been guilty, and, on his own previous confession of the granting of the safe-conduct, stood condemned. The fact was not soon forgotten. A century later Charles V. called it to mind at the Diet of Worms. His Spanish honor revolted at the proposal to violate his pledge. "No!" said he. "I should not like to blush like Sigismund!"

The so-called "definitive sentence" was then read. Huss again wished to be heard; but the violence of his guards and the shouts of the assembly drowned his utterance. Again, therefore, he knelt down, exclaiming aloud, "Lord, of thy unspeakable mercy forgive my enemies. Thou knowest they have falsely accused me, and have condemned me on the testimony of false witnesses; yet, O thou All-merciful God, I beseech Thee, lay not this sin to their charge!"

Scoffing and derision followed the utterance of the prayer. One individual alone walked slowly through the cathedral—for this final scene was transported thither from the Council Chamber—and at the door protested, in presence of all, "that his conscience would no longer permit him to witness so infamous a transaction." This man was Gaspar Schlick, a peer of the realm and Imperial Chancellor.

The ceremony of degradation was now commenced. Huss was first clothed with priestly vestments, and the chalice was placed in his hand. He was again exhorted to abjure. "Behold," said he, turning to the vast assembly which crowded the immense cathedral, "Behold these bishops persuade and exhort me to retract these errors. But I fear to do it, lest hereafter I be charged with falsehood before God. How could I, after such a hypocritical abjuration, lift my face to heaven? With what eye could I support the looks of that crowd of men whom I have instructed? . . . No! no! It shall never be said that I preferred my life to their salvation."

"See how perverse he is in his wickedness!" was the reply of the bishops.

The sacerdotal vestments were then successively taken from him. As the chalice was removed, the act was accompanied with the charge of the "accursed Judas." But Huss, in a clear,

loud tone, replied, "But I have all confidence in my God and Saviour that He will never take from me the cup of salvation, and by His grace I believe that I shall this day drink of it in His kingdom."

When the ceremony was complete, and Huss had been stripped of his priestly prerogatives, in order to be given over to the secular arm, they brought forward, to place upon his head, the paper mitre with pictures of fiends traced upon it. As they did so, they exclaimed, "We devote thy soul to the devils of hell!" "But I," said Huss, reverently folding his arms and looking toward heaven, "commend it to my most merciful Master, Jesus Christ." Glancing at the mitre, on each side of which was traced the word *Heresiarch*, he calmly said, "My Lord Jesus Christ, though innocent, deigned to wear for wretched me a rougher crown of thorns."

Huss was now given over to the secular arm. Sigismond directed the Elector Palatine to give him in charge to the proper officers. By these—the magistrates of Constance—he was handed over to the executioners. They were directed to burn him, with all that belonged to him—his clothes, his knife, his purse, from which not a penny was to be withdrawn.

Huss was led to the place of execution between two officers of the Elector Palatine, and without being chained. The princes followed, with an escort of 800 armed men. An immense crowd, allured by anxiety or curiosity, pressed upon their rear.

Turning from the direct route, the procession passed in front of the Episcopal palace. The books of Huss had been gathered, and the bonfire made of them was in full blaze. He only smiled at the futile malice that would serve to make his writings still more famous.

At last the scene of execution was reached. It was to the west of the city, outside the Götter Gate, surrounded by green fields and gardens. As the procession reached the place, Huss knelt and repeated in prayer the language of the penitential Psalm. "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!" "O God, into thy hands I commit my spirit!" were supplications repeatedly uttered by him. "What this man may have done before," said some among the crowd, "we know not; but now certainly we hear him speak and pray in a godly and devout manner."

Huss wished to address the multitude, but the Elector forbade it. He was allowed, however, to speak to his keepers. "Ye have shown yourselves," said he, "not merely my keepers but brethren most beloved. And be assured that I rest with firm faith upon my Saviour, in whose name I am content calmly to endure this kind of death, that I may this day go to reign with Him." The words were in German, and clearly bespeak the attachment and affection that subsisted between him and his jailers.

The stake was now driven into the earth, and Huss was bound to it by wet cords and the sooty chain borrowed from a cottager who had used it to hang kettles over the fire. Huss looked at

it, and said, "Christ, for my sake, was bound with a harsher and more cruel one. Why should I blush or shrink, for His sake, to be bound with this?"

The fagots were then piled around the victim. Once more Huss was asked to recant. Again he refused. The Marshal and Elector entreated him. Huss protested his innocence, and declared that, in all he had written or spoken, he had aimed simply to rescue dying men from the tyranny of sin. "Wherefore," said he, "I will this day gladly seal that truth which I have taught, written, and preached, established as it is by the divine law and by holy teachers, by the pledge of my death."

On hearing this, the Marshal and Elector withdrew. The executioners kindled the flames. Amidst the smoke and blaze Huss could still be observed engaged in prayer. Repeatedly was he heard to say, "O Christ, thou Son of the living God, have mercy on me!" He bowed his head, or from exhaustion it fell toward his bosom. But his lips still moved. At last all was still. The charred carcass was motionless and the spirit had fled.

As the fagots burned away, the body was to be seen still held fast to the stake by the iron chain. The fragments of the burning fagots were pushed back with poles, by the executioners, around the half-consumed skeleton. The bones and limbs were struck at, that their broken fragments might the sooner be consumed. The head rolled down. It was beaten to pieces with a club and thrown back into the flames. The heart was found, pierced with a sharp stick, and roasted apart until it was all consumed. One of the executioners was seen with some of Huss's garments in his possession. The Elector promising compensation, ordered him to throw them, with whatever else belonged to Huss, upon the blazing pile. "The Bohemians," said he, "would keep and cherish such a thing as a sacred relic." When all had been consumed, and the fire extinguished, the ashes and every fragment or memorial of the scene of martyrdom were shoveled up and carted away to be emptied into the Rhine.

Thus perished, at the early age of forty-two, in the full vigor of his faculties, and in the strength and promise of opening manhood, one of those men whom after centuries have been constrained to acknowledge well worthy of the martyr's crown. His real crime, in the eyes of the Council, was his refusal to submit his conscience to their authority. Gerson, at first one of his most bitter and prejudiced opponents, declared immediately after his execution, that he might have been saved if an advocate had been allowed him, and his cause been properly conducted. On the Council itself the guilt of the wrong which refused to Huss the common right of criminals must rest. They might thank their own rash audacity for the terrible scenes that desolated Bohemia for the next decade—scenes for which the execution of Huss furnished the inspiration.

Of the abilities, character, and bearing of Huss, we must speak with the highest respect. A more gifted or better balanced mind than his is rare to find. A more stainless purity, a more incorruptible integrity, a more unswerving devotion to the conscientious convictions of truth and duty, will be sought for long in vain. The heroism of the man shines out through all his career. Worn out by disease, suffering, anxiety, and a harsh imprisonment, he is ever calm, collected, and decided. Less impulsive, and, in some respects, less impressive in speech than his friend Jerome, he was full as convincing and far more winning. He never makes a mistake. He has nothing to retract. Every utterance, every measure, is deliberate and well weighed. Six months of tedious imprisonment attended with great physical suffering and extreme debility, fail to subdue his resolute spirit. Bribes and terrors are alike spurned, and to the last moment, none of his disciples need to blush for his master. Even his enemies were constrained to admire him, and they could not but eulogize his noble bearing and respect his manly and heroic spirit. "They went," says Æneas Sylvius, who afterward filled the Papal chair, and who knew all the circumstances of the trial and execution of Huss and Jerome, "they went to their punishment as to a feast. Not a word escaped them which gave indication of the least weakness. In the midst of the flames they sang uninterruptedly to their last breath. No philosopher ever suffered death with such constancy as they endured the flames."

PEACOCK.

IT was the afternoon of a beautiful and sunny day, in the early spring time.

"The freshness of the soften'd air
Still told that winter had been there."

But far away, in the sheltered hollows of the hill-side, fresh patches of verdure were daily gaining on the fast-retreating snows. A few bright, hazy clouds were floating lazily along the horizon, trailing their soft, white folds of drapery against the deep lapis-lazuli blue of the sky; and the warmth of the sun, and the twittering of the swallows, if they could not "make a summer," at least gave promise of one near at hand—when a fair-haired, bright-eyed little girl, of twelve years old, with her sun-bonnet hanging on her arm, emerged from the back-door of a large, substantial-looking farm-house, and glancing cheerfully up at the sunny sky, as if her young spirit drank in its congenial blitheness, daintily and cautiously picked her way over the wet chips and moistened ground of the door-yard to a large barn, whose wide-flung doors hung hospitably open, and from the dusky interior of which a clear, manly voice might be heard whistling the cheerful air of a popular tune.

"Jim!" said the little maiden, peering earnestly in at the open door, and shading her bright eyes with her hand—for the long, slanting rays of dusky yellow sunlight which streamed across

the darkness of the barn dazzled her vision;

"Jim—Jim O'Brian! are you here?"

There was no answer; but the merry music suddenly ceased.

"Jim!" repeated the child, after a moment's pause, "are you here?"

"Deed, thin, Miss Tazie, I am," answered a rough but good-humored voice, speaking with a strong Hibernian accent. "Didn't ye hear me v'ice?"

"Yes," said the little girl, "I *heard* you; but—"

"But ye thought I wasn't in it! Ye thought, mebbe, me v'ice wor here, and *mesilf* wasn't—is *that* it? Oh, fie then, Miss Tazie dear; if *mesilf* said that, I wonder wouldn't it be a bit of a blunder now?"

"No," said Miss Theresa, laughing. "I mean I heard you singing, Jim; but I couldn't see you—and I can't see you *now*!"

"Thru' for yer, Miss Tazie; and what is the raison of that, I wonder? Is it becaze me-silf is so little, or becaze yeez don't look in the right place?"

"But where *are* you, Jim?"

"Sure, thin, I'm up stairs."

"Where?"

"Why, *where* would I be but up in the barn-chamber, sitting by the winder?"

"Oh yes," said the little girl, advancing to the foot of the stairs; "and are you going to stay there?"

"Well, I suppose I'll stop here till me work is done; that is, if I'm not tuck off or called away."

"Why, what work are you about? What are you doing up there?"

"Well, thin, it's sowing I am."

"Sewing? Oh, Jim! I did not know that you knew how to sew."

"Ye didn't, now! Well, thin, Miss Tazie, it seems I can do more nor ye thought I could; and mebbe ye don't know all me accomplishments yet."

"I'd like to see you sew, Jim. May I come up?"

"Why wouldn't ye? Sure ye may if yer like; on'y mind the broken step, and don't git a fall."

"Oh, I don't mind the broken step a bit," said the healthy, active little girl, springing with agile movements up the steep ladder-stairs, at the foot of which she had been standing during the foregoing colloquy with her unseen companion. "So here I come, Jim. I should like to see some of your sewing, of *all* things in the world! I did not know that men ever sewed," continued she, advancing toward Jim O'Brian, a middle-aged, burly, but honest and good-natured-looking Irishman, who, seated upon a long grain chest by the open barn window, was busily plying his needle. "Why, Jim, so you are really sewing! I thought you were only funning. Why, Jim, how droll you *do* look!"

"And so ye did not belave me, Miss Tazie?" said O'Brian, looking up with a merry twinkle

in his honest blue eyes. "Now is not that hard on me, and I telling ye the blissid thruth?"

"Oh, what a funny big needle, Jim! Do let me look at it. Why, it has got three flat sides to it; and oh! what a great, big eye! I guess, Jim, that's the sort it's easy for the camels to go through; and you are sewing with twine, too! Oh! Jim, I don't see how you can sew at *all* with such needles and such thread."

"Betther a dale than I could wid one of yer little finnikin things, which would be lost in me clumsy big fingers. *Pea-cock!* it's mesilf wouldn't know had I hould uv it or not."

"I don't believe I could set a stitch with yours, Jim. Do let me try."

"No no, Miss Tazie; don't be bothering me. Keep off! Ye'll on'y hurt yer own hands, and be a hindering mine; and what 'ud be the use? No, ye keep to your work, and lave me keep to mine; that will be best for the two of us."

"And what a funny thimble, Jim! Why, it has got no top to it!"

"No more it don't want one," said Jim, stitching away resolutely.

"And what in the world are you making, Jim?"

"I ain't making nothing," said O'Brian; "I'm a *mending*. Yer grandpa said I wor to go to mill o' Monday; and so, yer see, I wor jist getting me ould male-bags ready; and, *pea-cock!* it's time they *was* mended! See the tundering big patch I'm after putting on this one!"

"Jim," said little Theresa, musingly, as she stood watching his operations; "Jim, what do you always say '*pea-cock!*' for?"

"Why," said Jim, "sure there isn't any harum in *that*, any way. *Is* there, now?"

"No; no *harm*, Jim—no, I suppose not; nor any good either."

"I dun' know that," said Jim, gravely; "mebbe if I didn't say that same I'd say *worser*."

"But it does sound *so* droll! What in the world do you say it *for*?"

"Oh, becaze—becaze, Miss Tazie dear, ye see, I've got the trick of it. I larned it a good while ago."

"You larned it, Jim? Why, it was a funny thing to learn, I think; and who taught you, I wonder?"

"And who *tached* me, is it, Miss Tazie? Well, then, nobody didn't *tache* me to say it; I larned it of myself—jist tuck it up, as it were; but *she* at first put me upon saying it—May the holy saints make her bed in glory, and kape her in blissidness forever and ever! Amen."

"She! her!" said little Theresa, resuming the conversation after a few moments' pause; for James's unexpected and vehement exclamation had surprised and silenced her; "and was it a woman, then, who taught you to say—'*pea-cock!*'?"

"No," said Jim, gravely, "she wasn't a woman; she was a young led-dy—a raal born led-dy; but she was not much older nor yerself, Miss Tazie. And I didn't mane she tached me to say it, nather—on'y that she first put me upon saying it."

"Jim," said the little girl, after another short pause, "I came out to ask you to tell me a story this afternoon; can't you tell me about that young lady? Now *do!*"

"I could," said O'Brian, hesitating. "But what wud be the use? 'Twas a good while ago—'twas whin I first comed out to this country."

"Oh! do tell me now—that's my good Jim; you never *did* tell me about your coming over here. Begin at the beginning now; tell me how you came to leave Ireland, and all about your passage out, and where you landed, and *all*; will you now? That's my good Jimmy; and I will sit here, close by, and see you work." And springing, as she spoke, up on to the top of the grain-chest, she seized upon the peck measure in which James had deposited his ball of twine, his shears, and wax, and hastily inverting it, and perching herself upon it, she rested her plump, round arms upon her lap, and prepared herself to listen vigorously.

"Whist! Miss Tazie!" said Jim, gathering up his scattered implements. "What do ye make way wid me woruk-box for? Oh, *pea-cock!* but it's yersilf has the illigunt manners! Free and aisy ye are, onyhaw!"

"Never mind the work-box, Jim (here's your wax, though). Now tell me how you came to leave Ireland, and all about it."

"Well thin, Miss Tazie, if yer must know, it was becaze I met wid the big sorrow there—I lost me on'y child, me little Jamsie. He wor nigh upon four year old, and oh! Miss Tazie, he wor jist the cutest, crabbedest, tuttiest little fellow ye iver *did* see!—full of his fun, and with his putty blue eyes, and his curly yellow hair. Ah! and the mither's heart wor bound up in him—not to say me own, too. Oh, Miss! he wor so crabbed and knowing like, ye'd jist die to hear him talking so sinsible, and he so little! And it's not a bit of a lie I'm telling ye, he'd sing and whistle 'Paddy Carey' and 'Rory O'More' betther and more corriet nor mesilf could do. And whin I'd come home to me bit place at night, afther me day's woruk wor over, he'd kim running out to mate me, and lape up into me arums, and he'd talk so cute like!

"But he wor tindhier, Miss; he wasn't like a working man's child should be at all; he wor rosy, too, and as plump as a partridge! But he was *soft* like, jist as soft as a bit of butter; there wasn't any good strength at all in him, and he couldn't stand hate nor cold; and one day he tuck the convulsions, and before the blissid sun wint down God had me little Jamsie—and I had no child!

"Well, ye see, Miss Tazie, I've thought *since*, mebbe the blissid Vargin seen he wor too tinder and delicate-like for a poor man's child; sure and sartin his little bones would niver have

hardened to the labor that would be his portion in this life; sure, *he couldn't work*; and so, jist in marcy, she tuck him to hiven while he wor still at his play. I can see this *now*, Miss Tazie—and praise be that I *can*!—but I couldn't see it *then*, nohow; me way was all dark!"

"My father says," said little Theresa, soothingly—for in virtue of her being the daughter of a clergyman, she held herself called upon to speak a "good word" in due season—"my father says, that what seems to us a great sorrow *at the time*, often proves to be a great blessing; only we, poor mortals, can not see it."

"True for ye, and I dare say his honor's right entirely. But, Miss Tazie, dear," said James, with that sudden transition from grief to mirthfulness which is one of the many peculiar traits of the Irish character, "what do you talk that a way for? *Poor folks*, indeed! Why thin, it's yerself and poverty might be married any day in the week, and the priest his own self wouldn't so much as speak to forbid the bans."

"What do you mean, Jim, by *that*?" said Miss Tazie, glancing from beneath her long lashes an indignant look, half questioning, half angry. "I don't *want* to marry poverty any day in the week. What do you say *that* for?"

"No more I wouldn't, if I was ye," said Jim, laughing heartily. "No more I don't want ye to, Miss Tazie, darlint! No, no. I on'y meant there wasn't any sort of *relationship* between yerself and poverty."

Little Theresa nodded, as much as to say "Go on;" but it was plain to see that Jim's logic was not altogether satisfactory, and that she considered the proposed match as a very ineligible connection for her.

"Well, then," resumed O'Brian, going back to his story, "I sorrowed badly for me child. Ye see, me own father and mither died airly, while I wor but a slip of a boy meself, and I niver had the brother nor sister; and little Jamsie was all I had, of me own like, in the wide world, and my very heart hungered for him. Day after day I wint out to me woruk wid the heavy sorrow lying like a big stone on me; and whin I'd come back at night, sure it would be worse agin; for besides me own miss of him, there wor the poor woman jist fritting, fritting for her child, and I'd no rist be day or be night!"

"And *thin* it was that the throuble kim upon Ireland, ye know—the potato-rot and the famine, ye've heard tell on't—and in the hoith of it the master I worked for died sudden, and nobody knew what had becum of the property. Sure all had gone to the bad entirely; and his family wor all broke up, and every thing they had was canted, and I was lift widout a hand's turn of woruk, and ivery thing had riz on us."

"Thin herself—that's Nora—begun to taze me to go to 'Merica wid her. She said she had two brithers, and meself an uncle there—but more by token, we niver seen 'um yit, and niver is like to; for her two brithers is in New Orleans, and me uncle had died up in Mount Real—and why wouldn't we go? Sure, she said,

we'd the money *thin* to bring us over, and if we waited much longer, the way things was, we wouldn't, mebbe, be able to go."

"And, oh, thin the illigunt stories that Nora, the crather, tould of the country! How wages wor so high, and things so chape, it was jist mate three times the day, and no thanks to nobody! And how the price of one day's woruk would buy a pair of boots, or the making of a gownd and a pair of shoes; and how could wor be picked up in the very streets, it wor so plinty; and how the very poorest there was wore on'y the broadcloth coat, and the silk gownd, and they wouldn't *let* yer wear *any other*; and how it was no use at all to be bothering to take our ould things wid us, for they'd be after giving us *new* directly we got there. And oh, pea-cock! the big fools *we* was! we niver thought to be asking who *they* wor, that 'ud be so generous to us! and more be token, we niver found out to this day."

"Well, Miss Tazie, the long and the short of it all was: me own place wor jist like a graveyard to me, now Jamsie wor gone, and ould Ireland going to the bad, day be day; and meself didn't care did I go or stay, so I jist let the woman have her way, and so we comed over to 'Merica."

"And did you have a good passage, Jim? Tell me about your voyage."

"Well, Miss, I don't say but we'd *some* hard weather; but it wor middling good the most on't, and we had a putty good run, but we was awful crowded! Misery, sickness, and death goes ivery where, and ye've a right to say they wouldn't be missing in an emigrant ship, wid more nor four hunderd passingers in her! But we came over safely—thanks be to the Power that kep us!"

"And where did you land, Jim? And how did you like the looks of our country?"

"We landed in New York, Miss; and faith, Miss Tazie, glad enough were we to set fut on the firm land agin. But, indade, and I had no time to spind in looking about me, for me money wor mostly gone, and I had to be seeking for woruk."

"But where did you go first, Jim—the *very* first, *first* of all?"

"Oh, pea-cock! Meself found it hard to get a shilter for our heads at first, for I'd nobody to spake the good word for me, and but little money in me pouch; and the *timid* folks wor in dread of the ship-faver, and the *respectable* ones wor afraid of the diet, and the *poorest* ones wor afraid of me poverty; and so I had to take jist what I could get, and that wor poor enough. I wint into a boarding-house, they called it; but oh! Miss Tazie, what a place that was!—noisy, crowded, hot, and dirty; full of crying children, scolding women, and drinking men. Oh thin, but indade herself wor homesick and favered there—and she praying me to take her out of it or she'd die—and what could I do? Every day I'd go to the intelligence office and thry for woruk, and couldn't get it. There wor plin-

ty o' worrk to be done—plinty of persons wantin' servants—but *I* didn't seem to be the one they wanted.

"One gentleman wanted a man to do house-woruk; but he couldn't take the two of us, and sure I couldn't lave herself behint me. One wanted a salesman, and I didn't know the money. One wanted one thing, and one wanted another; but, *pea-cock!* it seemed as if nobody wanted *jist me!* At long last there kim one gentleman, and he wanting a driver; and sure, I thought, *that'll* do for me; faith, but I'm *that*, if I'm any thing."

"Are ye used to horses?" he sez to me.

"Sure, thin, I *am*, Sir," sez I. "I've been round horses iver since I wor big enough to stride one."

"And are ye used to driving?" he sez.

"Deed, thin, and I *am*, Sir," sez I.

"And what have yer been used to driving?" he sez.

"I've druve a jaunting-cart and a tax-cart, yer honor," sez I.

"The gentleman laughed. 'I wanted a man to drive a coach and pair,' sez he; 'have yeez iver done that?'"

"No, yer honor, Sir," sez I, 'sure and I niver did.' And I seen I wouldn't do for him.

"And, Miss Tazie dear, ivery day whin I'd go back herself would come out to mate me; and whin I'd shake me head she'd fling the apron over her face and cry.

"Well, there wor an ould woman, one Miss M'Gra, stopping at the same house—and she from the one place wid us, and knew all our folks, on'y she wor unknownst to me, for she'd been in the country before iver I wor born, and knew all its ways like. She sez to me, one day, sez she, 'It's ye are too honest, Mr. O'Brine,' sez she. 'If ye go on this a-way telling on yerself, and putting the bad word on ye, ye'll niver git a sitivation. Who's to take ye if ye let on ye can't do nothing?'"

"Thruve for ye, mistress," sez I; 'but how can I help it? I can't put the lie on 'em, can I?'"

"No more ye needn't," sez she; 'ye can tell the *thruth*, but ye needn't tell the *whole* thruth, any way. Whin they axes ye kin ye do *this*, or kin ye do *that*? can't yer jist put a bould face upon ye, and make as though ye know'd all about it, and let them take ye on thial?'"

"Yes, gossip," sez I; 'and whin I'd be tried I'd be found wanting, and sure I'd be dismissed.'"

"Well," sez the ould woman, 'and what if yer was? Sure ye'd a had yer board and wages for that much time, at least—and larned something, too, if ye was not jist that stupid; and ye might got a char-*ac*-ter for being honest, and civil, and steady, and *quite* into the bargain; and sure *that* would help pass ye into another place; and *there*, if ye kep your eyes open, ye'd larn a little *more*; and so ye'd keep moving on, larning one thing *here*, and another *there*, till,

little by little, ye'd pick up a dacint eddication, and ye'd larn in time to be a raal servant, and thin ye'd be fit for a first-rate place and arne the good wages.'

"Well, now, Miss Tazie dear, there wor sinse in what the ould body sed; and I thought it all over in me bed that night; and the next day I wor at the intelligence office agin, hoping I'd have betther luck; and sure enough there comed in a young gentleman, wid a young led-dy wid him, and oh! Miss Tazie dear, me heart warmed to 'um at wonst they kim in; for I seen at wonst that they wor the rael gintyry."

"He was a fine, portly-looking young man, wid a ruddy cheek and a bright blue eye, and a stately way wid him; and his sister—the young leddy—oh! Miss Tazie, she wor on'y a slip of a girl; but wasn't she the big beauty—wid her cheeks jist as red as the roses, and her great, beautiful blue eyes, and her long, fair hair?"

"Was her hair like mine, Jim?" said little Theresa, tossing back her sunny curls.

"No, Miss Tazie dear, it wasn't," said O'Brian, regarding her attentively. "Your hair is fair and putty, but it's not like hers was. Hers wor more browner; and in the sun it glinted jist like threads of raal gould—sich as the fairies spin. Oh! I *knew* they wor the raal gintyry jist as soon as me two eyes fell on them; I seen it in their very walk—I heard it in their v'ices—I felt it in ivery thing they sed or done. There was no mistaking them!"

"Well, they walks up to the desk in a *quite* way, and he spakes to the intelligencer man; and then *he* turns round to us, and looks about, and he sez,

"The gentleman is wanting a gar'ner. Is any of yeez used to gar'nering?" And nobody moved a foot.

"Oh, thin, Miss Tazie, I bethought me of what old Mistress M'Gra had sed; and I gets up, wid the blood tingling all over me body, as if it would spurt out at me finger-ends, and I jist walks over to the table, and I sez, 'Could I sarve yer honor?'"

"And he takes a long look at me, and then he sez, kind of pleasant like, and friendly, as it were,

"Ye look strong and able, my friend," he sez. 'Do ye understand gar'nering?'"

"I knows how we gardens at home, yer honor," sez I; 'but I'm new to the country, and the ways, mebbe, is different like.'

"And where have ye worked?" he sez to me.

"Sure I bin in some of the best gardens in Ireland, yer honor," sez I; and so I *had*, but *not as the gardener*. (May I be forgiven that much of a lie, for me case wor desperate!)

"But who have ye worked for at home, my man?" he sez to me next.

"I worked for Colin O'Hara last, yer honor," sez I; and *that* wor all true.

"Was ye *head*-gar'ner there?" sez he.

"Oh, murther! thinks I, now, thin, I'm bate intirely; for I can't tell him such a big lie as

that, and he and the swate young leddy looking full in the face of me; and thin I jist thinked to meself, 'The truth may be blamed, but can't be shamed,' and I made answer to him,

"'Deed, thin, yer honor, I'll not put the lie on ye. I *wasn't* head-gar'ner there.'

"Whin I sed that the gintleman turned and spoke to the young leddy, and they both smiled, and then they two talked together a piece in some kind of a furren tongue—it might be Frinch; I don't think it wor the Latin, for I niver heerd Father Riley spake it so natly; and wouldn't it be jist a sin and burning shame to be saying they'd bate his Riverence at that, and *he* brought up to the same, and they on'y two young Pro-test-ants? Well, thin he turns to me agin, and he sez,

"'How long did ye sarve Sir Colin?' he sez.

"'I stopped wid himself four years and five months, yer honor.'

"'And have ye a character from Sir Colin?'

"'What *is* it, yer honor, Sir?' sez I.

"'A recommend, that is,' sez the intelligencer man. 'Haven't ye a bit writing from Sir Colin to spake for yer?'

"'No, then, Sir,' I sez, 'I haven't—the more's the pity. But the way it was, the ould master died, and the family wor broke up, and I'd not the heart to be throublin the mistress, poor lady, and she in the great sorrow, too; and more nor that, I didn't know would it be asked of me, either.'

"Thin the gintleman and the Intelligencer looked at each other, and I could read the meaning jist as plain as if they sed the words, 'That's on'y an excuse; they *all* sez the likes of *that*;' and a bright thought comed into me head. I had an ould letter from the master about selling some oats for him; I'd seen it the night before whin I bin counting out me bit money, and I jist kep it for the sake of the ould times; so I whips out me wallet and gives him the letter; and whin he'd read it, he sez to me,

"'That's as good as a recommend,' he sez; 'for it shows yer employer put the trust in yer. And is there nobody *here* who knows yer to speak for yer?'

"'Not a one, yer honor,' sez I. 'There's not a one in the country, save me ould woman, as iver I laid me two eyes on tul I kim here.'

"'So much the better for ye,' sez he, laughing; 'ye'll have the fewer followers.' And then he axed me a hape more questions, and I made answer to them all the best I could; and then he talked agin to the young leddy, and sure I am she spoke the good word for me, for, after a little, he sez,

"'Well, my man, I think I'll give ye the trial. What wages do ye ask me?'

"'Faith, yer honor, Sir,' sez I, 'yer own self knows best about that. Sure ye knows the work and the wages, and meself don't; and I'll go bail for it yer honor is not the one to take the mane advantage of a poor man; *for-by* he a stranger. Make the tarns to suit yerself. Jist take me on thryal, and give me what me

worruk is worth; and I'll be contint and grateful to yeez.'

"'Very well,' he sez. 'Ye may begin at twenty-five dollars a month, and yer house-rint and firing,' sez he; 'and if I find ye arne more I'll pay ye more.'

"Oh! Miss Tazie, wasn't that the glad hour for me? The heart in me wor so full, I wor feared the big tears would burst out if I spoke agin, and so I only bows.

"Well, he goes up to the desk, and he takes out a bit card and writes on the back of it, and then he calls me.

"'Here is me address,' he sez, 'and yer directions; here is yer railroad ticket—ye'll come in the cars.'

"'And *whin* will we come, yer honor?' I sez.

"'Tuesday is the first of the month,' sez he, 'and ye may come either Saturday or Monday, as ye like, and begin work on Tuesday. And I've only this direction to give ye to begin with,' sez he; 'mind me orders, and don't desave me. If ye don't know how to do any thing, don't purtend ye do, and do it wrong; but ask me *how* I'll have it done, and I'll show ye.'

"'Yes, indade, yer honor,' sez I, 'I *shall* do that same, and thank ye too; sure ye knows I'm not used to the country nor its ways; but, faith, I'll do yer bidding, and be forever obliged to ye for your instructions, and mebbe I'll make up in zale what I wants in experience.'

"'Very well,' sez he; and then he and the young leddy bade me 'good-day' sort o' friendly, and wint out; and I jist waited till they had gone, to be sort of civil like, and thin I were following after, for I wor dying to tell me woman, whin the Intelligencer stops me.

"'Here, thin!' he sez, 'and ain't ye going to pay me fee, and ye afther getting such an illigint situation?'

"'Be me sowl, Sir!' sez I, 'will ye plaze to excuse me; sure I'd be the mane baste to thry to be shot of it that a-way; but, ye see, I wor bothered like, talking to the quality.'

"So I pays him his fee, and then I sez to him, 'If ye plaze, Sir, *what* is the wages I'm to be getting?'

"'I didn't take notice,' sez he; 'sure, and don't ye *know* what wages ye hired for?'

"'The gintleman sed twenty-five dollars a month, Sir,' sez I.

"'Well, then, if he sed twenty-five dollars a month I suppose he meant it; what do yer ask me for, if ye know'd it yer own self?'

"'Faith, Sir,' sez I, 'it's meself don't know the money; what *wud* it be in pounds, shillings, and pence?'

"'Oh, *that's* it, is it?' sez he; 'yer green, hey? Sure that's five pound a month.'

"'Oh, wisha-wisha!' sez I; 'five pound a month, and me house-rint and firing! Oh, that's the illigint wages! Be me sowl, but it's a made man I am entirely!' and I caught up me hat, and was out of the shop and doon the street in a jiffy; for, oh! the way seemed long to me till I'd tell poor Nora!

"Whin I got into the street where the boardin'-house wor, sure enough I seen her—the poor crather—and she laning over the shop-door, looking up and doon, thrying to get a brithie of frish air, mebbe; for though it wor on'y about this time of year, it wor warm for the season, and the close, dirty, miserable little shop wor hot and stifling to the poor, worried, heart-sore, home-sick woman—and I seen the stain of tears upon her cheek. When she seen me she started, and looked wild like at me, and I made her a sign to come out wid me, and she flung her shawl over her head and rin out to me; and whin we had turned the corner I tuck hould of her arm, and sez I to her, 'Nora, woman! how would yees like to be wife to a gintleman's head gar'ner, wid a nate little cottage all to ourselves, and five pounds a month?'"

"Poor woman! she looked in me face, and the big tears kim; and then she sed, sadly, 'Jim, ye've bin dhrinking. *Me poor lud!* the sorrow's too hard on ye!'"

"'No, no, Nora,' sez I; 'it's not drunk I am; on'y me head's turned wid the luck, for it's all *true!* Nora, woman dear, it's no lie I'm telling ye; and we'll be out of this before Saturday night!'"

"Och! thin the poor crather she cried worse nor iver, for the very joy."

"'Nora, mavourneen,' sez I, 'sure and do ye cry *now*, whin we're jist out of the woods? Whist! woman dear. Sure ye must rin in and get on yer cloak, and go out wid me and buy me a new jacket and a gar'ner's apron; and ye must rid *yerself* up a little, too, Nora, that we'll not be bringing discredit on the new master; for, plaze the Lord to spare our lives, we'll be laying this the day after to-morrow.'"

"So while herself wor making ready to go out, I jist slips up to the man of the house, and 'Hev ye got a place yet, O'Brine?' sez he."

"'I've heerd of one,' sez I; for I thought it wor best to keep dark till all wor sure, for how could I know who might thry to cut me out? 'There is one Colonel Berkley as wants a man.'"

"'What!' sez he, 'Colonel James Berkley, of W——, is it?'"

"'The very same!' sez I. 'Did ye iver hear tell of him?'"

"'Didn't I?' sez he. 'Why, he is one of the very tip-tops! Ye *would* be in luck to get service wid *him!* And what is he wanting?'"

"'I think it's a gar'ner,' sez I."

"'And don't ye wish ye may get it?' sez he, sneering like. Well, I never let on another word; and whin herself kim down we wint out together and bought our little matters; and Saturday morning we wint off to W—— in the steam-cars."

"Oh! and was not *that* the beautiful place? and didn't we find a home there? Here there was no lack of any thing; there was full and plinty to do with; and there wor all sorts of iligunt tools (more, be token, than I iver seen before, or knew the uses of); and all kinds of grand *mach-ins* to do every thing in the world

easy like; and a nate little cottage, close, near-hand, convanient, all to ourselves! Oh! Miss Tazie, I've been alive iver since I wor born, but I niver yet laid me two eyes on the bate of it! Sure and I giv satisfaction, too; for I had a *cha-rac-ter* to earn, and me heart was in me woruk. I used to be at it in the morning while the stars wor in the sky, and I wouldn't quit at night till I'd see no longer. Yes; and ivery thing thriv wid me; me flowers and me vegetables got the praise; and herself wor contint, and the heavy sorrow passed off us, and I wor happy."

"There wor many young leddies in the family. There was the master's wife, and her two sisters, and the master's young sister, and his cousin; fine, tall, beautiful young leddies they wor, all of 'um; but the best of 'um all, to my thinking, was the master's sister, Miss Rosamond—her that I seen at the Intelligencer's, ye mind. She wor the youngest of them all, and she wor in the gardens more nor all the others put together. The other leddies they jist walked a-round, wid their fine leddy and gintleman company, and laughed and talked pleasantly enough; but ah! Miss Rosamond's wor the light foot that wor round me beds and borders the last thing at night, the first in the morning. She wor just like the golden butterflies; oh, how she did love the flowers! I could niver tell her a thing about them but she know'd it all aforehand; and whin a new flower bloomed she found it out before the bees did. Yes; and she had iver the kind word to say to me, if it wor only 'A beautiful day, James!' or 'A fine rain for yer carnations, last night, James!' It wor cheering like; and I'd be as pleased as if the Queen of the Fairies had spoke to me."

"And now, Miss Tazie, I'm coming to what put me upon telling yeez this story—how I larned to say '*pea-cock!*' Well, ye see, whin I kim there first I had a bad trick of swearing. I used to say, 'Be God!' (saving yer presence) ivery tin words I'd say. Well, it's a wrong thing; but it's a way they has at home; and I wor so used to it I wouldn't know whin I'd say it, and if I did I'd think it no harum, becaze I'd been used to it all me days. I've lift it out in telling you this becaze I have larned betther now; but if *this* time had been *that* time ye'd have heard it fifty times or more."

"Well, one fine summer day, in the afternoon, Miss Rosamond came out. She had jist got some new plants, and I should go and set them out for her; and I wor ready enough to do that, for and indade it wor me delight to do her bidding, and most of all, to have herself stand by and dirict me woruk. *These* wor very *chice* plants, and Miss Rosamond wor very puttielar 'bout their names. Every one on 'um wor wrapped up in its own paper, wid its own name on it; and Miss Rosamond had some nice little smooth white tallies in her hand, and as she unrolled each paper, while I set out the bulb, herself wrote its name on the tally, and guv it to me to set out by the root. By-and-

by, whin I had set out one of 'um, she wint to toss me the tally to put wid it, and, *pea-cock!* if she didn't make a mistake, and fling her fine great gould pincil right away into the hole among all the dirt! Of course I picked it up in less than no time; and as I wiped it on me sleeve and handed back agin, I sez,

"Be God, Miss Rosamond, I'd like to plant the root that 'ud bear sich goulden fruit as this is!"

"James!" sez she, sort of cold like and reprovingly; and I thought mebbe I'd made too free. She didn't say another word; but I seen she wor displeased wid me, and I was ready to have bit the end of me tongue off for being so bould.

"I humbly ax yer pardon, Miss," sez I; and I didn't spake agin, on'y 'Yes, Miss,' and 'No, Miss,' till the job wor done.

"There, James," she sez to me, and she after giving me the last one, 'that is all; and ye've done them jist the way I wanted them done.'

"I'm on'y too proud if I've plazed ye, Miss Rosamond," sez I. 'I'm thinking they *can't* but grow; and, be God, I hope they will, and bear the finest flowers iver ye seen yet.'

"Oh, James!" sez she agin; and this time she sed it in a sich a kind of frightened, sobbing way, catching up her brite like. I thought for all the world she had cut her hand wid me big knife; and I started up, and I sez, 'Miss Rosamond, are ye hurted?'

"Yes, James," sez she, spaking kind of sad and mournful like. 'It hurts me to hear ye take yer Maker's name so lightly. I think it is sinful.'

"I ax yer pardon, Miss Rosamond," sez I; 'sure I didn't mane to offend ye. I ax yer pardon, Miss, a thousand times.'

"It's not *me* pardon ye most need to ask, James," sez she, 'though sich language is disrespectful and displazing to me, too,' sez she, spaking high and stately, as if she wor the very Pope hirsself; 'but what is tin thousand times worse,' sez she, 'it is disrespectful and displazing to *Him* who has forbidden us to take His holy name in vain,' sez she.

"Well, now, Miss Tazie, ye'll mebbe not be lave it, but it's no lie I'm telling ye: though I'd heard that same Commandmint iver since I wor a child, I *niver* before thought of its *maning*."

"I'll niver say it agin as long as I live, Miss Rosamond," sez I. 'Sure I'd be the thafe of the world if I'd be disrespectful to *yerself*, let alone Hiven's glory! And I'll jist drop it entirely from *this out*.' But that wor aisier *sed* nor *done*, Miss Tazie; for ye see, *ould dogs* and *ould habits* is hard to break; and as I spoke I looked up at her. She wor standing upon a little bank, jist over against me, wid her back to the setting sun. It might be that the red light which wor behint her, and jist *op-pos*-it to me, dazzled me eyes, or else it wor the tears which blinded me; but as she stud there, widout her bonnit, and she drest all in white, wid her great

innocent blue eyes a-looking up to hiven, and the sun shining on the long goulden hair falling round her shoulders, she looked for all the world so like them beautiful picters of the Blissid Vargin, and the Holy Saints wid the glory round their heads, which I used to see in some of the fine ould churches at home in the ould country, that, before I thought of it, I whipped off me hat and begun to say an 'Ora pro nobis.' Ah! ye need not laugh, Miss Tazie! If ye'd bin there, too, and seen her, ye'd have done the same (supposing yer had bin a Catholic—which yer *not*, more's the pity!)."

"And what did the young lady say to that?" said Miss Theresa, recovering her gravity with an effort.

"Oh! she niver knew what I done it for; I didn't say it out loud, but in me heart, softly like; and whin I seen her looking at me, I jist rubbed me arum over me head, this a-way, and clapped on me hat agin; and if she tuck notice of me at *all*, she on'y thought it was hot and tired I was; oh! *she* niver mistrusted, and I niver let on; but iver since, from that day to this out, whin I thry at me prayers to think of the Blissid Vargin and the Holy Saints, I can on'y see Miss Rosamond standing as she stud that day, between me and the goulden light, wid the glory round her head! And often after that, whin I wor jist upon saying them words—for they would slip out, unknownt to me—I'd catch mesilf up, jist in time, and I'd turn it into '*pea-cock!*' and thin she'd smile, and say, 'Thank ye, James.' And faith I wor as proud of them words as if I'd found a purse of gould; and that's the how I larned to say *pea-cock!*'"

"Why, Jim!" said little Theresa, "how you did love her! didn't you?"

"No! Miss Tazie," said O'Brian, indignant-ly, "I didn't. Sure and it wasn't for the likes of *me* to be loving the likes of *her*; I wasn't her aquil. Love her? No; *I riverinced her!*'"

"And where is she now, Jim?"

"Gone to glory!" said Jim, without looking up.

"Dead!—what—dead?" cried little Tazie, bending forward, her widely opened eyes dilat- ing in sudden terror. "Oh! Jim, you do not mean to say that she is *dead*?"

"No, Miss," said James, speaking thick and huskily, but unconsciously giving utterance to the sublimest truth the lips of man can utter: "*The likes of her can not die!*" She has gone from this world sure enough; but whereiver God and the holy angels is living in blissidness, *there*, I know, sure and sartin, Miss Rosamond is living too!"

There was a few minutes' silence while Jim stitched busily at his meal-bags, and little Theresa sat twirling his great shears, apparently lost in thought. At last, bending forward, she spoke, but low and softly,

"Jim, if you don't mind, will you tell me about her sickness and death? I should like to hear more about her."

"Well then, Miss Tazie, I can't be telling

ye much about it, for I don't know much meself; I think it wor the consumption, though; for I heer tell the mither of 'um died wid it soon after that one wor born. The first I iver knew of her being sick wor at Christmas-time. She hadn't ben out to the green-houses for some days, and I tell ye we missed her there. It seemed to me the flowers missed her, they niver bloomed so good whin she wouldn't be looking at them; and meself missed her most of all, for I'd no heart to me woruk and she not coming to overlook me; but it had been damp and rainy, and I niver mistrusted but *that* wor the reason.

"Well! come Christmas-day, they wor to have a power of company, as they allers did on that day; and I should make up ivergreen wreaths to dress off the rooms: for though they was 'Mericans born they comed of an ould English stock, and they loved to keep up all the ould country ways.

"Well! whin I'd made me wreaths, and cut me flowers, it come into me head I'd jist make up a *bo-kay* for Miss Rosamond, for I'd hearn tell that she wor born at Christmas-time: so I cut a beautiful passion-flower—did ye iver see a passion-flower, Miss Tazie?" Theresa shook her head. "Well thin, indade it's a pity but ye did! it's the most holiest and curiousest flower ye iver *did* see! I have an ould gar'nering book at home, and it tells all about it. What's this it sez? Stop a bit: it sez, 'This holy and beautiful flower, which wor named in memory of the death and passion of our Blissid Saviour, wor first diskivered by the mourning disciples, on the hill of Calvary, on the morning afther the Crucifixion.' And then it goes on to tell how it bears the cross, and the nails, and the thorns, and the rays of glory, and the twilve disciples! And it's *all true*, Miss Tazie. Sure I've seen 'um meself, oftin and oftin. Oh! I wish ye *could* be seeing one of 'um; I'd walk miles to get ye one, jist to be looking at, it is so wonderful curious. But them flowers is what we used to call 'eggs-hot-igs,' and doesn't live on'y in green-houses; and I don't know as there do be any green-houses round here.

"So I put me passion-flower in the middle of me *bo-kay*, becaze, ye see, it wor a raal Christmas flower; and thin I put little white lilies and green leaves *all round* it; white lilies and green leaves; white lilies and green leaves; jist them and nothing more. Oh, it looked *illigint*!"

"What were the white lilies for, Jim? What do *they* mean?"

"Well, I think white lilies is holy like, isn't they? Sure is not they the on'y flower our Lord tuck notice of whin he wor upon airth? and where is this it sez, 'Of all the flowers of the whole airth, He has chosen Himsilf one lily!' Isn't that in Scripture, Miss Tazie? I don't justly know, but yer pa would. Oh yes, I guess *lilies* is holy!"

"Whin me flowers wor all fixed, I tuck me basket on me arum to carry them up to the

house; it had been wet and rainy for some days (I told ye so, yer know), but the night afore Christmas the wind changed sudden, it cleared up fair and cold, and it friz; and next morning (Christmas-day, ye mind), oh, Miss Tazie, it wor jist a glory to be looking at it! *Ivery* little branch and twig, *'way* up to the very tip top of the tallest trees, wor cased in ice, clear and shining as barley candy, forenent the blue sky! There wasn't much wind at all; but now and agin there'd be a little brith to sweep the boughs together; and thin the brittle ice would crackle and kim down, all shining like diamonds and jewels! And the ground below, it looked for all the world as if forty thousand rainbows had been thrashed up fine and sowed over it broadcast!

"Ye have seen sich days, Miss Tazie, *often*; for ye have them here, one or more sich, mostly ivery winter. But, ye mind, I wor now to the country thin, and the sight of it fairly bewitched me.

"So, as I wor saying, I wint up to the house, and as I kim across the lawn, I jist looked up and there wor Miss Rosamond, all drist for the grand company, and she standing her lane in the big winder of the liba-ra-ry, a-looking out wid her two beautiful great eyes, as blue and shining as the winter sky; and I thought to the full as hivenly!

"Whin she seen me, she smiled and beckoned, and signed to me wid the hand that I should bring the flowers to her; so I wint into the servants'-hall and the housekeeper met me and said she should take me basket. But I tould her how that I seen Miss Rosamond at the winder, and how she bade me come in; and so, by her lave, I'd make bould to take them to the liba-ra-ry door mesilf; and sure enough, whin I got into the hall Miss Rosamond opened the door and called me in.

"'A merry Christmas to yez, James!' she sez; 'and is not *this* a splendid Christmas morning?"

"'Ye've a right to say that, Miss,' sez I. 'Oh! its jist splendid to be looking at! One would think the dumb airth knew the holy day it wor, and had drist hirsilf up in her best to kape it! Why the trees is all decked out in jewels and diamonds, and all out-doors is sparkling and glistening like the streets of the New Jerusalem!"

"'Yes! James,' sez she; 'and I'm glad that it happens to-day of all others. Earth ought to look like heaven to-day, for this is the day that heaven came down to earth.'

"'I only wish that yerself would kim out into the garden, Miss Rosamond,' sez I, 'and see some of our trees there! Why the big willow is a regular show!"

"'And I wish I could, James,' she answers me back agin. 'But I am not very well; I have taken cold, and I have a little cough, and they think it is not prudent for me to go out.' Oh, Miss Tazie, me heart misgived me whin she spoke them words.

"Thin I opens me basket and gives her me flowers; and whin she seen the *bo-kay* she wor plazed, I tell ye, and her eyes sparkled, and her cheeks grew redder than the roses; and she sez to me, 'That is the welcomest gift I have had to-day, James.' Yes, she did—they wor her very words, Miss Tazie; and thin she turns around toardst the table and takes up her illigunt little purse, and takes out a nate little bit of gould, and slipt it into me hand, and she sez, 'I haven't been well enough to go out and buy me Christmas gifts for any of me friends, James, so you must take this and buy something to plaze yerself.'

"Ah, Miss Tazie! I niver hoarded up gould before nor since; and sure it's but little of that same meself iver had to be hoarding; but I have that piece by me yet, and, *pea-cock!* it's the last bit of money I iver *will* part wid.

"Well! I wint home; but that evening, as I sot in me lodge a-thinking of Miss Rosamond, I felt so troubled that a big groan burst from me full heart, all unknownst to me; and, 'the blissid saints be round us!' sez me woman; 'Why, Jim O'Brine! man alive, why how yer scart me! Whatever's come over ye, to be groaning that a-way? and this the blissid Christmas too!' And then I up and tould her how that Miss Rosamond wor sick, and that me heart misgived me that she would niver be well agin.

"'Oh, pshaw! nonsense!' sez me woman; 'yes she will. *She's* young and strong, bless her! and ye may be sure it's she as will have the illigunt care and the best of doctering. Oh! sure she will do well enough. Why, Jim, man! rouse up! ye've got the megrims!'

"Well! that didn't comfort me any. I didn't say no more to Nora—'twasn't no use; but I jist kept thinking of *her* wid the glory round her head; and I wor sartin she wor more fitter for hiven than airth; and, sure enough, she niver *wor* well agin!

"All the winter she wor better and worsen; now up, and now down; and come spring she faded faster still; and she that wor used to be on the light foot round the garden airly and late kim out now only at noon in the warm sunny days.

"Ah! thin, her brither, the poor master! He *wouldn't* belave it, and he hurried her away this way and that way—now it wor to some wonderful springs; now to a famous doctor; now to the say-side; thin to the mountains; and agin to the pine-woods. And she, sweet lamb! wint jist as they bid her. But it wasn't no use! And ivery time she'd kim back her great wonderful eyes looked larger and clearer, and her sweet cheeks more rosy, and her little, thin, thrimbling white hands paler and thinner!

"And thin, Miss Tazie, I wasn't let to see her ony more; but day be day I sarched the whole garden for the very chi-cest fruit and flowers for her; and the night before she died me woman wor called in to sit up wid her (not but she had a rigular sick nurse besides, but ye see she'd a fancy to have Nora round her—she knew

her ways), and I made up a little cross, all of white flowers, and herself tuck it to her; and she telled me Miss Rosamond held it in her hands all night, and died wid it lying on her breast. Ah, Miss Tazie, dear! *that's nothing, I know*—and she wasn't a Catholic; but it *wor* a comfort to me to know that she died wid the emblem of salvation in her hands, and that it wor meself as furnished it to her."

"How old was she when she died, Jim?" asked little Theresa, striving hard to wink away the tears which would fill her pretty bright eyes.

"On'y jist fifteen, Miss. Meself read it on her coffin: 'Rosamond Berkley, aged 15.' And oh! it was a sight to remember, Miss Tazie! To see her lying smiling there, and the great, grand pieters of all her ancestors—iver and iver so far back—all hanging there forenrest her! Great, stately, beautiful leddies! in their silks, and satins, and furs; and noble, grand-looking gentlemen, in lace ruffles and scarlet cloaks! jist as natural as very life! looking as though they'd walk right out of their frames! And she, sweet lamb! the flower of 'um all, lying pale and still in that great silent room! Ah, well! God knows best!

"Well, after that, Miss Tazie, the master, poor man! I pitied him (though, indade, that seems strange for me to be saying, and he a grand estated gentleman, and I on'y his servant); but I thought how me own heart ached whin the light wint out of me little Jamsie's blue eyes—not that I'd aquil me child to Miss Rosamond, or liken his loss to mine; by no manes!—on'y I suppose the *heart's sorrow* is the same in rich or poor! Well, he wor restless like, and it wor plain to see the world wor changed to him.

"He tried to busy hisself; he kim out into the garden and made great changes; he moved the trees and planned great improvements; but his heart wor not in it, Miss Tazie, I knew. One day he ordered me to cut down an old tree, and he standing by while I dun it; and close near-hand to it wor a bunch of white v'lets which Miss Rosamond had set there, and as I dug round the tree I wor in dread for them v'lets; and at last I jist tuck off my hat and put over them.

"'Niver mind the v'lets, man,' sez the master to me. 'They isn't worth saving; there's plinty more of 'um in the garden.' And before I thought I spoke right out, and I sez:

"'Miss Rosamond set them there wid her own hand, yer honor! I seen her whin she dun it.'

"Oh, Miss Tazie, dear! whin I'd sed it I wor fairly frightened, for the poor master he dropped one hand on me shoulder and kivered his face with the other, and he wint deadly pale, and giv sich a great choking sob—I could have torn me fool's tongue out be the roots for saying it; and I spoke out, all thrimbling and frightened like, and I sez: 'She's a blissid angel now, Sir.'

"'She always was, James,' sez he; and he giv me hand a grip and walked away.

"Well! about a month, or mebbe it might be *two* months afther that, he walks out to me one day, and he sez to me: 'James,' he sez, 'I'm going to Europe,' he sez. 'I can not stop here. Me uncle will take the place while I am gone; and if ye like to remain he will employ ye on the same terms; but if ye prefer to lave I will give yer a good recomment,' he sez, 'and pay ye a quarter's wages in advance.'

"'Is any of the family to remain here, Sir?' sez I.

"'No,' he sez; 'they will all travel with me.'

"'Then, yer honor, Sir,' sez I, 'I'll go; for the heart of me would be broke intirely to be stopping here and yeez all gone. No, I'll go! and plaze Hiven to bring ye all home safe, and if yer *wants* me, I'll be on'y too proud to be taking service wid ye agin.'

"And so I lift whin they did. And now,

Miss Tazie," said O'Brian, rising and shaking out his work, "me patch is on—see what a banging big one it is! And I must go down now and feed me crathers. And so, *now* ye know how I wor cured of swearing."

"Stop one minute, Jim, if you please," said little Theresa, speaking fast and breathlessly. "Do you think, Jim, if I tried hard—*very hard indeed*, Jim—I could ever be like your Miss Rosamond?"

"No, Miss Tazie," said O'Brian—regarding his little companion affectionately, and shaking his head slowly and reluctantly, as if loth to discourage her laudable ambition—"No, Miss Tazie, dear! I doubt yer couldn't! Yer a nice little girl, and a good one, and if yer life is spared I dare say ye'll make a fine young woman. But Miss Rosamond! I niver saw *any* one else like *her*; and I don't belave I iver will—at least not in *this* world. I suppose there's more of them in hiven!"

MARE VICTUM.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

I.

WHAT means this clamor in the summer air,

These pealing bells, the firing of these guns?

What news is this that runs

Like lightning every where?

And why these shouting multitudes that meet

Beneath our starry flags that wave in every street?

Some mighty deed is done,

Some victory is won!

What victory? No hostile Power, or Powers,

Dare pour their slaves on this free land of ours;

What could they hope to gain, beyond their graves?

It must be on the waves:

It must be o'er the race of ocean-kings,

Whose navies plow a furrow round the Earth.

The same great Saxon Mother gave us birth,

And yet, as brothers will, we fight for little things!

I saw her battle-ships, and saw our own,

Midway between the Old World and the New:

I feared there was some bloody work to do,

And heard, in thought, the sailor-widows' moan!

Triumphant waved their fearless flags; they met,

But not with lighted match or thundering gun:

They meet in peace, and part in peace, and yet

A victory is won!

Unfold the royal battle-rolls of Time,

In every land, a grander can not be:

'So simple, so sublime!

A victory o'er the Sea!

II.

What would they think of this, the men of old,
Against whose little world its waters rolled,
Immeasurable, pitiless as Fate,

A Thing to fear and hate?

Age after age they saw it flow, and flow,
Lifting the weeds, and laying bare the sands;
Whence did it come, and whither did it go?

To what far isles, what undiscovered lands?
Who knoweth? None can say, for none have crossed

That unknown sea; no sail has ventured there,
Save what the storms have driven, and those are lost,

And none have come—from where?

Beyond the straits where those great pillars stand
Of Hercules, there is no solid land;

Only the fabled Islands of the Blest,
That slumber somewhere in the golden West;

The Fortunate Isles, where falls no winter snow,

But where the palm-trees wave in endless spring,

And the birds sing,

And balmy west winds blow!

Beyond this bright Elysium all is sea;

A plain of foam that stretches on, and on,

Beyond the clouds, beyond the setting sun,

Endless and desolate as Eternity!

At last from out the wild and stormy North—

Or is it but a dream?—a bark puts forth

Into that unknown sea. It nears me now;

I see its flapping sails, its dragon prow,

Its daring men; I know the arms they bear;

I know those shaggy Jarls with lengths of yellow hair!

They go, and come no more.

Still lies the sea as awful as before!

Who shall explore its bounds, if bounds there be?

Who shall make known to Man the secret of the Sea?

The Genoese! His little fleet departs,

Steered by the prospering pilot of the wind;

The sailors crowd the stern with troubled hearts,

Watching their homes that slowly drop behind:

His looms before, for by the prow he stands,

And sees in his rapt thoughts the undiscovered lands!

All day they sail; the sun goes down at night

Below the waves, and land is still afar;

The sluggish sailors sleep, but see, his light

As steady as a star!

He pores upon his chart with sleepless eyes,

Till day returns and walks the gloomy skies.

In vain the sullen sailors climb the shrouds,

And strain their eyes upon the giddy mast;

They see the sky, the sun, the anchored clouds—
 The only land is past!
 Day follows day; night, night; and sea and sky
 Still yawn beyond, and fear to fear succeeds.
 At last a knot of weeds goes drifting by,
 And then a sea of weeds!
 The winds are faint with spice, the skies are bland,
 And filled with singing birds, and some alight,
 And cheer the sailors with their news of land,
 Until they fly at night.
 At last they see a light!
 The keen-eyed Admiral sees it from his bark,
 A little dancing flame that flickers through the dark!
 They bed their rusty anchors in the sand,
 And all night long they lie before the land,
 And watch, and pray for Day!
 When Morning lifts the mist, a league away,
 Like some long cloud on Ocean's glittering floor,
 It takes the rising sun—a wooded shore,
 With many a glassy bay!
 The first great footstep in that new-found world
 Is his, who plucked it from the greedy main,
 And his the earliest kiss, the holiest prayer;
 He draws his sword, his standard is unfurled,
 And while it lifts its wedded crowns in air
 He plants the cross, and gives his world to Heaven and Spain!
 His silver furrow faded in the sea,
 But thousands followed to the lands he won:
 They grew as native to the waves, as free
 As sea-birds in the sun!
 Their white sails glanced in every bay and stream;
 They climbed the hills, they tracked the pathless woods,
 And towns and cities o'er the solitudes
 Rose, as in a dream!
 The happy Worlds exchanged their riches then;
 The New sent forth her tributes to the Old,
 In galleons full of gold,
 And she repaid with men!
 Thus did this grand old sailor wrest the key
 From Nature's grasp, unlocking all the Past,
 And thus was won at last
 A victory o'er the Sea!

III.

 The victory of To-Day
 Completes what he began,
 Along the dark and barren watery way,
 And in the Mind of Man!

He did but find a world of land, but we
 What worlds of thought in land, and air, and sea!
 Beside our ships, whose masts o'ertop the trees
 On windy hills, whose hulls are palaces,
 His crazy caravels
 Were little sea-shore shells!
 His weary months of wandering seem a dream;
 For, sped by our broad sails, and flashing wheels,
 We shorten the long leagues with sliding keels,
 And turn the months to days, and make the sea a stream!
 The worlds are nearer now, but still too far;
 They must be nearer still! To Saxon men,
 Who dare to think, and use the tongue or pen,
 What can be long a bar?
 We rob the Lightning of its deadly fires,
 And make it bear our words along the wires
 That run from land to land. Why should we be
 Divided by the Sea?
 It shall no longer be! A chain shall run
 Below its stormy waves, and bind the worlds in one!
 'Tis done!
 The Worlds are One!
 And lo! the chain that binds them binds the Race
 That dwells on either shore;
 By Space and Time no more
 Divided, for to-day there is no Time, or Space!
 We speak—the Lightnings flee,
 Flashing the Thoughts of Man across the Conquered Sea!

IV.

Ring, jubilant bells! ring out a merry chime,
 From every tower and steeple in the land;
 Triumphant music for the march of Time,
 The better days at hand!
 And you, ye cannon, through your iron lips,
 That guard the dubious peace of warlike Powers,
 Thunder abroad this victory of ours,
 From all your forts and ships!
 We need your noisy voices to proclaim
 The Nation's joy to-day from shore to shore;
 The grim protection of your deathful flame
 We hope to need no more;
 For, save our English brothers, who dare be
 Our foes, or rivals, on the land, or sea?
 Nor dare We fight again, as in the Past;
 For now that We are One, contention ends;
 We are. We *must* be friends:
 This victory is the last!

"NIPPED IN THE BUD."

"YOU can depend upon me, and dismiss every anxiety. The dear girl shall be watched over with parental solicitude."

"I trust her to you, ma'am," said the planter, bowing with old-fashioned gallantry. "Don't be too hard on the young people, though. 'Much study is a weariness to the flesh.' That's *my* experience." And Major Clayton's burly figure and good-natured face loomed up in the dark, threadbare-looking parlor as he rose to go. "An old man's darling, you see; and it isn't so easy to say good-by for three long months."

"She has every liberty consistent with our strict rules, Major Clayton; but, you know, where one has such a *great* responsibility—" Madame Dubois paused, shook her head, and sighed.

"I feel for you, ma'am. It must be great. I feel it so with only one young thing to look after; and you have—how many?"

"Over two hundred in our winter session. Yes; one really sinks down overwhelmed at times."

Florida Clayton's haughty mouth curled with a sarcastic smile, unobserved by her absent-minded principal, intent on bowing her visitor out, and locking up the roll of bills he had handed her—the advance board and tuition for the term just commenced, which was to "finish" several of her elder pupils, Florida among the rest.

Major Clayton had never seen the long, dreary dining-room in which table etiquette was taught by a general scramble for the thick slices of bread and butter, the morsels of cheese, and cups of weak tea, which formed two of the daily meals at this celebrated establishment. He had never visited the crowded dormitories where each young girl's trunk was at once wardrobe, bureau, and ottoman, and a solitary washstand without a screen did duty as a bath-room. Florida complained; but all girls hated boarding-schools, and the Major heroically denied the impulse to take her home with him, on each successive visit, and mitigated the rigors of her banishment as far as possible by keeping her with him at the Charleston Hotel while in town, buying her every thing she imagined she wanted, and leaving her, as on this occasion, a plentiful supply of pocket-money when he forced himself to return to his plantation.

"Good-by, puss! Don't study too hard and lose these roses—for somebody's sake, as well as your old father's—hey? Let's know when you want more."

When Major Clayton pinched his daughter's cheek and made this friendly offer, it was not in allusion to the roses blooming thereon. This old-fashioned country gentleman had not even heard of those "standards" for sale "by all principal druggists," but with a parting squeeze which had reddened the slender white hands he bestowed on her the remainder of the check he had just cashed at the Planters' Bank to meet

the modest demand of Madame Dubois for the aforementioned board and lodging. The tuition was in the same ratio of demand and supply; but it needed some judicious management to clear five thousand a year above expenses, and the salaries demanded by first-class teachers was a consideration as well as the butcher's bill.

"I am to go and see Mrs. Thomas half-holidays, you know—tell her, papa," whispered Florida, eagerly. "Oh! if you knew how dull it is here!"

The Major paused for a second. Mrs. Thomas, Florida's new hotel acquaintance, was not overwise or steady, and now her husband had suddenly been summoned North on business; so that she was quite left to herself. But—and he looked at the low wainscoting and stiff decorations of the drawing-room, at the hard, thin face before him—it was dull for the poor child; and it hurt him to leave her there with every alleviation.

"Now and then, puss. Now and then, if you please, Madame Dubois. Flory has a friend at the Charleston, and might look 'round on her *occasionally*. Of course you don't lose sight of her, you know." And with this qualification the indulgent father endeavored to cheat the feeling of uneasiness the request had called up.

"Under my constant supervision, Sir; of course, it is understood that Miss Clayton visits only with that." The smile crossed her pupil's face again in the shelter of her father's broad figure; but besides that there was a strange restlessness until the permission was finally accorded.

Madame Dubois hurried away to secure this last installment of her rapidly increasing gains.

"Your class is exercising, I believe. You will join them, and fall into your place at once, Miss Clayton," she said, as the dilapidated hack that conveyed the Major to the railroad dépot clattered down the street. "Supper at six—study hours at seven."

And so ended the fortnight's holiday.

It was one of those damp, murky afternoons so peculiar to a Charleston winter. The chimes of old St. Michael's sounded the passing hour as ten of the young ladies—for they exercised in detachments—issued from the low wooden gateway of the very narrow street in which Madame's establishment was situated. The second English teacher was nominally in charge of Company B or C, but presently diverged toward King Street for purposes of her own, charging them by no means to leave the Battery, unfrequented at this season, until she returned to marshal them.

Every feminine knows how reviving and animating a class-walk usually is, the uniform march being broken only by a titter or giggle from the members young enough to think of enjoying themselves, or the reprimand of the teacher passed sharply down the line. But after Miss Walker—who was universally disliked and detested, of course, by all her charges—had

left them, they broke into little groups of two and three; while Florida and her friend Juliet Semes seated themselves near the sea-wall and watched the white-capped waves roll in with the tide, and the dark-crested palmettos rising from the islands far out in the harbor.

"I don't think you're very entertaining, Florida, I must confess," said Juliet, presently, tired with counting the white caps, to see if they really did come in groups of three, as some one had told her they did. It was rather trying when Juliet had been shut up with the dozen girls who did not go home for vacation, and the five teachers who had no homes to go to.

"You haven't told me how Mrs. Thomas had her new dresses made, or what you had for dinner every day. When I'm married I intend always to order the dinner to suit myself, and have *merangues* every day at desert. Don't you?"

"I never intend to get married, Juliet. No, I shall never marry; I've made up my mind to that!"

"Oh, dreadful! Florida. For goodness' sake don't talk so!" Juliet looked as distressed as if her friend had announced a determination to enter a convent, or throw herself to the "cruel, crawling foam"—to be washed ashore, and be "found drowned" by a low, vulgar coroner's jury.

"No, I repeat it solemnly, Juliet. How can I marry?"

"Oh, that's easy enough. I mean to, the very moment I get away from this hateful place—Charlie Tombs, or Julian Pringle, or some one, I haven't decided who yet. But I don't intend to wait long, for I'm dying to go North; and papa says he never will take any of us, and I'm going to stipulate that for a wedding trip."

"You don't understand me," said the superb Florida, with an impatient wave of the hand.

"Well, of course I don't *know*, but I generally say what I mean, and I think it's the easiest thing in the world to get married; though, to be sure, it's a great bother to have to order every thing from New York or Philadelphia, and not know whether it's going to fit. Georgia Tombs's wedding-dress didn't come till the very day, and then it was large enough for her mother. I never pitied any one so in all my life!"

"But you don't see," said Florida, again, with a dreary little sigh. "It's my lot in life, though, papa doesn't understand me. I never shall find a kindred spirit!"

"I'm sure that's what you called *me* last term." The dull perceptions of the good-natured Georgian began to comprehend that a change had come over the ardent friendship sworn to be perpetual five months ago. She drew away hurt, and a little indignant, to peel a banana which made its appearance from her pocket, and swallow it in silence. No shocks of fortune could destroy Juliet's appetite. Fruit and confectionery were her resource in all trials; and her chief enjoyment, as described by herself, was "a new novel, a basket of fresh figs,

or a pound of chocolate bonbons, and a good easy sofa."

"You don't know all"—and Florida lifted her blue *barège* vail and glanced around for the tenth time at their scattered companions. Not one of them was within ear-shot. It was too cold for them so close to the water—they hated going out, and the Battery of all places.

"Why don't you tell me, then—la! they ain't within a mile, and no signs of Walker either." A secret was almost as good as a pine-apple or a new bonnet. Juliet was ready to forget her pique.

"You don't know John Habersham, or you'd pity me. I can see father's set his heart on it. He talks just as if I was engaged to him."

"Why, I thought you were, when you first came!"

"Oh, that was ages ago, and I was a mere child!" She was sixteen and one month now. "Besides you never saw him, or you'd understand."

"Has he got red hair? That *would* be enough. Does he squint?"

"Oh, he looks well enough for that matter, only he's too tall and stout, and has such a loud voice, and is always on horseback, and talks crops and markets till I want to stuff my fingers in my ears and run away. Oh, *Julie!* there he is!"

Not John Habersham! That outline could never be filled by the slight graceful figure that suddenly appeared to Juliet's astonished vision. So romantic too, wrapped in a cloak, with a broad-leaved hat drawn over his face. He raised it slightly as he came near, and darted *such* a glance at Florida, who turned pale and clutched Juliet's hand till she could scarcely keep from screaming. The clear, olive complexion, the deep fiery eyes, the white teeth gleaming through the dark mustache, never belonged to the planter absorbed in corn and cotton. And that low, musical voice in which he murmured a salutation in a foreign tongue—no one would desire to fly from such a tone! It was not Italian—Juliet knew enough of that by an incessant practice of "*Ah non giunge*," and various other popular arias, to detect the difference; and it *did* sound, ignorant as she was, far more like a lover's caressing greeting than the formal courtesy of a stranger and a foreigner.

Juliet was spell-bound at such a realization of one of her favorite heroes. But the returning Walker, looming up in the distance, broke the enchantment. Her instinctive note of warning gained her a smile, and word of thanks—as the stranger passed on, assuming an air of complete self-absorption in wonderful transition from the eager look and words of interest of the moment before.

"Oh, Florida! who *is* he?"

"If I could only trust you! On your sacred honor, Juliet?"

"As true as I sit here. Oh, I don't wonder you don't want to marry John Habersham. Oh,

isn't he splendid? I could but think of a prince in disguise, or Claude Melnotte. Yes, isn't he like Claude Melnotte when he walks in the garden, you know?"

"Juliet, if you tell, you will risk his life—only think, his life. He's an exile, and people are watching for him, but you will have to know, and I told him so last night. And he said if you betrayed him—oh, you can't think how dreadful he looked; and I know he put his hand on his dirk, when he swore he would kill you if you did. I believe he would."

Juliet looked after the figure now leaning against one of the few trees that had aimed at the dignity of casting a shadow; with a thrill of actual bodily fear, in addition to the excitement of this opening romance.

"Oh, never! You know I never tell; and that wasn't Walker after all. Do let's hear, Florida. We sha'n't have a moment after she gets here; and I shall never go to sleep if I don't know. How he watches us, though he seems to be looking after that ship!"

"That's his way; you never know when he is looking at you, and he makes every one afraid of him. Mrs. Thomas is as afraid as death, and minds every thing he tells her, for all they're such friends. It's because he's a Spaniard, partly, and partly because he knows he's always watched. Don't look at him, Julie; it makes him angry."

"But how do you know so well what he likes? What's his name? Is he a Count? What has he done in Spain?"

"It is not Spain—Cuba. He's a Cuban and a patriot, and was a Colonel under Lopez, young as he is. But then his family is so distinguished, and he's so brave; and though he has had to fly and leave his estates—he has two or three, and so many slaves that he does not even know the number. As soon as Cuba is free, and he says it must be very, very soon—any day—he is watching for the news—then he will go back triumphantly, and take his own name and title again."

"Oh yes. You didn't tell me what his name was. It's all just like a novel, isn't it? Better than one, I think, really to see him." Juliet's interest was unfeigned, and, as a proof of it, the twin banana in her pocket was quite forgotten.

"Carlos—and he's not a count, but a marquis."

"Oh that's better still. I'm rather tired of counts—ain't you? they're so common. Marquis of what?"

"Oh, I can't tell you, for you know the danger is so great; but he passes for a planter from Texas now. That's what they think he is at the hotel; and he has C. L. on his baggage. They think he is French; he speaks French altogether there, and so beautifully that you never would know. Isn't it strange that we should meet? Oh, I always sympathized with those poor fellows so. Calhoun Habersham—he's worth ten of John, though he's only sixteen—used to come and talk to me by the hour, and

bring me all the accounts in the newspapers, so that I knew all about it the minute he began to talk about his country. He can scarcely think of any thing else. Is he going? I don't dare to look after him."

"Yes, I think he is. No, he's only just gone farther on, and he's sitting outside the railing—there, near the summer-house."

"Don't point, Juliet!" broke in Florida, nervously. "There's Walker at last. Oh, if you tell! oh, he will certainly kill you, and it will ruin him! There are spies sent out after him now, only they think he is in New Orleans. He had to fly without clothes, or money, or any thing; and he expects remittances from his mother every day. She is just as devoted to the cause as he is; but she pretends not to be, so as to keep the estates."

"Miss Clayton—how often have I suggested to you young ladies to keep exercising, and not expose yourselves to this damp sea-air? it will ruin your complexions. Miss Semes and Miss Clayton, fall behind. Miss Morton, join Miss Middleton;" and the return commenced. There was an end to conferences and confidences for the present; and, chafing helplessly at the restraint, Florida Clayton found herself once more a martyr to practice and study hours.

Madame Dubois exercised rigid scrutiny over her cook and her store-room; she could tell, to a lump, every pound of sugar that was given out, and knew, to a day, how long the tea and butter should last. But she did not know—and how should she, poring over her endless account-books?—how much food for the imagination found its way to the dormitories of her young ladies in the shape of novels, French or English, or how rapidly their social and moral education progressed. Was it her fault if her pupils deceived her and went to the Battery instead of the dress-maker's; or stole out on the gallery, and thence to the great fig-tree at the end of the garden, when she was quietly asleep in bed and the bells chimed "Days of Absence" at the midnight? And had not Major Clayton himself given permission for his daughter to visit at the Charleston? It was not at all worth while to inquire how often her pupil was seen there, or what occupied the holiday afternoons which gave her a breath of rest and peace.

"It's none of my affairs, mother, and I suppose I'm an old busy-body, but I can't bear to see that girl throw herself away so."

Judge Pickens had unbuttoned his vest, taken off his neckcloth, and wiped his glossy bald forehead until it shone, after the exertion of a two hours' dinner at the *table d'hôte*, where nothing worth notice on the bill of fare had escaped him.

"What girl?" asked Mrs. Pickens, drowsily, from the depths of a rocking-chair and the shelter of a large palm-leaf fan, which threatened the glories of her best cap at every nod.

"Why, that handsome daughter of Clayton's, with the great black eyes and red cheeks."

"I don't see as any thing ails her, particularly;" and Mrs. Pickens roused up a little, for she had married off nine daughters of her own, and felt a natural interest in all young girls of an age to throw themselves away. "She's got beautiful manners—beautiful—I like to see her come into the room—and the handsomest hair I've beheld since our Jocassa's, though it's not quite as long as Marie Antoinette's was."

"It's that young monkey I mean—that Frenchman—that's always hanging 'round Sam Thomas's wife. He'd better come home and look after her; fooling away there in New York, I hain't a doubt."

"I thought he seemed quite attentive to her. There! and I ain't often mistaken." Mrs. Pickens drew her cap well on to her forehead and pinned the strings back over the top, giving her benevolent countenance an unusually belligerent expression, as of one prepared for any fray she might encounter.

"Yes, quite too much so for any woman that writes *Mrs.* to her name. Seems to me it's very hot for race week. Just hand me that other fan, won't you?"

"Talk about *women* being uncharitable, Judge Pickens! I should just like to know what *men* are, all of 'em. You're not a mite better than the rest of your sex—not a mite. One minute you say that young man's after Flory Clayton, and the next that he's paying attentions to a married woman! How can he be after both, I'd like to know?"

"Tain't harder work than hoein' cotton, I guess—not much. Well, I s'pose I am hard, but I hate a foreigner as I hate a Yankee; ain't much to choose. And that girl of Clayton's, if she was a daughter of mine, should be locked up on bread and water, before she should be marching 'round galleries, and singing songs in a private parlor, by the hour, with them mustaches *about* touching her cheeks. Don't tell me!"

"You're awfully prejudiced, Judge," retorted motherly Mrs. Pickens; "and always was. I've told you so a hundred times. What's to hinder her marrying him if she wants to? She looks like a born nobleman's lady, with that high head of hers!"

"*He* isn't going to make her one! But I ain't going to dispute about it—it's hot enough now. Where's my silk handkerchief? These flies bite as if it was summer."

Mr. Pickens caught the bandana, drawn off the bureau by his wife and thrown at him, with as little unnecessary exertion on her part as possible.

"There it is! How do you know he isn't a nobleman?" she added, mysteriously, glancing round at the keyhole, and under the bed.

"Fiddle-stick's end! How do I know I ain't an Abolitionist?"

"Just as much as you *do* know. I'm not to be imposed upon at my time of life. I've read enough about foreigners that pretend to be lords and are only blacklegs; but from the very min-

ute I saw this Mr. Charles I said to myself he'd turn out to be something extraordinary."

"Gracious! are the women all gone out of their senses?" There was a tone of conscious triumph in his wife's communication that roused the Judge from his favorite attitude for an afternoon nap, bolt upright on the sofa, his feet stretched out, and his face shielded from the sun and flies by an ample silk handkerchief. "First, Sam Thomas's wife goes distracted, and follows him 'round from pillar to post; then that pretty girl; and now here's my respectable old woman, with her head turned. I think I'd better ferret him out. I've been aching to the last six weeks. Where did he come from? What's he doing here? How does he live? That's what I want to know."

"If you wasn't so unbelieving— But, la, there's no use trying to convince you! You've sent so many people to the Penitentiary that it's got to be a regular fever with you. You seem to think every body *ought* to go."

"I don't doubt but this chap does, if the truth was told. Who knows any thing about him? That's the point in question." And the Judge made a judicial gesture, as if addressing "gentlemen of the jury."

"Well, suppose I do." It was too much to resist being able to bring such convincing proof to confound this suspicious disposition. Mrs. Pickens had expressly promised not to tell her husband only two hours before, but, as she reasoned, "A man and his wife are one, so it wouldn't be telling, after all."

"Marquis of Fiddlesticks!" burst forth the Judge, indignantly, at the recital of the romantic incidents connected with the escape of the Marquis de Legarra—known at present as Monsieur Charles Leroux, of Galveston, Texas—from a bloody encounter in the late expedition; with a few thrilling particulars of the combat, and a wound received by the gallant exile, which still bled internally when he was in the least annoyed or excited.

"Hum, Mrs. Pickens, and who's going to vouch for all this?"

"Oh, Mrs. Thomas says he brought quantities of letters to people of the very first respectability in town, but he has not delivered one of them, because so much depends on his keeping secret. He doesn't care for himself, you know, but he says his life is worth so much to Cuba."

"Letters! Oh, I thought he escaped with just the clothes he had on, and not even a pocket-handkerchief or a clean shirt!"

"Well, so he did," said Mrs. Pickens, indignantly.

"How did he bring his letters, then, let alone stopping to have them written? That's a likely story to begin with."

The Judge knew his witness, and having had no doubt whatever of being able to trip up the evidence from the first, took it quietly.

"There's no use telling *you* any thing, Mr. Pickens. Just as I said. You wouldn't believe your own mother! He's got the letters any

way; for he showed them all to Mrs. Thomas, and I suppose you'll allow she can read writing. And he didn't have any clothes, not an article, for when he arrived he bought a carpet-bag with his last dollar, and stuffed it out with something, so nobody should suspect. And she lent him the money to get those very clothes he wears, and a trunk, and things respectable. There now!"

But instead of being overwhelmed by the accumulated proof, the Judge's eyes—what were to be seen of them—twinkled maliciously. Mrs. Pickens grew exasperated. The heart which the warmth of her partisanship had excited and the continued incredulity were too much for her, and she fired her last shot.

"Well, if you won't believe it, you *won't*; and there's the end of it. But let me tell you that Mrs. Thomas has written letters to his mother time and again since he's been here, and such beautiful, affectionate ones, she says—it would make you cry to read 'em over. He can't write since his arm was hurt; but he tells her what to say, and she's sealed them with his coat of arms, and directed them to Madame Luisa de Legarra, and put them in the post-office herself. There, what do you think of that?"

"How many answers did she ever see?—hey, Mrs. Pickens!—that's the idea."

"Oh, I never thought of that." And the beaming face of a moment ago looked slightly crest-fallen.

"I don't doubt her lending him money—not a mite. You see, Mrs. Pickens, she's just such a fool, and ought not to be left alone twenty-four hours. I always said she wasn't capable of taking care of herself. The other one, though, has got sense enough, if she ain't over head and ears in love."

"Where in the world are you going, Judge?" asked Mrs. Pickens, in alarm, as he commenced to replace his neckcloth—in a leisurely way, however, refolding and smoothing it over his knee.

"Just goin' to look 'round a little. There's no goin' to sleep for these plaguy flies. Be having mosquitos next thing."

"But you ain't going to tell? You won't get him into trouble, poor fellow! after all he's gone through?"

"You don't suppose I've got a woman's tongue in my head, now, do you, Mrs. P., and can't keep a thing twenty-four hours?" Whereupon he proceeded to array himself, still leisurely, and with no obvious purpose under the sun but getting a breath of fresh air outside.

Mrs. Pickens, ever easily beguiled, sank into her nap with double enjoyment from its postponement. Mrs. Thomas, in the little dressing-room attached to the parlor and bedchamber which formed her suit of apartments, sat with true Southern enjoyment of the brushing and curling process which occupied herself and maid the interval between dinner and tea daily. Florida was supposed to be quietly following the example of the good Mrs. Pickens in the

adjoining chamber. But, alas! she had not the calmness of spirit which metaphorically rocked that good lady's slumbers; and she had stolen out of the door communicating with the corridor, and now stood in the shelter of one of the gray, stone pillars supporting the gallery, restless, eager, starting at every footstep, and hearing her own heart beat above the din of house and street.

It was a heavier hand than the one she looked for which was laid on her shoulder, veiled only by transparent lace, and gleaming by contrast with the dark stone work against which she leaned.

"He won't be here for half an hour yet, Miss Flory. I've watched him and his cigar safe down street. I wouldn't look after him too much though, if I was you, or too long at him, when he does come," said the bantering voice of her father's old friend, Judge Pickens. She turned proudly to resent it; but his keen gaze turned the blush of anger into her cheek, and her eyes sank again. She had always dreaded him, and yet they had been so very guarded!

"I'm an old man, Miss Flory, and I've seen a little more of the world than you have, by fifty years or so. Now I've only got one thing to say," and his voice sank to a grave earnestness. "Don't make any promises that won't bear thinking of when you say your prayers, or do any thing that would give your father a heart-ache."

What did he suspect? What did he know? She tried to regain her self-control—her voice. But the portly figure passed on as leisurely as it had strolled up to meet her, and she stood alone for a moment in a strange whirl of wonder and shame and doubt; then turning suddenly, hurried back to the unoccupied parlor of her friend, and, burying her face in the sofa pillows, lay quite still till the twilight began to gather.

"*Estrella mia! bien mia!*"

"No, no!" she said, starting up and waving away the form that bent over her.

A heavy frown passed over the dark face.

"I go, then;" and he turned with folded arms.

"You have decided!"

"Yes! no—no! Stay one moment, Carlos, *mi vida*," she murmured, in his own passionate tongue.

"Yes, you do not dare any thing for my sake—for Cuba's. I am deceived. I trusted you as my life—my honor. But you are weak and irresolute—you are a woman! I go alone; at once!"

"Stay, Carlos! I did not say so. I can not tell! Give me one day more—until I am here again!"

"You do not love me."

"I do; you can not dream how much!"

"But I would *die* for you, and you will not promise."

If she did—if she promised to forsake all for him—could she recall it in her prayers? Could she dare to say to herself that it would not bring

down her father's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave? She had tried to forget all this before, but those few faithful words had loosed conscience from the bondage of self-will and passion.

"You do not love me," he said again, looking down at her with stern coldness.

But though she held out her hands to him and affirmed it more eagerly, a sudden chilling conviction that he spoke the truth forced itself upon her. It was a strange fascination that bound her to him. She could not rest out of his sight; every pulse thrilled to the touch of his hand; the thought of separation was like death; and, yet, what *was* love? Trust, confidence, repose? What if these were its elements? In place of them she found only fear, and now a suspicion that she could not conquer; though she said to herself, again and again, that she wronged him cruelly.

"I am to stay then, and you will go with me; you will enter into all our plans; you will be a patriot's wife, and, if I die, weep for me!"

The wild enthusiasm of her nature flashed up again. The pause was filled with mad visions of conflict and defeat, of a gloomy prison, the scaffold, and the block; that noble head, bared for the executioner, rolling in the dust at his feet—the fire of those burning eyes quenched by a stroke! Oh never, never!

"You do not speak. I see, I stand alone. Not all alone! My noble mother, praying for her son in exile—the memory of the brave—the liberty of my country—these never fail!"

He struck his hand upon his breast, and she could see by the waning light a sudden pallor overspread his features as he sank back heavily on the sofa beside her.

"Carlos! oh, what can I do? What is it? I promise! Speak to me! Do you hear that I promise? I will go with you—do all you say!"

His lip moved, but there were no words; only a faint gurgling sound as the bright life-blood welled from his lips, crimsoning her white arms as she supported him, trickling slowly, slowly down the silvery folds of her dress; while his eyes, upraised, smiled faintly back to hers, as he lay clasped to her heart.

"Help! help!" Oh, would they never come? Must he die without aid! Her strength, her senses suddenly seemed failing her. She had killed him! Her coldness and suspicion—her mute denial! If he would only smile again—only speak—once more unclothe those heavy-lidded eyes—she would promise, swear, bind herself for life or death! Could she doubt her own heart longer?

Mrs. Thomas was going North to join her husband. That was natural. Major Clayton had written to Madame Dubois to remit Florida's last month at school, and allow her to accompany her friend, as he "felt himself too much a prisoner to crops and gout to be able to give her that pleasure himself." Was not her board paid in advance? Was there not an

application for the half of the bed and eighth of the wash-stand occupied by Miss Clayton? Was Madame to inquire into it too closely? By no means. Monsieur Charles Leroux was about to return to his affairs in Galveston; he had already been absent too long. How simple were all these transactions!

It was not term-time, but Judge Pickens found much to occupy him in the way of business. What made him so anxious about the arrival of the Southern mail, and why did he receive so many telegraphic communications? They interfered so seriously at last with the sleep and appetite of Mrs. Pickens that orders were given at the office for the book-keeper to retain them until inquired for. Why should women desire to know who intended to run for Congress, and what decision the political caucuses at Jonesville and Macon had arrived at—especially those entirely satisfied by the share of "rights" they had always participated in?

Juliet Semes was dying of envy. Florida to go North before her—to purchase a bonnet at Genin's—to buy gloves at Stewart's—to dine at the St. Nicholas daily—to eat as many ices and as much fruit-cake as she liked, surrounded by the fabulous splendors of Taylor's newly-frescoed and gilded Alhambra! But then Florida was not what she had once been to her. "A blight," as Juliet expressed it, had come over their friendship. She was certainly fickle. How she had blushed over her father's delighted allusions to John Habersham when she first came there, and confessed that it might end in something one of those days, especially when she found not another of all Madame's pupils had the slightest claim to being engaged. And how she had raved over that young Spaniard only at the commencement of the term; so wrapped up in him that she forgot, for three successive weeks, to borrow the concluding volume of "The Doom of Dunmore; or, the Bride of a Day" from Mrs. Thomas, keeping Juliet in torturing suspense! So Miss Semes bore the parting by the aid of a wounded spirit, and retracted the promise she had made to ask Florida for her first bridesmaid, bestowing the appointment on Augusta Middleton, who liked confectionery as well as she did, and shared her passion for shrimps and pickled limes.

The Wilmington boat lay, lazily puffing and blowing, at the end of its long, dirty wharf. "Uncles," with wrinkled, black faces and frosty hair, walked around the freight as if to calculate to a certainty the lightest end to take hold of. The "boys," who drove jingling, dilapidated hacks, and private carriages, scarcely fresher or more elegant, made great displays of energy in shouting, "Clar de track!" and "Wha' you 'bout dere?" but had none to expend on the baggage which presently blocked up the gangway. Little groups of passengers and their friends began to crystallize about the deck and in the cabin. Frail invalids, who had come southward full of hope, and now only prayed that they might reach home to die, looked out

wearily at the glare and bustle, and longed for the fresh sea-breeze that was to give them momentary vigor again; while gay belles, who had fluttered through race-week and February balls, turned impatiently away from these living sermons on the vanity of life.

Conspicuous among these stood Florida's new chaperone in the gayest of plaid silks and the most cherry-colored of ribbons, bandying jests and compliments with her own train of gallants and any who might chance to claim acquaintanceship from neighboring circles. So completely was she absorbed in the triumphs of the moment that nothing short of an explosion would have distracted her attention from the business in hand.

How long the hour seemed to Florida, alone in her state-room, breathing the close, heated air, unable to fix her thoughts for a moment on the book she had taken mechanically to stifle thought and reflection. It was too late now. She had promised—she had taken an oath so fearful that her lips trembled to pronounce it, and in three days more it would be sealed by marriage vows.

Already she obeyed Legarra as if she had been his slave; ever since that terrible night, and those days of utter prostration which followed, when she was maddened by their separation and his danger, a frown, an approach to agitation on his part, triumphed. It was the same unquestioning servitude she had so often wondered at in Mrs. Thomas, when she first knew the secret bond between them, and how even her jewels were pawned to furnish the sums he demanded, always to be paid by those remittances that never came. A hard, unnatural feeling rose up whenever she thought of her father; but now that distance, and oaths, and a lifetime were separating them, it gave way to an anguish that almost forced her to cry out. The narrow berth seemed like a coffin inclosing, stifling her. Was this a foretaste of the days that were to come? What was remorse like?—penitence unavailing, and finding no place for forgiveness, though sought carefully with tears?

"The gentleman, Miss—" and the yellow-turbaned face of the stewardess followed the slight tap that announced her at the door.

"Yes, directly," she said, almost sullenly, so unlike the greeting the coming of a betrothed lover should receive. It was his own arrangement that they should remain in their respective state-rooms until they had crossed the bar, to avoid the possibility of any uncomfortable encounter or questioning. Why had he intruded on her so soon? She waited to wrap a shawl about her and shade her face with a veil before she went out to meet him. But it was not the dark form of the Cuban that filled up the narrow entrance of the passage leading to the saloon. John Habersham's kindly face, softened into strange gravity, startled her more even than her father's would have done. And behind him, with a package of letters and busi-

ness-like papers, Judge Pickens raised his hand warningly.

She followed them without a word, clinging to John Habersham's arm as she threaded the crowd, passing the state-room, where Legarra was content to remain a voluntary prisoner, and so close to the unconscious Mrs. Thomas that their veils fluttered together for an instant; they crossed the slippery gangway; it was withdrawn the next moment; black, turbid, impassable waters swelled up between them and the heavy hull turned seaward. She felt that her father was dying, and that she deserved it; and she felt, besides, as Peter might have done when the angel guided him past the sleeping guards, and he heard the great iron gates of the prison clank together behind him.

Mrs. Thomas, "weak but not wicked," purchased the absence of her vindictive and re-priminating escort by nearly the full amount of the liberal check received from her husband for her expenses Northward; and Florida's trunks, strange to say, were added to the russet box inscribed "*C. L., Galveston, Texas,*" though what use he could possibly make of a lady's wardrobe Mrs. Thomas could not divine. Nevertheless it saved her all thought and perplexity regarding them, and she was too thankful to purchase liberty at any price.

Mrs. Pickens wonders to this day how "that runaway barber from New Orleans, who imposed on Flory Clayton so shamefully, ever learned French and Spanish so beautifully, and got money enough from Mrs. Thomas to pay his board bills: above all, how he ever managed to hold that stuff that every body took for blood in his mouth, and talk, too, when he had those turns! No wonder Florida was frightened, poor thing! with that horrid story of an inward wound, and she had come as near as any thing to offering to nurse him herself when he was pretending to be sick after it!" She admires her husband's shrewdness and sagacity more than ever, and thinks he ought to be made Judge of the Supreme Court, since she found how quietly he tracked the antecedents of their late foreign acquaintance by telegraph and detective, and proved that letter of Major Clayton's to Madame Dubois a forgery, "though he said any body might have seen that with half an eye!" she adds to any new acquaintance to whom she may happen to be detailing the only romance in real life in which she ever enacted a part.

Florida Clayton is Mrs. Habersham now—a noted housekeeper, and excellent mistress to a crowd of sable attendants, whose clothes she cuts, and whose children she looks after, as well as two of her own, Clayton and Calhoun, mistaken by most people for twins. When the busy day is over, and she sits by her husband on the broad piazza, while he smokes his cigar and caresses the dear head laid upon his knee, she looks thoughtfully out from the deep shadows of the magnolias on to the far-off lights of her father's house shining faintly through the

distance, and thinks how grateful she ought to be that he is spared to her, and that John forgave her so nobly, and made her a loved and honored wife, when he knew all.

Yes, all; for pure wife and mother as she is, her face burns with a sudden glow of shame as she wonders if he does not sometimes recollect with bitterness that her forehead has been touched by other lips than his—polluted lips that she shudders to recall. But this memory is her punishment, not his bane; for when she kneels by his side and winds her arms around him in a mute plea for forgiveness, burying her face—for at such moments she can not raise her eyes to his—he lifts her brow and banishes the guilty flush with gentle, womanly kisses that speak more lovingly than words.

ENJOYING OUR WORK.

THE most of people who live in a Christian community believe that work is a divine institution; but there are few who have more than a general idea of what is meant by work as a divine law. As for tracing the wisdom of God in it, they never think of such a thing. Content to know that, somehow, it is connected with the system of Providence, and operates to the moral advantage of society, they take no pains to investigate its close relations to the character and future welfare of man. Such persons can readily see how work provides daily bread and clothing—how it moves the whole machinery of business—how it creates a nation's wealth, and builds up the power of material civilization. Beyond this their thoughts never extend. Hence their opinions on this subject are defective; and they never realize half the good of work, because of their imperfect conceptions of its true value.

Work is not a mere provision for animal wants. Without doubt it was designed to be the means of our livelihood; but this is its lowest use. Work feeds and clothes us. It gives us homes, and furnishes comforts and luxuries. All this it does as God's ordinance; but it does much more. Work is a great auxiliary to the moral and spiritual interests of life. Not only does it tend to preserve us from vice, but it promotes virtue, by occupying our time, training our faculties, and disciplining our nature to patient, persevering efforts. Work may supply our bodily and social wants; may yield all that the present and future require for sustenance and support; and yet its obligations are not discharged. It is a moral and spiritual law, ordained by the Creator to exercise our higher attributes—to aid in forming a pure and elevated tone of character. For the sake of the mind, no less than for the body, are we appointed to be creatures of toil. The "sweat of the brow" has a deeper meaning than is derived from nerves and muscles, while "thorns and thistles" speak another language besides the curse. Work is a part of that economy which contemplates the renewing of our ruined race. If Christianity has been sent into the world to redeem our spirit-

ual nature, work has been ordained to improve the earth, and render it a fit theatre for the displays of Christian virtue. How beautifully are religion and work united in the Decalogue? The divine command is to labor "six days," and to rest on the "seventh." If we do not work for six days we can have no Sabbath; for the Sabbath, no matter how observed, can not be a religious day to him who fails to labor through the other period of the week. Idleness can never have a Sabbath; luxury and ennui, wasting all their time in "inglorious sloth," deaden their capacity for its repose. The two institutions—weekly labor and Sabbath rest—are joined together, and neither has any significance without the other. Both, therefore, are typical institutions looking to the future, and foreshadowing ideas greater than themselves.

No man should feel that his work is a mere earthly necessity. Nor ought he to look upon it as drudgery. Whatever are its burdens and toils, there is always a thought, a sublime thought beneath them, which is, that there is a great intellectual and moral benefit in all his appointed tasks. Of this benefit nothing should deprive him. Nothing can deprive him of it, if he is a sincere, right-minded, true-hearted man. Daily industry may not fully repay his hard exertions; all his struggling may yield him but a scanty remuneration; but beyond this there is another reward. There is a strength of will, a silent endurance, a peaceful reconciliation to the dispensations of Providence, a heroic trust, that elevate and ennoble his humble toil. So far as a man considers the higher connections of his work, that far is he above circumstances. In that sphere the penuriousness of capital, the grinding selfishness of employers can not reach him. Hence there is always an opportunity for him to enjoy his work. Let its earthly aspects be ever so discouraging, it has more than food and raiment in it. The presence of a divine spirit is there—a wise and beautiful law established by the benevolence of God—and wherever that law is obeyed, wherever its wisdom and beauty are felt, the goodness of the Infinite One comes to the heart and enriches its feelings. A man works all the better by thus entering into the moral import of labor. God's laws justify themselves to our reason. If we yield our intelligence to their excellence, as well as our service to their authority, they become means to improve and exalt our character. No one avails himself of the entire power of any great law, be it natural or moral, unless the convictions of his mind, no less than his actions, are offered in homage to its wisdom and love. For the obedience that honors God is not a blind, thoughtless obedience, but one that sees the embodiment of Himself in His laws, and seeks therein for fellowship with Him. Men grossly err, therefore, who find in work nothing more than a provision for outward life. For them the presence of God is there. If they labor aright, the purity and glory of His

nature will shine through the law and brighten the spiritual faculties of their being.

To enjoy our work, we must be conscious of personal improvement through its instrumentality. It must afford employment to the mind, stimulating the active powers of the intellect, and enlisting the feelings. Not only must it keep the attention awake, but it must exercise skill and ingenuity, and besides this lead the thought beyond its own immediate requisitions and quicken its functions. If our work fail to occupy the thinking faculties, it soon degenerates into dull routine. The freshness of the mind is lost, attention becomes mechanical, habits put an end to vigor, and the whole intellect sinks into a sluggish mass. All occupations, in this respect, are not alike. Some are more intellectual than others. Few, however, are necessarily deadening to the intellect. By far the larger part of human employments tend to cultivate and enlarge the mind, and if we used them aright they would be constant means of intellectual progress. There is always something to be learned from them. The most common day-labor, the humblest mechanical pursuit, have some connection with natural laws and objects, which, if properly studied, expand the thought and refine the taste. Every thing is an outlet into a grand universe, in which truth awaits the honest, earnest seeker. Books and men are not the only teachers. Nature is full of private help. Intellectual friends are never wanting. A mind open to instruction, anxious to learn, burning with eagerness to know, is sure of aid and counsel. Hugh Miller found the science of Geology in his business as a stone-mason, and Pallissy, the potter, had an ample field unfolded to his genius while he worked in ores and earths. How much of poetry Burns saw and felt as he followed the plow! What visions of beauty and glory rose upon the mind of the Ettrick Shepherd as he watched his flocks on the hill-sides of Scotland! If our work is in itself not directly intellectual, let us remember what Bloomfield the poet and farm-laborer, Drew the metaphysician, Bunyan the Bedford tinker, accomplished. These men worked and thought. They had minds not to be satisfied with the occupations of their hands. Carey belonged to this class of men. They do not reach distinction by the avenues that others tread in their heralded march to the summits of greatness, but through hidden paths, aloof from the crowd, away from observation, their instincts guide them up the steep of fame.

In this view work is discipline. Day by day it gives one a greater command over his faculties, over himself; teaching him a patient submission to wise laws, exercising him in the knowledge acquired by effort and experience, and withal fitting his mind for other and higher tasks. Any work, if well done, makes a man more a man. However humble that work may be, its faithful performance employs something more than skill of hand and ingenuity of brain. The moral nature of the soul enters into the

thing done, and it is a stronger nature for every effort put forth to express itself. No law of life is more beautiful than that which provides the conditions of progress in whatever is honestly and honorably executed. Give a man the homeliest employment, and if it occupy him aright it will tend to qualify him for something better. True work never enslaves and degrades the mind. Instead of this, it continually calls out the rational qualities of our being, and trains them for vigor and scope in other departments of life. In his sonnet to Milton, Wordsworth says:

"And yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."

The great poet, gifted with that insight which reads the heart in its relations to outward objects, knew how "*lowliest duties*" are the firmest stepping-stones in all advancement. For the same reason the "*lowliest*" work may bring us nearer to God, and develop a capacity for what lies beyond itself. A man never knows the future purposes of Providence toward himself. But this is always to be believed and felt; viz., if a man will faithfully do the work assigned him, living up to the measure of his lot and perfecting himself according to the opportunity granted him, the good Providence that rules the world will not deny him the means of progress. One should work evermore in this hopeful, trusting spirit, for the temper of mind in which he toils is more important than any outward result. Business may yield profit, sagacity may find short roads to wealth, hard work may bring houses and lands, but it is all a sad failure if a man grows not thereby into a larger manliness of soul. For the material can never compensate for the loss of the spiritual, and a defrauded heart is infinitely worse than a bankrupt purse.

Probably no truth in human history is more frequently and strikingly illustrated than the one now under consideration. Men are not suddenly and amply endowed for great positions, nor is it usual for them, by one quick and mighty bound, to spring into the leadership of society. Not only is time demanded, but toil and service are sternly required of him who is destined to achieve something for his race. How forcibly David's life exemplified this fact! No one, perhaps, could have seen any connection between the sheepfold and the kingdom of Israel. Wise men would have been puzzled to trace the relation that a boy's careless existence, lying on the hill-sides of Judea and watching the grazing flocks, bore to a destiny of incomparable grandeur. What occasion was there here for the exercise of those virtues that were, in after years, to make David's reign a memorable era in the career of Israel? And yet we know that this mode of life, its peculiar circumstances, its secluded thoughtfulness, its silent meditateness, its mute companionship with nature, all went far, under divine influence, to mould him for future distinction. The encounter with "a lion and a bear" was more than a

victory of physical force; for it was a moral lesson, never forgotten, of where his strength lay, and what unseen hands helped him. Then, too, how much he owed to his daily task—how his watchful offices over the sheep lifted his heart to the great Shepherd—how the vast heavens above him prompted the inquiry, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" Had he not been a shepherd-boy, dwelling away from the haunts of men, enjoying the open freedom of nature, and living in the fellowship of beautiful or sublime scenes, he would never have felt the presence of God in the material universe, nor had that profound insight into the ways of His ever-working providence that has invested his Psalms with such a hallowed interest. In this history of David we see that even miraculous power did not disdain to recognize the use of ordinary means. The simple life of a shepherd-boy trained him for one of the grandest theatres on which man ever acted. It awakened thoughts and feelings, inspired impulses, quickened affections, that not only educated the mind of a nation, but for many centuries have proved a blessing and a joy to the most cultivated intellect, to the Christian piety of the world. Had God chosen he might have made his intellect an image-chamber of the universe by direct inspiration, and, with the quickening touch of his hand, opened all the fountains of feeling to send forth sweeter and healthier waters than those which miraculously rolled their glad stream along the pathway of Israel in the desert. But there was a "more excellent way." Better for him, better for the world, that the seal of Heaven should be set on the ordinary incidents, the everyday scenes of life, and that out of these, by slow and painful strife, a soul of strength and majesty should emerge.

If we would enjoy our work, we must accept it as a divine thing and put our whole heart in it. Work that is a mere contract with men—work that has exclusive reference to hours and tasks—is not work in that truer sense which conveys the meaning of labor as an institution ordained by God to renew the face of external nature, and to restore man's sovereignty over the inferior orders of creation. Industry and skill—the strong muscle, the resolute will, the cultivated mind—may remove a portion of the curse that rests on the globe. Machinery may lessen the "*sweat of the brow*," and science may raise productive crops in the place of the thorn and thistle. The landscape may smile beneath the toils of a cheerful peasantry, while enterprise, commanding the services of philosophy and art, may build cities and expand its magnificent system of trade and commerce over continents and oceans. These are vast results. But work, as a divine ordinance, has far nobler ends to accomplish. To subdue nature—to bring the soil, the atmosphere, the waters under its sway—to convert the earth into a home fit for man: this is the humblest part of its office. If our lost sovereignty over the material universe, so far as delegated to man, is thus to be

recovered, the sovereign must be prepared for his empire and rule. Of what avail will be the reconstruction of the palace if the royal mind is not clothed with a dignity, a strength, a glory in unison with its high enthronement? Work, therefore, is designed to assist in preparing man for this foretold ascendancy over matter. But work, by itself, can never contribute to this result. A moral spirit, which Christianity breathes into all true industry and business, must penetrate our work. It will then refine and enoble our being; and as the "*six days*" of toil are tributary in God's economy to the Sabbath, so all our labor will blend with religion in purifying and exalting our nature.

MARRIED TO THE MAN OF HER CHOICE.

FRANCES TEMPLEMAN was no ordinary child. In appearance, in manner, she differed from other children; and that difference can best be defined by a simple statement—she was never called Fanny. Readers will judge what the peculiar character of a child must be who has never known an endearing diminutive. But let them beware lest their judgment be too harsh. Frances was passionately loved by her parents, respected by all who knew her, and was herself warm and true, though not demonstrative in her attachments. She was reserved, not cold; full of controlled spirit, not wild, nor, in its lightest sense, gay; dutiful, though willful; obliging, but careless of praise.

At eighteen she was the proudest of all the proud beauties of her State. In thought, in feeling, she had been a woman years before, and now was mistaken for a woman of twenty-five. She was much courted, mainly by men of position, advanced in life; younger admirers hung upon her movements, never daring to advance. It was predicted that this woman would make a brilliant match, and none other, for never was there a woman seemingly more fitted for a marriage of convenience. Her queenly form, her high manner, her silvery but deliberate accents, claimed as their appropriate sphere the loftiest position in society.

One who knew her well—he was her first cousin and only intimate friend—doubted if she would ever marry at all. He knew that to a woman eminently refined and intellectual the choice of a husband was a problem almost too hard to be solved. Such a woman may not confide in her instincts, for instinct in such women is subjected to the domination of reason; and when a momentous question is transferred for decision from a woman's heart to a woman's mind, the issue is always protracted, and, of necessity, most painful. It is a suit in English Chancery, the decision of which can scarcely ever be satisfactory. Passion, be it of the warmest, as most surely it is when its exhibition is suppressed—passion is frittered away under the slow and calm examination of conflicting claims. And when, at last, the tardy decision is reached—when the suitor is elected—he is elected not

gladly, not with the sweetly thrilling assent and unfearing, boundless confidence of the heart, but with the dispassionate coolness of the judgment, as a choice of evils. How repugnant it must be for a woman, in whom exists even a trace of natural delicacy, to place her person and destiny coldly in the keeping of a man, simply because he is a man, many, very many women know, alas! too well.

Frances Templeman was as far above the influence of sordid motives as she was above the reach of all merely worldly considerations and opinions petty, because purely egotistical. Naturally self-reliant, she had great need to be more so, now that in her early womanhood she was left without a parent and without a guardian in whom she could in the least confide. Averse to conversation upon the subject of love, her views were nevertheless well known. They were speculative and unexact, more nice than comprehensive, subtle rather than true—as *opinions* of an unknown *feeling* must ever be. The highest tuition of her emotional nature—that nature, which, while it is the most docile pupil of passion, is at the same time the best teacher of the intellect—she had never experienced. She had never loved. It is much to say even of a dull girl, that she has reached the age of eighteen without having ever loved; it is almost impossible to believe when asserted of a girl exquisitely organized in body as in mind. Yet it was literally true of Frances Templeman. Whoever chooses may believe that her pride, her will (or any other quality that made her the exalted woman she was), suppressed the first tender germs of the “sweet disorder;” but he, before whom her inmost soul lay unsheltered as lake before the sun, knows that she had never felt its lightest movement. The natural inference would be that she was insusceptible; and, satisfied with this inference, many will dismiss her, as something more or less than woman. But she was a woman, and precisely such a woman as a pure, moral atmosphere and an advanced civilization tend to produce. Her counterpart may be found, not in many cities, but in almost every village of this republic.

Further removed from the vice of sentimentality than the vast majority even of *men*, she nevertheless possessed the sentiment of love in its most subtle, which is its most concentrated, form. Could a proper object have been found, this sentiment might have known the arterial warmth of life; and he who had been blessed with her love, in true reciprocal appreciation, would have had but little to ask for in the life to come. But as the eye is dead to all forces save only the impalpable ether of light, so her susceptibility was of a fineness not to be moved by gross or ordinary influences, and lay dormant, *but not dead*, within her.

It is questionable whether, taking personal happiness alone into view, such a woman ought ever to marry; certainly it is unfortunate when, as a result of abstract reasoning, she concludes that she should. This Frances Templeman

did, and thus women like to her are prone to do.

Her purpose fixed, she acted with yet more than her wonted prudence and deliberation. Five years passed away before she made her choice. Her reserve, and the common belief that she had decided never to marry, repelled many suitors; but her fresh and peerless beauty retained many more. There was no danger of her being compelled to choose the crooked stick. Suitors of seven years' standing were tied to her chariot wheels when she drove in triumph through the golden gates of matrimony. Was it indeed a triumph? So far as human power could judge it was.

Her decision was no secret to her cousin. It was his pleasure at all times, it was his duty now, to defer to a penetration infinitely superior to his own. He made no opposition. She knew men well. The values of wealth, of intellect, of birth, position, strength of character, and of amiability, she had estimated accurately. All these *desiderata*, in just and rare proportion, seemed combined in the person of her choice.

He was, of course, much older than herself. A widower with several children (most of whom, fortunately, were too nearly grown to require the arduous attentions or to imbibe the natural hatred of a step-mother). Judge Blondel imposed no harder task upon his bride than to do the honors of a house, which, if not the most imposing, was the most beautiful, for situation and architectural finish, of all the residences in a country noted for the loveliness of its scenery and the wealth and culture of its inhabitants. A more befitting mistress could not have been chosen. From the first moment she displayed, in that seat of social elegance, the natural ease and grace of a woman familiar with the command of a large and polished household.

Between herself and her husband there appeared to exist a cordiality of good feeling which has ever been, and ever will be, mistaken for unanimity of sentiment and of will, and which, so long as the mistake remains undiscovered, answers all or nearly all the ends of a perfect congeniality. When a son was born to them, Frances Blondel thought the measure of her happiness was full, and in the abundance of her joy blessed God for that he had bestowed upon her the husband and man of her choice.

It is an error made by every young mother, especially if she be a cultivated woman married to a man of refinement and kind disposition—it is an error common to such mothers to confuse and blend the sources of loves which are distinct in origin, distinct in application, distinct in gratification. But in time the distinction becomes clear. No love can be purer or more intense than a mother's; indeed, in certain moods, it seems almost sacrilegious to compare any other love with that; but every woman knows that in her breast there is another fountain—strong, full, bright, warm—which seeks and finds repose for its ever-welling waters only in the ample ocean of a husband's love. If this

flowing tide find never its true reservoir, there happens in the woman's soul that calamity which any attempt at definition would serve only to obscure, but which many women, alas! how many, understand too well.

Why it was that Frances Blondel could not love her husband it would be impossible to say. In all the relations of life he exhibited precisely those traits which go to make, humanly speaking, a perfect man. If he was not brilliant, he had that excellent balance of the intellectual faculties which is every where reckoned better than brilliance; if he was less wealthy than his office and his hereditary estates might have made him, it was because of a liberality to his children and a silent charity to the poor that did him honor: he lacked not one of the comforts or the elegances of life; and he was withal the best of neighbors, the most uxorious of husbands, and the kindest of masters. Nor was he very deficient in sentiment. Why such a man should not have commanded the heart-whole reverence of Frances Blondel, or of any woman, it is useless to ask. But wherein consists the mystery of that effect we name "love," and what constitutes the rational basis of that adoration which the first women of earth have entertained and cherished, against all scorn and contumely and poverty, for men hideous with faults? We know not. We read of, and easily comprehend, what has been styled a "cold perfection of character." But Judge Blondel was not chargeable with coldness; on the contrary, he was a man innately warm and true, and persistent in his affections; he had, besides, more than enough of the leaven of human infirmity to entitle him to human love. Why did not Frances love him? Go ask her. Her cousin never dared.

This unexplained something, which, like the virtues of medicines, is ascertainable only upon trial—this something that makes or unmakes the happiness of marriages among the cultivated, the gifted—this something (call it spiritual affinity if you will) it is which renders matrimony the lottery it has been proclaimed to be the world over, in all time. It rests with all of us, each to determine for himself whether he will adventure the chances of this lottery. The prizes are magnificent—but the risk is immense!

When that cousin who continued after her marriage to be the intimate friend of Frances Blondel that he had been before—when that cousin ascertained that all was not well with her, it was, he now knows, long after she herself had perfectly understood the cause and the incurable nature of her trouble. So far as words go, that trouble has never been hinted, nor will it ever be. But there are revealing lights of the eye, which, when they are sought and met by kindred beams, leave nothing to be told, and say much that is beyond the power of speech. Frances knew that her secret was a secret no longer, but she also knew that it was safe even to the grave; and, assured of this, her unimpaired confidence was a relief to her.

Her cousin for a time believed the ailment a physical one, and Frances herself, although far too wise to be deceived as to its true nature or to be seduced into poisoning herself with drugs, was not unwilling that others should attribute to a feeble constitution a misfortune of the soul which could never be explained. She gladly accepted the alleviation of travel, and saw all that was worthy to be seen in America or in Europe.

How vain to such an invalid are all such tours! One ever-recurring question darkens the bright way, saddens the gay march. "What joy, what infinite rapture might not these scenes afford if my destiny were all it could—all it should be!" For the afflicted soul, ever too blind to the calamities of others, sees but its own woe, deems itself the special object of Divine injustice, and claims as its proper due a happiness accorded never to any of mortal birth. De-frauded of this happiness, it may meekly submit to the will of the Unchangeable One, and find its reward in a substituted peace. But it is and can be only a *substitution*; the original birth-right joy, consciously lost to the soul, must leave a vacuum, sad, vast, never to be filled.

Thirty years have been numbered since Mrs. Blondel returned from Europe, and sought, in the cares of her household and in the education of her children, that nepenthe she could never find amidst the most beautiful scenery and in the gayest capitals of the world. It may be believed that the faithful discharge of the high and holy duties of a mother brings sweet recompense, while it leaves small opportunity for the mind to dwell upon its private griefs. The flight of years, too, naturally lessens the rigor of all grief dependent upon ungratified sentiment, and places the deferred and *different* happiness in the permanency beyond the grave. But neither duty performed nor the deadening influences of Time, can assuage to the point of forgetfulness a malady like that with which Frances Blondel was seized. In those lonely hours which come the oftener the more we seek to avoid them, the agony returns with force proportioned to its delay. No strength of will, and no intensity of prayer, avails to fortify the soul against that return.

The sons and daughters of Frances Blondel grew up to man's and woman's estate, the pride, and justly the pride and joy, of her own and her husband's life. In intelligence, in excellence of manners and of morals, in obedient reverence for their parents, her children had no superiors, and scarcely any equals. Nor was the beauty of their persons at all unworthy their cultivated minds and admirable dispositions. He who could have beheld the Blondel family, assembled, as it often was, in the soft twilights of summer, under the portico, festooned and perfumed with luxuriant vines; he who could have beheld that group, in the perfection of its harmony and the beauty of the contrasted ages of its members, would never have dreamed that the pale mother, who presided with such sweet

dignity over the group, had ought to account for her pallor, save that wearing-out of the physical system from which scarcely any American mother is exempt. But could he have become intimately acquainted with the family, he would have been struck by the fact, apparently unaccountable, that this mother, so happily married to the man of her choice, was strongly, almost bitterly opposed to marriage in the abstract, and particularly to the marriage of any of her own children. And so great was the force of her character, the influence of her training, and the reverential awe in which she was held by her sons and daughters, that the violence of her antipathy to matrimony scarcely equaled the fear of that institution which had mastered their young and plastic minds. Without well knowing why, they regarded marriage as perhaps the very worst of human ills, a calamity to be shunned at all hazards, to be accepted only upon the plea of necessity—a plea, it need scarcely be said, which can never be urged by those who, like themselves, were placed beyond the provocation of “bettering their condition.”

If, when his wife first commenced to instill this antipathy into the minds of his children, a suspicion, as to its origin and nature, arose in the heart of Judge Blondel, that suspicion was never nursed into the hideous form and life of jealousy, but suffered, amidst the whirl of professional duties, to sink into the catalogue of “woman’s whims,” unworthy to be seriously combated or remembered. At length this “whim” assumed to his eye the graver aspect of a hobby, all the more ridiculous the graver it became. He was fond of joking his wife in company about it, and, so adroit was her tact, she encouraged him to joke the more. The Judge, now in his seventieth year, has as little conception of the true meaning of this “hobby” as he has of the atomic condition of the remotest stars. Well for him that it is so; for, advanced as he is, the heart within him is not so callous but it would burst on the instant with utter mortification and terror—terror because never, after the discovery, could he trust any of his senses again. He would seem mad to his own view, and to have lived mad and blind.

Frances Blondel, younger than she looks, at the age of fifty-three, presents a spectacle and a lesson that must bring grief and almost despair to the heart of him who sees and interprets them aright. The wife-life, the wife-love, the wife-woman are dead (so far as the palsy of entire inaction hath power to kill them) within her, and have been dead years, long years ago. Every other joy of earth, save only the great joy of the *wedded soul*, she has known in boundless abundance. Yet they have not sufficed to give elasticity and strength to a frame, naturally strong with the strength of exceeding organic fineness, nor to remove the melancholy from a mind originally possessed of that highest cheerfulness which comes of a serene temperament and a clear perception of truth in the full wide-

ness of its manifold relations. Her vigorous mind, in the vain attempt to escape the contemplation of what appears to it an ill-starred destiny, has sought and obtained knowledge of matters most foreign to an ordinary and contented woman’s thoughts. It is painful to see with what feverish pleasure and unfeminine boldness she will discuss the most recondite questions of politics, of constitutional and of international law. A nice sense of duty to her daughters has advised her to intrust the greater portion of the household cares to them, and it is the leisure afforded by the removal of these cares which must be filled, perforce, by the driest, the most unprofitable studies.

This wasted old woman is a Christian in the best meaning of the term. She repines not; but the dead corpse of a life which should have been lived, of a system of intense emotions which found not their normal activity, can not be worn beside the throbbing heart without producing disastrous and unconcealable effects upon soul and body. Upon the one, doubt, terrible half-faith; upon the other, miserable nervous unsatisfaction. The cause of these effects may be, and happily in her case is, misunderstood; but the effects remain.

The *evil* of Frances Blondel’s unhappy marriage to the man of her choice is confined to the cousin who owns her untold secret. He it is who returns from silent and piteous interviews with her, having in his inmost heart an acute and irrepressible sense of injustice, which wounds him because of its deadly impiety, yet will not away. Worse than this sense of injustice is the vain and painful questioning of his soul concerning the compensation possible for her in the coming life, whose dread approach marches fast upon himself and upon the wretched woman, who *sinned not* in choosing the man of her choice. The soul of Frances can not find a fitting sphere elsewhere than on high; but in heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage; and in all the bright and endless cycles of eternity there must cleave inseparably to her the sad remembrance of a part, and perhaps the sweetest part, of human life, lost, lost, lost!

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XLI.

RAKE’S PROGRESS.

PEOPLE were still very busy in Henry Warington’s time (not that our young gentleman took much heed of the controversy) in determining the relative literary merits of the ancients and the moderns; and the learned, and the world with them; indeed, pretty generally pronounced in favor of the former. The moderns of that day are the ancients of ours, and we speculate upon them in the present year of grace, as our grandchildren, a hundred years hence, will give their judgment about us. As



for your book-learning, O respectable ancestors (though, to be sure, you have the mighty Gibbon with you), I think you will own that you are beaten, and could point to a couple of professors at Cambridge and Glasgow who know more Greek than was to be had in your time in all the universities of Europe, including that of Athens, if such an one existed. As for science, you were scarce more advanced than those heathen to whom in literature you owned yourselves inferior. And in public and private morality? Which is the better, this actual year 1858, or its predecessor a century back? Gentlemen of Mr. Disraeli's House of Commons! has every one of you his price, as in Walpole's or Newcastle's time—or (and that is the delicate question) have you almost all of you had it? Ladies, I do not say that you are a society of Vestals—but the chronicle of a hundred years since contains such an amount of scandal, that you may be thankful you did not live in such dangerous times. No: on my conscience I believe that men and women are both better; not only that the Susannahs are more numerous, but that the Elders are not nearly so wicked. Did you ever hear of such books as "Clarissa," "Tom Jones," "Roderick Random;" paintings by contemporary artists, of the men and women, the life and society, of their day? Suppose we were to describe the doings of such a person as Mr. Lovelace, or my Lady Bellaston, or that wonderful "Lady of Quality" who lent her memoirs to the author of "Peregrine Pickle?" How the pure and outraged Nineteenth Century would blush, scream, run out of the room, call away the young ladies, and order Mr. Mu-

die never to send one of that odious author's books again! You are fifty-eight years old, madam, and it may be that you are too squeamish, that you cry out before you are hurt, and when nobody had any intention of offending your ladyship. Also, it may be that the novelist's art is injured by the restraints put upon him, as many an honest, harmless statue at St. Peter's and the Vatican is spoiled by the tin draperies in which ecclesiastical old women have swaddled the fair limbs of the marble. But in your prudery there is reason. So there is in the state censorship of the Press. The page may contain matter dangerous to *bonos mores*. Out with your scissors, censor, and clip off the prurient paragraph! We have nothing for it but to submit. Society, the despot, has given his imperial decree. We may think the statue had been seen to greater advantage without the tin drapery; we may plead that the moral were better might we recite the whole fable. Away with him—not a word! I never saw the piano-fortes in the United States with the frilled muslin trowsers on their legs; but, depend on it, the muslin covered some

of the notes as well as the mahogany, muffled the music, and stopped the player.

To what does this prelude introduce us? I am thinking of Harry Warrington, Esquire, in his lodgings in Bond Street, London, and of the life which he and many of the young bucks of fashion led in those times, and how I can no more take my fair young reader into them than Lady Squeams can take her daughter to Cremorne Gardens on an ordinary evening. My dear Miss Diana (Pshaw! I know you are eight-and-thirty, although you are so wonderfully shy, and want to make us believe you have just left off school-room dinners and a pinafore), when your grandfather was a young man about town, and a member of one of the Clubs at White's, and dined at Pontac's off the feasts provided by Braund and Lebeck, and rode to Newmarket with March and Rockingham, and toasted the best in England with Gilly Williams and George Selwyn (and *didn't* understand George's jokes, of which, indeed, the flavor has very much evaporated since the bottling)—the old gentleman led a life of which your noble aunt (author of "Legends of the Squeamses; or, Fair Fruits off a Family Tree,") has not given you the slightest idea.

It was before your grandmother adopted those serious views for which she was distinguished during her last long residence at Bath, and after Colonel Tibbalt married Miss Lye, the rich soap-boiler's heiress, that her ladyship's wild oats were sown. When she was young, she was as giddy as the rest of the genteel world. At her house in Hill Street, she had ten card-tables on Wednesdays and Sunday evenings,

except for a short time when Ranelagh was open on Sundays. Every night of her life she gambled for eight, nine, ten hours. Every body else in society did the like. She lost; she won; she cheated; she pawned her jewels; who knows what else she was not ready to pawn, so as to find funds to supply her fury for play? What was that after-supper duel at the Shakspeare's Head in Covent Garden, between your grandfather and Colonel Tibbalt? where they drew swords and engaged only in the presence of Sir John Screwby, who was drunk under the table? They were interrupted by Mr. John Fielding's people, and your grandfather was carried home to Hill Street, wounded, in a chair. I tell you those gentlemen in powder and ruffles, who turned out the toes of their buckled pumps so delicately, were terrible fellows. Swords were perpetually being drawn; bottles after bottles were drunk; oaths roared unceasingly in conversation; tavern-drawers and watchmen were pinked and maimed; chairmen belabored; citizens insulted by reeling pleasure-hunters. You have been to Cremorne with proper "vouchers" of course? Do you remember our great theatres thirty years ago? You were too good to go to a play. Well, you have no idea what the play-houses were, or what the green boxes were, when Garrick and Mrs. Prichard were playing before them! And I, for my children's sake, thank that good Actor in his retirement who was the first to banish that shame from the theatre. No, madam, you are mistaken; I do *not* plume myself on my superior virtue. I do not say you are naturally better than your ancestress in her wild, rouged, gambling, flaring, tearing days; or even than poor Polly Fogle, who is just taken up for shop-lifting, and would have been hung for it a hundred years ago. Only, I am heartily thankful that my temptations are less, having quite enough to do with those of the present century.

So if Harry Warrington rides down to Newmarket to the October meeting, and loses or wins his money there; if he makes one of a party at the Shakspeare or the Bedford Head; if he dines at White's ordinary, and sits down to Maccos and lansquenets afterward; if he boxes the watch, and makes his appearance at the Roundhouse; if he turns out for a short space a wild, dissipated, harum-scarum young Harry Warrington; I, knowing the weakness of human nature, am not going to be surprised; and, quite aware of my own shortcomings, don't intend to be very savage at my neighbor's. Mr. Sampson was: in his chapel in Long Acre he whipped Vice tremendously; gave Sin no quarter; out-cursed Blasphemy with superior anathemas; knocked Drunkenness down, and trampled on the prostrate brute wallowing in the gutter; dragged out conjugal Infidelity, and pounded her with endless stones of rhetoric—and, after service, came to dinner at the Star and Garter, made a bowl of punch for Harry and his friends at the Bedford Head, or took a hand at whist at Mr. Warrington's lodgings, or my Lord March's,

or wherever there was a supper and good company for him.

I often think, however, in respect of Mr. Warrington's doings at this period of his coming to London, that I may have taken my usual degrading and uncharitable views of him—for, you see, I have not uttered a single word of virtuous indignation against his conduct, and, if it was *not* reprehensible, have certainly judged him most cruelly. O the Truthful, O the Beautiful, O Modesty, O Benevolence, O Pudor, O Mores, O Blushing Shame, O Namby Pamby—each with your respective capital letters to your honored names! O Niminy, O Piminy! how shall I dare for to go for to say that a young man ever was a young man?

No doubt, dear young lady, I am calumniating Mr. Warrington, according to my heartless custom. As a proof, here is a letter out of the Warrington collection, from Harry to his mother, in which there is not a single word that would lead you to suppose he was leading a wild life. And such a letter from an only son, to a fond and exemplary parent, we know *must* be true!

BOND STREET, LONDON, October 25, 1756.

HONORED MADAM,—I take up my pen to acknowledge your honored favor of 10 July, per Lively Virginia packet, which has duly come to hand, forwarded by our Bristol agent, and rejoice to hear that the prospect of the crops is so good. 'Tis Tully who says that agriculture is the noblest pursuit; how delightful when that pursuit is also prophetic!

Since my last, dated from Tunbridge Wells, one or two *insadence* have occurred of which it is *nessasery** I should advise my honored Mother. Our party there broke up end of August: the partridge shooting commencing. Baroness Bernstein, whose kindness to me has been most invariable, has been to Bath, her usual winter resort, and has made me a welcome present of a fifty pound bill. I rode back with Rev. Mr. Sampson, whose instruction I find *most valuable*, and my cousin Lady Maria, to Castlewood.† I paid a flying visit on the way to my dear kind friends Col. and Mrs. Lambert, Oakhurst House, who send my honored mother their most affectionate remembrances. The youngest Miss Lambert, I grieve to say, was *delicate*; and her parents in some anxiety.

At Castlewood I lament to state my stay was short, owing to a quarrel with my cousin William. He is a young man of violent passions, and alas! addicted to liquor, when he has no controul over them. In a trifling dispute about a horse, high words arose between us, and he aymed a blow at me or its equivalent—which my Grandfathers my honored mothers child could not brook. I rejoined, and feld him to the ground, whents he was carried almost *sencec-*

* This word has been much operated upon with the penknife, but is left *sic*—no doubt to the writer's satisfaction.

† Could Parson Sampson have been dictating the above remarks to Mr. Warrington?



HARRY IS PRESENTED TO A GREAT PERSONAGE.

his to bed. I sent to enquire after his health in the morning: but having no further news of him, came away to London where I have been ever since with brief intavles of absence.

Knowing you would wish me to see my dear Grandfathers University of Cambridge, I rode thither lately in company with some friends, passing through part of Harts, and lying at the famous bed of Ware. The October meeting was just begun at Cambridge when I went. I saw the students in *their gownds and capps*, and rode over to the famous Newmarket Heath, where there happened to be some races—my friend Lord Marchs horse Marrowbones by Cleaver coming off winner of a large *steak*. It was an

amusing day—the jockeys, horses, etc., very different to our poor races at home—the betting awful—the richest nobleman here mix with the jox, and bett all round. Cambridge pleased me: especially King's College Chapel, of a rich but elegant Gothick.

I have been out into the world, and am made member of the Club at White's, where I meet gentlemen of the first fashion. My lords Rockingham, Carlisle, Orford, Bolingbroke, Coventry are of my friends, introduced to me by my Lord March, of whom I have often wrote before. Lady Coventry is a fine woman, but *thin*. Every *lady paints* here, old and young; so, if you and Mountain and Fanny wish to be in

fashion, I must send you out some *rooge pots*: every body plays—eight, ten, card-tables at every house on every receiving night. I am sorry to say all do not play fair, and some do not *pay* fair. I have been obliged to sit down, *and do as Rome does*, and have actually seen ladies whom I could name take my counters from before my face!

One day, his regiment the 20th, being paraded in St. James's Park, a friend of mine, Mr. Wolfe, did me the honour to present me to His Royal Highness the Captain General, who was *most gracious*; a fat jolly Prince, if I may speak so without disrespect, reminding me in his manner of that unhappy General Braddock, whom we knew to our sorrow last year. When he heard my name and how dearest George had served and fallen in Braddock's unfortunate campaign, he talked a great deal with me; asked why a young fellow like me did not serve too; why I did not go to the King of Prussia, who was a great General, and see a campaign or two; and whether that would not be better than dawdling about at routs and card-parties in London? I said, I would like to go with all my heart, but was an only son now, on leave from my mother, and belonged to our estate in Virginia. His Royal Highness said, Mr. Braddock had wrote home accounts of Mrs. Esmond's loyalty, and that he would gladly serve me. Mr. Wolfe and I have waited on him since, at His Royal Highness's house in Pall Mall. The latter, who is still quite a young man, made the Scots campaign with His Highness, whom Mr. Dempster *loves* so much at home. To be sure, he was too severe: if any thing can be too severe against rebels in arms.

Mr. Draper has had half the Stock, my late Papa's property, transferred to my name. Until there can be no doubt of that *painful loss* in our family which I would give my right hand to replace, the remaining stock must remain in the trustees' name in behalf of him who inherited it. Ah, dear mother! There is no day, scarce any hour, when I don't think of him. I wish he were by me often. I feel like as if I was better when I am thinking of him, and would like, for the honour of my family, that he was representing of it here instead of

Honored Madam,

Your dutiful and affectionate Son,

HENRY ESMOND WARRINGTON.

P.S.—I am like *your sex*, who always, they say, put their chief news in a *poscrip*. I had something to tell you about a person to whom *my heart is engaged*. I shall write more about it, which there is no hurry. Safce she is a nobleman's daughter, & her family as *good as our own*.

CLARGIS STREET, LONDON, October 23, 1756.

I think, my good sister, we have been all our lives a little more than kin and less than kind, to use the words of a poet whom your dear fa-

ther loved dearly. When you were born in our Western Principalitie, my mother was not as old as Isaac's; but even then I was *much more* than old enough to be yours. And though she gave you all she could leave or give, including the little portion of love that ought to have been my share, yet, if we can have good will for one another, we may learn to do without affection: and some little kindness you owe me, for your son's sake as well as your father's, whom I loved and admired more than any man I think ever I knew in this world: he was greater than almost all, though he made no noyse in it. I have seen very many who have, and, believe me, have found but few with such good heads and good harts as Mr. Esmond.

Had we been better acquainted, I might have given you some advice regarding your young gentleman's introduction to Europe, which you would have taken or not, as people do in this world. At least you would have sed afterward, "What she counselled me was right, and had Harry done as Madam Beatrix wisht, it had been better for him." My good sister, it was not for you to know, or for me to whom you never wrote to tell you, but your boy in coming to England and Castlewood found but ill friends there; except one, an old aunt, of whom all kind of evil hath been spoken and sed these fifty years past—and not without cawse too, perhaps.

Now, I must tell Harry's mother what will doubtless scarce astonish her, that almost every body who knows him loves him. He is prudent of his tongue, generous of his money, as bold as a lion, with an imperious domineering way that sets well upon him; you know whether he is handsome or not: my dear, I like him none the less for not being over witty or wise, and never cared for your *sett-the-Thames-afire* gentlemen, who are so much more clever than their neighbours. Your father's great friend, Mr. Addison, seemed to me but a supercilious prig, and his follower, Sir Dick Steele, was not pleasant in his cupps, nor out of 'em. And (*revenons à luy*) your Master Harry will certainly not burn the *river up* with his wits. Of book learning he is as ignorant as any lord in England, and for this I hold him none the worse. If Heaven have not given him a turn that way, 'tis of no use trying to bend him.

Considering the place he is to hold in his own colony when he returns, and the stock he comes from, let me tell you, that he hath not means enough allowed him to support his station, and is likely to make the more *dépence* from the narrowness of his income—from sheer despair breaking out of all bounds, and becoming extravagant, which is not his turn. But he likes to live as well as the rest of his company, and, between ourselves, has fell into some of the finist and most rakish in England. He thinks 'tis for the honor of the family not to go back, and many a time calls for ortolans and champagne when he would as leaf dine with a stake and a mugg of beer. And in this kind of spirit

I have no doubt from what he hath told me in his talk (which is very *naïf*, as the French say), that his mamma hath encouraged him in his high opinion of himself. We women like our belongings to have it, however little we love to pay the cost. Will you have your ladd make a figar in London? Trebble his allowance at the very least, and his Aunt Bernstein (with his honored mamma's permission) will add a little more on to whatever summ you give him. Otherwise he will be spending the little capital I learn he has in this country, which, when a ladd once begins to *manger*, there is very soon an end to the loaf. Please God, I shall be able to leave Henry Esmond's grandson something at my death; but my savings are small, and the pension with which my gracious Sovereign hath endowed me dies with me. As for *feu* M. de Bernstein, he left only debt at his decease: the officers of his Majesty's Electoral Court of Hanover are but scantily paid.

A lady who is at present very high in his Majesty's confidence hath taken a great phancy to your ladd, and will take an early occasion to bring him to the Sovereign's favorable notice. His Royal Highness the Duke he hath seen. If live in America he must, why should not Mr. Esmond Warrington return as Governor of Virginia, and with a title to his name? That is what I hope for him.

Meanwhile, I must be candid with you, and tell you I fear he hath entangled himself here in a very silly engagement. Even to marry an old woman for money is scarce pardonable—the game *ne valant guères la chandelle*—Mr. Bernstein, when alive, more than once assured me of this fact, and I believe him, poor gentleman! But to engage yourself to an old woman without money, and to marry her merely because you have promised her, this seems to me a follie which only very young lads fall into, and I fear Mr. Warrington is one. How, or for what consideration, I know not, but my niece Maria Esmond hath *escamoté* a promise from Harry. He knows nothing of her *antécédens*, which I do. She hath laid herself out for twenty husbands these twenty years past. I care not how she hath got the promise from him. 'Tis a sinn and a shame that a woman more than forty years old should surprize the honour of a child like that, and hold him to his word. She is not the woman she pretends to be. A horse-jockey (he saith) can not take him in—but a woman!

I write this news to you advisedly, unpleasant as it must be. Perhaps 'twill bring you to England: but I would be very cautious, above all, very gentle, for the bitt will instantly make his high spirit *restive*. I fear the property is entailed, so that threats of cutting him off from it will not move Maria. Otherwise I know her to be so mercenary that (though she really hath a great phancy for this handsome ladd) without money she would not hear of him. All I could, and more than I ought, I have done to prevent the match. What and more I will not say in

writing; but that I am, for Henry Esmond's sake, his grandson's sincerest friend, and, Madam, your faithful sister and servant,

BEATRIX BARONESS DE BERNSTEIN.

To Mrs. Esmond Warrington, of Castlewood, in Virginia.

On the back of this letter is written, in Madam Esmond's hand, "My sister Bernstein's letter, received with Henry's December 24: on receipt of which it was determined my son should instantly go home."

CHAPTER XLII.

FORTUNATUS NIMIUM.

THOUGH Harry Warrington persisted in his determination to keep that dismal promise which his cousin had extracted from him, we trust no benevolent reader will think so ill of him as to suppose that the engagement was to the young fellow's taste, and that he would not be heartily glad to be rid of it. Very likely the beating administered to poor Will was to this end; and Harry may have thought, "A boxing-match between us is sure to bring on a quarrel with the family; in the quarrel with the family, Maria may take her brother's side. I, of course, will make no retraction or apology. Will, in that case, may call me to account, when I know which is the better man. In the midst of the feud the agreement may come to an end, and I may be a free man once more."

So honest Harry laid his train, and fired it; but, the explosion over, no harm was found to be done, except that William Esmond's nose was swollen, and his eye black for a week. He did not send a challenge to his cousin, Harry Warrington; and, in consequence, neither killed Harry nor was killed by him. Will was knocked down, and he got up again. How many men of sense would do the same, could they get their little account settled in a private place, with nobody to tell how the score was paid! Maria by no means took her family's side in the quarrel, but declared for her cousin, as did my lord, when advised of the disturbance. Will had struck the first blow, Lord Castlewood said, by the Chaplain's showing. It was not the first or the tenth time he had been found quarreling in his cups. Mr. Warrington only showed a proper spirit in resenting the injury, and it was for Will, not for Harry, to ask pardon.

Harry said he would accept no apology as long as his horse was not returned or his bet paid. This chronicler has not been able to find out, from any of the papers which have come under his view, how that affair of the bet was finally arranged; but 'tis certain the cousins presently met in the houses of various friends, and without mauling each other.

Maria's elder brother had been at first quite willing that his sister, who had remained unmarried for so many years, and on the train of whose robe, in her long course over the path of life, so many briers, so much mud, so many



rents and stains had naturally gathered, should marry with any bridegroom who presented himself, and if with a gentleman from Virginia so much the better. She would retire to his wigwam in the forest, and there be disposed of. In the natural course of things, Harry would survive his elderly bride, and might console himself or not, as he preferred, after her departure.

But after an interview with Aunt Bernstein, which his lordship had on his coming to London, he changed his opinion; and even went so far as to try and dissuade Maria from the match; and to profess a pity for the young fellow who was to be made to undergo a life of misery on account of a silly promise given at one-and-twenty!

Misery, indeed! Maria was at a loss to know why he was to be miserable. Pity, forsooth! My lord at Castlewood had thought it was no pity at all. Maria knew what pity meant. Her brother had been with Aunt Bernstein: Aunt Bernstein had offered money to break this match off. *She* understood what my lord meant, but Mr. Warrington was a man of honor, and she could trust him. Away, upon this, walks my lord to White's, or to whatever haunts he frequented. It is probable that his sister had guessed too accurately what the nature of his conversation with Madame Bernstein had been.

"And so," thinks he, "the end of my virtue is likely to be that the Mohock will fall a prey to others, and that there is no earthly use in my sparing him. 'Quem Deus vult,' what was the schoolmaster's adage? If I don't have him, somebody else will, that is clear. My brother has had a slice; my dear sister wants to swallow the whole of him bodily. Here have I been at home respecting his youth and innocence forsooth, declining to play beyond the value of a sixpence, and acting guardian and Mentor to him. Why, I am but a fool to fatten a goose for other people to feed off! Not many a good action have I done in this life, and here is this one, that serves to benefit whom?—other folks.

Talk of remorse! By all the fires and furies, the remorse I have is for things I haven't done and might have done! Why did I spare Lucretia? She hated me ever after, and her husband went the way for which he was predestined. Why have I let this lad off?—that March and the rest, who don't want him, may pluck him! And I have a bad repute; and I am the man people point at, and call the wicked lord, and against whom women warn their sons! Pardi, I am not a penny worse, only a great deal more unlucky than my neighbors, and 'tis only my cursed weakness that has been my greatest enemy!" Here manifestly, in setting down a speech which a gentleman only *thought*, a chronicler overdraws his account with the patient reader, who has a

right not to accept this draft on his credulity. But have not Livy, and Thucydides, and a score more of historians, made speeches for their heroes, which we know the latter never thought of delivering? How much more may we then, knowing my Lord Castlewood's character so intimately as we do, declare what was passing in his mind, and transcribe his thoughts on this paper? What? a whole pack of the wolves are on the hunt after this lamb, and will make a meal of him presently, and one hungry old hunter is to stand by, and not have a single cutlet? Who has not admired that noble speech of my Lord Clive, when reproached, on his return from India, with making rather too free with jaghires, lakhs, gold mohurs, diamonds, pearls, and what not: "Upon my life," said the hero of Plassy, "when I think of my opportunities, I am surprised I took so little!"

To tell disagreeable stories of a gentleman, until one is in a manner forced to impart them, is always painful to a feeling mind. Hence, though I have known, before the very first page of this history was written, what sort of a person my Lord Castlewood was, and in what esteem he was held by his contemporaries, I have kept back much that was unpleasant about him, only allowing the candid reader to perceive that he was a nobleman who ought not to be at all of our liking. It is true that my Lord March, and other gentlemen of whom he complained, would have thought no more of betting with Mr. Warrington for his last shilling, and taking their winnings, than they would scruple to pick the bones of a chicken; that they would take any advantage of the game, or their superior skill in it—of the race, and their private knowledge of the horses engaged. In so far, they followed the practice of all gentlemen; but when they played, they played fair; and when they lost, they paid.

Now Madame Bernstein was loth to tell her Virginian nephew all she knew to his family's discredit; she was even touched by my lord's

forbearance in regard to Harry on his first arrival in Europe, and pleased with his lordship's compliance with her wishes in this particular. But in the conversation which she had with her nephew Castlewood regarding Maria's designs on Harry, he had spoken his mind out with his usual cynicism, voted himself a fool for having spared a lad whom no sparing would eventually keep from ruin; pointed out Mr. Harry's undeniable extravagances and spendthrift associates, his nights at faro and hazard, and his rides to Newmarket, and asked why he alone should keep his hands from the young fellow? In vain Madame Bernstein pleaded that Harry was poor. Bah! he was heir to a principality which ought to have been his (Castlewood's), and might have set up their ruined family. (Indeed Madame Bernstein thought Mr. Warrington's Virginia property much greater than it was.) Were there not money-lenders in the town who would give him money on post-obits in plenty? Castlewood knew as much to his cost: he had applied to them in his father's lifetime, and the cursed crew had eaten up two-thirds of his miserable income. He spoke with such desperate candor and ill-humor that Madame Bernstein began to be alarmed for her favorite, and determined to caution him at the first opportunity.

That evening she began to pen a billet to Mr. Warrington: but all her life long she was slow with her pen, and disliked using it. "I never knew any good come of writing more than *bon jour* or business," she used to say. "What is the use of writing ill, when there are so many clever people who can do it well? and even then it were best left alone." So she sent one of her men to Mr. Harry's lodging, bidding him come and drink a dish of tea with her next day, when she proposed to warn him.

But the next morning she was indisposed, and could not receive Mr. Harry when he came; and she kept her chamber for a couple of days, and the next day there was a great engagement; and the next day Mr. Harry was off on some expedition of his own. In the whirl of London life, what man sees his neighbor, what brother his sister, what school-fellow his old friend? Ever so many days passed before Mr. Warrington and his aunt had that confidential conversation which the latter desired.

She began by scolding him mildly about his extravagance and mad-cap frolics (though, in truth, she was charmed with him for both). He replied that young men will be young men, and that it was in dutifully waiting in attendance on his aunt he had made the acquaintance with whom he mostly lived at present. She then, with some prelude, began to warn him regarding his cousin, Lord Castlewood; on which he broke into a bitter laugh, and said the good-natured world had told him plenty about Lord Castlewood already. "To say of a man of his lordship's rank, or of any gentleman, 'Don't play with him!' is more than I like to do," continued the lady; "but—"

"Oh, you may say on, aunt!" said Harry, with something like an imprecation on his lips.

"And have you played with your cousin already?" asked the young man's worldly old monitress.

"And lost and won, madame!" answers Harry, gallantly. "It don't become me to say which. If we have a bout with a neighbor in Virginia, a bottle, or a pack of cards, or a quarrel, we don't go home and tell our mothers. I mean no offense, aunt!" And, blushing, the handsome young fellow went up and kissed the old lady. He looked very brave and brilliant, with his rich lace, his fair face and hair, his fine new suit of velvet and gold. On taking leave of his aunt he gave his usual sumptuous benefactions to her servants, who crowded round him. It was a rainy, winter day, and my gentleman, to save his fine silk stockings, must come in a chair. "To White's!" he called out to the chairmen, and away they carried him to the place where he passed a great deal of his time.

Our Virginian's friends might have wished that he had been a less sedulous frequenter of that house of entertainment! but so much may be said in favor of Mr. Warrington that, having engaged in play, he fought his battle like a hero. He was not flustered by good luck, and perfectly calm when the chances went against him. If Fortune is proverbially fickle to men at play, how many men are fickle to Fortune, run away frightened from her advances; and desert her, who perhaps had never thought of leaving them but for their cowardice. "By George, Mr. Warrington," said Mr. Selwyn, waking up in a rare fit of enthusiasm, "you deserve to win! You treat your luck as a gentleman should, and as long as she remains with you, behave to her with the most perfect politeness. *Si celeres quatit pennas*—you know the rest—no? Well, you are not much the worse off—you will call her ladyship's coach, and make her a bow at the step. Look at Lord Castlewood yonder, passing the box. Did you ever hear a fellow curse and swear so at losing five or six pieces? She must be a jade indeed, if she long give her favors to such a niggardly *canaille* as that!"

"We don't consider our family *canaille*, Sir," says Mr. Warrington, "and my Lord Castlewood is one of them."

"I forgot. I forgot, and ask your pardon! And I make you my compliment upon my lord, and Mr. Will Esmond, his brother," says Harry's neighbor at the hazard-table. "The box is with me. Five's the main! Deuce Ace! my usual luck. *Virtute mea me involvo!*" and he sinks back in his chair.

Whether it was upon this occasion of taking the box, that Mr. Harry threw the fifteen mains mentioned in one of those other letters of Mr. Walpole's, which have not come into his present learned editor's hands, I know not; but certain it is, that on his first appearance at White's Harry had five or six evenings of prodigious

good luck, and seemed more than ever the Fortunate Youth. The five hundred pounds withdrawn from his patrimonial inheritance had multiplied into thousands. He bought fine clothes, purchased fine horses, gave grand entertainments, made handsome presents, lived as if he had been as rich as Sir James Lowther, or his Grace of Bedford, and yet the five thousand pounds never seemed to diminish. No wonder that he gave where giving was so easy; no wonder that he was generous with Fortunatus's purse in his pocket. I say no wonder that he gave, for such was his nature. Other Fortunati tie up the endless purse, drink small beer, and go to bed with a tallow candle.

During this vein of his luck, what must Mr. Harry do but find out from Lady Maria what her ladyship's debts were, and pay them off to the last shilling. Her stepmother and half-sister, who did not love her, he treated to all sorts of magnificent presents. "Had you not better get yourself arrested, Will?" my lord sardonically said to his brother. "Although you bit him in that affair of the horse, the Mohock will certainly take you out of pawn." It was then that Mr. William felt a true remorse, though not of that humble kind which sent the repentant Prodigal to his knees. "Confound it," he groaned, "to think that I have let this fellow slip for such a little matter as forty pound! Why, he was good for a thousand at least."

As for Maria, that generous creature accepted the good Fortune sent her with a grateful heart; and was ready to accept as much more as you pleased. Having paid off her debts to her various milliners, tradesmen, and purveyors, she forthwith proceeded to contract new ones. Mrs. Betty, her ladyship's maid, went round informing the tradespeople that her mistress was about to contract a matrimonial alliance with a young gentleman of immense fortune; so that they might give my lady credit to any amount. Having heard the same story twice or thrice before, the tradesfolk might not give it entire credit, but their bills were paid: even to Mrs. Pincott, of Kensington, my lady showed no rancor, and affably ordered fresh supplies from her: and when she drove about from the mercer to the toy-shop, and from the toy-shop to the jeweler, in a coach, with her maid and Mr. Warrington inside, they thought her a fortunate woman indeed to have secured the Fortunate Youth, though they might wonder at the taste of this latter in having selected so elderly a beauty. Mr. Sparks, of Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, took the liberty of waiting upon Mr. Warrington at his lodgings in Bond Street, with the pearl necklace and the gold etwée which he had bought in Lady Maria's company the day before; and asking whether he, Sparks, should leave them at his honor's lodging, or send them to her ladyship with his honor's compliments? Harry added a ring out of the stock which the jeweler happened to bring with him, to the necklace and the etwée; and sumptuously bidding that individual to send him in

the bill, took a majestic leave of Mr. Sparks, who retired, bowing even to Gumbo, as he quitted his honor's presence.

Nor did his bounties end here. Ere many days the pleased young fellow drove up in his phaeton to Mr. Sparks's shop, and took a couple of trinkets for two young ladies, whose parents had been kind to him, and for whom he entertained a sincere regard. "Ah!" thought he, "how I wish I had my poor George's wit, and genius for poetry! I would send these presents with pretty verses to Hetty and Theo. I am sure, if good-will and real regard could make a poet of me, I should have no difficulty in finding rhymes." And so he called in Parson Sampson, and they concocted a billet together.



CHAPTER XLIII.

IN WHICH HARRY FLIES HIGH.

So Mr. Harry Warrington, of Virginia, had his lodgings in Bond Street, London, England, and lived upon the fat of the land, and drank bumpers of the best wine thereof. His title of Fortunate Youth was pretty generally recognized. Being young, wealthy, good-looking, and fortunate, the fashionable world took him by the hand and made him welcome. And don't, my dear brethren, let us cry out too loudly against the selfishness of the world for being kind to the young, handsome, and fortunate, and frowning upon you and me, who may be, for argument's sake, old, ugly, and the meeblest dogs under the sun. If I have a right to choose my acquaintance, and—at the club, let us say—prefer the company of a lively, handsome, well-dressed, gentleman-like young man, who amuses me, to that of a slouching, ill-washed, misanthropic H-murderer, a ceaseless prating coxcomb, or what not; has not society—the aggregate you and I—a right to the same

choice? Harry was liked because he was likeable; because he was rich, handsome, jovial, well-born, well-bred, brave; because, with jolly toppers, he liked a jolly song and a bottle; because, with gentlemen sportsmen, he loved any game that was a-foot or a-horseback; because, with ladies, he had a modest, blushing timidity, which rendered the lad interesting; because, to those humbler than himself in degree he was always magnificently liberal, and anxious to spare annoyance. Our Virginian was very grand, and high and mighty, to be sure; but, in those times, when the distinction of ranks yet obtained, to be high and distant with his inferiors brought no unpopularity to a gentleman. Remember that, in those days, the Secretary of State always knelt when he went to the king with his dispatches of a morning; and the Under-Secretary never dared to sit down in his chief's presence. If I were Secretary of State (and such there have been among men of letters since Addison's days) I should not like to kneel when I went in to my audience with my dispatch-box. If I were Under-Secretary, I should not like to have to stand while the Right Honorable Benjamin or the Right Honorable Sir Edward looked over the papers. But there is a *modus in rebus*: there are certain lines which must be drawn: and I am only half pleased, for my part, when Bob Bowstreet, whose connection with letters is through Policemen X and Y, and Tom Garbage, who is an esteemed contributor to the *Kenel Miscellany*, propose to join fellowship as brother literary men, slap me on the back, and call me old boy, or by my Christian name.

As much pleasure as the town could give in the winter season of 1756-'57, Mr. Warrington had for the asking. There were operas for him, in which he took but moderate delight. (A prodigious deal of satire was brought to bear against these Italian operas, and they were assailed for being foolish, Popish, unmanly, unmeaning; but people went, nevertheless.) There were the theatres, with Mr. Garrick and Mrs. Prichard at one house, and Mrs. Clive at another. There were masquerades and ridottos, frequented by all the fine society; there were their lordships' and ladyships' own private drums and assemblies, which began and ended with cards, and which Mr. Warrington did not like so well as White's, because the play there was neither so high nor so fair as at the club-table.

One day his kinsman, Lord Castlewood, took him to court, and presented Harry to His Majesty, who was now come to town from Kensington. But that gracious sovereign either did not like Harry's introducer, or had other reasons for being sulky. His Majesty only said, "O! heard of you from Lady Yarmouth. The Earl of Castlewood" (turning to his lordship, and speaking in German) "shall tell him that he plays too much?" And so saying, the Defender of the Faith turned his royal back.

Lord Castlewood shrank back quite frightened at this cold reception of his august master.

"What does he say?" asked Harry.

"His Majesty thinks they play too high at White's, and is displeased," whispered the nobleman.

"If he does not want us, we had better not come again, that is all," said Harry, simply. "I never, somehow, considered that German fellow a real king of England."

"Hush! for Heaven's sake, hold your confounded colonial tongue!" cries out my lord. "Don't you see the walls here have ears?"

"And what then?" asks Mr. Warrington. "Why, look at the people! Hang me if it is not quite a curiosity! They were all shaking hands with me, and bowing to me, and flattering me, just now; and at present they avoid me as if I were the plague!"

"Shake hands, nephew," said a broad-faced, broad-shouldered gentleman in a scarlet-laced waistcoat, and a great old-fashioned wig. "I heard what you said. I have ears like the wall, look you. And, now, if other people show you the cold shoulder, I'll give you my hand;" and, so saying, the gentleman put out a great brown hand, with which he grasped Harry's. "Something of my brother about your eyes and face. Though, I suppose, in your island you grow more wiry and thin like. I am thine uncle, child. My name is Sir Miles Warrington. My lord knows me well enough."

My lord looked very frightened and yellow.

"Yes, my dear Harry. This is your paternal uncle, Sir Miles Warrington."

"Might as well have come to see us in Norfolk, as dangle about playing the fool at Tunbridge Wells, Mr. Warrington, or Mr. Esmond, which do you call yourself?" said the Baronet. "The old lady calls herself Madam Esmond, don't she?"

"My mother is not ashamed of her father's name, nor am I, uncle," said Mr. Harry, rather proudly.

"Well said, lad! Come home and eat a bit of mutton with Lady Warrington, at three, in Hill Street—that is, if you can do without your White's kickshaws. You need not look frightened, my Lord Castlewood! I shall tell no tales out of school."

"I—I am sure Sir Miles Warrington will act as a gentleman!" says my lord, in much perturbation.

"Belike, he will," growled the Baronet, turning on his heel. "And thou wilt come, young man, at three; and mind, good roast mutton waits for nobody. Thou hast a great look of thy father. Lord bless us, how we used to beat each other! He was smaller than me, and in course younger; but many a time he had the best of it. Take it he was henpecked, when he married, and Madam Esmond took the spirit out of him when she got him in her island. Virginia is an island. Ain't it an island?"

Harry laughed, and said "No!" And the jolly Baronet, going off, said, "Well, island or not, thou must come and tell all about it to my lady. She'll know whether 'tis an island or not."

"My dear Mr. Warrington," said my lord, with an appealing look, "I need not tell you that, in this great city, every man has enemies, and that there is a great, great deal of detraction and scandal. I never spoke to you about Sir Miles Warrington, precisely because I did know him, and because we have had differences together. Should he permit himself remarks to my disparagement, you will receive them *en grano*, and remember that it is from an enemy they come." And the pair walked out of the King's apartments and into Saint James's Street. Harry found the news of his cold reception at court had already preceded him to White's. The King had turned his back upon him. The King was jealous of Harry's favor with the favorite. Harry was *au mieux* with Lady Yarmouth. A score of gentlemen wished him a compliment upon his conquest. Before night it was a settled matter that this was among the other victories of the Fortunate Youth.

Sir Miles told his wife and Harry as much, when the young man appeared at the appointed hour at the Baronet's dinner-table, and he rallied Harry in his simple rustic fashion. The lady, at first, a grand and stately personage, told Harry, on their further acquaintance, that the reputation which the world had made for him was so bad, that at first she had given him but a frigid welcome. With the young ladies, Sir Miles's daughters, it was, "How d'y'e do, cousin?" and "No, thank you, cousin," and a number of prim courtesies to the Virginian, as they greeted him and took leave of him. The little boy, the heir of the house, dined at table under the care of his governor; and, having his glass of port by papa after dinner, gave a loose to his innocent tongue, and asked many questions of his cousin. At last the innocent youth said, after looking hard in Harry's face, "Are you wicked, cousin Harry? You don't look very wicked!"

"My dear Master Miles!" expostulates the tutor, turning very red.

"But you know you said he was wicked!" cried the child.

"We are all miserable sinners, Miley," explained papa. "Haven't you heard the clergyman say so every Sunday?"

"Yes, but not so very wicked as cousin Harry. Is it true that you gamble, cousin, and drink all night with wicked men, and frequent the company of wicked women? You know you said so, Mr. Walker—and mamma said so too, that Lady Yarmouth was a wicked woman."

"And you are a little pitcher," cries papa; "and my wife, nephew Harry, is a stanch Jacobite—you won't like her the worse for that. Take Miles to his sisters, Mr. Walker, and Topsham shall give thee a ride in the park, child, on thy little horse." The idea of the little horse consoled Master Miles; for when his father ordered him away to his sisters, he had begun to cry bitterly, bawling out "that he would far rather stay with his wicked cousin."

"They have made you a sad reputation

among 'em, nephew!" says the jolly Baronet.

"My wife, you must know, of late years, and since the death of my poor eldest son, has taken to—to, hum!—to Tottenham Court Road and Mr. Whitfield's preaching: and we have had one Ward about the house, a friend of Mr. Walker's yonder, who has recounted sad stories about you and your brother at home."

"About me, Sir Miles, as much as he pleases," cries Harry, warm with port: "but I'll break any man's bones who dares say a word against my brother! Why, Sir, that fellow was not fit to buckle my dear George's shoe; and if I find him repeating at home what he dared to say in our house in Virginia, I promise him a second caning."

"You seem to stand up for your friends, nephew Harry," says the Baronet. "Fill thy glass, lad. Thou art *not* as bad as thou hast been painted. I always told my lady so. I drink Madam Esmond Warrington's health, of Virginia, and will have a full bumper for that toast."

Harry, as in duty bound, emptied his glass, filled again, and drank Lady Warrington and Master Miles.

"Thou wouldst be heir to four thousand acres in Norfolk, did he die, though," said the Baronet.

"God forbid, Sir, and be praised that I have acres enough in Virginia of my own!" says Mr. Warrington. He went up presently and took a dish of coffee with Lady Warrington: he talked to the young ladies of the house. He was quite easy, pleasant, and natural. There was one of them somewhat like Fanny Mountain, and this young lady became his special favorite. When he went away, they all agreed their wicked cousin was not near so wicked as they had imagined him to be: at any rate, my lady had strong hopes of rescuing him from the pit. She sent him a good book that evening, while Mr. Harry was at White's; with a pretty note, praying that "Law's Call" might be of service to him: and, this dispatched, she and her daughters went off to a rout at the house of a minister's lady. But Harry, before he went to White's, had driven to his friend Mr. Sparks, in Tavistock Street, and purchased more trinkets for his female cousins—"from their aunt in Virginia," he said. You see, he was full of kindness: he kindled and warmed with prosperity. There are men on whom wealth hath no such fortunate influence. It hardens base hearts: it makes those who were mean and servile, mean and proud. If it should please the gods to try me with ten thousand a year, I will, of course, meekly submit myself to their decrees, but I will pray them to give me strength enough to bear the trial. All the girls in Hill Street were delighted at getting the presents from Aunt Warrington in Virginia, and addressed a collective note, which must have astonished that good lady when she received it in spring time, when she and Mountain and Fanny were on a visit to grim, deserted Castlewood,

when the snows had cleared away, and a thousand peach-trees flushed with blossoms. "Poor boy!" the mother thought. "This is some present he gave his cousins in my name, in the time of his prosperity—nay, of his extravagance and folly. How quickly his wealth has passed away! But he ever had a kind heart for the poor, Mountain, and we must not forget him in his need. It behooves us to be more than ever careful of our own expenses, my good people!" And so I dare say they warmed themselves by one log, and ate of one dish, and worked by one candle. And the widow's servants, whom the good soul began to pinch more and more, I fear, lied, stole, and cheated more and more; and what was saved in one way was stole in another.

One afternoon Mr. Harry sate in his Bond Street lodgings, arrayed in his dressing-gown, sipping his chocolate, surrounded by luxury, incased in satin, and yet enveloped in care. A few weeks previously, when the luck was with him, and he was scattering his benefactions to and fro, he had royally told Parson Sampson to get together a list of his debts, which he, Mr. Warrington, would pay. Accordingly, Sampson had gone to work, and had got together a list, not of all his debts—no man ever does set down all—but such a catalogue as he thought sufficient to bring in to Mr. Warrington, at whose breakfast-table the divine had humbly waited until his Honor should choose to attend it.

Harry appeared at length, very pale and languid, in curl-papers, had scarce any appetite for his breakfast; and the Chaplain, fumbling with his schedule in his pocket, humbly asked if his patron had had a bad night? Yes, his Honor had had a very bad night. He had been brought home from White's by two chairmen at five o'clock in the morning; had caught a confounded cold, for one of the windows of the chair would not shut, and the rain and snow came in; finally, was in such a bad humor, that all poor Sampson's quirks and jokes could scarcely extort a smile from him.

At last, to be sure, Mr. Warrington burst into a loud laugh. It was when the poor Chaplain, after a sufficient discussion of muffins, eggs, tea, the news, the theatres, and so forth, pulled a paper out of his pocket, and in a piteous tone said, "Here is that schedule of debts which your Honor asked for—two hundred and forty-three pounds—every shilling I owe in the world, thank Heaven!—that is—ahem!—every shilling of which the payment will in the least inconvenience me—and I need not tell my dearest patron that I shall consider him my saviour and benefactor!"

It was then that Harry, taking the paper and eying the Chaplain with rather a wicked look, burst into a laugh, which was, however, any thing but jovial. Wicked execrations, moreover, accompanied this outbreak of humor, and the luckless Chaplain felt that his petition had come at the wrong moment.

"Confound it, why didn't you bring it on Monday?" Harry asked.

"Confound me, why did I not bring it on Monday?" echoed the Chaplain's timid soul. "It is my luck—my usual luck. Have the cards been against you, Mr. Warrington?"

"Yes: a plague on them. Monday night, and last night, have both gone against me. Don't be frightened, Chaplain, there's money enough in the locker yet. But I must go into the City and get some."

"What, sell out, Sir?" asks his Reverence, with a voice that was reassured, though it intended to be alarmed.

"Sell out, Sir? Yes! I borrowed a hundred of Mackreth in counters last night, and must pay him at dinner time. I will do your business for you nevertheless, and never fear, my good Mr. Sampson. Come to breakfast tomorrow, and we will see and deliver your Reverence from the Philistines." But though he laughed in Sampson's presence, and strove to put a good face upon the matter, Harry's head sank down on his chest when the parson quitted him, and he sate over the fire, beating the coals about with the poker, and giving utterance to many naughty disjointed words, which showed, but did not relieve, the agitation of his spirit.

In this mood the young fellow was interrupted by the appearance of a friend, who on any other day—even on that one when his conscience was so uneasy—was welcome to Mr. Warrington. This was no other than Mr. Lambert, in his military dress, but with a cloak over him, who had come from the country, had been to the Captain-General's levee that morning, and had come thence to visit his young friend in Bond Street.

Harry may have thought Lambert's greeting rather cold; but being occupied with his own affairs, he put away that notion. How were the ladies of Oakhurst, and Miss Hetty, who was ailing when he passed through in the autumn? Purely? Mr. Warrington was very glad. They were come to stay a while in London with their friend Lord Wrotham? Mr. Harry was delighted—though it must be confessed his face did not exhibit any peculiar signs of pleasure when he heard the news.

"And so you live at White's, and with the great folks; and you fare sumptuously every day, and you pay your court at St. James's, and make one at my Lady Yarmouth's routs, and at all the card-parties in the court end of the town?" asks the Colonel.

"My dear Colonel, I do what other folks do," says Harry, with rather a high manner.

"Other folks are richer folks than some folks, my dear lad."

"Sir!" says Mr. Warrington, "I would thank you to believe that I owe nothing for which I can not pay!"

"I should never have spoken about your affairs," said the other, not noticing the young man's haughty tone, "but that you yourself

confided them to me. I hear all sorts of stories about the Fortunate Youth. Only at his Royal Highness's even to-day, they were saying how rich you were already, and I did not deceive them—"

"Colonel Lambert, I can't help the world gossiping about me!" cries Mr. Warrington, more and more impatient.

"—And what prodigious sums you had won. Eighteen hundred one night—two thousand another—six or eight thousand in all! Oh! there were gentlemen from White's at the levee too, I can assure you, and the army can fling a main as well as you civilians!"

"I wish they would meddle with their own affairs," says Harry, scowling at his old friend.

"And I, too, you look as if you were going to say. Well, my boy, it *is* my affair, and you must let Theo's father, and Hetty's father, and Harry Warrington's father's old friend say *how* it is my affair." Here the Colonel drew a packet out of his pocket, whereof the lappets and the coat-tails and the general pocket accommodations were much more ample than in the scant military garments of present warriors. "Look you, Harry. These trinkets which you sent with the kindest heart in the world to people who love you, and would cut off their little hands to spare you needless pain, could never be bought by a young fellow with two or three hundred a year. Why, a nobleman might buy these things, or a rich City banker, and send them to his—to his daughters, let us say."

"Sir, as you say, I meant only kindness," says Harry, blushing burning-red.

"But you must not give them to my girls, my boy. Hester and Theodosia Lambert must not be dressed up with the winnings off the gaming-table, saving your presence. It goes to my heart to bring back the trinkets. Mrs. Lambert will keep her present, which is of small value, and sends you her love and a God bless you—and so say I, Harry Warrington, with all my heart." Here the good Colonel's voice was much moved, and his face grew very red, and he passed his hand over his eyes ere he held it out.

But the spirit of rebellion was strong in Mr. Warrington. He rose up from his seat, never offering to take the hand which his senior held out to him. "Give me leave to tell Colonel Lambert," he said, "that I have had somewhat too much advice from him. You are forever volunteering it, Sir, and when I don't ask it. You make it your business to inquire about my gains at play, and about the company I keep. What right have you to control my amusements or my companions? I strive to show my sense of your former kindness by little presents to your family, and you fling—you bring them back."

"I can't do otherwise, Mr. Warrington," says the Colonel, with a very sad face.

"Such a slight may mean nothing here, Sir, but in our country it means war, Sir!" cries Mr. Warrington. "God forbid I should talk of drawing a sword against the father of ladies

who have been as mother and sister to me; but you have wounded my heart, Colonel Lambert—you have, I won't say insulted, but humiliated me, and this is a treatment I will bear from no man alive! My servants will attend you to the door, Sir!" Saying which, and rustling in his brocade dressing-gown, Mr. Warrington, with much state, walked off to his bedroom.

CHAPTER XLIV.

CONTAINS WHAT MIGHT, PERHAPS, HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

ON the rejection of his peace-offerings our warlike young American chief chose to be in great wrath, not only against Colonel Lambert, but the whole of that gentleman's family. "He has humiliated me before the girls!" thought the young man. "He and Mr. Wolfe, who were forever preaching morality to me, and giving themselves airs of superiority and protection, have again been holding me up to the family as a scapegrace and prodigal. They are so virtuous that they won't shake me by the hand, forsooth; and when I want to show them a little common gratitude, they fling my presents in my face!"

"Why, Sir, the things must be worth a little fortune!" says Parson Sampson, casting an eye of covetousness on the two morocco boxes, in which, on their white satin cushions, reposed Mr. Sparks's golden gewgaws.

"They cost some money, Sampson," says the young man. "Not that I would grudge ten times the amount to people who have been kind to me."

"No, faith, Sir, not if I know your honor!" interjects Sampson, who never lost a chance of praising his young patron to his face.

"The repeater, they told me, was a great bargain, and worth a hundred pounds at Paris. Little Miss Hetty I remember saying that she longed to have a repeating watch."

"Oh, what a love!" cries the Chaplain, "with a little circle of pearls on the back, and a diamond knob for the handle! Why, 'twould win any woman's heart, Sir!"

"There passes an apple-woman with a basket, I have a mind to fling the thing out to her!" cries Mr. Warrington, fiercely.

When Harry went out upon business, which took him to the city and the Temple, his parasite did not follow him very far into the Strand; but turned away, owning that he had a terror of Chancery Lane, its inhabitants, and precincts. Mr. Warrington went then to his broker, and they walked to the Bank together, where they did some little business, at the end of which, and after the signing of a trifling signature or two, Harry departed with a certain number of crisp bank-notes in his pocket. The broker took Mr. Warrington to one of the great dining-houses for which the city was famous then as now; and afterward showed Mr. Warrington the Virginia walk upon 'Change, through which Harry passed rather shamefacedly. What would



a certain lady in Virginia say, he thought, if she knew that he was carrying off in that bottomless gambler's pocket a great portion of his father's patrimony? Those are all Virginia merchants, thinks he, and they are all talking to one another about me, and all saying, "That is young Esmond, of Castlewood, on the Potomac, Madam Esmond's son; and he has been losing his money at play, and he has been selling out so much, and so much, and so much."

His spirits did not rise until he had passed under the traitors' heads of Temple Bar, and was fairly out of the city. From the Strand Mr. Harry walked home, looking in at St. James's Street by the way; but there was nobody there as yet, the company not coming to the chocolate-house till a later hour.

Arrived at home, Mr. Harry pulls out his bundle of bank-notes; puts three of them into a sheet of paper, which he seals carefully, having previously written within the sheet the words, "Much good may they do you, H. E. W.," and this packet he directs to the Reverend Mr. Sampson—leaving it on the chimney glass, with directions to his servants to give it to that divine when he should come in.

And now his honor's phaeton is brought to the door, and he steps in, thinking to drive round the park; but the rain coming on, or the east wind blowing, or some other reason arising, his honor turns his horse's head down St. James's Street, and is back at White's at about three o'clock. Scarce any body has come in yet. It is the hour when folks are at dinner. There, however, is my cousin Castlewood, lounging over the *Public Advertiser*, having just come off from his duty at Court hard by.

Lord Castlewood is yawning over the *Public Advertiser*. What shall they do? Shall they have a little picquet? Harry has no objection

to a little picquet. "Just for an hour," says Lord Castlewood. "I dine at Arlington Street at four." "Just for an hour," says Mr. Warrington; and they call for cards.

"Or shall we have 'em in up stairs?" says my lord. "Out of the noise?" "Certainly out of the noise," says Harry.

At five o'clock half a dozen of gentlemen have come in after their dinner, and are at cards, or coffee, or talk. The folks from the ordinary have not left the table yet. There the gentlemen of White's will often sit till past midnight.

One tooth-pick points over the coffee-house blinds into the street. "Whose phaeton?" asks Tooth-pick 1 of Tooth-pick 2.

"The Fortunate Youth's," says No. 2.

"Not so fortunate the last three nights. Luck confoundedly against him. Lost, last night, thirteen hundred to the table. Mr. Warrington been here to-day, John?"

"Mr. Warrington is in the house now, Sir. In the little tea-room with Lord Castlewood since three o'clock. They are playing at picquet," says John.

"What fun for Castlewood," says No. 1, with a shrug.

The second gentleman growls out an execration. "Curse the fellow!" he says. "He has no right to be in this club at all. He doesn't pay if he loses. Gentlemen ought not to play with him. Sir Miles Warrington told me at court the other day that Castlewood has owed him money on a bet these three years."

"Castlewood," says No. 1, "don't lose if he plays alone. A large company *flurries* him, you see—that's why he doesn't come to the table." And the facetious gentleman grins, and shows all his teeth, polished perfectly clean.

"Let's go up and stop 'em," growls No. 2.

"Why?" asks the other. "Much better look out a window. Lamplighter going up the ladder—famous sport. Look at that old putt in the chair; did you ever see such an old quiz?"

"Who is that just gone out of the house? As I live, it's Fortunatus! He seems to have forgotten that his phaeton has been here, waiting all the time. I bet you two to one he has been losing to Castlewood."

"Jack, do you take me to be a fool?" asks the one gentleman of the other. "Pretty pair of horses the youth has got. How he is flogging 'em!" And they see Mr. Warrington galloping up the street, and scared coachmen and chairmen clearing before him; presently my Lord Castlewood is seen to enter a chair, and go his way.

Harry drives up to his own door. It was

but a few yards, and those poor horses have been beating the pavement all this while in the rain. Mr. Gumbo is engaged at the door in conversation with a countryfied-looking lass, who trips off with a courtesy. Mr. Gumbo is always engaged with some pretty maid or other.

"Gumbo, has Mr. Sampson been here?" asks Gumbo's master from his driving-seat.

"No, Sir. Mr. Sampson have not been here!" answers Mr. Warrington's gentleman. Harry bids him to go up stairs and bring down a letter addressed to Mr. Sampson.

"Addressed to Mr. Sampson? O yes, Sir," says Mr. Gumbo, who can't read.

"A sealed letter, stupid! on the mantle-piece, in the glass!" says Harry; and Gumbo leisurely retires to fetch that document. As soon as Harry has it, he turns his horses' heads toward St. James's Street, and the two gentlemen, still yawning out of the window at White's, behold the Fortunate Youth in an instant back again.

As they passed out of the little tea-room where he and Lord Castlewood had had their piquet together, Mr. Warrington had seen that several gentlemen had entered the play-room, and that there was a bank there. Some were already steadily at work, and had their gaming jackets on: they kept such coats at the club, which they put on when they had a mind to sit down to a regular night's play.

Mr. Warrington goes to the clerk's desk, pays his account of the previous night, and, sitting down at the table, calls for fresh counters. This has been decidedly an unlucky week with the Fortunate Youth, and to-night is no more fortunate than previous nights have been. He calls for more counters, and more presently. He is a little pale and silent, though very easy and polite when talked to. But he can not win.

At last he gets up. "Hang it! stay and mend your luck!" says Lord March, who is sitting by his side with a heap of counters before him, green and white. "Take a hundred of mine, and go on!"

"I have had enough for to-night, my lord," says Harry, and rises and goes away, and eats a broiled bone in the coffee-room, and walks back to his lodgings some time about midnight. A man after a great catastrophe commonly sleeps pretty well. It is the waking in the morning which is sometimes queer and unpleasant. Last night you proposed to Miss Brown: you quarreled over your cups with Captain Jones, and valorously pulled his nose: you played at cards with Colonel Robinson, and gave him, O how many I O U's! These thoughts, with a fine headache, assail you in the morning watches. What a dreary, dreary gulf between to-day and yesterday! It seems as if you are years older. Can't you leap back over that chasm again, and is it not possible that Yesterday is but a dream? There you are, in bed. No daylight in at the windows yet. Pull your night-cap over your eyes, the blankets over your nose, and sleep away Yesterday. Pshaw, man, it was

but a dream! O no, no! The sleep won't come. The watchman bawls some hour—what hour? Harry minds him that he has got the repeating watch under his pillow which he had bought for Hester. Ting, ting, ting! the repeating watch sings out six times in the darkness, with a little supplementary performance indicating the half hour. Poor dear little Hester!—so bright, so gay, so innocent! he would have liked her to have that watch. What will Maria say? (Oh, that old Maria! what a bore she is beginning to be! he thinks.) What will Madam Esmond at home say when she hears that he has lost every shilling of his ready money—of his patrimony? All his winnings, and five thousand pounds besides, in three nights! Castlewood could not have played him false? No. My Lord knows piquet better than Harry does, but he would not deal unfairly with his own flesh and blood. No, no. Harry is glad his kinsman, who wanted the money, has got it. And for not one more shilling than he possessed would he play. It was when he counted up his losses at the gaming-table, and found they would cover all the remainder of his patrimony, that he passed the box and left the table. But, O cursed bad company! O extravagance and folly! O humiliation and remorse! "Will my mother at home forgive me?" thinks the young prodigal. "O that I were there, and had never left it!"

The dreary London dawn peeps at length through shutters and curtains. The housemaid enters to light his Honor's fire and admit the dun morning into his windows. Her Mr. Gumbo presently follows, who warms his master's dressing-gown and sets out his shaving-plate and linen. Then arrives the hair-dresser to curl and powder his Honor, while he reads his morning's letters; and at breakfast time comes that inevitable Parson Sampson, with eager looks and servile smiles, to wait on his patron. The Parson would have returned yesterday according to mutual agreement, but some jolly fellows kept him to dinner at the St. Alban's, and, faith, they made a night of it.

"O Parson!" groaned Harry, "'twas the worst night you ever made in your life! Look here, Sir!"

"Here is a broken envelope with the words, 'Much good may it do you,' written within," says the Chaplain, glancing at the paper.

"Look on the outside, Sir!" cries Mr. Warrington. "The paper was directed to you." The poor Chaplain's countenance exhibited great alarm. "Has some one broke it open, Sir?" he asks.

"Some one, yes. I broke it open, Sampson. Had you come here as you proposed yesterday afternoon, you would have found that envelope full of bank-notes. As it is, they were all dropped at the infernal Macco table last night."

"What! all?" says Sampson.

"Yes, all, with all the money I brought away from the city, and all the ready money I have



A PAIR OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

left in the world. In the afternoon I played picquet with my cous—with a gentleman at White's—and he eased me of all the money I had about me. Remembering that there was still some money left here, unless you had fetched it, I came home and carried it back, and left it at the Macco table, with every shilling besides that belongs to me—and—great Heaven, Sampson, what's the matter, man?"

"It's my luck—it's my usual luck!" cries out the unfortunate Chaplain, and fairly bursts into tears.

"What! You are not whimpering like a baby at the loss of a loan of a couple of hundred pounds?" cries out Mr. Warrington, very fierce and angry. "Leave the room, Gumbo! Confound you! why are you always poking your woolly head in at that door?"

"Some one below wants to see Master with a little bill," says Mr. Gumbo.

"Tell him to go to Jericho!" roars out Mr. Warrington. "Let me see nobody! I am not at home, Sir, at this hour of the morning!"

A murmur or two, a scuffle is heard on the landing-place, and silence finally ensues. Mr. Warrington's scorn and anger are not diminished by this altercation. He turns round savagely upon unhappy Sampson, who sits with his head buried in his breast.

"Hadn't you better take a bumper of brandy to keep your spirits up, Mr. Sampson?" he asks. "Hang it, man! don't be sniveling like a woman!"

"Oh! it's not me," says Sampson, tossing his head. "I am used to it, Sir."

"Not you! Who then? Are you crying because somebody else is hurt, pray?" asks Mr. Warrington.

"Yes, Sir!" says the Chaplain, with some spirit; "because somebody else is hurt, and through my fault. I have lodged for many years in London with a boot-maker, a very honest man; and, a few days since, having a perfect reliance upon—upon a friend who had promised to accommodate me with a loan, I borrowed sixty pounds from my landlord which he was about to pay to his own. I can't get the money. My poor landlord's goods will be seized for rent; his wife and dear young children will be turned into the street; and this honest family will be ruined through my fault. But, as you say, Mr. Warrington, I ought not to snivel like a woman. I will remember that you helped me once, and will bid you farewell, Sir."

And taking his broad-leafed hat, Mr. Chaplain walked out of the room.

An execration and a savage laugh, I am sorry to say, burst out of Harry's lips at this sudden movement of the Chaplain's. He was in such a passion with himself, with circumstances, with all people round about him, that he scarce knew where to turn, or what he said. Sampson heard the savage laughter, and then the voice of Harry calling from the stairs, "Sampson, Sampson! hang you! come back! It's a mistake! I beg your pardon!" But the Chaplain was cut to the soul, and walked on. Harry heard the door of the street as the parson slammed it. It thumped on his own breast. He entered his room, and sank back on his luxurious chair there. He was Prodigal, among the swine—his foul remorse; they had tripped him up, and were wallowing over him. Gambling, extravagance, debauchery, dissolute life, reckless companions, dangerous women—they were all upon him in a herd, and were trampling upon the prostrate young sinner.

Prodigal was not, however, yet utterly overcome, and had some fight left in him. Dashing the filthy, importunate brutes aside, and, as it were, kicking his ugly remembrances away from him, Mr. Warrington seized a great glass of that fire-water which he had recommended to poor, humiliated Parson Sampson, and, flinging off his fine damask robe, rang for the trembling Gumbo, and ordered his coat. "Not that!" roars he, as Gumbo brings him a fine green coat with plated buttons and a gold cord. "A plain suit—the plainer the better! The black clothes." And Gumbo brings the mourning coat which his master had discarded for some months past.

Mr. Harry then takes: 1, his fine new gold watch; 2, his repeater (that which he had bought for Hetty), which he puts into his other fob; 3, his necklace, which he had purchased for Theo; 4, his rings, of which my gentleman must have half a dozen at least (with the exception of his grandfather's old seal-ring, which he kisses and lays down on the pin-cushion again); 5, his

three gold snuff-boxes; and 6, his purse knitted by his mother, and containing three shillings and sixpence and a pocket-piece brought from Virginia; and, putting on his hat, issues from his door.

At the landing he is met by Mr. Ruff, his landlord, who bows and cringes and puts into his honor's hand a strip of paper a yard long. "Much obliged if Mr. Warrington will settle. Mrs. Ruff has a large account to make up to-day." Mrs. Ruff is a milliner. Mr. Ruff is one of the head-waiters and aides-de-camp of Mr. Mackreth, the proprietor of White's Club. The sight of the landlord does not add to the lodger's good-humor.

"Perhaps his honor will have the kindness to settle the little account?" asks Mr. Ruff.

"Of course I will settle the account," says Harry, glumly looking down over Mr. Ruff's head from the stair above him.

"Perhaps Mr. Warrington will settle it now?"

"No, Sir, I will *not* settle it now!" says Mr. Warrington, bullying forward.

"I'm very—very much in want of money, Sir," pleads the voice under him. "Mrs. Ruff is—"

"Hang you, Sir, get out of the way!" cries Mr. Warrington, ferociously, and driving Mr. Ruff backward to the wall, sending him almost topsy-turvy down his own landing, he tramps down the stair, and walks forth into Bond Street.

The Guards were at exercise at the King's Mews, at Charing Cross, as Harry passed, and he heard their drums and fifes, and looked in at the gate, and saw them at drill. "I can shoulder a musket at any rate," thought he to himself, gloomily, as he strode on. He crossed St. Martin's Lane (where he transacted some business), and so made his way into Long Acre, and to the bootmaker's house where friend Sampson lodged. The woman of the house said Mr. Sampson was not at home, but had promised to be at home at one; and, as she knew Mr. Warrington, showed him up to the parson's apartments, where he sat down, and, for want of occupation, tried to read an unfinished sermon of the Chaplain's. The subject was the Prodigal Son. Mr. Harry did not take very accurate cognizance of the sermon.

Presently he heard the landlady's shrill voice on the stair, pursuing somebody who ascended, and Sampson rushed into the room, followed by the sobbing woman.

At seeing Harry, Sampson started, and the landlady stopped. Absorbed in her own domestic cares, she had doubtless forgot that a visitor was awaiting her lodger. "There's only thirteen pound in the house, and he will be here at one, I tell you!" she was bawling out, as she pursued her victim.

"Hush, hush! my good creature!" cries the gasping Chaplain, pointing to Harry, who rose from the window-seat. "Don't you see Mr. Warrington? I've business with him—most

important business. It will be all right, I tell you!" And he soothed and coaxed Mrs. Landlady out of the room, with the crowd of anxious little ones hanging at her coats.

"Sampson, I have come to ask your pardon again," says Mr. Warrington, rising up. "What I said to-day to you was very cruel and unjust and unlike a gentleman."

"Not a word more, Sir," says the other, coldly and sadly, bowing and scarcely pressing the hand which Harry offered him.

"I see you are still angry with me," Harry continues.

"Nay, Sir, an apology is an apology. A man of my station can ask for no more from one of yours. No doubt you did not mean to give me pain. And what if you did? And you are not the only one of the family who has," he said, as he looked piteously round the room. "I wish I had never known the name of Esmond or Castlewood," he continues, "or that place yonder of which the picture hangs over my fire-place, and where I have buried myself these long, long years. My lord, your cousin, took a fancy to me, said he would make my fortune, has kept me as his dependent till fortune has passed by me, and now refuses me my due."

"How do you mean your due, Mr. Sampson?" asks Harry.

"I mean three years' salary which he owes me as Chaplain of Castlewood. Seeing you could give me no money, I went to his lordship this morning, and asked him. I fell on my knees, and asked him, Sir. But his lordship had none. He gave me civil words, at least (saving your presence, Mr. Warrington), but no money—that is five guineas, which he declared was all he had, and which I took. But what are five guineas among so many? Oh, those poor little children! those poor little children!"

"Lord Castlewood said he had no money," cries out Harry. "He won eleven hundred pounds, yesterday, of me at picquet—which I paid him out of this pocket-book."

"I dare say, Sir; I dare say, Sir. One can't believe a word his lordship says, Sir," says Mr. Sampson; "but I am thinking of execution in this house and ruin upon these poor folks to-morrow."

"That need not happen," says Mr. Warrington. "Here are eighty guineas, Sampson. As far as they go, God help you! 'Tis all I have to give you. I wish to my heart I could give more as I promised; but you did not come at the right time, and I am a poor devil now until I get my remittances from Virginia."

The Chaplain gave a wild look of surprise, and turned quite white. He flung himself down on his knees and seized Harry's hand.

"Great Powers, Sir!" says he, "are you a guardian angel that Heaven hath sent me? You quarreled with my tears this morning, Mr. Warrington. I can't help them now. They burst, Sir, from a grateful heart. A rock of

stone would pour them forth, Sir, before such goodness as yours! May Heaven eternally bless you, and give you prosperity! May my unworthy prayers be heard in your behalf, my friend, my best benefactor! May —"

"Nay, nay! get up, friend—get up, Sampson!" says Harry, whom the Chaplain's adulation and fine phrases rather annoyed. "I am glad to have been able to do you a service—sincerely glad. There—there! Don't be on your knees to me!"

"To Heaven who sent you to me, Sir!" cries the Chaplain. "Mrs. Weston! Mrs. Weston!"

"What is it, Sir?" says the landlady, instantly, who, indeed, had been at the door the whole time. "We are saved, Mrs. Weston! We are saved!" cries the Chaplain. "Kneel, kneel, woman, and thank our benefactor! Raise your innocent voices, children, and bless him!" A universal whimper arose round Harry, which the Chaplain led off, while the young Virginian stood, simpering and well-pleased, in the midst of this congregation. They *would* worship, do what he might. One of the children not understanding the kneeling order, and standing up, the mother fetched her a slap on the ear, crying, "Drat it, Jane, kneel down, and bless the gentleman, I tell 'ee!" . . . We leave them performing this sweet benedictory service. Mr. Harry walks off from Long Acre, forgetting almost the griefs of the former four or five days, and tingling with the consciousness of having done a good action.

The young woman with whom Gumbo had been conversing on that evening when Harry drove up from White's to his lodging, was Mrs. Molly, from Oakhurst, the attendant of the ladies there. Wherever that fascinating Gumbo went, he left friends and admirers in the servants' hall. I think we said it was on a Wednesday evening, he and Mrs. Molly had fetched a walk together, and they were performing the amiable courtesies incident upon parting, when Gumbo's master came up, and put an end to their twilight whisperings and what not.

For many hours on Wednesday, on Thursday, on Friday, a pale little maiden sate at a window in Lord Wrotham's house, in Hill Street, her mother and sister wistfully watching her. She would not go out. They knew whom she was expecting. He passed the door once, and she might have thought he was coming, but he did not. He went into a neighboring house. Papa had never told the girls of the presents which Harry had sent, and only whispered a word or two to their mother regarding his quarrel with the young Virginian.

On Saturday night there was an Opera of Mr. Handel's, and papa brought home tickets for the gallery. Hetty went this evening. The change would do her good, Theo thought, and—and, perhaps there might be Somebody among the fine company; but Somebody was not there; and Mr. Handel's fine music fell blank upon the poor child. It might have been Signor Bonon-

cini's, and she would have scarce known the difference.

As the children are undressing, and taking off those smart new satin sacks in which they appeared at the Opera, looking so fresh and so pretty among all the tawdry rouged folk, Theo remarks how very sad and woe-begone Mrs. Molly their maid appears. Theo is always anxious when other people seem in trouble; not so Hetty, now, who is suffering, poor thing! from one of the most selfish maladies which ever visits mortals. Have you ever been among insane people, and remarked how they never, never think of any but themselves?

"What is the matter, Molly?" asks kind Theo: and, indeed, Molly has been longing to tell her young ladies. "Oh, Miss Theo! Oh, Miss Hetty!" she says; "how ever can I tell you? Mr. Gumbo have been here, Mr. Warrington's colored gentleman, miss; and he says Mr. Warrington have been took by two bailiffs this evening, as he comes out of Sir Miles Warrington's house, three doors off."

"Silence!" cries Theo, quite sternly. Who is it that gives those three shrieks? It is Mrs. Molly, who chooses to scream, because Miss Hetty has fallen fainting from her chair.

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

WITH heavy head bent on her yielding hand,
And half-flushed cheek, bathed in a fevered light—
With restless lips, and most unquiet eyes,
A maiden sits, and looks out on the night.
The darkness presses close against the pane,
And silence lieth on the elm-tree old,
Through whose wide branches steals the white-faced moon
In fitful gleams, as though 'twere over bold.

She hears the wind upon the pavement fall,
And lifts her head, as if to listen there;
Then wearily she taps against the pane,
Or folds more close the ripples of her hair;
She sings unto herself an idle strain,
And through its music all her thoughts are seen;
For all the burden of the song she sings
Is, "O my God! it might have been!"

Alas! that words like these should have the power
To crush the roses of her early youth—
That on her altar of remembrance sleeps
Some hope, dismantled of its love and truth—
That 'mid the shadows of her memory lies
Some grave, moss-covered, where she loves to lean,
And sadly sing unto the form therein,
"It might have been—O God! it might have been!"

We all have in our hearts some hidden place—
Some secret chamber where a cold corpse lies—
The drapery of whose couch we dress anew,
Each day, beneath the pale glare of its eyes;
We go from its still presence to the sun,
To seek the pathways where it once was seen,
And strive to still the throbbing of our hearts
With this wild cry, "O God! it might have been!"

We mourn in secret o'er some buried love
 In the far Past, whence love does not return,
 And strive to find among its ashes gray
 Some lingering spark that yet may live and burn;
 And when we see the vainness of our task,
 We flee away, far from the hopeless scene,
 And folding close our garments o'er our hearts,
 Cry to the winds, "O God! it might have been!"

Where'er we go, in sunlight or in shade,
 We mourn some jewel which the heart has missed—
 Some brow we touched in days long since gone by—
 Some lips whose freshness and first dew we kissed;
 We shut out from our eyes the happy light
 Of sunbeams dancing on the hill-side green,
 And, like the maiden, ope them on the night,
 And cry, like her, "O God! it might have been!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE month over which our Record extends has been made memorable by the success of the Atlantic Telegraph. On the 17th of July the *Niagara* and *Agamemnon*, bearing the cable, attended by the *Gorgon* and the *Valorous*, steamed quietly out of the harbor of Queenstown, in Ireland. Their departure excited little attention, for the enterprise was considered hopeless. The *Niagara* reached the rendezvous in mid ocean on the 23d. The *Gorgon* and the *Valorous* arrived on the 25th and 27th. The *Agamemnon* was detained until the 28th. At one P.M. on the following day the cable was joined, and the steamers proceeded toward their several destinations. Nothing was heard of the vessels until the 5th of August, when a telegraphic dispatch was received, announcing that the *Niagara* had arrived at Trinity Bay in Newfoundland, that the cable had been laid from shore to shore, and that signals were passing through its whole length. The steamer had experienced favorable weather throughout; the machinery for paying out the cable worked perfectly, without any accident or a moment's interruption, until the *Niagara* anchored in Trinity Bay, at 1.45 on the morning of the 5th of August. Mr. Field immediately landed, and groped his way in the darkness to the Telegraph station, half a mile from the shore, and awoke the men in charge with the news that the vessels had arrived, and that their assistance was demanded in landing the cable. The arrival of the fleet was wholly unexpected, and the telegraphic operator was absent. The nearest station from which a dispatch could be sent was fifteen miles distant, through an almost unbroken forest. Before daylight a message was prepared and sent by a messenger on foot to this station, and before night the intelligence was known throughout the country. Preparations were immediately made for landing the cable. Captain Hudson of the *Niagara* and Commander Dayman of the *Gorgon* took the end;

the officers and crew followed in procession, bearing the cable up the steep hill to the Telegraph house. The wire was brought in connection with the galvanic instrument, when the deflection of the needle showed that the communication between the two continents was complete. The great event was commemorated by a solemn religious service.

The *Agamemnon* had in the mean while encountered difficulties by which the success of the enterprise was repeatedly endangered. Early on the first evening a defect was discovered in the cable, within a mile or two of the part that was paying out. Before this could be cut out and a splice made the intervening portion was almost run out. Nothing remained but to put down the brake, and stop the paying out. For a few moments the ship hung by the cable, the strain upon which was rapidly approaching the limit of its strength, when the junction was effected, the cable was let loose, and this danger was over. The next day a violent gale sprung up, which lasted, with brief interruptions, for four days. Every time the stern of the vessel rose upon the swell it was expected that the cable would part. Men were stationed at the brake to regulate its action as the vessel rose and fell, while every ear was strained in the momentary expectation of hearing the gun which should announce the parting of the cable. Still the slender line upon which hung so many hopes held fast. Other perils than those arising from the storm were encountered. A huge whale approached the larboard bow at full speed, tossing the sea into foam, and apparently making direct for the cable, which must have snapped like a thread had he encountered it. Great was the relief of all when the ponderous living mass passed slowly astern, just grazing the cable where it entered the water. On two occasions vessels came bearing down toward the steamer in such a direction as to threaten a collision with the cable, which was slowly sinking astern. They could hardly be made to under-

stand the signals to heave to or alter their course. Occasionally, also, the signals from the *Niagara* became almost imperceptible and even ceased for a time, giving occasion to the apprehension that the line had parted; but they were renewed, showing that the cable still held fast. As they approached the Irish coast, the gale died away, the sea became calm, and all were elated with hope. As day dawned on the morning of the 5th, the mountains near Valentia rose to view, and before six o'clock the *Agamemnon* was at anchor off the town. At this moment a signal was received announcing that the *Niagara* had reached its destination. The two vessels had performed their task almost within the same hour of absolute time. The distance between the two termini is 1695 geographical miles; of this the *Niagara* had accomplished 862 miles, with an expenditure of 1030 miles of cable; and the *Agamemnon* 813 miles, expending 1020 miles of cable, each vessel having left a surplus of about 80 miles. Signals had been continually interchanged, indicating the distance run and the expenditure of cable by each vessel. The note-book of Mr. Field, recording these signals, was published immediately on his arrival; and so great was the similarity between the messages sent to the *Agamemnon* and those purporting to have been received from her, that a prominent New York journal hazarded the singular opinion that no real communication had been received from the other side, but that "our electricians had been deceived by the return to them along the cable of their own messages after the manner of an echo."

The cable was laid, and signals were transmitted along it. But the telegraphic apparatus not being arranged, for some days no verbal messages could be transmitted. It had been previously determined that the first dispatches sent over the line should be a message from the Queen of England to the President of the United States, and the President's reply. The necessary arrangements were not completed till the 16th of August. On that day these messages were transmitted in the following words:

THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

To the President of the United States, Washington:

The Queen desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest.

The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the Electric Cable which now connects Great Britain with the United States will prove an additional link between the nations whose friendship is founded upon their common interest and reciprocal esteem.

The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President, and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 16, 1858.

To her Majesty VICTORIA, Queen of Great Britain:

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty, the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise accomplished by the science, skill, and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious, because far more useful to mankind, than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle.

May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty, and law throughout the world. In this

view will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities. (Signed) JAMES BUCHANAN.

The line was then for some time devoted exclusively to experiments on the part of the electricians; no general dispatches being sent over it until the 25th, when a message, dated at Valentia on that day, was published in the New York newspapers of the following day. It is worthy of note that this first regular dispatch borne by the Telegraph communicated the intelligence of the treaty entered into with China. The next day a dispatch appeared in the New York afternoon papers, dated at London on the morning of the same day.

The intelligence of the successful laying of the cable was received with universal enthusiasm. The transmission of the first message was celebrated by public demonstrations in almost every considerable town. In New York a grand display of fire-works took place on the 17th, in front of the City Hall; by some accident fire was communicated to the building, which was considerably damaged. The 1st of September having been fixed upon as the day when the Telegraph would probably be opened for general business, was set apart for a formal celebration in various cities. In New York the display was highly imposing. Business was generally suspended. The streets were decorated with banners and inscriptions. In the morning religious services were held in Trinity Church. In the afternoon a military and civic procession, numbering more than 15,000 persons, marched from the Battery to the Crystal Palace, where an address was made by David Dudley Field, Esq., giving a detailed history of the enterprise. In the evening there was a grand torch-light procession of firemen.—The Telegraph, however, was not thrown open on that day; nor have any general messages passed over it up to the day when our Record closes.

The plan for a telegraph across the Atlantic dates back to March, 1854, when a number of gentlemen, assembled at the residence of Mr. Cyrus W. Field, in New York, formed themselves into a Company for this purpose. Mr. Field took the lead in the enterprise, and to him, more than to any other man, its success is owing. The first step taken was to lay a cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, from Cape Breton Island to Newfoundland, the necessary authority and valuable privileges having been secured from the Colonial Assembly. The first attempt, made in August, 1855, failed, a violent storm rendering it necessary to cut the cable in order to save the vessels engaged in laying it. The cable being, however, recovered, was successfully laid the following year, and a line was carried across the island of Newfoundland, through a region almost uninhabited, from Cape Ray on the western coast to Trinity Bay on the east. Mr. Field, in the mean while, proceeded to England, and succeeded in organizing a Company to construct a cable across the Atlantic, to unite with the Newfoundland line. The original capital of this Company was \$1,750,000, divided into shares of \$5000 each. Of these, eighty-eight shares were taken in America, and the remainder in Great Britain. The capital has since been increased to \$2,500,000. The Governments of the two countries took a deep interest in the enterprise. Each agreed to furnish vessels to aid in laying the cable, and to pay to the Company an annual sum of

\$70,000 for conveying official messages when the line should go into operation. The cable, as originally constructed, measured something more than 2500 miles, and cost about one million and a quarter of dollars. The first attempt to lay this cable was made in August, 1857, when it broke after 380 miles had been payed out. The remainder was taken back to England, where about a thousand additional miles were ordered to make up for this loss, and to provide against any deficiency. The machines for paying out having been found defective were laid aside, and new ones were constructed under the superintendence of Mr. William E. Everett, an American engineer. The attempt to lay the cable was renewed in June of the present year. Our last Record gave an account of its failure, as our present narrates its success.

At present, the dispatches received at Trinity Bay, on the eastern shore of Newfoundland, are transmitted over the island some 300 miles through the wilderness; thence across the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Cape Breton Island, and through Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to Portland, in Maine. It is proposed to do away with this long land line through Newfoundland. The eastern and western shores of this island are deeply indented by Trinity and Placentia Bays, just opposite each other, with an isthmus between of only a few miles in breadth. Across this it is proposed to build a telegraphic line to connect with a submarine cable from the head of Placentia Bay to the eastern extremity of Cape Breton Island.

The following table gives, in English miles, the length of all the submarine cables now in existence, with the dates of their construction:

Cables.	Miles.	Wires.	Date.
Dover and Calais	25	4	1851
Dover and Ostend	75	6	1852
Holyhead and Howth	65	1	1852
Orfordness and the Hague	115	3	1853
Port Patrick and Donaghadee ..	13	6	1853
Second cable, do., do.	13	6	1853
Italy and Corsica	65	6	1854
Corsica and Sardinia	10	6	1854
Denmark, across the Great Belt.	15	3	1854
Denmark, across the Little Belt.	5	3	1854
Denmark, across the Sound	12	3	1855
Across the Frith of Forth (Scotland)	4	4	1855
Varna and Balaklava (across the Black Sea)	340	1	1855
Balaklava and Eupatoria	60	1	1855
Across the Danube, at Shumla ..	1	1	1855
Across the Hoogly River	2½	—
Messina to Reggio	5	1	1856
Across the Gulf of St. Lawrence.	74	1	1856
Across the Straits of Northumberland, Prince Edward Island	10½	1	1856
Across the Bosphorus, at Kandili	1	1	1856
Across the Gut of Kansa, Nova Scotia	—	3	1856
Six cables across the mouths of the Danube, at the Isle of Serpents, each one mile long and having one conductor ..	6	6	1857
Across the Mississippi at Paducah	1	1	1851
From Petersburg to Cronstadt ..	10	1	1856
Across the St. Lawrence, at Quebec	—	1	1855
Across the Soland, Isle of Wight (England)	3	4	1855
Across the Atlantic, from Trinity Bay to Valentia Bay	1950	7	1858
Small river crossings	20	—
Total length of submarine cables	2500		

The success of this first experiment upon a large scale has already called forth schemes of a still

more extensive character. The most imposing of these proposes to unite all the British dominions and dependencies in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, by a series of connected telegraphic lines. These, according to the table given, would measure, in all, about 21,000 miles; and no one of the lines to be constructed would equal in length that between Valentia Bay and Newfoundland, and no one of them would touch the territory of any powerful foreign State. They would place England in almost instantaneous communication with more than forty dependencies and colonies in both hemispheres.

In *Kansas*, an election has been held to decide upon the "Proposition" contained in the English Bill for the admission of that Territory into the Union as a State. The vote was, "To accept the Proposition," 1788; "To reject the Proposition," 11,300; majority against the acceptance of the Le-compton Constitution, 9512.—In *Missouri*, the entire Democratic delegation to Congress has been elected. In the St. Louis district the vote was, for Barrett, Democrat, 7057; Blair, Republican, 6631; Breckinridge, American, 5658; Mr. Blair, the present Member, has given notice that he shall contest the election, on the ground of fraudulent votes.—In *North Carolina*, Mr. Ellis, Democrat, has been elected Governor by a majority of nearly 16,000 over his American opponent. For Congress the Democratic candidates were elected in all the districts except one. The Legislature stands, in joint ballot, Democrats, 114, Opposition, 56.—In *Texas* and *Arkansas*, the Democrats have elected their candidates almost without opposition.

The United States brig *Dolphin*, while cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, fell in, on the 21st of July, with a vessel which was suspected to be a slaver. The *Dolphin* displaying English colors, the other vessel ran up the American flag. Having been brought to by a gun, she was boarded, and found to be the *Putnam*, an American brig, manned by a crew of eighteen men, with a cargo of 318 slaves on board. It appears that on the 5th of July she shipped 455 slaves at Kabenda, on the west coast of Africa, not far from the Congo River. Of these 141 died on the passage to the coast of Cuba, and were thrown overboard. Those that remained when the vessel was captured were in a feeble and emaciated condition. The brig was sent to Charleston, South Carolina, under the charge of an officer. Twelve of the negroes died on the passage. Upon their arrival at Charleston the slaves were put in charge of the United States Marshal, and placed in Fort Pinkney. A requisition was made upon the Marshal by the Sheriff of Charleston District, who demanded that they should be given up to him, on the ground that they were free negroes introduced into the State in violation of the law. The Marshal, acting under the advice of the United States District Attorney, refused to surrender the negroes, and removed them to Fort Sumpter, where they are properly cared for. The crew of the slaver will be tried on a charge of piracy. The negroes, by the provisions of the law, must be returned to Africa, for which purpose the steamer *Niagara* will be employed.

The New York Quarantine establishment, situated on Staten Island, was set on fire by the inhabitants of the vicinity on the nights of the 1st and 2d of September, and totally consumed. When the Quarantine was established here, forty years ago, the neighborhood was almost uninhabited.

Since then a dense population has grown up around it, who regard the establishment as a source of constant danger. In view of this state of things, an act passed the Legislature for the removal of the Quarantine. Sandy Hook was, by common consent, regarded as the only appropriate place; but the State of New Jersey, within whose limits it is situated, refused to grant permission for locating it here; and Seguin's Point, on Staten Island, was selected as the site. Some preparations were made, and buildings were erected here. But these having been burned down by incendiaries, the Quarantine remained in its old place. During this season the prevalence of yellow fever in Southern ports caused an unusual number of patients to be detained at Quarantine; and some cases of this disease having occurred beyond the walls of the establishment, much alarm and excitement ensued. The Board of Health of Castleton, the township in which the Quarantine is located, pronounced the establishment a nuisance; and a conspiracy was formed to destroy it. On the evening of the 1st a large party assailed the hospital, forced their way through the walls, removed the patients from the buildings, and set fire in succession to the various buildings, occupied as hospitals and residences of the physicians and other employés. Some resistance was made, and one man was mortally wounded. A number of the patients also died, in consequence of the exposure occasioned by their removal. No efficient measures were taken to prevent a second attack, which it was understood would be made on the following night, for the purpose of destroying the remaining buildings. This was accordingly made with perfect impunity, and the work of destruction was completed. Thirty-two buildings in all, great and small, were burned, and the amount of property destroyed is estimated at \$300,000. Some of the patients removed from the hospitals were conveyed to Ward's Island, while many who were afflicted with yellow fever and small-pox remained exposed to the weather until huts and other temporary shelter could be provided. Threats having been made that the vessels detained in Quarantine would be burned, a United States vessel of war was sent for their protection. This attack upon the Quarantine was openly set on foot and encouraged by the leading inhabitants of the island, a number of whom have been arrested and held to bail to answer for the offense.

The corner-stone of a new Catholic cathedral, dedicated to St. Patrick, was laid in New York on the 15th of August, by Archbishop Hughes. It is proposed to make this the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the country. It is estimated that it will cost nearly a million of dollars, and that its erection will occupy eight or ten years. To defray the expenses of the first year, the Archbishop issued a circular, asking one hundred persons to contribute each a thousand dollars. This was responded to by 103 persons, two of whom were Protestants, each of whom furnished the desired one thousand dollars. When this is expended, the Archbishop proposes to issue a call for another hundred thousand dollars, to be contributed in smaller sums; and so on, year by year, until the cathedral is completed.

In *California* the excitement growing out of the discoveries of gold upon Frazer's River has abated. At the last dates the number of persons returning exceeded those going to the new diggings. Gold

certainly exists there, but in how large quantities it is as yet impossible to say; and it is uncertain whether the state of the rivers will permit digging for any considerable portion of the year. Unless some new route should be discovered, as is reported to be the case, the difficulty in reaching the gold region, and of transporting provisions and other necessities will continue to be great. As yet the amount of gold sent down is very small. Governor Douglas delivered a speech at Victoria, to the American immigrants who had asked his advice. He said that if his opinion had been asked before they left California, he should have advised them not to have left their homes until something definite was known about the country. But now that they had come, he would not advise them to leave. "You wish me to say," he added, "that there is lots of gold in Frazer River. I will not say this, because I am not certain of the fact myself. But I will say, as my settled opinion, that I think the country is full of gold; and that east, west, north, and south of Frazer River is a gold-field of incalculable value and extent. Go and prospect, and in a few weeks you will be able to tell me what Frazer River is." He then gives advice as to the equipment to be provided, and the route to be chosen. The Indians, he says, are friendly, but thievish. The miners who obey the laws and pay the Queen's dues, are assured of protection; and "as soon as trusty men can be found, measures will be taken for the conveyance and escort of gold from the mines to Victoria. Every miner will give in his own sack and his own weight, have it addressed and sealed in his own presence, and get a receipt for a sack said to contain so much gold dust. It will be deposited in the public treasury, and will be delivered to the owner on the production of the deposit receipt. There will be a charge made for the expense of conveyance; but it will be small, in comparison with the security afforded." The Indians in Washington Territory are reported to have banded together for the purpose of preventing the passage of gold-diggers overland from California to Frazer River. Active preparations are making for a campaign against the Oregon Indians, whose recent acts of hostility have been denied.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

From *Mexico* we have intelligence of general anarchy, the increasing difficulties of the present government, and the gradual advance of different bodies of the "Constitutionalists" upon the capital, where they expect to meet with little or no opposition.

Hon. Beverley L. Clark, the United States Minister to *Guatemala* and *Honduras*, was received on the 13th of July by the President of the former State.—In *Costa Rica* public attention is occupied by plans for a Federal Government for the Central American States. A meeting of the Presidents is to be held at San Salvador to arrange the details. It is also proposed to establish a Federal navy, of twelve small steamers—six for each coast—to defend the country against the apprehended invasion of filibusters.

In *Venezuela* General Castro has been elected Provisional President, receiving 97 votes out of 107 in the Council. The Constitution of 1830 has been recognized as in force until a new one can be formed. The Government has become involved in difficulties with France and England. Upon the overthrow of the late Government, President Monagas, and a number of his associates, took ref-

uge with the English and French Ministers. They were seized by the new Government and thrown into prison. The Ministers demanded that the prisoners should be returned to their protection. The Government refused to surrender them; whereupon the British and French squadron blockaded the ports of Laguayra and Porto Cabello, taking possession of the shipping, and threatening to bombard the towns in case of resistance.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The long-pending question respecting the admission of Jews to sit in Parliament is at last settled. On the 26th of July Baron Rothschild presented himself at the table of the House of Commons, and demanded to be sworn. A copy of the oath being presented, he said that he had conscientious objections to taking it in that form, and was requested to withdraw. Lord John Russell then moved resolutions, in conformity with the Act, to the effect that the Baron, professing the Jewish religion, was prevented from sitting and voting in the House by reason of his conscientious objection to take the oath in the form required by law; and "that any person professing the Jewish religion may henceforth, on taking the oath prescribed in the Act of the present session of Parliament, to entitle him to sit and vote in this House, omit the words 'And I make this declaration upon the true faith of a Christian.'" This resolution was passed by 69 to 37; whereupon the Baron reappeared at the table, was sworn upon the Old Testament, and took his seat.—In the course of a discussion upon Indian affairs, Lord Stanley said it was impossible to form an estimate of the present strength of the mutineers. The total number of the Queen's forces in India and on their way out, was 78,416; but 7456 were reported sick. The Company's European troops numbered 18,858. Instructions had been sent out not to interfere with the religion of the natives.—"British Columbia" has been substituted for New Caledonia, as the name of the colony just established in the Frazer River country.—Parliament was prorogued on the 2d of August. The Queen's speech, which was read by the Lord Chancellor, congratulates Parliament upon the favorable state of the relations with foreign countries; trusts that the Paris Conference will settle all the questions before it; hopes that the Indian mutiny will be speedily repressed; says that Her Majesty has given her willing assent to the Act for transferring to her direct authority the government of her Indian dominions, which she hopes to govern in such a way as to secure the advantages of a just and impartial administration of law to her subjects of every race and creed; says that the establishment of the colony of British Columbia was urgently required, in consequence of the recent discovery of gold in that district; and trusts that this new colony on the Pacific may be but one step in the career of steady progress by which Her Majesty's dominions in North America may ultimately be peopled, in an unbroken chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by a loyal and industrious population of subjects of the British Crown.

FRANCE.

The Cherbourg *fêtes* have filled a large space in the public regard. Our foreign correspondent, in the "Easy Chair," gives us a description of the place, and explains the reasons which have led successive French Governments to expend so much labor and treasure to construct a fortified port here. The Emperor and Empress arrived at Cherbourg

on the 4th of August. The next day the Queen of England and Prince Albert were entertained on board the French man-of-war *Bretagne*. The Emperor, in proposing the health of the Queen, said that the fact of Her Majesty's visit "showed that the hostile passions which were excited by some unfortunate incidents have never been able to alter the friendship which exists between the two countries, or the desire of the people to remain at peace." Prince Albert said that "Her Majesty was doubly happy in having an opportunity by her presence to join the Emperor in endeavoring to draw together as closely as possible the ties of friendship between the two nations." Having gone ashore, and inspected the fortifications, the Queen departed on the 5th, under a triple salute. The *fêtes*, which continued till the 8th, were closed by the inauguration of the statue of Napoleon I. The Emperor delivered a speech on the occasion, in which he said that it appeared to be his destiny to accomplish by peace the great designs conceived during war. His Government, he said, would wage war only in defense of the national honor and the great interests of the people.

THE EAST.

From *India* the latest accounts are, upon the whole, favorable for the English. The loss of the mutineers in the recapture of Gwalior was considerable. On the 13th of July Sir Hope Grant gained a brilliant victory near Lucknow. The celebrated Moulvie, for whose capture a reward of five thousand pounds was offered, was killed. The Governor-General, upon receiving Lord Ellenborough's famous dispatch, issued a proclamation offering amnesty to all except actual murderers.

From *China* we have telegraphic tidings that a treaty of peace has been made. After the capture of the forts at the mouth of the Pei-ho River, the French and English vessels, followed by the Americans and Russians, proceeded up the stream to Tien-sin, a city of 800,000 inhabitants, where they were met by a high mandarin with powers to negotiate. A treaty was entered upon, the precise terms of which have not reached us. The dispatch—the first, containing general news, sent by the Atlantic Telegraph—says: "A treaty of peace has been concluded with China, by which England and France obtain all their demands, including the establishment of embassies at Peking and indemnification for the expenses of the war. Under the terms of the treaty the Chinese Empire is open to the trade of all foreign powers, the Christian religion is allowed in all parts of the country, and foreign diplomatic agents are admitted."

We have also brief telegraphic accounts of the bombardment of Jeddah by the English steamer *Cyclops*, which was sent to demand the punishment of those engaged in the recent murders of the Christians at that place. The Pacha was allowed thirty-six hours in which to punish the malefactors. As no answer was returned within the specified period, the bombardment began and continued for three days. The Pacha then came on board of the steamship, and assured the captain that the culprits were condemned, and that he only awaited orders from Constantinople to execute them. This answer was not deemed to be satisfactory, and the bombardment began again. Ultimately, Ismail Pacha arrived from Constantinople, and eleven of the insurgents were immediately hanged in the presence of all the shipping. The remainder of the culprits were sent to the capital for trial.

Literary Notices.

Doctor Thorne.—A Novel, by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The vein of caustic satire which has given a certain bad eminence to the name which this author inherits has become mollified in his case into a subacid, piquant humor, which he brings to bear effectually on the weak and ludicrous points of English society. The novel before us is somewhat softened down from the audacious sarcasm of "Barham Towers," but it is by no means wanting in vigor and vivacity, nor in occasional touches of the accustomed sharpness. If the author does not indulge in the use of vitriol, he does not place milk and water in its stead. Doctor Thorne, the hero of this story, so far as it has a hero, is a bluff, sturdy humorist of the English stamp, with a tender, loving heart beneath a rough exterior, and, in spite of his careless, off-hand manner, contriving to make himself essential to the happiness of all parties with whom he is concerned, and never failing to be on hand at the moment when some scrape of his friends demands his intervention. The plot is carried on without the usual traits of decided villainy; but prominent in the foreground are two beastly bipeds in the shape of a wealthy *parvenu* and the heir of his fortune, who are skillfully used as foils to the more attractive personages of the story. After all, the whole impression of the novel is far from disagreeable. Mr. Trollope well knows how to help his characters out of ugly situations at the right time. With all his love of depicting the foibles and absurdities of weak and absurd people, he is not without a sense of the brighter sides of life, and his keen observation of character lends a life-like interest to his descriptions, which often have the air of personal sketches rather than of fictitious creations. In the present comparative dearth of amusing reading, Doctor Thorne is a timely windfall, and will be eagerly seized by the lovers of good novels.

Memoirs of Rachel, by MADAME DE B—. (Harper and Brothers.) A lively, gossiping narrative of the fortunes of the great French tragedian and her family is here given by a fluent writer. The work is mainly anecdotal, though not spiced with the details of personal scandal, which might be anticipated from the character of the subject. It presents in strong colors the vocation of Rachel for histrionic art, and her assiduous cultivation of the conditions of success. At the same time her petulant caprices, her bickerings with her relatives, her passion for money, and her numerous eccentricities are portrayed, apparently, to the life, and probably there was but slight risk of overcharging the picture. The volume makes no extraordinary pretensions; but it may justly claim a prominent place among the light, amusing books of the season.

The States of Central America, by E. G. SQUIER. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Mr. Squier is certainly the highest living authority on the geography, statistics, and political condition of Central America. To the advantages of wide and varied personal observation, and a deep interest in the country, he adds a profound knowledge of the researches and writings of previous travelers; so that he has become as familiar with those mysterious regions as are foreign statesmen with the map of Europe. Nor is Mr. Squier a mere superficial observer of external facts and passing events. He has a sincere love of scientific investigation, and

his attainments in various branches of science place him much above the level of ordinary tourists. In this volume we have a condensation of his various researches, bringing the subject down to a recent date, and leaving little to be desired by the reader, either for entertainment or information.

Mensuration and Practical Geometry, by CHARLES H. HASWELL. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This volume is intended as a manual for the use of engineers, mechanics, and students, presenting with brevity, and in as popular a form as the nature of the subject admits, a variety of rules and formulas for the determination of lines, surfaces, areas, solidities, and centres of gravity of various regular and irregular figures. The novel features of the book are to be found in the extent of the figures submitted, both as respects number and variety of section, and the rules for determining their centres of gravity.

The Story of the Telegraph, by CHARLES F. BRIGGS and AUGUSTUS MAVERICK. (Published by Rudd and Carlton.) A succinct narrative of the great enterprise which has set aside the distance between the old world and new, is contained in this seasonable compilation. It can not fail to be read with interest during the present effervescence of the public mind on the subject, while it embodies numerous facts and statistics which make it worth preserving for future reference.

Memoir of Joseph Curtis, by Miss C. M. SEDGWICK. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) In preparing this biography of a good man, Miss Sedgwick has been engaged in a congenial task. He was an honest Connecticut boy by birth, and, from humble beginnings, gradually rose to a conspicuous position in connection with the educational institutions of New York. The little volume has been written mainly for the purpose of holding up his bright example to the attention of young readers; but it abounds with those natural sketches of character, and fine moral and practical suggestions, which render it an admirable piece of biography for all classes.

A Harmony of the Gospels, in the Greek of the Received Text, by JAMES STRONG, D.D. (Harper and Brothers.) The plan of this work is similar to that of the English Harmony of the Gospels by the author, presenting a parallel and combined arrangement of the Greek text, founded on the selection of a leading passage in each section from that Gospel which contains the most complete account, and interweaving with this, in a different type, all the additional circumstances from the other Gospels. The portion in the leading type, accordingly, gives a full and connected narrative, without distracting the attention of the reader from one column to another, while, at the same time, he has great facility of reference to the parallel accounts in the interwoven passages. The text adopted is that of the received text, or the Elzevir edition of 1633, which served as the foundation for the common English version. The various readings adopted by Griesbach, Knapp, Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf are noted at the foot of the page, to which are added brief grammatical annotations, for the most part of remarkable pertinence and utility. The volume throughout attests the learning and good judgment of the author, and will be found to be a valuable contribution to the resources of biblical study.

Editor's Table.

PROVIDENCE IN AMERICAN HISTORY.—Human society is a wonderful testimony to the omnipotence and the omnipresence of God. It is a standing miracle, demonstrating a wisdom above all comprehension, a watchfulness infinite in tenderness of spirit and variety of action. Each individual man presents some features that, however marred and defaced by sin, remind us of the glorious Creator. Amidst all the defilement of depravity we recognize God's image, and of what a magnificent estate is it the impressive remnant! In how many strange and startling forms does it authenticate itself! Now it is a light shining through a man's memory and falling upon the past innocence of childhood; then a light penetrating the future and opening a luminous vista to the throne of judgment; to-day in a tone, to-morrow in a look; here in the clasp of a hand, and there in the glance of an adoring eye; this image vindicates for every one a holier birth-place than earth, and a nobler destiny than time. But when we turn from man to society the wonder increases. To see such discordant elements harmonized—the lion and the lamb even now lying down together—the demon and the angel reposing in the same pavilion or walking abroad in company—opposite tastes, habits, natures fraternizing in peaceful companionship—how the mystery repeats itself anew every day, and wraps itself in thicker folds the more that our proud intellects seek to understand it! If the individual man has his counterpart in the planet on which he dwells, society affects us like the universe. The spectacle of millions of people, all cared for and sustained by the beneficent Hand, impresses a thoughtful mind in a manner similar to the scenery of the starry heavens.

A nation is a splendid object for a reflecting intellect to contemplate. Here are thousands of human beings, with their diversified forms of life; here are all kinds of industry; here are want and plenty, starvation and luxury, ignorance and learning, crime and virtue; here are heaven and hell in spirit and practice; and all dwelling side by side, all cemented into marvelous unity, and holding together as if one common soul had transformed them into one common mass. It is folly to attribute this to institutions of government. The institutions are only the outward symbol of the inward union. All the statesmanship of the world, unaided by other and mightier forces, could never organize the relations of two persons, or establish a foundation on which they could stand together. It is by God's act—partly in the original laws of our nature, and partly by the constant agency of His Providence—that this amazing complexity of character, interest, life is upheld. In our vanity we talk of the security of life and property, the stability of our institutions; but there are always thousands of volcanoes ready to burst forth and deluge the land with their streams of fire. A daily revolution would be no wonder. The wonder is that it does not happen. Happen it would if we had no higher protection than the mere jurisprudence and police of nations. How true it is that, "*except the Lord keep the city, the watchmen waketh but in vain!*" Yes, "*in vain!*"—kingly rule or popular sovereignty—the tyranny of bayonets or the force of public opinion—despotism or liberty—all is "*in vain!*" unless the shield of Jehovah be spread over our heads; for Heaven will give man no guar-

antee of peace and happiness that excludes its own personal and positive agency. Only in part will it allow men and institutions to do its work. Only in limited measures will it delegate its authority to the best and wisest of means. In all arrangements a broad arena must be left for its presence. Second causes must not shut out the First Cause. No machinery can be sufficiently perfect to dispense with the power of God. Sunshine and rain may produce the harvest; but, according to the Jewish economy, the "*first-fruits*" were not to be offered to them—they were presented to God.

Happily for the American mind the sentiment of an overruling Providence is reverently cherished. It has confidence in the resources of its own intellect and activity, reliance on its political institutions, faith in means and men. But it trusts them no farther than simple human instrumentalities, nor does it make them the end of its hope. If it depended exclusively on them, or if it leaned upon them in such a way as to banish the thought of God except as a refuge in the hour of darkness and danger, then it would idolize itself and its machinery, forget its homage to Providence, and war against the order of the universe. We believe that the deepest feeling of the American heart springs from a conviction that Providence has presided over the colonization and progress of this country. Looking to the future, it can not foresee how this magnificent drama will be unfolded. It can not tell what personages will move in stateliness on this great stage, nor what events, flowing from causes now unseen, will carry forward the vast movement; but it clings to the belief that Providence has its purpose in our national growth and will fulfill its far-reaching scheme. A few men ordinarily determine public opinion; but the few never create a deep, genuine, wide-spread, public feeling. Such a feeling is not the product of art. Eloquence, literature, intercourse, can not awaken it. Down in the depths of the heart, where God works, it is silently formed. It is the birth of the spirit, and the spirit keeps it alive. And this is the characteristic of the sentiment which we are now considering. Our traditions, ancestry, circumstances, have, doubtless, intensified its strength, but in its origin it sprang from God.

Such a sentiment is a tremendous power. Although its outward manifestation is not ordinarily as striking and impressive as some other sentiments, yet it has a vigor, a profundity, a self-sustainingness, that nothing else can equal. Indeed, it is not so much a distinct principle as a diffused, ethereal element, in which the stronger forces of our nature live, move, and have their being. It is always a source of lofty thought, vigorous will, heroic effort. Deny a man every other resource, and if he have this well-spring in his soul the stream of his life will be fed by fresh waters that can never fail. Give it to a people, and there will be a hardihood in their enterprise, an endurance in suffering, a heroism in achievement, a religion at the heart of all they think and do, that the philosophy of the world, too short-sighted to see beneath the senses, and too weak to soar to heaven, can not comprehend. Man was originally created to dwell in God, to draw from Him the inspiration of his daily life, to be perfect in His strength, and to be glorious with His beauty. Hence, as he enters into union with God's spirit and providence, he

recovers the primal law of his nature, and with it whatever belongs to his sphere in the universe.

The capacity for progress that this sentiment awakens puts man in possession of all the means necessary to establish his sovereignty over matter and to build up the fabric of civilization. It has given us our best institutions, and, above all, created a spirit in our country that has signalized itself in education, philanthropy, and patriotism. The nature of this principle is such that it does not exhibit itself in formal modes of thought, nor fulfill its designs through preconceived plans. It is no adept in language; and not seldom when strongest in feeling it is weakest in logic. To trace its agency it is not necessary to consider it as deliberately entering on measures that forethought has suggested to be essential to the attainment of its end. For it is instinctive rather than argumentative, and by a higher form of mind than legislative ability ascertains what is proper and expedient for the accomplishment of its object. Often when least known it is most felt; and not until men, looking back to its results as incorporated into the structure of society, study its bearings are they prepared to read the seal of a divine hand on it. Indeed, it is impossible for us to see how this great sentiment could operate in man otherwise than through his unconsciousness. If his eyes were not hidden how easily they might be dazzled! Man glories in the intellect that designs, in the hand that constructs, and, absorbed in his selfish aims, robs God of the praise of wisdom and power. The wonder-working spirit is, therefore, hidden from him; and although it is present in his sense of duty, in lofty and impassioned impulse, in the glow of inspiration, yet he obeys it by force of sympathy and not on the ground of knowledge—follows its mysterious guidance and sees not whither it is going, so that when the decree is fulfilled he is more astonished than his contemporaries at the manner in which it has been done.

Let us not, then, be understood as arguing that the thoughtful mind of our country has identified the sense of Providence with specific measures of national debate, or that this has been a distinctly determinative element, when the popular verdict has been called for on questions of vast moment. Such a view would imply that men could penetrate beforehand the counsels of the Infinite, and infallibly settle the Divine course of action. We simply mean, that American mind has been deeply impregnated with the sentiment of Providence in the whole history of our colonization and civilization. It has not explained the past on the theory of lucky accidents and fortunate circumstances. Nor has it attempted to solve the problems of our existence and progress by a glorification of human sagacity and skill in statesmanship. There has been a power beneath the circumstances. There has been a wisdom behind our wisdom. There has been a sovereign purpose, fixed and immutable, beyond our purposes; and in this faith it has found nothing to answer its want save the Christian doctrine of Providence as God's method of administering the affairs of the world. One accustomed to study the laws of human nature can find no difficulty in believing that the secret of our strength has lain in this fact. Abstract theories of rights, checks, and balances, institutional provisions to express popular sovereignty and restrain official authority, the division of responsibility and a system of jurisprudence, are intimately connected with the agency

of government. But there is something superior in the elements of civil society to these things. Our social nature, no less than our individual nature, witnesses to God and leans on Him for intelligence and support. Nations, like men, must feel that their work, in some way, terminates in God, else there is no high aim, no magnificent results. Government exists for ends ulterior to its personal and social benefits to us. If in relation to our interests it is an institution of God, it is equally His institution in relation to interests far beyond the compass of our sphere. It is His instrument; and if this doctrine is once fixed in the mind, with what force is the imagination sent forth along those channels, remote and distant, through which its influence is to be carried to the homes and hearts of unknown millions! Nothing, perhaps, in connection with this sentiment in the American mind, is more striking than the intense conviction that we are performing a work for the world. We say, intense conviction. No other language expresses the fact. The feeling of the popular heart—that trustworthy instinct so much more reliable than the popular judgment—always associates the institutions of our country with the progress of humanity in foreign lands. How the heaven is to work, how the influence is to be communicated, the intellect of the masses does not perceive. Nor can our statesmen see the mode in which it is to be done. But the impression is all the stronger for the obscurity in which it is involved. The very mystery that hangs about it is an intimation of its divine origin. If it had been the effect of observation, if it had been deduced from facts by a process of argument, we should be competent to form an opinion as to the means and methods calculated to accomplish the end. As it is, we are just left to execute our task—to show the utility and excellence of republican institutions—and to abide quietly in the faith that consequences will be shaped by Providence to suit its benevolent will.

It is interesting to note the historic progress of this sentiment of Providence as it passes under review from the early settlement of the country down to the present era. Robinson, in his parting address to the Pilgrims, as they were about to embark for America, assures them of his faith "that God hath more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word." In his calm, profound judgment there is a vast work to be done. Calvinists and Lutherans have stopped short of God's purpose. They will not advance beyond their leaders, the "instruments of their reformation;" and, in this spirit, a watcher for the light of a new morning, he dismisses his flock to a new world that their eyes may catch the earliest glimpses of the coming glory. The pioneers in this great movement do not appear to have looked beyond the "Reformation of the Church;" but this was a germ of sufficient vitality to reconstruct the entire fabric of society. The idea of a State, as we now have it embodied, was not in their minds. Step by step, a distinctive order of thought, peculiar to the new world, began to exhibit itself. The aristocratical sentiment was invaded by the democratic sentiment; the limitations of suffrage in Massachusetts were set aside in the Hartford Colony; Church and State prepared for separation; loyalty to England began to yield to another loyalty, clothing itself with authority at home, and asserting a simple majesty that rested on the force of right and truth; until the colonists were themselves surprised to

find a future of their own—a future, not of England, and not of man's seeking—open before them. Hitherto the idea of Providence over the Church had ruled their thoughts and feelings; but now a broader field, illuminated by a Divine light, is unfolded. The conception of a magnificent empire—a republic of free mind, free speech, free action—dawns upon them; and, trusting in God, they prepare to enter on its possession. With what subdued thoughtfulness did those men proceed on their appointed course! Not rash, like such as lean upon an arm of flesh; not romantic, as those whose imagination paints liberty as a goddess to be worshipped; not frenzied by reckless passions, that sport with war and bloodshed as a desperate game for the supremacy of the world; but calmly, in hope of a higher strength, with a courage not without apprehension, they dedicated their all to the contest. The event justified their confidence. Help hastened from unexpected sources. Relief was found where human calculation would never have sought it. Victory came, because victory was sent from Heaven.

A century and a half have passed. The two commanding figures that stand forth, like towering headlands fronting each other across a scene of intervening waters, are Robinson and Washington. They are both great and good men. Kindred in goodness, they are not unlike in those attributes of intellect that constitute the clear, comprehensive thinker. Robinson was the pastor of a persecuted church; Washington the hero of a triumphant nation. The one, looking to the development of society through the Church, was chiefly anxious to perfect the "*Reformation*" begun by Luther. In its central idea of Justification by Faith he saw the germ of all freedom of mind, of personal independence, of the inherent superiority of the soul to hierarchical dictation and tyrannical authority. Exiled from his native land, burdened with cares and sorrows, it was the charm of his saddened hours to picture the growth of that germ, working from a force hidden within, and, like the mustard-seed of the Gospel, lifting its firm trunk and spreading its broad branches before the nations. In the midst of a dark age it was his privilege to see the true principle of human progress, and—a nobler privilege still—it was his high fortune to announce it with a distinctness, a vigor, a scope, that the science of our day admires and honors. "*The perfection of knowledge*," he declared, could not "*break forth at once*;" and therefore he urged his flock to receive the revelations of God, no matter by what "*other instrument*" they came. Sure is he that the work of the past is not complete; and his manly mind, eager to vindicate the vast possibilities of the future, raises its prophetic voice in behalf of the awaiting splendors of a more glorious era. How bravely he asserted the spirit of the unconquerable will—the great deed already done in the great purpose—when he said, "It is not with us as with other men, whom small things discourage and small discontents cause to wish themselves home again;" and how much of that man's soul became the living history of after-times—a history of wonder and of joy! And now, turn to the other and far more illustrious personage, who has led the armies of his country through a successful war; and, in a sublimer leadership than military grandeur, has directed the thought and hope of his countrymen to the permanent objects of a wise and hallowed ambition. No

man ever had a juster conception of the practical skill, the industrious thrift, the economical habits, that build up the material prosperity of a people. But his common sense had breadth as well as clearness; his eye saw what was within no less than what was around; and, above all, his noble moral nature dictated the statesmanship that had such an important agency in establishing the foundations of national security and happiness. And what to him was the law of all laws—the heart of national strength and hope? Physical resources were not his reliance. The prowess of arms was not his trust. Looking deeper, he beheld the creative forces of national prosperity in the spiritual elements of our nature, and in the proportion that these were brought out he realized the beauty and perfection of civil government. Few men have had a stronger sense of the presence of God in the affairs of nations, and few have been as ready to acknowledge it. Feeling his personal dependence on Providence, he sought to impress, both by word and example, the same sentiment on his countrymen. The faith of his private life was the faith of his statesmanship. If in war he was a Christian hero, he was in peace a Christian ruler—bearing alike the sword and the sceptre in the reverence and fear of God; seeking His favor as the only source of well-being and well-doing, and in all things committing the destinies of the land, so fervently loved and so honorably served, to His sovereign guidance and support.

The positions of these two men were widely different. In circumstances, training, discipline, they had scarcely any thing in common. The one was a thinker; the other was an actor. Christian philosophy guided the former; Christian statesmanship the latter. Robinson was anticipative and prophetic; Washington, meditative and reflecting. The one contemplated the authority of God in the Church; the other studied His sovereignty over the State. But both alike cherished a profound sense of Providence as connected with the New World, and both felt that its presence would be singularly manifested here in the evolving of a new order of society.

We have selected these remarkable men, not to present their personal traits of character, nor yet to dwell on their distinctive qualities of mind. Standing as they did in an initiatory relation to two different and unlike eras of thought, each in its aspects extraordinary and both combining in the intellectual and moral sequences of our national history, we have sketched a brief analysis of their views, that we may see what elements have entered into the development of American sentiment on the providential connections of our career. The intelligent reader can have no difficulty in observing how the early mind of the country was gradually withdrawn from the false ideas that prevailed in England as to the political position of the Church, and how a process of substitution went on, by which a simple faith in Christianity, a hearty reliance on its self-sustaining power, a perfect assurance that it was fully competent to win its own way in the world, took the place of a pernicious dependence on fictitious means for its support. The age of Washington was more hopeful, more disposed to trust the unaided force of Christianity, more just in its opinions as to the relations of the Church to the State, than the age of Robinson. Let it be remembered that the change was not in the religious sentiment itself. Our Pilgrim Fa-

thers, in this respect, were examples of reverence, courage, patience, and enduring fortitude for the men of all time to venerate and admire. But a great change had occurred in the organic form of that sentiment and in its modes of expression. It had a most important effect in the religious education of our people. Considered in a national point of view, it has certainly resulted in vast good to the mind of the country. The separation of Church and State has cultivated a sense of responsibility in the people, as a people, instead of in the people as a nation. It has led us as individuals, rather than as an organic whole, to feel a deep and abiding solicitude for the influence of Christianity over the national conscience and heart. We think, moreover, that our peculiar attitude on this subject has contributed, in an eminent degree, to develop that phase of the religious sentiment which contemplates the relations of Providence to the growth and destiny of our country. It has simplified our ideas of Christianity, brought us into more direct contact with its sublime truths, relieved us of factitious supports, and given us a national feeling, in distinction from a hierarchical feeling, of interest in Christianity. A national Church is one thing, a national Religion is quite another thing; and in nothing are they more unlike than in their capacity to awaken the sense of Providence in the breast of a people. Christianity, not the Church, is the divine power to call out and intensify human instincts. Christianity, not the Church, reaches to the deepest sources of our nature, and seizes, with the grasp of omnipotence, all that allies us to the infinite and the eternal. The Church is a divine institution. It is a beautiful brotherhood of hope and love, a spiritual household of faith and affection, a heavenly instrument for heavenly ends. Nor can we reverence it too highly, nor can we serve it too zealously—reared on the foundation of Christ's propitiatory sacrifice for sin, and witnessing, by its holy sacraments, by its divinely-appointed ministry, by its consecrated Sabbath, by the self-denial, purity, and benevolence of its membership, to the wisdom, grace, and sovereignty of God. But let us not forget that Christianity was born in the bosom of God, and comes to man invested with the attributes, clothed in the perfections, radiant in the glory of its infinite parentage. We repeat, therefore, the superiority of Christianity to all types, symbols, forms, institutions. And hence, the nearer it can approach the public mind, the less external machinery between it and the world, the better for its authority and success. In this simple but sublime attitude, wearing its own crown and wielding its own sceptre, it has already done a great work for us—greater in nothing than in the living sense of Providence breathed into the soul of this nation—by which, in the midst of all ill deserts, our trembling steps have been stayed, and hopes, sometimes ready to perish, have suddenly risen with a returning plenitude of strength—and, thus advancing, have found new occasions to admire the forbearance that has been slow to punish, and the mercy quick to bestow a fuller measure of blessedness.

If, however, the sense of Providence in national affairs is primarily due to the moral spirit which Christianity awakens in the heart, it is important to remember that this spirit, acting through the intellect, reads the manifestations of God in the outward world, and discerns His going forth in the events of the age. It is a sense above the bodily

senses, and higher than the understanding. Yet it disdains not to use these its humbler instruments, and by so using renders them the fitter for even their earthly offices. Providence is, indeed, a mystery, but it is also a fact. It is necessarily infinite, but it makes its appeal to a finite comprehension. In it there is always something to be known—a truth to be distinctly apprehended, an order to be observed and scrutinized, a movement to be traced out with satisfying clearness. Providence educates the intellect as well as the conscience, the reason no less than faith. A theory of Providence that rejected the natural would be as defective as one ignoring the supernatural; for each idea has its place, each throws light on the other, each is necessary to a perfect system. It is this that saves us, on the one hand, from superstition and enthusiasm, while guarding us, on the other hand, from measuring the ways of God by the dim and narrow perceptions of unaided judgment. The workings of Providence, therefore, if our minds are not blinded, will disclose themselves to us; for it is the essence of Providence to distinguish itself from ordinary phenomena, to separate itself from the common course of events, or to clothe these events in such aspects as to render them more significant than otherwise they would appear. Holding fast to this principle as our guide, we hope to be able, in the further discussion of this topic, to point out certain peculiarities in our national career that illustrate the doctrine of God's providence.

Allusion has been already made to the religious motive that actuated a prominent portion of the early colonizers of this country. Let us take three of the great social elements that entered into the original constitution of American society, viz., Puritans, Huguenots, and Scotch-Irish. Each of them had smarted under the scorpion-lash of persecution. Each of them had its memories of bitter suffering. Each of them had intense desires to enjoy freedom of conscience, and to live in a repose that would not be disturbed by religious strife. They were singularly distributed in different locations over the face of the country, as if each had been destined to have a full opportunity to demonstrate its own peculiarities. Puritans in New England; Scotch-Irish through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and North Carolina; Huguenots in the South; each had ample physical scope and suitable outward circumstances to give vent to their impulses and to organize their distinctive sentiments. In this way they became nuclei, around which were gathered other and less-marked elements of social character. Each of them acted as a great educative centre, leavening the circumjacent mass with its own individual spirit. Not only were they local communities, dwelling under their own vine and fig-tree, but they were so isolated as to prevent for many years any great degree of sympathy and union. Owing to their geographical positions, no less than to the occupancy of their minds with the immediate interests around them, there was but little room for rapid and energetic interaction. Time did, indeed, bring this mutual influence about, yet not until seclusion and solitude had done their work. They lived apart, each intent on its own affairs, and striving, as far as might be, to attain its own ideal of human society. Far to the north the Puritans were settled from the banks of the Kennebec in Maine, to the regions neighboring on the Hudson in New York; while in Eastern New

Jersey, and thence southwardly to Fayetteville, North Carolina, the Scotch-Irish were colonized. South Carolina received the Huguenots. The exiles of Languedoc, fugitives from Rochelle, Bordeaux, Poitiers; "men," says Bancroft, "who had the virtues of the English Puritans without their bigotry," inhabited the banks of the Cooper and the Santee. Opportunity was thus afforded to lay the foundations of those local diversities of character, tastes, institutions, which have been such potent elements in our national existence. The religious sentiment was common to all; but assuming different external forms, it was at liberty to follow its own idea and impulse, and by these means incorporate its particular class of results into the social fabric. Is there not in this fact a striking illustration of an overruling Providence? The intense force of the religious principle in promoting the early colonization of America is admitted by all who have written on this subject. It is a great and controlling motive in the movement, contrasting most impressively in its aims, in its vigor, in its success, with that love of gold, of military adventure, of imaginative excitement, which prompted other efforts to occupy the Western Continent. But let us not overlook another emphatic point, viz., the providential provision by which the Puritan, Scotch-Irish, and Huguenot were brought hither, and their inter-relationships in the final development of a national character and spirit. There is more in this co-ordinate agency of religious views and tastes—differing so widely in minor details, and yet impelled by the same spirit—than we have been accustomed to mark. It is difficult for us to see how the various constituents of a social-religious nature could have been more wisely drawn together. They were admirably adapted to check each other, and they were equally adapted to coalesce. If the scientific man finds in the collocations of matter so convincing an argument in behalf of creative intelligence and power, are we not entitled to the conclusions of a similar argument in respect to the order and arrangement of society?

Let us now turn to another branch of our subject. We have seen that the religious principle was intensely active in the early colonization of the country. Furthermore, we have seen that this spirit was marked by individual characteristics of taste and temperament, and was moulded by peculiar circumstances into forms of striking diversity. And it has been made apparent, we hope, that this great sentiment, cultivating in all the same high aims and hallowed inspirations, did, at the same time, through its different modes of action, lay a foundation for religious unity that has been of invaluable service to the character and career of the American people. We shall now endeavor to show that a similar process occurred in the history of American politics.

The political mind of the country, previous to the adoption of our present Constitution, had been mainly developed through the instrumentality of local institutions and State governments. A confederacy had been organized, but it had failed. All the sovereign States, except Rhode Island, had agreed that it had proved itself unequal to the exigencies of its position. The first effort at union having resulted in general disappointment, a new trial had now to be made to bind the thirteen States together. A mere external tie was not sufficient. There must be a real, a radical union—such a form of union as should constitute us one people, and yet

preserve the sovereignty of the States. To effect this object the greatest practical wisdom was necessary. Statesmanship never had a harder task to perform. For it must be obvious that no mere theory of government could have suited the circumstances of the country. The conditions of the problem were not to be met by abstract principles of human rights and ideal conceptions of human society. Had the work of statesmanship been to organize the original elements of a civil polity, it would have been comparatively easy to take the plastic materials, and, in obedience to the simple dictates of a republican sentiment, embody them in institutional shapes to meet the wants of the age. But this was not the question to be discussed. A government had to be constructed out of governments already existing; and to attain this end, established usages had to be modified, old prejudices had to be surrendered, ancestral traditions had to be abandoned, and stern feelings had to yield to a spirit of fraternal compromise. It was not a state of things, therefore, to which the ordinary laws of political economy could be applied. Our statesmen had to exercise an originating power of mind that had never before been demanded.

A new form of political science, then, had to be created. How this was finally accomplished; how the larger and the smaller States were reconciled; how the representation of States was secured in the Senate, and of the people in the House of Representatives of the United States; how the sovereignty of the Federal Government and the sovereignty of State governments, each perfect in its own sphere, and each giving beauty, strength, and dignity to the other, were adjusted, need not now be noticed. There is but one light in which we wish to consider this subject, and that is the indications presented, in the formation and adoption of the American Constitution, of a higher wisdom, a profounder foresight, a remoter purpose, than ordinarily characterize the best works of men.

First of all, then, let it be observed, that when the Convention of 1787 assembled, there was but a vague and indistinct idea of the form its action should assume. The authority of the respective States under which it was organized was not specific and definite as to the ends contemplated. One thing is clear, viz., "the idea of abolishing the confederation, and of erecting in its place a government of a totally different character, was not entertained by the States; or, if entertained at all, was not expressed in the public acts of the States, by which the Convention was called." (See Curtis's "History of the Constitution," vol. ii., p. 17.) Some of the members of the Convention believed in the necessity for a thorough change in the foundation of the government. Others thought that a revision and expansion of the existing system would be sufficient. But in the progress of a few months it became evident that the Convention had developed within itself a new system of political principles. Despite of difficulties such as never before embarrassed a convention the work proceeded, the range of discussion widened, contact of mind with mind, the antagonisms of prejudice, the genialities of sympathy, opened new fields of thought. And, at last, when the Constitution was ready to be submitted to the people of the States, it was found that a scheme of government theoretically and practically new was proposed for their consideration.

The memorable battle in due time was renewed.

Step by step it was fought over again. The debates in the State Conventions were earnest and exciting. Local jealousies were hard to reconcile. Sectional prerogatives struggled to maintain their strength. State sovereignty was tenacious of its rights and privileges. But the same spirit of concession and compromise that had controlled the National Convention finally prevailed, and the Constitution was ratified as the supreme law of the land.

The point that we now wish to urge on the reader's attention is, that the American Constitution, considered as the means by which a new form of political society was established, can not be viewed, except in a limited degree, as the natural outgrowth of our previous experience. The principle of republicanism organized in the Constitution had been derived from the past. But the particular shape that republicanism assumed, as seen in the degree of its expansion, the scope of its action, and the means by which it was to operate, were altogether new. Had the Constitution been the product of the age, it would have represented the political opinions of the age. So far from this being the fact, it was in advance of the political doctrines of the time. It had much more of the spirit of the future than of the spirit of its day. It was wiser and better than our fathers knew. For in the division of sentiment that prevailed one party was apprehensive of popular power, the other was apprehensive of Federal power. One distrusted the capacity of the people for self-government, the other believed that all security and safety lay in the State Governments. One feared the masses, and the other feared a massive Federal authority. The mind of the country had been educated in these creeds; and its republicanism, although honestly and earnestly held, was subject to their limiting and modifying influence. Now it must be apparent that the Constitution of the United States embodied the political philosophy of neither of these parties. It trusted more to the people and to the Federal Government than would have been trusted if their views had prevailed. Looking, then, to these facts, is it unreasonable for us to believe that Providence guided our fathers in the formation of the American Government? Certain it is that they advanced beyond the opinions of their day; and equally certain is it that they advanced beyond themselves. They were lifted above their individual tastes, sectional theories, party prejudices in political science; and hence the work performed showed more of a faith in mankind—more of that genial sympathy with the redeemed nature of humanity which is the offspring of Christian sentiment than the political philosophy of the age, or even their own peculiar views of the capacity of man for self-government, warranted. If the agents of Providence—the men of might who leave their impress ineffaceably stamped on the thought of the world, and who revolutionize mind rather than the external order of society—if these chosen champions are distinguished from others of their time and race, it is by a simple, trustful, unconscious greatness that never fails to transcend its own knowledge—that surpasses its own logic and science—penetrates into realms beyond its mere intellectual ken—seizes truth more by instinct than by deduction—and labors prophetically, rather than reflectively, in the vast sphere of human progress. In this light we contemplate the fathers of the American Constitution; in this light we consider them the servants of a higher will than their

own; men who unconsciously did a work far more magnificent than they understood. And, moreover, in this light the American Constitution has a moral meaning, a sacredness, over and above what political science and civil compacts can ever give to the organic law of a commonwealth. It takes its place among the instrumentalities of Providence; associates with itself sublimer interests than mere earthly government; looks to an end beyond its immediate purpose, and thus speaks to the heart and challenges reverence.

Every thing connected with our position, history, progress, points out the United States of America as the land of the future. The physical features of our continent, presenting such marked contrasts to the Eastern Hemisphere, indicate a form of civilization that could not exist elsewhere on the globe. It is strikingly adapted not only to greatness of empire, but to that peculiar form of greatness which seems to be reserved for our inheritance. Compared with the Old World, it shows in its different configuration, in its simplicity and unity of plan, in the range of its mountains and the scope of its plains, that it is singularly fitted to sustain the diversified interests of a vast nation; to give those interests unity while it allows and stimulates the largest variety; to call out local resources and awaken local power, but, at the same time and with extraordinary facility, establishing means of rapid and extensive intercourse, binding the parts together, and blending all in a great and magnificent society. Not less favorable is its oceanic position to foreign commerce. Taken in whole, it is a wonderful provision for the intelligence, sagacity, energy, restlessness, and indomitable will of such a race as the Anglo-Saxon—a race that masters physical nature without being mastered by it—a race in which the intensest home-feelings combine with a love of enterprise, adventure, and colonization—a race that fears nothing, claims every thing within reach, enjoys the future more than the present, and believes in a destiny of incomparable and immeasurable grandeur. Without the least extravagance it may be said that there never was such a character—such elements of activity, foresight, sovereignty—acting on a theatre so broad, so ample, so wonderful. It is the only country that holds out any general prospect to humanity—that offers ideas, sentiments, hopes for general diffusion—that has an educative power for the world in its principles and institutions. Where else is there a nationality more distinct, more self-defining and self-projecting, yet, withal, so open, free, and cordial in the strength and breadth of its receptiveness—so absorbing, but retaining all its vigorous and unyielding individuality? Where else are there such forces of conservatism and progress always acting and interacting? Where else is to-day a new birth out of yesterday and to-morrow, a picture for the imagination to paint from fresh materials? This, then, is the grand idea of the country, viz.: THE FUTURE. According to that idea, every thing, hitherto, has been shaped. Where men have come in conflict with it and resisted its sway they have been set aside. Where measures have interfered with its mighty potency they have been swept away. It is the central and commanding truth in all our institutions, in all our diplomacy and legislation, in all our career, whether as seen in domestic policy or in foreign negotiation. Beginning with the great idea of Robinson, "That

God hath more truth yet to break forth out of His Holy Word"—watching the slow evolvings of the sentiment of a vast forward movement as Christianity is set free, North and South, from hierarchical shackles, and left to assert its own majestic sway, tracing a parallel action in politics, by which the American Constitution gave us a government that preserved the value and dignity of local institutions, and yet harmonized them with Federal authority—and, above all, following out the growth of those educational and moral agencies that have mainly contributed to form a public opinion, this day and evermore, our security and our glory—seeing this with an eye that looks to the heart of things, and reads the soul beneath the symbol, it were indeed a deadness surpassing belief that could fail to mark the insignia of Providence in these far-spreading and high-reaching wonders. True now as true of old in Horeb: "*Put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.*"

Editor's Easy Chair.

BY the time these words are in print the great work will be an old story. Wonder is not an enduring emotion. The mind of the world can not be kept stretched to ecstasy, and experience will be already correcting imagination in the results of the ocean telegraph.

How we have talked and written about it! How, like cockneys, we have half distrusted our own enthusiasm and theorized against our hopes! Between the news of the laying and of the first transmitted message, how the orators who had rounded all their periods must have shuddered lest they had fired their salutes too soon! What was to become of Mr. Field's glory if the thing would not work? There was certainly a space of very disagreeable suspense, happily dispelled by the message, like the fog of a dog-day morning by the sun.

Such an occasion is the holiday of rhetoric. It is permitted to run wild. It can not leap, or frisk, or flash, too much, too high, or too far. Its most grotesque gyration is merely the frantic effort of words to describe the indescribable—to foretell the future—to express confident prophecy in terms grand enough for the idea of prophecy.

Sometimes it fails—sometimes it succeeds—not in expressing the inexpressible, but in touching and kindling a sympathetic emotion—in making us seem to see—in evoking unexpected analogies and relations—in painting striking pictures—in filling the world for a moment with an eloquent noise of festivity.

But it is a pity that people should be too wise. Dr. Lardner is an eternal (not to speak irreverently) scarecrow in the field of scientific demonstration and prophecy. The Doctor, as is plainly shown in the charming life of George Stephenson, the engineer, seemed to have a personal objection to steam. That this hot vapor must be put down, was clearly the worthy savant's conviction; and so he demonstrated and proved, and as fast as he showed conclusively how certain things couldn't be done, steam did them; until, it is only just to state, the Doctor fairly succumbed to steam and progress: his skepticism was changed into superstition, and he flew to the other extreme, declaring that he did not now see why men should not be shot from point to point like beans through a tin tube.

Dr. Dionysius Lardner, A.B.C.D.E.F.G.H.I.,

etc., etc., etc., ought to be a perpetual scarecrow in that field. But the unwary did not heed him, and we had learned articles proving that the Atlantic cable could never succeed under the existing conditions—and a great deal of inference was added—so that the leveling of the Rocky Mountains could hardly have been news more unexpected than that of the triumph of the telegraph when at last it came. But after the rhetorical pyrotechnics that blazed and flew all over the land upon the first announcement there came an uneasy delay. No message had passed, and what were signals? Dr. Lardner brought out his philosophy again, and having suggested a hundred ingenious hypotheses why after all the cable was not really laid, he would have doubtless proceeded to the proof, when, unhappily, the message of her Majesty flashed through the Atlantic ocean, and the hearts of England and America beat together.

Shall we say that on the 4th of July, 1776, we parted, and that on the 4th of August, 1858, we were reunited? that the mother and child, after long estrangement and then friendly correspondence, at length took each other to their hearts and breathed a mutual blessing? Shall we not all cry Amen with ringing bells, and roaring cannon, and beating hearts, and moistened eyes, to the reply of the President to the Queen, "May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse religion, civilization, liberty, and law throughout the world. In this view will not all nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to their places of destination, even in the midst of hostilities?"

Yet the latter wish can not be fulfilled until civilization, liberty, and law prevail, and in that happy day wars shall be no more. How truly is this last great result of scientific progress a harp strung world wide, upon which the sweet anthem of the angels at the Nativity is forever chanted! Science works with virtue. It is the handmaid of Morality. When the heart wills peace and good-will, science hastens to make it prevail. The Atlantic telegraph will serve the cause of human progress just so far as men are true to their noblest instincts. In the hands of good men it will be a palm branch of peace waved round the world. In the hands of bad men it will be an electric match lighting the fires and blowing off the batteries of discord.

But in all great triumphs of mind over matter there is something so inspiring that the best sentiments of the heart seem for a little while to be common-sense. So let the sweetest peals ring out; let the music of eloquent lips and kindling hearts flow free; let the mountain tops glitter with the fires that shall flash far down the valleys humming with life, the glad tidings, that Time and Space, the old foes of man, are made at last his slaves, and that as Solomon of old bound the genii in a box, and threw them into the bottom of the sea, so science has seized Space and Time, and made them run the messages of the world along the floor of the ocean.

"DEAR EASY CHAIR.—In looking over a recent Number of *Le Monde Illustré* (a Paris publication), I was struck with the pertinency of one of its contributions to

the subject of a communication, signed X, in a recent Number, with your accompanying remarks. I have made a rough translation of it, which I transmit herewith. If you think it worth insertion, use—if not, burn—but at any rate read it; there is matter for thought in it, and men like yourself (you are not altogether an abstraction) need only think to realize the justice of fighting against a prejudice, rather than pleading its existence, to justify the use of slang terms of contempt. *Harper* and its circulation may be considered one of the indications of a tolerably advanced civilization; if it can not do any thing to diminish, at least let it not add to that enormous fabric of prejudice against a people who ask for nothing but fair play.

Yours very respectfully,
"SCROUGE."

Scrouge entirely misapprehends the intention of the Easy Chair's reply to his correspondent, X. It did not plead the existence of a prejudice to justify terms of contempt, but it simply stated the philosophy of a fact, with the general inference that a universal and unanimous judgment in relation to any subject could not be easily dismissed as a prejudice. But the Easy Chair was careful to remark, in July, "These things surely explain the traditional treatment of the Jewish race. Of course they do not justify it." It farther said: "No thoughtful, honorable man is seriously and permanently prejudiced against another for the reason (the Easy Chair should have said "by reason") of his race." Does Scrouge call this "pleading the existence of a prejudice to justify slang terms of contempt?"

How about charity?

At the close of its reply the Easy Chair expressed its belief that the Jewish disabilities would soon be removed by the English Parliament. Since July the step has been taken; and the British Parliament has practically decided that a Jew may be as honest, intelligent, and able a man and legislator as a Christian. Of course, the fact was plain enough before, and was matter of daily experience. But the solemn sanction of Parliament indicates a radical change in the mind of the people. A Parliamentary decision is the final record of a popular conviction in England, and the admission of Jews to Parliament in the same month with the laying of the ocean telegraph is a fact full of memorable significance.

The next step suggested by the Easy Chair, the admission of Jews, not to Parliament only, but to an equal place in the charity of Christendom, will depend mainly upon themselves.

Let Scrouge consider. The existence of the prejudice and its injury to the race he will not deny, however he or the Easy Chair may differ about its proper explanation. How, then, is the public mind to be disabused of it? If a company of men are reported to be liars, how can they correct the report? They must always tell the truth. They must remember, that while other people can tell falsehoods and suffer comparatively little, a single falsehood told by one of them will restore all the blackness to the cloud of prejudice that overhangs them, and undo the good effect of the uniform veracity of years. So in every aspect of honesty. The Jews are popularly considered avaricious. Mademoiselle Maxime said to some one who had stated that she was of the same faith with Rachel, "No, I am a Jewess—she is a Jew." Now how can they abolish this impression?

Is there more than one way? Can they do it except by being uniformly fair and generous?—eminently and notoriously so?

Scrouge will eagerly reply that it is not right to

demand an extraordinary virtue of any one class of society; that men mixing together in affairs must be judged by common standards.

We do not deny it. We simply ask Scrouge, as a man mixing with other men in affairs, whether—granting the prejudice to exist—the avarice of a Jew will not injure the general reputation of his race more than the equal avarice of a Christian? It is undoubtedly wrong that it should be so. Good men will fight against it. But if any Jew be seriously troubled by this kind of reputation, and resolved to correct it, he will accept the hard terms, and urge his fellows to the same course. Will not Scrouge allow that if a man has been sent to jail half a dozen times for stealing—although it may have been unjustly each time—when he is working with a man who has never been caught in any offense, and a pocket-book is missing, it will be much harder for the first man to avoid suspicion than the last, who may be the real culprit?

That is a homely way of putting the case of the Jews—even granting that their reputation has no shadow of reason in their historical career.

There is no question of the immense injustice that has been done the Hebrew race, and a fervent Christian might well ask himself, "Ought I not to honor that race forever in the person of one of which God incarnated himself?" The same race crucified Him, doubtless. But the race was essentially the same, notwithstanding. And if it is to be cursed as having slain Christ, is it not more to be blessed as the one which His incarnation distinguished?

These are grave questions, but they are inseparable from the subject. They are especially to be pondered by those Christians who so flippantly speak of "the cursed race." Did the Master make the Jews an exception to His golden rule? Nay, in the very hour of His agony did He not cry, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?" Will any disciple propose to be more just than his Teacher? Will any Christian calmly venture to curse those whom Christ would not denounce?

The little story which Scrouge sends the Easy Chair follows. It is a good illustration of the general estimate of the rights of Jewish men among Christian men.

TIME was when the Jew was compelled to wear a horn on his head; when he was prohibited from bathing in the Seine; when, it being considered necessary to hang him (a not unfrequent occurrence), he was hung between two dogs. Thank Heaven, that period is far enough back. At present the Jews may well consider France their Promised Land.

Some fifteen years ago a book was published entitled "The Jews Kings of the Epoch." Kings of Finance they most assuredly are. It is unnecessary to cite the evidences. Cremieux at the bar—Halevy, Rachel in the dominion of art—these are doubtless royal names. It may almost be said that there are no longer Jews in France—more especially in the heart of France—the true centre of modern civilization.

The question has been asked, What is the true test or measure of a nation's civilization?

For certain travelers, the most advanced people is that one requiring the greatest quantity of gloves; for others, the presence of the most numerous police; for others yet, the abundance of writing-masters. According to my notion, that

country is the most civilized where the Jew is placed, legally and socially, on the best footing.

Look, for example, at what occurred a few weeks since at Tunis. An Algerine merchant, condemned to prison by the French Consul, had been committed to the custody of the authorities of Tunis. The Dey or Douletti, the next person in authority to the Bey, learning that the prisoner was a Jew, takes a fancy that the ordinary prison discipline is a trifle too insipid, and adds a *ragout* of one hundred lashes applied to the bare back.

On reading this item, I have arrived at the conclusion that the people of Tunis are somewhat below the zero of European civilization. I have since learned, however, that, by the earnest interference of our Consul, the Bey has compelled the Douletti to make the *amende*, and to place at the disposal of the lacerated victim a sum of money by way of indemnity.

From this second circumstance I deduce the inference that the civilization of Tunis is yet one degree above that of Morocco, which certainly, under similar circumstances, would have required much more urgent pressure. And thus, in ascending the scale as I apply my theory to other European nations, I find that Germany, which withholds from the Jews social equality—England, which closes upon them the doors of Parliament—are behind us in point of civilization; not but that among ourselves even there are gradations of opinion on this question. In certain provinces of France—Alsace and Lorraine, for instance—prejudice seems to prevail over right, and from time to time the passions of another age break forth.

Thus I am much deceived if, in a little lawsuit which has just taken place in Colmar, there was not a something more than a simple question of violation of contract or mere civil interest. You may judge.

On the 28th day of June, 1854, a Catholic named Willig sold to an Israelite by the name of Hirsch, for the sum of five thousand francs, a house situated in Hanstatt.

This house had formerly been the vicarage of the commune. The front had been ornamented with a statue of the Virgin, before which the faithful had been wont to prostrate themselves. The contract, duly executed before a notary, contained a clause in which the purchaser bound himself to respect the image of the Holy Virgin upon the front of the conveyed premises—to retain it in its place, without the right to remove it.

Strange to relate, from that moment the devotion of the faithful seemed to augment in a fearful degree. Every day there appeared a long file of pilgrims, who came to prostrate themselves in front of Hirsch's premises—formidable processions lacking nothing of pomp or solemnity.

By a singular chance, the Sabbath day appeared to be that on which the largest number of visitors paid their respects to Mr. Hirsch.

Was it that the sight of the Holy Image, in the hands of the enemy of Christ, had in reality re-kindled the zeal of the Catholics of the commune? or was it rather that the late proprietor amused himself by getting up this sort of demonstration to bore the new occupant? At any rate, it is quite sure the spectacle was any thing but refreshing to an Israelite; and he, accordingly, set himself about putting a stop to it. He hit upon this remedy.

Some sixty years previous the commune had

adopted a plan for the regulation of a new street line. Now among the buildings from which this plan cut off a portion was the one in question. What did Hirsch do?

He petitioned to have his front made in conformity with the law, and, fortified with the municipal authorization, he set himself to work to demolish it. Before doing so, with characteristic caution, anxious to leave no point of attack, he carefully removed the statue from its niche: with every imaginable precaution, he caused it to be deposited in the charge of a zealous Catholic of the commune.

Things could not remain in this shape.

The seller complained against Hirsch for violation of contract, and caused him to be notified that the statue must be replaced upon the front of his new wall. Hirsch refused. He offered this alternative—to present the statue to the curate of Hanstatt, either to place in his own church or upon the archway of a gate along the road, where, said he, it will answer every purpose, and where the faithful might repair to worship it at their own pleasure.

These propositions were rejected and a lawsuit ensued.

Willig was triumphant—the Court authorized him to replace the statue at the expense of Hirsch either in its former situation, or in any other conspicuous spot in the wall, and in case Hirsch refused to surrender the statue, to cause another to be made at the expense of said Hirsch.

Was I not right in saying that through the whole of this affair the old bitterness of the Middle Age was apparent. At the same time the province which entertains and cherishes this feeling—if statistics are reliable—is one of those, according to the report on the Progress of Education, occupying the first rank. From which, in my opinion, it follows, that though in itself primary instruction may be a capital thing, it is unreasonable to look upon it as a perfect instrument of civilization.

A young gentleman who signs his note "Jeems Van Wartenburger, Esquire," entreats some good advice of the Easy Chair in regard to his household, as he's just upon the point of leading the blushing "Miss Phœbe Fitz Fleury" to the hymeneal altar. The young man states that his father left him plenty of money, and that, as soon as the watering season is fairly over, he shall lose no time, but summon the celebrated sexton of Grace Church—the Magnus Apollo of metropolitan society—and, with his assistance (perhaps also with that of the rector, although Mr. Van W. does not mention him), "launch upon the sea of matrimony."

Mr. Van W. farther remarks that in these troubled times he wishes to observe wise economy, and consequently can not consent, while his family consists only of himself and his wife, to spend more than ten thousand dollars a year. With the same regard to thrift he proposes to have no other domestics than one lady's-maid and waiting-woman, who must be young, blonde, and handsome (not to say beautiful). The spread of her skirt must be less than that of her mistress—she must not absent herself from the house, nor fall asleep while her mistress is away.

Secondly, A chambermaid is wanted, who shall be cheerful, patient, capable of appearing genteel when well dressed, "not given to airs," and furnished with satisfactory recommendations. Nei-

ther of these ladies are expected to wear their mistress's dresses until after she shall herself have worn them three times.

Thirdly, "One cultured boy," of a delicate Havana hue, of genteel and graceful bearing suggestive of gentlemanly ancestry, and who must not use tobacco in any form.

Fourthly, A coachman, of round form and unexceptionable legs; of ruby face and proboscis, who must show a medal from Father Mathew.

Fifthly, A footman of "established principles and aristocratic physique."

Sixthly, A cook, bland and not too fat. She must be prompt and perfect, especially upon Sundays, when the master of the family entertains his select friends. Mr. and Mrs. Van W. will be unable to tolerate any failures.

Seventhly, A housekeeper of Holland descent, who might be a maiden lady; but a widow would be preferred, without children, nieces, or cousins.

These retainers must all be native born. Miss Phoebe has yielded her preference of a *Grisette* for lady's-maid, and a cook of the same nation. She waives the English birth of her coachman, and the Scotch family of her house-keeper; and Mr. Van W. finds in her reasonable relinquishment of such preferences the most glowing auguries for his future happiness.

How to find them is now the problem. He has inquired at all the Intelligence offices, and all the Intelligence offices are crowded with just such candidates—except that they are not always native born. How shall the happy pair find what they want?

The Easy Chair would respectfully advise calling in the detective police as the only probably successful resource under the circumstances. Or a large check handed to each of the Intelligence office agents might secure their particular attention to the subject, and induce them to mention any satisfactory candidates that fell under their notice.

When this is comfortably accomplished—when they are all installed in the princely mansion to which Mr. Van W. proposes to conduct Miss Phoebe—it really seems that, with strict economy, and the ten thousand dollars, and the seven accomplished servants, the matter might be managed by the youthful pair, so long as they are but two. Of course Mr. Van W. would have to deny himself a yacht and a large country seat; but these deprivations might be compensated by cheerfulness and rooms at Saratoga and Newport. The happy pair must console themselves by comparisons. They must reflect that, if they can not have a pleasure-vessel and a villa, there are people who positively can not have more than five domestics, and not all of those native born! They must remember that some people have not even a carriage! Thus, by force of philosophy and natural buoyancy, these rougher parts of life can be smoothed over, and the journey be made at least tolerable—although with only seven servants and ten thousand a year.

Will Mr. Van W. now answer the Easy Chair one question?

When these appliances are perfected, and Mr. Brown has imparted his blessing to the happy and blushing pair—when the little bridal tour is ended and the honeymoon is in its middle quarter—when the happy pair have returned, and the business of life has commenced with the seven servants—and

every day Mr. Van W. goes down town to attend to business—the Easy Chair can see clearly what all the household is to do—but what is the mistress to do?

MICROS is a young lady who thanks the Easy Chair for returning a MS. without slamming the door in her face, and who adds, extravagantly and despondingly:

"I suppose I may as well make up my mind at once that I am not a genius, whose fate it is to live and die unknown. Well, as I always *rather* doubted it, it will not be very difficult to arrive at such a conclusion; so I will smile and live on—a young lady with nothing to do, and lacking the power even to do that. For you see, Sir, I've grown tired of living, though not quite twenty yet, and nothing has any thing in it to satisfy. Please don't call me sentimental; I have writhed under *that* imputation more than once before, when I sought counsel of older persons than myself, and it only drove me back upon my unsatisfactory self again. My brother and sisters are all too old for me to attempt doing them any good—in fact, I'm an odd sheep—and now I think it is a great deal harder to live than to die. I did not mean to say all this, for I see your eyes wandering restlessly toward those papers. So I'll say good-by!"

The Easy Chair has known a great many young people of the name and family of Micros. There are times in youth when a singular sense of weariness discolors every thing present and future; dis tempers every relation; and, while seeming most unreasonable, is yet as real as any mood can be. What else is Hamlet than the stately presentment of this state of mind? Ostensibly it is his father's murder and his mother's shame that drive him through his melancholy career, but those are only the occasions, not the cause of his morbid restlessness.

Let Micros at once make up her mind that she is not "a genius," and be thankful she is no such monster. The very doubt and question are only symptoms of her condition. It is a diseased self-consciousness. What "a genius" may or may not do, is hard to say; but people of genuine power in any way are not very likely to trouble themselves with wondering whether they have it, and whether, if they have it, the world will acknowledge it. "A genius," let us hope, does his work, and bids the world go hang.

Let Micros look at the case a moment.

She sends the Easy Chair a MS., which is read and returned. She does the same thing again, with the same result. That is to say, A writes something which B thinks is hardly suitable for printing. Thereupon A resolves that he is no genius—that there is nothing farther to be hoped or tried in this life—and that the sooner he dies the better for all concerned!

This might be called a steeple-chase to conclusions. Why should A make B stand for the whole world? Suppose B were Shakespeare himself, it by no means follows that his judgment of literature would be valuable. The functions of critic and creator are very different. Then, again, does not the immediate surrender to B's judgment show that A himself secretly doubts whether he can do what he has attempted? But if he have no faith in himself, how can he work? Still farther, allowing it to be true that A can not successfully do what he has tried to do, does it therefore follow that the gates of Possibility are closed, and that, if he can't survey a field, he can not therefore measure molasses?

If Micros sits down to write a poem, and fails, what follows? That Micros is not a good, clever, hearty, honest, talented, industrious fellow, fit and worthy to do twenty desirable and honorable things? Not at all; but simply that Micros is not a poet.

In the present case, however, it is with nothing very logical that we have to deal. It is a vague discontent that rises and clouds the natural hilarity of youth as inexplicably as a fog blows over the brightest day. It is not a frame of mind to be sneered at and despised, but rather pitied and tenderly entreated. Sentimentality is a convenient name for all regret and sorrow that do not spring from toothache; but there is a longing of the soul which can not be explained, but which begets an infinite sadness.

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow;
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow."

Certain music is its most perfect and exquisite expression. Now and then it is hinted in poetry:

"A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain;
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain."

But it passes, often, like vapors of the morning. How many a day in the beautiful August of this summer, that began heavily muffled in hot mist, and so deadly still as to seem stagnant and oppressive with terrible foreboding, gradually lighted up as the hours wore on—slowly cleared in the sky and over the earth—until, when noon was past, a clear, cool, calm beneficence of splendor smote the happy soul with the sense of perfect summer! So, very often, is it in human experience. The

"Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,"

gradually disappear.

Let Micros satisfy herself that she is not sentimental, and not be troubled if she is called so. Let her understand that she was not sent causelessly into the world—that the Father creates no child for whom he has not place and portion. If she finds she has mistaken it, the fact of mistake is an indication that there is something mistaken. Let her read, and as she reads, ponder, the greatest poem, perhaps, of modern times, Wordsworth's *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*. Who lives in vain?

"How many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear!
How many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air!"

Are the gems and flowers therefore useless? Would it not be use enough that they can point so exquisite a moral? Consider the lilies, Micros, and remember that God has made *you* in His image.

As the time of Thanksgiving approaches, it is natural that mammas should ask themselves, as one, "By-the-Burn," asks the Easy Chair, whether children may not be so trained that "no night may find them stuffed like Christmas turkeys," and yet not find them weak, puny, and spoony, sewing samplers and conning a moral Mother Goose?

The question is suggested by the little sketch called "The Quiet Home," in the August Number of the Magazine. The four children, who were so

very well-behaved and silent with their crochet work and their other sedate employments, and who so excited the admiring envy of the mother of a noisy household, sickened and died early, because the confinement and employment which produced the "quiet" also weakened the constitutions of the children.

Now an old Easy Chair who loves children, and always has his arms full of gingerbread for them—who delights in nothing more than in their climbing and frolicking about him—who feels himself, in fact, a kind of universal uncle to all darlings in short frocks and trousers—will hardly be accepted as an authority, probably, by well-regulated mammas. But he has his theory, notwithstanding, and he puts his four feet down in defense of certain points.

The first is that, considering the natural restlessness of children, to require of them the same gravity and silence that you would observe in venerable Easy Chairs, for instance, is simply absurd. You might as reasonably expect a mountain stream to flow as smoothly and quietly as the Hudson, or a young puppy to lie as sedately upon the porch all day as old Watch, the Newfoundland house-dog. Children are naturally gay and tumultuous. Their health requires that constant activity. They must run, and jump, and hop, and play, and shout to keep themselves in tune.

But, for all that, they are not to be allowed to indulge all their whims any more than their seniors. It is just as necessary that a boy should be obedient, as that he should take exercise; and the only rule seems to be that he should be reasonably, and not unreasonably repressed. To insist that he shall never make any noise in the house is foolish; but to allow him to be just as noisy as he chooses is equally foolish.

No, dear madame, no absolute rule can be laid down; but you may fairly say that every case is to be determined for itself. English children, who are the heartiest and healthiest, are often the "best-behaved" of any in the world. American children are usually disagreeable (especially in cars and steamboats), because they are suffered to tyrannize over their parents. In fact, no man can travel much without perceiving that generally both the traveling parents and children ought to be soundly whipped together.

However, madame, do you think a silly old Chair, that can never see a child crying but he is very apt to fall to sniveling himself, is a proper philosopher upon these points? The whole matter lies in your own good sense.

THE Easy Chair, like his *Weekly* friend, the Lounger, will have to set up a Letter-Box, if his friends continue to send him such kind tokens of their regard.

Here, for instance, is "Zillah," in Salem, who wishes to know the names of the authors of the various articles which please her. The Easy Chair is sorry to say that she speaks of the brilliant geniuses who prepare the monthly intellectual banquet of this *Magazine*, as the "literary M. Soyers who concoct it!" So long as they are regarded as cooks—as individuals in white caps and aprons, and red faces, carrying sauce-pans and turning stews—the self-respect and *esprit du corps* of the Easy Chair forbid an answer.

FROM WISSACASSET "Justia" sends a friendly

greeting. She says: "My home is an old stone house that overlooks the wildest part of the river," and she has only the hills and rocks and river for society, as the nearest house is far away. "Justitia" adds: "Alas! I am plain, but I trust I am good—I believe that generally follows." Does she remember what Audrey says in "As you like it?" Up in the old stone house she reads good books, and presses in them the flowers she gathers in her rambles. The Easy Chair values her letter none the less because he can only acknowledge and not print it.

FROM HARDIN, Illinois, writes C. E. N. It is curious that, in a happy home upon the banks of the river, a young friend of the Easy Chair's should be so sadly sentimental. Let her take care that it does not annoy the husband with whom she is so happy in those "romantic scenes." For,

"Lady, we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live."

"E. GRIHAEME" tells of a young person who said:

"What a fool I have been,
That I am no authoress is easily seen,
'Tis a gift to the favored, of which I'm not one;
I think for the future I'll let it alone."

Good manners prevent the Easy Chair from denying the justice of the conclusion or deprecating the resolution.

A POET in Nashville, Tennessee, tells the Easy Chair what it really was that Katy did. But it must still be a secret to the world. Only poets know it, and all these long, cool, sweet autumn evenings the air is loud with the charge. O Catherine, how could you!

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

AWAY in a little northern district of France, where the land reaches out in granite and slaty bluffs toward mid-channel, lies the town and the harbor of Cherbourg. You might go through France a hundred times and never see it; you might sail up and down all her coast and never touch there; only yacht men from Cowes, which is over opposite, occasionally dropped in to buy their clarets and Champagne.

And yet, latterly, this same little north town of Cherbourg has come to be talked of every where; not alone by reason of the Queen's visit (though that be something), nor by reason of the Imperial visit wholly, but for its show of gigantic masonry; a Cyclopean wall against the sea, and Cyclopean towers and bastions to defend it.

You have seen the history of this matter already in your papers. Let us keep our record good, by summing up what relates to a great fact of the hour. Cherbourg was a city of the great Cæsar; at least the medieval chronicles call it *Cæsaris Burgus*, from which, Chereburgum and Chereburtum. Tradition says an old Danish King, by name Aigrold, held his court there in the year 945; William the Conqueror founded a hospital there of which traces exist; and the King Henry II., with his pretty Queen Eleanor, had bowers upon the hills overlooking the harbor. Stories of sieges and captures; of English and French rule succeeding, belong to it. But always it was little dapper Cherbourg, whose great harbor, all open to the north (though it had water which might float four hun-

dred war-ships), was no refuge against storms. The magnificent Louis XIV. first conceived the idea of making it safe, and sent his great marshal, Vauban, to measure it and study it, and contrive how it might become the northern arsenal of France. The marshal, true to his duties, went there, and the result of his studies is still hanging in a chart which is treasured in the Hôtel de Ville.

But the project proved too grand for the day and was abandoned; but new wars quickened the sense of need, and Louis XVI. revived the plan. The engineers of his day (1784) suggested that truncated cones of timber, or huge broad-bottomed tubs, should be floated across the entrance of the harbor, and then filled with stones and sunk—the dyke being completed by throwing in masses of rock upon either side. Arthur Young, who visited France at this time, discourses in this style about it:

"The French possess no port for ships of war from Dunkirk to Brest, and the former is capable of receiving only frigates. This deficiency has been fatal to them more than once in their wars with England, whose more favorable coast affords not only the Thames, but the noble harbor of Portsmouth. To remedy the want, they planned a mole across the open bay of Cherbourg. The effect of the eight cones already erected, and the bank of stone formed between them, has been to give perfect security to a considerable proportion of the intended harbor. Two 40-gun ships have lain at anchor within them these eighteen months past by way of an experiment, and though violent storms have happened in that time, these ships have not received the smallest agitation; hence it is a harbor for a small fleet without doing more. For wars with England, the importance of having a secure harbor, so critically situated, they consider as equal to almost any expense; at least this importance has its full weight in the eyes of the people of Cherbourg. I remarked, in rowing across the harbor, that, while the sea without the artificial bar was so rough that it would have been unpleasant for a boat, within it was quite smooth. I mounted two of the cones, one of which has this inscription—*Louis XVI., sur ce premier cone, échoué le 6 Juin, 1784, a vu l'immersion de celui de l'est le 23 Juin, 1786.* On the whole, the undertaking is a prodigious one, and does no trifling credit to the spirit and enterprise of the present age in France."

But it needed only a few storms, such as come once in half a decade of years, to overset the cones, and to strew their wreck throughout the bed of the harbor. Then came the thwacking Revolutionary times, in which little Cherbourg was forgotten in the talk about the guillotine and Robespierre. Yet the Revolution had its strategy and its engineers, and its need for them. There was a new national outcry for a great harbor of refuge on the north coast of France, and Cherbourg was talked into notoriety once more.

A new scheme was devised; the timber cones were abandoned, and immense granite walls were sunk, filled in with fragments of rock. For years this progressed successfully, and Napoleon found it risen above the level of the water. At once he saw its need and its capacity for military defense. He ordered a fort constructed upon the centre of the mole, and straightway the fortification lifted its embrasures above the level of the harbor. Barracks, too, were built, and the works extended year after year.

In 1808 an extraordinary storm burst upon the harbor: the waves, carried to an unusual height, submerged all the buildings raised upon the dyke, and by the force and suddenness of their shocks, swept them all away, save only the cabin of the commandant of the prison; and making a wide breach in the masonry, poured over and through it with tremendous violence. There were at the time upon the dyke two hundred and sixty-three soldiers and workmen, of whom one hundred and ninety-four were drowned; sixty-nine were saved by finding shelter in hollows among the stones; and thirty-eight found their way off in a boat, which they managed with infinite difficulty to reach during a temporary lull in the tempest.

By this storm the work of sixteen years, in sinking great blocks of granite, was almost annihilated, and the whole mass reduced to the state of a mere rubble-bed.

Could the work ever be made effective? Losses had been immense: the plans of the greatest engineers had been proven worthless. Even the foundations of the dyke, it was found by survey in 1828, had been shifted a considerable distance.

Still the glory and honor of France demanded the triumph, and the work went on.

Louis Philippe brought the vigor of a fresh administration and a comparatively popular government into strong contrast with the indolent hands of the reinstated Bourbons.

New engineers contrived new material. No weight of stones, it was found, would prove sufficient to withstand the prodigious force of the tide when lashed by the north winds. A concrete was now formed of one part of small stones and pounded brick, and two of lime, and deposited upon the loose foundation sloping in either direction; and upon this a vertical wall raised by well jointed and solid masonry. This, however, yielded to the storms of 1836: the concrete was broken—blocks of stone weighing three tons or more were raised twenty-two feet in the air, and carried over the wall to the inner side of the dyke. The masonry was broken, and breaches made through which the sea burst impetuously.

Enough remained, however, to warrant continuous prosecution of the work. Year after year since that day, under Guizot, under Thiers, under the Provisional Government, under the Presidency, and under the Empire, the laborers upon the dyke and fortifications of Cherbourg have counted by thousands. More than six hundred and fifty millions of francs have been expended there. Humboldt pronounced it—so long ago as he saw it—the grandest work which man had yet accomplished.

Why not honor its completion with a festival? Four light-houses show the way there by night. A sea-wall more than two miles in length, and five hundred feet in breadth, has been constructed in water varying from forty to sixty feet in depth. A vast number of guns protect it, and hundreds of war-ships may lie within in perfect safety.

Of course a festival; of course Cherbourg will be visited now; of course there has been a visitation of monarchs, and tremendous explosions of gunpowder. It is the traditional way of pronouncing upon traditional glories.

Yet at the same time—to a day almost—a few British and American ships were consummating a work whose issues will be more important for war or for peace, and for the glory and the honor which

crown civilization, than all the granite walls and the excavated docks of Cherbourg.

Through trials, and failures, and dangers, and discouragements, this other work of the telegraph cable had leaned toward final accomplishment; and while in the old port that had borne Caesar's name two great crowned heads were firing cannon in jubilant exultation over the conquest of one little harbor from the sea, American boys were kindling bonfires of rejoicing because men had learned to talk and send messages of peace through two thousand miles of ocean.

And what if it should happen that the thought and the talk which passes so swiftly through the little copper wires of the ocean cable should prove stronger for conquest and stronger for defense than the dyke and all the towers of Cherbourg?

There was great pomp (all Paris heeding and listening for the echoes) when the English Queen and French Emperor joined hands within the Cherbourg dyke. There was very little pomp about the first exchange of messages between Buchanan and Victoria under ocean; but does any body doubt what places these events will hold in the history of our world? Does any body doubt if the messages, tame as you may count them, will not out-sound, in the rattle of the nineteenth century march, all the guns of little Cherbourg? None of the metal of the French port can carry death or fire more than a league; we will grant them ten years hence a cast of two leagues.

But the wire! Ten years! who shall reckon the reach?

SINCE we have run away from Paris for this festal look upon Cherbourg (though we leave all the details of the *fête* to your newspapers), why not drop down for an hour in this late September weather for a look upon Bordeaux and its vineyards?

First of all, what idea have you of vineyards? Purple arches of vines embowering your head? Gay trellises, where small-footed maidens climb? Clusters of grapes, large as those the spies carried away, borne on poles from shoulder to shoulder, as in the old illustrated primers of Scripture story?

We shall see. There is no going from Cherbourg direct to Bordeaux—at least not by sea; and this leads us to remark that the French never travel by sea when it is possible to travel by land. The Seine is a passable river, large enough for such boats as ply under the London bridges; but they run to St. Cloud and Versailles without great profits even upon days of *fête*.

There are very few coasting steamers in France. You may find one at Nantes bound to Bordeaux or Rochelle, but it is not a well appointed craft; you will suffer bad company and bad attendance if you embark upon it. The better way is the French way—to come back to the centre, Paris, and go direct.

You will pass through Tours, a pretty half-English town (by reason of the English who love to stay there), with an old rampart that is now a delightful walk, and a fair cathedral, and green and wooded outskirts. You will pass Poitiers, the capital of ancient Poitou, where Kings of England were Dukes down to the time of the engrossing Charles V.; but you will only pass it, for it stands on a hill, around which the narrow streets sweep in all kinds of concentricity, embracing queer old churches; and you will remember how the black

Prince of England fought bravely hereabout, taking captive King John, and with this memory delighting you, will hurry on to Angoulême, memorable by reason of the old Duchy, of which it was the seat (and the pears *Duchess d'Angoulême*), and so, through vineyards and smiling country, you will come at length to the Gironde, the great river of the south, as tawny and (below) as wide as the Mississippi, on whose banks lies the city of Bordeaux. It has a British stir and bustle that will surprise you, and in the suburbs you will find the same pretty and neatly-kept suburban residences which belong to English provincial cities. Dogs and dahlias, and graveled walks, and rhododendrons; sleek footmen, too, and little phaetons, and ponies brought thither from Liverpool. The merchants have the solid look of British merchants—all which springs naturally from their constant and familiar intercourse with British ports.

It can hardly be counted an agreeable or attractive city, except you go as trader or wine-fancier. A great square with its quota of shade, and its walks giving views of the river and the shipping, relieves the dustiness of the town, and a huge theatre links the Bordelais population to the gay world of Paris.

The choicest claret region lies northward of the city along the low peninsula of Medoc, which is skirted on the west by the beginning of the flat *landes*, and on the east by the tawny and widening Gironde. An easy day of coaching will carry you through a score of sunny villages to the Chateau Lafitte, lying just beyond the little township of Pauillac. It is a whitewashed, old-fashioned, Frenchy chateau, with extinguisht turrets, curiously carved marble mantels, ancient ormolu clocks, with stiff garden coxcombery of the times of Vauban, sweeping round the outer walls; and beyond this easy vineyard slopes. Trellises of scarce two feet high carry the vines, and neither foliage nor the clusters can conceal the harsh, pebbly soil, which you would declare, if you were bred in a grain-growing county, to be utterly worthless. And the clusters are neither large nor abundant; small, knotted, irregular bunches of grapes, which are almost black, and which do not tempt the appetite like the golden clusters of Fontainebleau. The gold of the vineyards of Lafitte lies in the four hundred hogsheads (about the annual product in old good years) of Sir Samuel Scott's wine.

In the immediate neighborhood lie the vineyards of Latour, Mouton, and Leoville. You may pass them all, and look at them all, in an easy morning's drive, arriving at the village of Margaux, half-way back to Bordeaux, in capital season for a bountiful *dejeuner*.

Chateau Margaux is a pretentious Italian villa, wearing a deserted look, and possessing none of the quaintness or picturesqueness of Lafitte. There is, however, a picturesque cellar of the Margaux wines, in which the cobwebs upon old bottles make charming hangings. If we bear away a *litre* to wet our *dejeuner*, where is the harm?

St. Emilius, and the Grave and Sauterne wines are to be tasted in other directions; and to visit the vineyards, we must retrace our steps to Bordeaux.

For the fact-lovers, let us jot down a few naked memoranda about this Medoc peninsula. It is but a gravel bank raised some sixty to eighty feet above the level of the river in its highest portions, and nowhere more than a mile or two in breadth.

The *landes*, which stretch from it to the Biscayan shores on the south and west, produce only furze and low shrubs. There are vineyards upon this gravel bank of Medoc which have the look only of a waste of white silicious pebbles; others again seem to be of slaty debris; and nowhere could you thrust your staff in the earth more than an inch or two.

Yet upon this gravelly mass the sun lies warmly and kindly. For hours after sunset those pebbles which have been basking all day in the light retain their heat, and through all the night give it to the little rootlets of the vine. Scarce any dressing is given; only from time to time a little vegetable mould is drawn about them and washed down by the rains. Four times in a season the plow, drawn by perfectly trained oxen, passes between the trellises, alternately covering and laying bare the roots.

Nothing is so fatal to a crop as standing water, either upon the surface or within reach of the lower rootlets.

The total produce of Medoc, in average years (before the oidium), was some two hundred thousand barrels; of which, however, only four to five thousand were of the first growths, as Margaux, Lafitte, Latour, and Mouton.

Of the vintage season and its festivities in Medoc, we excerpt this description from the guide-books of the region: "The proprietors at this time repair hither with their friends and families to superintend the proceedings and make merry; grape-gatherers pour in from the left bank of the Gironde to assist in the vintage. Busy crowds of men, women, and children sweep the vineyards from end to end, clearing all before them like bands of locusts, while the air resounds with their songs and laughter. The utmost care is employed by the pickers to remove from the bundles all defective, dried, mouldy, or unripe grapes. Every road is thronged with carts filled with high-heaped tubs, which the laboring oxen are dragging slowly to the pressing trough. This is placed usually in a lofty out-house, resembling a barn, whence issue sounds of still louder merriment, and a scene presents itself sufficiently singular to the stranger. Upon a square wooden trough stand three or four men with bare legs all stained with purple juice, dancing and treading down the grapes as fast as they are thrown in, to the tunes of a violin. The labor of constantly stamping down the fruit is desperately fatiguing, and without music would get on very slowly; a fiddler, therefore, forms part of every wine-grower's establishment; and as long as the instrument pours forth its merry notes the treaders continue their dance in the gore of the grape."

If we should go from Bordeaux to visit the country of the Grave wines (only a few hours' ride away), we should find the proprietors full of hospitality; the same British air of comfort which we before remarked—the flowers, the cart dog, the generous stables, the green rhododendrons; and within, if we chanced to enter, always a *gout* of their best vintage—white and red (it is a common error to count all Grave wine white)—a dish of mouldy cheese, and a plateful of nuts. The Haut Brion was a once famous wine of the Graves order, which has latterly lost character from the neglect of various proprietors. We remember that, in the straitened times of 1848, all the contents of the Haut Brion cellars were offered at auction, and com-

manded only a price which in these days, at only ten years' remove, would be counted fabulously small.

But, after all, the true vintage festivities of France lie in Burgundy, and not in Medoc. The gravelly soil, the tawny Gironde, the bustling Bordeaux, the level reach of *landes*, will not compare with those sunny slopes of the golden hills by Macon and Dijon which look toward the Rhine and Switzerland. There is no intermingling of the British element of civilization; nothing recalls Bootle, or Holborn, or Richmond Hill. The peasants are gay, dancing, chatting Burgundian peasants; the hills all land-bound; the distance hemmed with Juras if not Alps; the vines unctuous and fragrant; the wine-gatherers living, and loving, and dancing by traditional formula—which formula have bases in the Burgundian nature. If there be such thing as a charming *insouciance*, you will find it among the Burgundian grape-gatherers in the time of the Burgundian vintage. You seem to feel as you look on them (and they to feel on whom you look) that the church belfry and cross are to save us all—the kindly sky to feed us all—the clustering cottages to shelter us all—and the laughing girls to love us all.

We know no spot of country where an American, fagged with the din and the hot blast of what we call Progress, can so easily and thoroughly forget steam, and telegraphing, and woman's rights, and the big type of extras, and the blaze of illuminations, as on some quiet hill-side of the *Côte d'Or* in Burgundy, where the grapes are purpling upon the same gnarled stocks which ripened them a century ago; where the girls wear beechen *sabots* on their feet, and on their faces abounding health and joy; where fête-days gather them, with the Burgundian boys, to dance in meadows far into the middle of the night; where railways are known only by the shrill whistle that comes a league through the stillness of noon or by the feathery trail of vapor which may be seen gushing and wasting along the valley of the Saone.

Talk to these people of Mr. Field and the Telegraph! Talk to these people of Frazer River and Spurgeon!

And yet are these Burgundians to be entirely commiserated? Would they give thanks for a fast man's pity? Would they change fortunes—save at a loss—with any holder of water-lots in the great city of Cairo? or a man whose wealth lies in bonds of the Ohio and Mississippi, and who reads at Chicago, this first of September, the prices of consols on the London Exchange of yesterday?

Will any ripeness of civilization do away with these great contrasts? Can steam come between the sun and the grapes? Will there not be always the patient waiting on the seasons, and those whose duty and whose joy it shall be to wait?

Editor's Drawer.

OCTOBER, russet gray and sober, with her nuts and apples, grapes and corn, promise of winter evenings and good cheer, the social pleasures, domestic comforts, glad and grateful hearts—October, the crown of the harvest and the year, has come!

These autumn evenings, the apple parings, the spinning bees, the quiltings, the huskings, not to speak of the parties and frolics that are to come—these are the seasons in which the Drawer most delights in the intervals of toil, and here he dispenses

his good things with a liberal hand. He comes well loaded now, and with his usual wishes that his readers may be liberal that he may have the means to be more so in return, he opens his store.

On the top of the Drawer we find two anecdotes of clergymen: the first old, but good.

The celebrated divine, Robert Hall, and the Rev. Matthew Wilkes were, on one occasion, guests in the same house; and after the services, held during a convention of the denomination of Baptists, were seated in the parlor, surrounded, of course, by numerous friends.

Mr. Hall, full of wit and pleasantry, and as cheerful as the painful disease from which he suffered permitted him to be, entertained the ladies and was the life of the party. Presently, up spake old Wilkes—"I am surprised, Mr. Hall, after the very serious discourse you gave us this afternoon, to see you display so much levity as you do this evening."

"My dear Sir," said Robert Hall, "there is just this difference between you and me: you have your nonsense in the pulpit, and I have mine in the parlor." Matthew was quiet the rest of the evening.

THE Rev. Dr. —, of Georgia, has a rather slow delivery, which was the occasion of an amusing scene in the chapel of the Lunatic Asylum.

At his last appointment he was preaching upon the absolute necessity of trusting in Christ. He was illustrating his subject by the case of a man condemned to be hung, and reprieved under the gallows. He went on to describe the gathering of the crowd, the bringing out of the prisoner, his remarks under the gallows, the appearance of the executioner, the adjustment of the halter, the preparation to let fall the platform, and just then the appearance in the distance of the dust-covered courier, the jaded horse, the waving handkerchief, the commotion in the crowd. At this thrilling point, when every one was listening in breathless silence for the *dénouement*, the Doctor became a little prolix. One of the lunatics could hold in no longer; he arose in the congregation, and shouted, "*Hurry, Doctor, for mercy's sake, hurry!* They'll hang the man before you get there!"

A FAIR correspondent in the Green Mountain State, who is a little ahead of the good people in her vicinity, sends us an account of the graphic picture drawn by her venerable minister in a recent sermon, when he was making an illustration from a well-remembered but somewhat doubtful story of the late war in India. The good man had read the incident of Jessie Brown, of Lucknow, crying, "I hear the *pibroch!* they are coming!" But he did not exactly understand what the *pibroch* is, and he had read of the *slogan*, as a war-cry of the Highlands, and with a dim idea of the story, he proceeded:

"I have been reading an account of a very interesting incident that happened in the war in the Crimea, or in India, I don't now exactly remember which it was, but no matter; the people in one of the cities, it was Delhi or Lucknow, or some other city in the East, were surrounded by the enemy, and were reduced to the last extremity by famine. A young woman, by the name of, let me see—it was—yes, I think it was Betsey Brown, cried out, 'The *sheebroch* is coming! the *sheebroch* is coming!'"

That will do. Let us pass on to something else;

but not until we have duly chronicled the following conjectural emendation of this same much-quoted story, for which we are indebted to a lady in Connecticut. Zoology, we presume, was the worthy minister's forte :

"A good old Presbyterian of St. Louis, while recently addressing a crowded religious assembly, said that Christ was at the door ready to deliver sinners from bondage and death. To illustrate that this deliverance was at hand, he related the account of the Scotch lassie, who, during the recent rebellion in Hindostan, fancied she heard one of the national airs of her country—putting her ear to the ground, she heard distinctly the air, 'The Campbells are coming!' The idea was scouted by her listeners, but the result proved she was correct. The old gentleman said, 'that as *camels* were not used in that country, she probably meant to say, *elephants*!' Seeing his audience smile (approval he supposed) at his explanation, he unfortunately went on to expatiate still more on the subject."

Not many years ago, in the village of Eatonton, Georgia, a man made his appearance and stopped at the tavern. He was possessed of a most remarkable nose, one which almost monopolized his entire face—red, Roman, enormous : it was such a nose as is only seen in a lifetime. So great a show was it that it attracted universal attention. The glances cast at it, and the remarks made about it, had rendered its owner somewhat sensitive upon the subject. A half-grown negro boy was summoned by the proprietor to carry his baggage to his room. Cuffee was much taken with the nose. As he came out of the room, unable to contain himself longer, he exclaimed, "Golly! *what a nose!*" Our traveler overheard him, and went to his master with a demand for his punishment.

Cuffee was called up, and, at the suggestion of some by-standers, was *let off* on condition that he would apologize to the offended gentleman. This he readily agreed to do. Walking to the room where our traveler was, and touching his hat and humbly bowing, he said, "*Massa, you ain't got no nose at all!*"

A CINCINNATI gentleman, signing himself Porkopolis, has another version of the origin of that slander in the West that Jersey men are worse than Yankees. He says :

"Fifty-four years since I passed through the Quaker State of Pennsylvania, on my way to these backwoods, and this village of twelve hundred inhabitants, and in which I found one brick house, and where a lot of 20 feet by 100 was, three years since, sold at the small price of fifty-five hundred dollars per front foot, that, fifty years ago, could have been bought for less than one dollar per front foot. In passing through Pennsylvania I saw a field with a crop I had never seen in New Jersey. I rode up and inquired of the farmer what the crop was that was growing in his field. He replied,

"A large number of Yankees moved here last fall, and I expect the crop will be in great demand."

"I then saw the crop was hemp.

"Oh," said I, raising my hand, 'I am not a Yankee. I am a *Jerseyman*. I came from the State of New Jersey.'

"He stepped back in great alarm, and cried out,

"From New Jersey! A *Jerseyman*! *The very kind of Yankee we intend it for!*"

"I cleared out speedily. My companion and

myself had to call at a toll-gate, which was a scarce article in those days. A female kept the gate; and to quiz her, we inquired if she could tell us how far it was from her gate to hither and yonder?

"Oh," said she, 'I can. Three times the length of two fools; and if you do not believe me, you may lie down and measure.'

HERE is an Indiana contribution to the Drawer : "While rummaging over some old letters which I found stored in a warehouse, not long ago, among others I picked up this fragment of one written in verse, by a soldier in the ever-memorable battle of New Orleans. I am sorry that I could not find the whole manuscript; but if you think it worth a perusal, here is a part of it, commencing with the sixth stanza :

VI.

"The first attempt was made to fight
Was on December, the twenty-third night;
The volunteers from Tennessee
Was killed and captured, sixty-three.

VII.

The next attempt the British made
Was on December the twenty-eight;
Then marched the invader toward our line,
Till wee frustrated their design.

VIII.

But sum of our own men did yeald
And fual a victim on the field;
Those that ley kild in their own goare
Was *Kernel Henderson* and six more.

IX.

On New-Year's morning, as the sun did rise,
A heavy fog darken'd the skies;
A British *kennon* did us alarm,
Which made us all fly to our arm.

X.

The battle lasted that hole day—
Artillery on both sides did play;
The fiery darts that at us flew
Was *kennon* bauls, and rockets two.

* * * * *

XVI.

Wee are militia from Tennessee,
Turn'd out to fight for *Libertee*;
Come, let us join with one accord,
And hold our freedom by the Sward.

XVII.

Now wee have gain'd the victoree,
And caus'd our enemy for to flee;
We wait to hear our General say
Heel march us back to Tennessee.

XVIII.

Then wee will bid Orleans *adeu*,
And on our journey *weel* pushue,
And for sweet Tennessee *weel* steare,
To meet our wives and sweet-harts dear.

From ANDREW K. LAWSON to CYRUS MILLER.

"I have always read with great pleasure that best part of your Magazine, the Drawer, and could not refrain from adding my mite. NEMO."

"BEN MOORE was my chum at Middlebury College. He abominated, and, as far as possible, ignored the practice of holding recitations at five A.M. One morning, after having been absent for a week, he made his appearance in the Astronomy class, and fell asleep on the bench. Presently the Professor aroused him with the question, 'Moore, what is time?'

"BEN. 'Time, Sir? don't know, Sir.'

the President made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and begged leave to state a proposition to this effect: 'S'pose,' said he, 'dat you set one dozen duck's eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, wich am de mudder—de duck or de hen?' This was a poser, was well put, and rather nonplused the other side, and even staggered the President, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair, in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: 'Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out!' and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

AN Irish bull was lately caught in Pittsburg. A correspondent of ours, writing from what he is pleased to call the "smoky city," says:

"The animal called an 'Irish Bull' has often crossed my field, but never but once have I witnessed the quadruped as he escaped from his verdant, native fields. For this pleasure I was indebted to *and John Kelly*. John was a hale, broad-shouldered, broad-footed Patlander, the rich depth of whose brogue was only equaled by the breadth of his brogans. John's affections were limited to three things; viz., the Mither Kirk, the cratur, and the childer. Of the latter he had bestowed upon his adopted country thirteen Young Americans. These, when ranged along the cabin wall for counting, their scalps all closely shorn, except a fringe left for ornamentation about the forehead, from the youngest to the oldest, their heads made an ascending grade of just three degrees. The oldest sickened, and John, fearing the ailment would descend over the whole grade to the little foot of the pyramid, called for a little 'dochter stuff.' He got his prescription, and left in haste, but reappeared again after several hours, with a very obstetrical countenance, and his linsey in dishabille. John delivered himself somewhat in this wise:

"I know, yes, I was in a great hurry; but I just stopped to take a *drap* with a *frind*, *d'ye mind*. Patrick and Biddy was at loggerheads, *d'ye mind*, and I just like *interfared* for *puce*, and got *baten* by them both for my throuble, *d'ye mind*; then I got tired like, *d'ye mind*, and lay down by the fence to rest, and while I was slaping some spawn of a cobbler sow'd corn all around and ferment me, *d'ye mind*; and the hogs come—the devil always was in the swine, any how, *d'ye mind*—and the grady bastes hunted under me, and toss'd me about till they broke the *vial*, *d'ye mind*, and now the poor childer must suffer, *d'ye mind*.' Here John blubbered, but thinking tears ill became his manhood, he arrested them, exclaiming, 'But I am no chile, dochter! No, I am no chile; and, what is more, *I was never board a chile!*'

"John was doubtless born a child, but the 'best man' on all the waters of Breakneck, and Brush Creek to boot, was never much addicted to the melting mood."

A CINCINNATI correspondent, jealous of the fame of the Queen City, tells us how to make a pork-merchant:

"Cincinnati has become famous for her pork and her painters. Sometimes these two principal de-

velopments of the local characteristics have interfered with each other, and the aspiring youth, who might have made a respectable butcher or packer, finds it difficult to get enough pork to eat, in his more ambitious pursuit; while, on the other hand, the arts have been occasionally robbed of a genius which has been turned into the more lucrative and lubricative channel.

"One of our wealthy merchants affords an instance of this. When a boy he exhibited artistic inclinations which were the delight of his mother and sisters, who saw a budding Benjamin West in his incipient sketches. His father, viewing things in a more practical light, was inclined to deprecate the pursuit of art, but sensibly offered no opposition to the design, feeling that to be the most certain way of making the career inevitable. How he, at length, homoeopathically cured him is told in this way:

"The boy was permitted to paint, and even, full of enthusiasm, to desert the paternal counting-house and hire a garret, where he labored most industriously. One day a friend of his father called upon him there—his first visitor, by-the-way—and, to his inexpressible joy, gave him a commission for a picture; an epoch that was sufficiently dilated upon by him at the dinner-table. He was congratulated by his parent, who, adroitly pretending to see in it prospects of future wealth, succeeded in giving a pecuniary character to the boy's as yet purely ambitious dreams—dreams of wealth that encouraged him to labor in the three or four weeks that he wrought upon the picture. When it was finished he sought with delight his patron, whose criticisms were of the kindest possible character, and who received it with apparent pleasure. Weeks rolled on, however, without a word being said of the remuneration he was to receive; and as no more 'orders' presented themselves, and his pocket-money, more lavishly spent since he had felt sure of his art *paying*, was insufficient to purchase new materials, he finally presented himself to his patron, and modestly suggested the payment for his picture.

"His friend, appearing greatly astonished, as if he had misunderstood him, cried,

"Pay?"

"Yes, Sir, if you can spare it *now*."

"Pay! Why, I never heard of such impudence. What! pay for a picture! Ridiculous!" And he laughed as if the idea was a good joke. "Oh no, my young friend," he continued, with a serious manner, "I never thought you wished remuneration for such trifling amusement. John! go after Master F——'s picture, and give it back to him."

"The mortified boy took the canvas and returned, despairingly, home. As if by accident, that day his father asked him, at dinner, what he had bought with the money he had made. Unable to reply, and disgusted with a profession so poorly appreciated, young F—— went back to the counting-house the next day; and now laughingly attributes to the picture hanging in the library the cause of his present prosperity; while it is said—and the number of other paintings on his walls confirms the report—that other artists have reason to congratulate themselves that the painter became a pork merchant."

"A FEW months ago," says a correspondent, "I observed in the Drawer an anecdote or two of that

great and good man, the late Dr. Strong, of Hartford. Permit me to offer you another:

"Rev. Dr. Strong and Rev. Dr. Mason, of New York, sometimes visited each other. On one of these occasions, while Dr. M. was visiting in Hartford, the two Doctors one day took a walk together. Now the stoop of Dr. Strong's residence was of freestone, and constructed after the old Yankee pattern; that is, two stone slabs, of sufficient thickness each to form a step, laid upon each other, the upper being smaller than the lower. It so happened that a corner of the lower stone had been broken and laid up loosely; so when the two clergymen returned from their walk, and were ascending the steps, Dr. Mason stepped upon the broken corner, which turned over with him, and caused him to stumble.

"'Brother Strong,' he exclaimed, 'why don't you mend your ways?'

"'I would,' said Dr. S., 'if I were a Mason.'"

SHADOWS.

As the summer eve declines,
And the fading glory shines
Through the shadow of the pines;

And the western wind doth break
From his noontide rest, and wake
Music on the silent lake;

As low the dreaming echoes brood,
Through the faint odors of the wood,
There comes a stirring of the blood,

Thrilling to my heart with pain,
As though hidden voices came
From the buried Past again;

And I feel thy presence near,
With thy calm brow and waving hair,
Shining through the twilight air;

Light is in thine earnest eyes,
Like the gleam of starry skies
Ere the summer dawn arise.

And a haunting voice I know
Speaketh to me soft and low,
As in days of long ago.

Ah! those days, when we forsook
Wisdom's dusty tomes, and took
Knowledge from life's passion-book;

Reading in each other's eyes,
And our trembling low replies,
All its burning mysteries!

Still I seem to clasp thy hand,
While the shadows o'er the land
Deepen swiftly as we stand

In communion low and sweet,
While my bounding pulses beat
Music to the moments fleet!

Darker now the shadows fall,
And the boding owlets call
From the ruined homestead wall.

Ah! I clasped a form of air!
Gone from the Night thy presence fair,
Leaving me to my despair!

WESTERN simplicity—not greenness, but genuine candor and character—are seen in the following incidents, sent to the *Drawer* by a distant correspondent:

"In a wild Western neighborhood, where the sound of the church-going bell had never been heard, notice was given that the Rev. Mr. A—, a distinguished Presbyterian divine, would preach on a certain day.

"The natives, who consisted mainly of those hardy pioneers who have preceded civilization, came in crowds to hear him. They had an indistinct idea that *preachin'* was something to be heard, and all intended to hear it.

"After the service had begun a raw-boned hunter, with rifle in hand and all the accoutrements of the chase about him, entered and took the only vacant seat—a nail-keg without either head. The current of the preacher's thought led him into a description of heaven and its inhabitants. With great power he had drawn a picture of the habitation of the blessed, and was assigning each of the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles his appropriate place. His Calvinistic tendencies led him to reserve the Apostle Paul for his climacteric. With his eye fixed on the highest point, and with an upward gesture that seemed to be directed to the loftiest altitude of the heavenly places, he said,

"'And where, my brethren, shall we seat the great Apostle of the Gentiles?—where, I say, shall we place the Apostle Paul?'

"Then pausing, to give the imagination time to reach the elevation designed for the Apostle, he fixed his eye on our hero of the rifle. He, thinking the address personal, rose instantly, and replied,

"'If he can't do no better he can take my seat.'

"It is needless to say that *that* climax was never reached."

"THERE was, some years ago, in the eastern part of our State, a very pompous gentleman of the legal profession, who somewhat resembled necessity (in knowing no law), but whose huge body and conceited manners made him the butt of his professional brethren. At the same bar practiced a keen, active, energetic, little lawyer, almost a dwarf in stature, but, intellectually, very much the superior of his ponderous friend. It happened, during one of the sessions of the court, that a very heavy rain fell, and one morning the wide street which separated the court-house and tavern was ankle-deep with water.

"'B—, my dear little fellow,' said the gigantic W—, 'you never can get across the street in this flood; you will certainly drown. I shall have to take you across on my back!'

"'You would have more law on your back than you ever had in your head,' was the ready retort."

A PHILADELPHIAN writes: "What a great success is your charming Magazine! When the first number came out I was in New York, and, dining with a party of literary gentlemen, the new Magazine was handled without gloves. It was agreed on all hands that it could not live. But now, what work so welcome in every family, with something for the young, and something for the old, and the *Drawer* for every body?"

"You have probably never heard," writes a Western correspondent, "of a rabbit being shot dead without powder, lead, or gun. Your *Drawer* is a great institution, but it never had such a story as the veritable one I am about to relate. A few weeks ago three young men of our town were returning home, about sunset, when one of them (who was an active hunter) espied a rabbit about twenty-five yards ahead of them, enjoying the cool of the evening. As soon as the young sportsman saw

the rabbit he whispered to his companions to halt. Deliberately lifting his walking-stick up to his shoulder, he held it to his sight as if it were a fowl-pie, took good aim, and imitated, as near as possible, with his voice the report of a gun—bang! The poor little rabbit jumped, fell heels over head, gave two or three cries, and lay on his back, with his legs standing up in the air, shivering in the agonies of death. When the party got up to it, it was dead. Judge of the surprise of the young men when they saw the effect of their companion's imitation gun-shot report! They thought at first that the little thing died of fright; but on turning it over they saw their mistake, its head being saturated with blood! The sportsman himself was quite startled. They began to suspect that the days of witchcraft had returned. But they pretty soon discovered that they were mistaken in that. It appears that the rabbit, when he was disturbed by the *bang*, jumped, and struck against the stump of a bush, and knocked himself lifeless!"

MR. NEWMAN is a famous New England singing-master: *i. e.*, a teacher of vocal music in the rural districts. Stopping overnight at the house of a simple-minded old lady, whose grandson and pet, Enoch, was a pupil of Mr. Newman, he was asked by the lady how Enoch was getting on. He gave a rather poor account of the boy, and asked his grandmother if she really thought Enoch had any ear for music.

"Wa'al," said the old woman, "I raaly don't know; won't you just take the candle and look and see!"

HERE is as genuine an Irishman as we have recently had in the Drawer.

"In the days of packets, when every body went to Albany from Western New York *via* the 'raging canal,' a company of six or eight gentlemen assembled one evening at a Hotel in Lyons, to wait for the two o'clock A.M. boat. They spent the fore part of the night playing cards and cracking jokes and Champagne. When they retired, they left particular orders with the porter to call them at half past one. Soundly they slept till the clock struck 'three,' when in came the porter, yelling at the top of his voice, 'Gentlemen, get up quick, the boat has *been gone more than an hour!*'"

A COUNTY seat, located in the Muskingum valley, has its bar frequently enlivened by the wit and other eccentricities of a learned Irish member known as the Doctor. He came to our country when a boy, went through and graduated at one of our Eastern universities, was, for years, a professor of Natural Science and Phe-lase-pher (as he yet calls it) in one of our Western colleges, has studied and practiced medicine, is familiar with all the dead languages, and for years a successful member of the bar, but he still retains, in all their natural and pristine glory, the wit and brogue of his native isle, his greatest fault being a desire to do all the talking, and never knowing when he is done.

On the trial of a certain cause, in which he was attorney for one of the parties, the opposing counsel found it necessary to make a witness of the learned Doctor. To this the latter objected, but finally, under the ruling of the Court, he had to take the stand. After a long and tedious examination, and after the counsel who called the Doctor

to the stand had repeatedly informed him that he was through, and finally appealed to the Court to put an end to the interminable harangue that was following the last question put, the Doctor, with the utmost simplicity, and sincerely indignant at the interruption, demanded,

"May it please the Court, an' hiv I not a right to cross-examine meself?"

WHEN the territory now comprising the State of Ohio was first organized into a government, and Congressmen about being elected, there were two candidates, both men of standing and ability, brought out in that fertile region watered by the beautiful Muskingum.

Mr. Morgan, the one, was a reluctant aspirant for the honor, but his friends insisted on his running, and also on his paying his respects to the people by calling meetings at various points and addressing them. In one part of the district there was a large and very intelligent German settlement, and it was generally conceded that their vote, usually given one way, would be decisive of the contest. To secure this important interest, Mr. Morgan, in the course of the campaign, paid this part of the district a visit, and, by his condescension and polite manners, made a most favorable impression on the entire population—the electors, in fact, all pledging themselves to cast their vote for him.

Colonel Jackson, the opposing candidate, and ambitious for the office, hearing of this successful move on the part of his opponent, determined to counteract it if possible. To this end he started for the all-important settlement. On introducing himself, and after several fruitless attempts to dissipate the favorable effect of Mr. Morgan's visit, he was finally informed by one of the leading men of the precinct that

"It ish no goode yau cooming hare, Colonel Shackson, ve have all bromisht to vote for our friend, Miesther Morgans."

"Ah ha!" says the Colonel; "but did you hear what Mr. Morgan did when he returned home from visiting you?"

"No, vat vas it?"

"Why he ordered his chamber-maid to bring him some soap and warm water, that he might wash the smell of the *sour-kroust* off his hands."

The Colonel left, and in a few days the election coming off, each candidate made his appearance at the critical German polls. The votes were then given *viva voce*, and you may judge of Mr. Morgan's astonishment as each lusty Dutchman announced the name of Colonel *Schackson*, holding up his hand toward the outwitted candidate, and indignantly asking,

"Ah ha, Miesther Morgans, you zee any *sour-kroust* dare?"

It is needless to say that Colonel *Schackson* took a seat in the next Congress.

ONE of our countrymen abroad remembers the Drawer, and communicates half a dozen entertaining stories.

"Colonel L— was, and still is, for aught I know to the contrary, one of the most distinguished practitioners in the Criminal Courts of the city of Philadelphia. On one occasion, when he was for the prosecution, his witnesses had been subjected to a terrible cross-examination from Mr. Ingraham, who appeared for the defense. After the testimony

for the State had closed, Colonel L—— said to his opponent,

"Now, Mr. Ingraham, I intend to handle your witnesses without gloves."

"*That is more than I would like to do with yours,*" responded Mr. Ingraham."

"JUDGE B—— was not only one of the best judges, but also one of the best and most successful criminal lawyers in Philadelphia some years ago. When the Court of which he was the presiding judge was legislated out of existence, he betook himself again to the practice of the law, and was retained in nearly all the important criminal cases of that period. A new Court had been formed by act of the Legislature, and three new judges appointed, all of whom were very hostile to B——, not only on account of his superior knowledge of law, but because he never let an occasion slip to show them that he was their superior."

"On one occasion he was defining his opinion on a point of law before the Court in *banc* on a motion for a new trial in arrest of judgment. He was suddenly stopped by one of the judges with,

"Now, Judge B——, that is not the law, and you know it; and if you don't know it you ought to, for you were a judge once yourself."

"As for the matter of that, your Honor," rejoined Judge B——, 'there has been more than one booby upon the bench.'

"That settled the hash with one of the judges, but the other two were determined to have a set-to with him, and the multiplicity of his practice soon gave them the desired opportunity."

"A few days after the 'booby' received his quietus, Judge B—— had a case before them, which, for particular reasons, he wished to have continued for a day or two. B—— was for the defense. The Attorney-General was willing to continue it, but the judge was determined it should go on. B—— was nettled at this discourtesy, but he 'nursed his wrath to keep it warm.' The case was called up, the jury impaneled, and the defense was called upon to plead to the indictment."

"Judge B—— hastily indorsed the plea of Not Guilty on the back of the indictment, without being noticed by the judge, and throwing himself back in his chair, folded his arms, and looked very unconcernedly out of the window. The judge called to him in a loud tone,

"Judge B——, have you *plead*?"

"No! your Honor, I have not."

"Hand me the bill of indictment, Mr. Attorney-General," said the judge. He glanced at it, and noticing the entering of the plea became very angry."

"What does this mean, Judge B——?" thundered the judge. "You have just told me you had not plead to the indictment, and here is your plea in your own handwriting. Do you mean to insult the Court, Sir?"

"On the contrary," said Judge B——, slowly raising himself to his full height, "I wish to instruct the Court. Your Honor asked me if I had *plead* to the indictment. I answered, I had not, and I repeat it. Now for the instruction of the Court, *I have pleaded*. I hope the Court is satisfied that I intended no insult."

"No. 2 let him alone thereafter."

"But Judge No. 3, the youngest of the three, essayed his powers upon Judge B—— only a few weeks later."

"Judge B—— was defending a notorious rascal

who was indicted on the charge of Larceny. The evidence for the prosecution was overwhelming, which Judge B—— not only made no attempt to refute, but offered no testimony in favor of his client. The Judge on the bench suggested that, as the case was a clear one, it had better be submitted without argument. But Judge B—— thought differently, and stated that he should address the jury. The Attorney-General opened the case, and Judge B—— followed in a speech that partook of a Fourth of July oration, a lecture upon Shakspeare, and a history of the French Revolution. In his flight of eloquence he forgot both his client and the flight of time. He was brought to a sudden check in one of his most beautiful bursts by the voice of the Judge, who had been on nettles for the last half hour."

"Judge B——," said he, pulling out his watch, 'are you aware of the time of day? It is half past one o'clock, Sir.'

"Well, what of that?" quietly returned the orator."

"You know very well, Sir," answered the Judge, who was a sallow, meagre-looking, and extremely irritable man, 'that the Court is in the habit of adjourning every day at one o'clock for dinner. The Court has waited half an hour expecting you to finish your speech.'

"This was too much for Judge B——, and turning full upon the Judge, with his long finger extended, exclaimed,

"I know your Honor is a great lover of Shakspeare—I know your Honor is a great admirer of the poetry of the immortal bard; but there is one great truth in Shakspeare that must have escaped the attention of your Honor. I allude to that scene in King Lear where the poet, with great truth, says, "*The lean, lank, and hungry judge would hang the guiltless rather than eat his mutton cold!*" With your Honor's permission I will here close my speech."

"Mr. INGRAHAM, who has appeared before in the Drawer, was sitting one day in the Law library, looking up some authorities, when Mr. M——, a young lawyer of some promise, but possessed, unfortunately, of an exceedingly unpleasant breath, suddenly made his appearance in great haste in search of a book that he needed immediately in the Court below, and puffed out in broken sentences,

"Oh—dear—Mr. Ingraham—I am—entirely—out of breath."

"That is the luckiest thing that ever happened to you," said Ingraham, and pursued his reading."

"I MUST tell you a good story I heard some years ago in Northern Germany," writes a friend, "when on a visit to one of its busiest commercial towns:

"A party of steady old merchants were in the habit of meeting every evening at a club-room to enjoy a sociable game of whist with their pipes and beer. One of the party, not then in business, had a habit of going to the club-house immediately after dinner, and to while away the time until the arrival of his companions drank a bottle of port wine. By the time his companions got fairly seated for play, old Port-wine became very sleepy, frequently falling into a doze, and annoying the other players exceedingly. They resolved upon curing him. On a certain evening they made an arrangement with the proprietor, and all the other parties in the room, that when old Port fell into his accustomed

nap the lights were to be extinguished, but the parties were to continue talking and calling out their play as if actually engaged in it. This went on for a few minutes, when old Port, waking up, found himself in utter darkness.

"I lead the ace of trumps," said one of the conspirators. "It is your play, Mr. —," addressing the awakened sleeper.

"But I can't play," said he. "I can't see—everything is dark. What is the meaning of this?" now thoroughly aroused, and rubbing his eyes.

"Meaning? Nothing! Come, come, play! don't keep the game waiting. You are asleep."

"No no, gentlemen; I am not asleep; *I have gone blind!*"

"The old gentleman never filled up the time by filling himself with port wine after dinner from that time on. He was cured."

JOHN WESLEY was a wise man as well as good. He displayed his wisdom in the framework of the mighty ecclesiastical system that bears his name, and has already become one of the powers in the world. In the fragments of his writings that are now floating on the pages of the current literature we find this brief passage—worthy of Wesley, worthy of any body, worthy of an angel! We put it into the Drawer, and therefore indorse it, for which Mr. Wesley would doubtless be very much obliged to the Drawer:

"Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach in any kind of degree to the spirit of persecution. If you can not reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not compel him, leave him to God, the Judge of all."

A SOUTHERN correspondent describes a marriage ceremony performed by an Episcopal clergyman the other day, the parties being of the colored part of the population. Jack was very anxious to do his part in the performance creditably, and repeated the words after the minister in a full, clear tone of voice; but his memory was short, and the service was long. He set the company into a titter by taking Sarah "for worse" instead of "for better or worse;" but when it came a little farther on, all gravity was overthrown by his attempting to follow the minister, who said, "And thereto I plight my troth," which Jack rendered, in his own fashion, "I takes her upon trust." One or two trials, however, enabled him to go through, and he was duly joined to his Sarah.

"UT SUPRA," the Latin for "as above," was sadly blundered by one of the intelligence offices—not intelligent—a few days ago. Mr. Peterson, residing in New Jersey, having occasion to send for certain information, wrote a letter in the usual manner, placing the name of the place in which he resides at the head of his letter. At the close he added, "My address, ut supra, C. L. Peterson." Not receiving any answer, he wrote again, complaining of the neglect of the office, and by return of mail came a letter stating that his first was duly answered, and directed, as he desired, to "Ut Supra," and if that post-office was in his vicinity, he would find the letter there. This time the intelligence men had directed to the place from which

he dated his letter. Bright fellows! But speaking of Latin brings us to another, which the collegians will relish as being true to the life and the letter:

One of the earliest presidents of Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, was the venerable Dr. McMillan—a man of great gravity and dignity of manners.

In those early times it was the custom for the students, when meeting the President, to remove the hat from the head, place it under the left arm, make a profound bow, and pass the compliments of the day.

Among the students was Tom Devoe, an eccentric fellow. His father was a rich planter of Mississippi; and as Tom was always "flush of money," the height of his ambition was to sport a gold-headed cane and gallant the old Greek Professor's daughters.

The term *student*, which he bore in common with the other members of the college, was a sad misnomer. Tom's mind was more deeply engrossed with backgammon, checkers, and "old sledge" than with his mathematics, and he was more deeply read in the lore of Chesterfield than in that of Homer and Virgil. In fact, he was a shallow-brained, lily-handed fop, and, as may be supposed, a great favorite with a certain class of ladies, who mistake impertinence for wit, and fine clothes and affected manners for refinement and solid accomplishments.

But to our tale. Tom was one day walking down street arm in arm with his friend John Smith, who had a spice of the wag about him. Seeing the President a few paces before them, Tom hastily inquired, "Smith, what is 'Good-morning, Sir,' in Latin?"

"*Ego sum stultus*," was the reply, without a moment's hesitation.

Meeting the President, Tom, after the most approved style of donkeyism, at the same time making a profound salam, greeted him with "*Ego sum stultus!*"

"I am aware of it," responded the President, making a slight bow.

This proving rather unsatisfactory, Tom posted off to the room of his friend Byles, whom he saluted with, "Deacon, what is the translation of this sentence: '*Ego sum stultus?*'"

"*I am a fool!*" responded the unsophisticated "Deacon."

This told the whole story. As novel writers say, Tom's *phelinx* may be more easily imagined than described.

Whether the students *bored* him about it or not, and whether the Professor's daughters ever heard of it or not, "deponent sayeth not;" but history recordeth that the next flat-bottomed boat that went down the Ohio *bore Tom as a passenger*.

LEST there should be one of the million readers of this page who has not met with the incident below, the Drawer holds it up to view—"a good deed in a naughty world"—to be read with silent admiration, and wonder, too, that such good deeds are indeed so rare. They would not be less beautiful if they were more frequent; for the more we see such beauty the lovelier it appears.

In old times, when debtors were liable to imprisonment, a gentleman, now well known in Philadelphia, failed, and was forced by some of his relentless creditors to become the inmate of a prison. But among his creditors there was one glorious

spirit, who, by great exertion, and by involving himself, fully accomplished the liberation of his friend. He was a commission merchant and partner in a house that ranked with the first in our city for nearly fifty years, without the slightest taint or blemish. In the evening of his days, however, misfortune reached him, and he found his house tottering amidst the financial storm of last autumn; and while his distress was greatest, and his fortunes looked darkest, the bread he had cast upon the waters six-and-twenty years before came floating back to his door. *It was his former debtor's check-book, containing a balance in one of our city banks of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, with checks signed in blank to his order, and a request that he would use the whole or any part if it would be of service to him!*

A CORRESPONDENT in the interior of our own State, from whom we are always glad to hear, sends a brace of anecdotes:

"Our statute relative to highways forbids the laying out of a road through 'any fixtures or erections for the purposes of manufactures.' The officials of a neighboring town had laid out a highway which, for a part of its course, embraced within its bounds a ditch leading to a saw-mill, and the question before the Court was whether that ditch was an 'erection.' Upon the one side it was claimed that it was; but says Giles H—, the humorous counsel on the other side, 'A sunken ditch is not an "erection." To be such the thing must be raised up *above* the ground, not dug *down below* it. Indeed, your Honors,' says he, 'a ditch can never be an "erection" till it is turned *bottom upward!*' This conclusive argument brought down the Court, and bar, and all, and, what was better, the counsel gained his cause."

"This idea of a ditch 'bottom upward' brings another incident to my mind. I was once 'near one of our country's bastions,' pointing out to a young lady friend of mine the guns upon its walls. For a long time she did not see them; but finally, willing to see for the purpose of pleasing me, she cried out: 'Oh, yes! I see them—that is, I see the *holes* in the cannon, though for the life of me I can't see the brass that is around them!'"

UPPER SANDUSKY contributes a legal opinion to the Drawer on a vexed question. The case is thus stated and decided, to wit:

"During the recent sitting of our Court of Common Pleas, one of our attorneys clipped the following paragraph from a newspaper: 'If distance lends enchantment to the view, and the view refuses to return it, can distance obtain any legal redress?' and, attaching it to a slip of paper, wrote as follows: 'The case is submitted to the Court upon the foregoing agreed statements. ———, Attorney for View,' and handed it to the subscriber, who passed it to the Court on the Bench, who immediately returned it with the following written decision or opinion: 'As the *view undressed* would be more enchanting, it should not be *redressed*. ———, Judge;' which I consider the *best* impromptu answer that could have been given."

"I have seen Cox" from time immemorial has been the "dust and ashes" man in Williams College, adding to his duties of sweeping and making fires the other labor of making up the beds of the students. The Professor is wise in his generation,

and very much so in his own conceit; and is always ready with a reason and an opinion whenever a chance occurs for him to put in his word. The beds were at one time terribly infested with bugs, and one of the students said to him as he was pursuing his work:

"Professor, nothing was made in vain; what were bed-bugs made for?"

Quickly, quietly, and aptly, the old fellow answered,

"To show us that we have here no *resting* place!" The President could not have answered better.

HEAR the story of the child who went forth into the mountain ravine. While the child wandered there he cried aloud to break its loneliness, and heard a voice which called to him in the same tone. He called again, and, as he thought, the voice again mocked him. Flushed with anger, he rushed to find the boy who insulted him, but could find none. He then called out to him in anger, and, withal, abusive epithets—all of which were faithfully returned to him. Choking with rage, the child ran to his mother, and complained that a boy in the woods had abused and insulted him with many vile words. But the mother took her child by the hand, and said: "My child, these words were but the echo of thine own voice. Whatever thou didst call was returned to thee from the hill-side. Hadst thou called out pleasant words, pleasant words would have returned to thee. Let this be thy lesson through life. The world will be the echo of thine own spirit. Treat thy fellows with unkindness, and they will answer with unkindness; with love, and thou shalt have love. Send forth sunshine from thy spirit, and thou shalt never have a clouded day; carry about a vindictive spirit, and even in the flowers shall lurk curses. Thou shalt receive ever what thou givest, and that alone. Always," said the mother, "is that child in the mountain-passes, and every man and every woman is that child."

A LOUISIANA clergyman sends to the Drawer the following letter, which was received by a gentleman in his parish from an indignant correspondent in Virginia:

ROSEN TOWN, VA., Oct. 28, 1857.

TO THE HON. JAMES B. WAGGONER: SIR,—You have behaved like an impudent scoundrel—like those impudent crasseroles who evasions of my moral celsitude carry their mugacity to the height of creating symposically the fecund words which my polymathic genius uses with uberty to abilligate the tongues of the weightless. Sir, you have orassly parodied my own pet words, as though they were tangrams. I will not condescend to reproaches. I would obduce a veil over the atramentral ingratitude which has chamiered even my undisceptible heart. I am silent on the fossillation which my coadful fancy must have given you when I offered to become your fantom and admindle. I will not speak of the litiptude, the alepsy you have shown in exacerbating me; one whose genius you should have approached with mental disalcation. So I tell you, Sir, syncephically and without supervacaneous words, nothing will render ignoscible your conduct to me. I warn you that I will vellicate your nose if I thought your moral diathesis could be thereby performed. If I thought that I should not impogitate my reputation by such a degradation. Go tagygraphic; your oness inquisite draws oblectation from the greatest poet since Milton, and draws upon your head this letter, which will drive you to Walker, and send you to sleep over it.

"Knowledge is power," and power is mercy; so I wish you no roverse that it may prove an external hypnotic.

Mr. Elephant at Mrs. Potiphar's Grand Soiree.



He pays his respects to the Hostess.



Plays the Agreeable to the Ladies.



Meets his Lady-Love's Maiden Aunt.



Joins in a Quadrille.



Promenades with his Lady-Love.



Enjoys a quiet Tête-à-Tête with her.



Seeing his Rival approach, he assumes an Attitude à la General Scott.



Tries his leaning Attitude; but mistakes a Screen for a solid Wall.



Meets with an Accident in attempting to recover himself.



Takes a little time to reflect upon his unpleasant position.



Effect of the Concussion in the Ball-Room.



And in the Supper-Room below.



Grabs his Foot, and retires.



But slips at the head of the Stairs.



And makes a forcible Exit through the Front Door.



Reaches home at last, convinced that Fat Men can't be graceful.

Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. BRODIE, 300 Canal Street, New York, and drawn by VOIGT from actual articles of Costume.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—PROMENADE AND DINNER COSTUMES.

THE novelty of the DINNER COSTUME, given on the preceding page, will of itself be to many a strong recommendation, apart from the fact that it is suitable for any occasion short of those which require full dress, and may be made of any material. Here it is represented of mode-colored and Napoleon-blue silk, the dress itself being of the former. The corsage is *à la Raphael*, waist cut round. The *plastron* is of blue taffeta, gathered transversely, bordered and divided by a band of the material of the dress, one inch in width, edged with a piping or cording of the blue silk, and ornamented with buttons to match. The skirt is double; the upper one, as well as the sleeves, ornamented *en tablier*, similar to the corsage; these puffings being arranged in pyramids. There are *jockeys* to match. The sleeves are large and full, with large puffed under-sleeves. An inside chemisette and a coif of black lace complete this unique and tasteful toilet. Although we have indicated the colors as well as the materials of the garment from which our illustration is drawn, it can be produced effectively in any colors which harmonize agreeably. For evening costume the under-sleeves, which we have represented closed, as more suitable for a dinner toilet, should be made open. With this slight modification, this costume is equally appropriate for the carriage, for dinner, and for an evening dress.

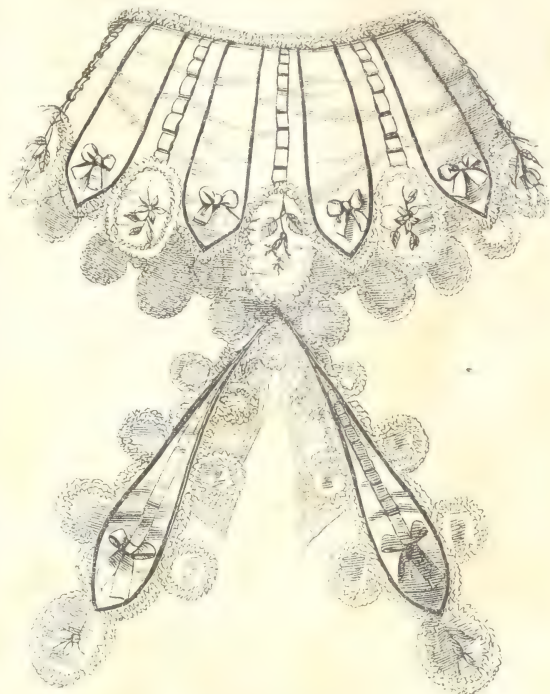


FIGURE 3.—FICHU.



FIGURE 4.—CAP.

In the PROMENADE COSTUME the cloak is composed of alternate stripes of moire antique and plain taffeta. The front two are plain, having an opening between them and the adjoining moire for arm-holes. These sections are arranged in hollow flutes, and have an edging of fringe. There is a pelerine trimming, made of fifteen fluted folds with a two-inch fringe. The Bonnet presents no very special deviation from the styles previously worn.

The FICHU, CAP, and UNDER-SLEEVES are of similar construction. All of them are made of *ruches* of illusion tulle, forming medallions, and trimmed with narrow sky-blue velvet, and bows of blue taffeta arranged in a series of loops. The Fichu in front, and the Under-Sleeves and Cap behind, are adorned with floats of wide taffeta ribbon. A spray of orange flowers and a white moss-rose bud are placed alternately in the medallions of the Fichu and Cap. In the Under-Sleeve these are occupied with bows.



FIGURE 5.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

There would be sense in knowing,
But since, with all our knowing,
We must still be undergoing,
Why, what's the use of knowing?"

"Carry out the idea," replied Larkin, "and it would lead to fatalism, and suit a stupid Turk rather than a self-relying Anglo-Saxon. For my motto I would prefer the saying of Pittacus of Mitylene:

"The wise, with prudent thought, provide
Against misfortune's coming tide;
The valiant, when the surge beats high,
Undaunted brave its tyranny."

"The wise!—Who are the wise? Young man, the day will come when you will begin to ask yourself that question, and seek in vain for an answer. Yet it all reminds me of a childish fancy derived from the old nurse that dandled me on her knee."

So the Squire told his story, and presently thereafter Leonore wove it into verse, which may please some better than the prose.

THE RAINBOW.

When but a child, 'twas long ago,
My nurse this story told:
She said, Whoe'er might chance to know
The spot whereon the bright rainbow
Touched the green earth, would find below
A pot of shining gold.

Therefor, on many a summer even,
When rains were pass'd away,
And the fair arch spanned all the heaven,
I have I from hill to hill-top striven,
Until the cloud-born colors seven
Faded to misty gray.

And with a boy's simplicity
I marveled, half in fear,
That ever as I ran with glee
Toward the spot where I could see
The rainbow touch, it seemed to me
To vanish in the air.

When grown a youth I often smiled—
Remembering this gold—
To think how, when a silly child,
I was so easily beguiled,

And credited the legend wild
The doting dame had told.

But with maturity of years,
Gray hair and bearded chin,
The legend now a type appears
Of human life: how worn with cares
We follow where Hope's rainbow cheers
Some visioned prize to win.

Pausing at length on the last hill,
Whose foot Death's waters lave,
From that dark river deep and chill
We shuddering shrink with awe, until
We see the rainbow, arching still
The lands beyond the grave.

Looking plump and unctuous as fruit matured in its proper clime and season, negro waiters and maids bustled about the boat—skillful, through long practice, in making a great racket with a little work. On shore, a party of athletic young blacks, with shouts of merriment, were tumbling cotton bales from the low warehouses on the brink of the bluff down the steep bank, and by dint of hook and shoulder tugging them to their place on the lower deck. Stout porters, as they deposited their ox-loads of baggage, would testify their sense of relief by executing a double shuffle on the deck before departing for another load. The sooty firemen were poking up their fiery furnaces, drowning the iron clatter with a grand Mandingo chorus. Carriages were rattling to and fro, delivering their freights of well-dressed passengers—gentlemen and ladies, maids and children, all playing their part in the noisy and animated scene.

On the left was a picture of a graver cast. A planter, with his people, is emigrating to some new land; to Texas, perhaps; but what matters it? You may easily recognize the proprietor, a tall, portly man, bronzed and careworn, as he sits on horseback overlooking his dependant family. Grouped around *en bicoque* are some





PLANTER EMIGRATING.

two hundred negroes of both sexes and all ages, from the gray-haired grandsire to the puling infant in its mother's arms. Some are lolling on chests and baled blankets; others stretched on the bare ground, sleeping. Some are quietly whiffing their corn-cob pipes; while others are kindling fires to cook their evening ration of bacon and corn-meal.

Below, the boat which was to convey them was pouring out volumes of black smoke from her kindling furnaces.

But neither the note of imminent preparation sounded from time to time by the hoarse steam-pipe, nor the exciting hilarity that surrounded them, seemed to disturb in the least the impassiveness of the dusky group.

At length the ropes were cast loose, the gangways drawn aboard, and the *Henry J. King* went steaming down the river. The clatter of the landing is exchanged for the rush of paddle-wheels and the jar of machinery. The last gleam of the setting sun illuminates the fading domes of Montgomery, and a fat waiter with a brazen bell proclaims supper.

The tender ones were sleeping in their state-rooms; a balmy breeze played over the steamer's deck; a glorious moon, near to her full, sailed in the azure firmament, her soft light lending the enchantment of mystery to shore and river. In such times as this it is sweet to sit and philosophize. A silly opinion prevails in the world that Philosophy is intended to sustain us in misfortune, to shield us from the sharp arrows of sorrow. No idea can be more fallacious. Ask any practical man, and he will tell you how worthless are the maxims of sages, ancient or modern, to soothe the cares and sufferings incident to human existence. But when we have sound stomachs, and success

crowns our undertakings, Philosophy is indeed a jewel. How wise she makes us feel; how profoundly grateful to Divine goodness for the blessing—no, not for that, but for the *gift* of superior foresight, and sounder sense than other people have! How liberally we dispense advice and encouragement for the benefit of our less lucky neighbors; with what complaisant meekness we pour out, as a libation to Fortune, the froth that floats on the overflowing cup of our self-conceit!

"What a lucky idea was this of mine," said Mr. Broadacre to his young kinsman, "this idea of traveling for health. That I should have been credulous enough to have consulted doctors and chewed dried gizzards! Bah! How soon a little movement dispels the spleen engendered by too long a residence in one locality; and a little hardship knocks off the rust that gathers from habitual ease and luxury. The great difficulty is in the starting; but once upon the wing, I feel as much at home in this stirring life as any young vagabond among you. Ay, and can rough it too with the best of you!"

"Certainly, uncle; no frontier man could have stood the mountains better."

"Never fear me, Bob. I've been a campaigner in my time. But I don't care to boast of that—a mere matter of nerve and muscle. But when I used to be out in the world I was a great physiognomist. My intuitions in that way were wonderful; I seldom wanted more than one glance at a man to enable me to tell his character and social position with considerable accuracy. Now I have observed a young man on board the boat who evidently is in some distress, and whose countenance interests me. I saw him a short time since playing cards in the Social Hall. An altercation occurring, he

left the table, and has since been wandering uneasily about the boat. I suspect he has fallen among slumbers."

"I have no faith whatever in physiognomy," replied Larkin; "and it is difficult nowadays to draw any reliable inferences from dress, where ready-made clothing stores so universally prevail. And since the spirit of Democracy, not satisfied with political equality, is fast leveling all distinctions in morals and manners, it is hard to distinguish between a gentleman and a billiard-marker; to know the difference between a rich banker and a swindler; or tell an M. C. from a black-leg."

"Too true, Robert; too true. But the art of the physiognomist is more an instinct than an effort of reason; or if of reason, its method is too subtle to be appreciated or understood. I have been interested in a young man's face without knowing why."

"Why? The simple fact that there is seeming distress is sufficient to interest you, Uncle Broadacre. But as trouble is the common lot of all, it proves nothing in regard to character."

"Now we are getting tangled up in metaphysics," replied the Squire, as he strayed off toward the Social Hall. When he got there, it happened by some accident that he was slightly jostled by the young man to whom he had taken such a fancy. The stranger made a polite apology, which the Squire received so agreeably that they fell into conversation.

"Pardon the liberty, Sir," said the youth, with a bow of unctuous deference, "but I perceive you are a Virginian."

"You are right," replied the Squire, with a smile. "But pray tell me how did you know that?"

"The air, Sir, the bearing—excuse the impertinence in an entire stranger. But the Virginia gentleman is unmistakable. I was myself educated at the University of Virginia, one of the noblest institutions in the world."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Squire Broadacre, warming up; "then you must have been acquainted with my nephew, Bob Berkeley."

The young stranger was dumbfounded with respectful astonishment. "Have I, then, the honor of addressing the kinsman of my dearest friend Bob Berkeley—a friend that I am proud to own—always at the head of his class—a terrible student—graduated with hon—"

"Come now," interrupted Squire B., "you are too partial. My nephew was a great whelp, and didn't graduate at all. I wanted to ask you what he was dismissed for."

"Ah," cried the youth with a knowing wink, "that was an unfortunate affair—entirely the fault of the Faculty—a base, tyrannical action on their part. For Bob was a whole-souled fellow—spent his money free. He and I used to lend each other money on all occasions."

"Hum," said Squire B.; "he managed to get through a good deal in a short time."

"The very soul of liberality and honor, Sir," responded the stranger.

"I suspected him of gaming," said the Squire.

The youth's countenance fell as he answered, "He certainly had a weakness for a game, Sir, like many others that have suffered by it."

The speaker turned hastily to brush away a tear, while the Squire took him kindly and familiarly by the arm.

"It's a bad habit," said he—"a bad habit—one that should be avoided or gotten rid of. I observed that those fellows were too hard for you to-day. Did you lose much?"

The young man sighed. "It was but a trifle, Sir; and but for the peculiar circumstances in which I am placed I wouldn't mind it. I am hurrying home to see my mother, who is ill. I have lost every thing I had about me, and in consequence of my criminal folly I shall be detained for several days at Mobile. In the mean time I know not what may happen."

Squire Broadacre winked two or three times to get rid of the moisture that was gathering in the corners of his eyes. "Come, youngster, don't make a serious matter of a trifle"—pulling out his wallet—"how much will you need to take you home?"

At the sight of the wallet the youth looked surprised and hurt; so much so that the Squire apologized, but persisted in his kindly offer until the stranger reluctantly named twenty or twenty-five dollars.

"Nonsense!" said the Squire, in an under tone, offering a fifty-dollar bill—"Get out, you rascal!" (to Jim Bug, who had pulled his sleeve.)

The youth refused; and a friendly altercation ensued, which ended in the Squire's forcing the note upon him. The outpouring of the young stranger's thanks was interrupted by the stoppage of the boat at a landing.

"There's my card and address," said he. "And yours?"

"A. Broadacre, St. Louis Hotel, New Orleans."

"All right, you will hear from me within four days."

"Master," said Jim, in a grieved and indignant voice, "you're done fooled—tuck in scandalous."

"You impudent dog, get to bed! How dare you address me in that style? How dare you interrupt me when I am conversing with gentlemen? You pulled my sleeve twice."

"Master," persisted Jim, "you're fooled. I see dat man playin' chuck-a-luck down on deck, all fur to make a raise to git into dis game up stars. Den they catch him cheatin', and saunt him."

After sundry impatient and menacing gestures with his cane the Squire relapsed into thoughtfulness.

"Who was that young man I was talking with a short time since?" he asked of the clerk.

"That was Jedediah Suggs, Sir, a son of the celebrated Colonel Simon Suggs, of Montgomery."

"Is he still on board the boat?" asked the Squire, hastily.

"Think he left when we landed just now. Had you any business transaction with him?" inquired the clerk, with a smile.

"None," replied Squire B., reddening—"that is, none of any importance;" and he walked off toward his state-room.

The excitements of the evening were not yet over. As he was about going to bed the Squire missed his wallet, which contained several hundreds in bank-notes, besides important papers. After hurriedly visiting his pockets one after another, he returned to the forward part of the boat in great perturbation, and commenced a search, in which he was assisted by several employes of the steamer and a number of officious by-standers. The appearance and eagerness of some of these latter seemed rather calculated to make the loser nervous, but the Squire was beyond either hope or suspicion. His mind was made up on the subject. "The infernal scoundrel," he muttered between his clenched teeth, "to have picked my pocket under such circumstances!" This the Squire said, and a great deal more scarcely proper to be recorded. But with the appearance of Larkin and Jim Bug on the scene both philosophy and dignity were for a moment forgotten. "The misbegotten scoundrel!" he repeated, stamping furiously on the floor. As he did so something dropped out from the leg of his breeches, and Jim nimbly grabbed up the identical wallet. The rejoicing

was general, while drinks and congratulations went round. "I am sincerely glad of one thing, at least," the Squire whispered to Larkin, as they again retired to their respective rooms, "the young rascal's mother is not sick, after all."

The day following their departure from Montgomery our tourists passed most agreeably on board their boat; and certainly no public conveyances in the world can compare, either in substantial comfort or luxurious elegance, with those of our Southwestern waters. The weary may repose on spring mattresses or cut velvet sofas; the hungry are fed with the richest viands, served with a quiet elegance nowhere equaled but in the first-class restaurants of Paris; the ivory key-board of a superb piano tempts the itching fingers of the musical; books there are for the studious; and the artist, when he gets accustomed to the jar of the machinery, may sketch almost as well as on *terra firma*. To those whose perceptive faculties are too active to permit the enjoyment of parlor amusements, the moving panorama of the river shores offers a varied and attractive feast; while the mixed and changing population of their floating world furnishes endless entertainment to the observer of character. As the events of the preceding evening have unfortunately deprived us of further observations from Squire B. on the subject of physiognomy, with Larkin's sketch-

book before us, we feel constrained to hazard a few straggling comments of our own.

Apropos of negroes: Some time ago a raw Hibernian, on landing in one of our Southern cities, lost his trunk. When he applied at the baggage-office for redress he was asked how he happened to lose it.

Pat naively replied, "Shure, a big black nagur took it away on his shoulder."

"And would you know him again if you were to see him?"

"Faix, is yer honor makin' game of me? There was a hundred of him; and how can ye tell one nagur from another any more than ye can tell one sheep from another?"

Those unacquainted with the *personnel* of the peculiar institution are apt to think like the innocent Paddy; yet we are not sure but the African face presents as strong and remarkable varieties of character as that of the Caucasian.

Observe the gentleman's gentleman, as with waiter and napkin in hand he stands behind the rich man's chair—at once proud and obsequious—swelling with his master's importance and his



GENTLEMAN'S GENTLEMAN.



STEAMBOAT COOK.

own—scrupulously neat in his dress—punctiliously polite in his deportment; yet scarcely polite enough to conceal his scorn of a common nigger, or his somewhat pitying contempt of poor white folks. Then cast a glance into that steaming pandemonium the steamboat kitchen, and mark the ruler of the realm.

Compare old Aunt Sally, who, in the capacity of family nurse, has waged an amiable war with consecutive generations of fair-haired rebellious Anglo-Saxons; with Julia, my lady's pert and petted maid, who has been heard to wonder whether it is possible that real ladies at

the North sometimes wear calico—as is reported. But the book furnishes more examples than we have space to exhibit.

Whom have we here? A coarse, common face, which our artist deftly purloined while its owner sat smoking his corn-cob pipe upon the guards of the boat. We meet with many such faces in our travels through a new country, the impassive countenance indicating nothing more than vulgar energy and endurance—evidently a man of deeds rather than of words. Sometimes, perhaps, an overseer; an emigrant bound for New Mexico; a filibuster *en route* to join



QUIEN SABE?

Walker. He would manage an estate, kill bears and Indians, yoke oxen, and grub new land, with the same resolute, emotionless face; regarding the business in hand only in a speculative light; asking but one question before going into battle—"How will it pay?" The story of his life may be a wild romance, but he knows it not.

Here, lolling gracefully in his cushioned chair, we have the proprietor of a thousand bales, reading from the leading Montgomery journal politics, poetry, and prices current. And here, again, the man of ten bales; awkward, uneasy in this fine company; half afraid to sit on these fine seats, and not altogether sure of the propriety of squirting tobacco juice on these rich carpets. He feels more at home in the Social Hall, and will be vastly communicative if you give him a chance. He is hazarding himself (possibly for the first time) so far from home on his way to the great cotton mart, Mobile. Perhaps this may be the veritable Willey Harbucket, our old friend who wrote that droll letter, so characteristic of his class, that although it has been published before, we can not resist the temptation of

stealing, for which we hope to be pardoned here and hereafter.

CLARK COUNTY Alabama

Mr Brown Smith and Johnson Mobile

DEAR SIR—After what is due to friendship I rite you these few lines to inform you of the deth of my wife she departed this life on wensday mornin the fourteen of this month in great Pece of congestive chills Her funeral is to be preeched at Salem church brother Fog of fishiating



A THOUSAND BALES.

which is the okashin of my writin these five lines to order you to send me a snot of close and 1 Barle of Whiskey as I want to make a respectibil apearns on that solim okashin. I am five feet 10 and way 155 pound wait you must select me good article you self close that fits your wayer Mr Jim Gooden will about fit if anything a leetle chunkier I want Dexter's best at a far price for my nabers to keep off the chills which is prevailin in this sexshun of country make a strong pot of coffy well biled and strong put in a handful of peppers and a pint of whiskey give every hand a cupful in proportion going to the field of a mornin before the Jews is off and give your niggers warm close and wool socks knit and chills is no whar, let them try this reseat that likes My wife paternized the steam practize and took these medicine the reglar Facklity mought have saved her life then agin they mought not God he knows His will be done Sarah Jane Harbucket was 27 year nine months and 3 days old when she departed this life a good wife a pius christian woman likewise a consistent member of the Baptist persuashin Let us all be likewise prepared, she was also a gradyowate of Marion collidge and her Dyploma sertifying to the same hangs before me sad relict of the past an advantage your humblil servent never enjoyed bein raised hard and pore so you must excuse riting and spelling whar amiss likewise excuse my feelings on this ockashun out of the fullness of the hart the mouth speaketh so says the book but gents bizness is bizness craps has not turned out what I expected and looked for and I allers thought they would not there has been no sezins to make truck grow my crop is 19 Bags with nine groan hands with children that helps on considerable in pickin however a crop of corn and no meet to by Willey Harbucket his crap 19 Bails number 1 to 19 Dan Butin his crap 11 Bails John T Shadrack his crap and two Bails he tuck in trade the two Bails marked with a cross make them county Sales to itself in all 15 Bags for John T Shadrack David Pipkins 9 Bags—My Niggers has one Bag marked Willey Harbucket with Boys below on the head which I want the county sales sepat to itself the proseedts sent to me accordin to the bill inclosed—Boy Joe one shar—Bob one shar—Elijah one shar—Nancy one shar and a caliker dress to cost not more than a dollar and a half extra to be charged to my county sales—and balluns of the niggers bag they want sent in



TEN BALES.

cotton stockins for women and a pece of crape not to cost too much for the funeral which I am willing to gratify them especially Nancy which is a faithful servant and waited on my deceased wife faithful so you will please fill the bill in the shars accordin to the best of yore judgement accordin to the Bill In regardin the Cotton to yore best care and attention the lint is extra nise and all put up neetly at my gin and all Dean seed cotton and a nise article and neetly put up to averidge 450 to 500 pound and the niggers Bail nigh on to 600 pound not bein enuff for another Bail—now gents we ships all to yore house and gives yore house our paternidge and we wants the biggest dollar our cotton will fetch which is much needid money bein skase and a short crop and expenses heavy at this ritin and not sakrifice our produce on the first offer and let no man way our cotton but Jim Gooden which will be satisfactory to all consarned and does us justice in the waits—My Nabers has trusted this bizness to me and leave all to yore best judgement when to sell and dont set no limmit but think produce will go up when folks comes to know how short a crop is made in this sexhun not half crop and send every man his county sales accordin to



THE NIGGERS' BALE.

an inevitable storm. Around the glimmering camp-fires the soldiers' wonted jest and song were heard no more. Gloom and anxiety shaded every face. The Tennesseans made no secret of their determination to return home on the day appointed, and General Jackson as resolutely determined to prevent it. Thus was issue joined between a thousand brave and warlike men on the one hand, and the commanding General on the other; and it was evident to all that the tenacity of opinion and purpose for which Jackson was most remarkable was about to be put to the severest test. The 11th of December at length arrived. The dawn was overcast, and the damp, drizzling clouds seemed in unison with the sullen temper of the camp. About nine o'clock the officers of the brigade assembled to take counsel for their action on the 'imminent to-morrow.' Before their deliberations had been reduced to formal resolves the council was interrupted by an authoritative order from the commander to form the brigade in front of the gate of the fort.

"The order was obeyed in silence. Without the sound of drum or trumpet the sullen veterans stood marshaled on the appointed ground. To such an extent had the disaffection spread through the camp that Jackson had not over a hundred men on whom he could rely. With these (his life-guard), and one piece of artillery, he posted himself in front of the mutineers. While the gunner waved his blazing linstock beside the loaded gun, the commander rode to the front, and, rolling his eye along the line, met the lowering and defiant glances with a look of stony firmness. Not a shout, not a whisper, greeted his appear-

ance. The suspense of the moment was awful,

"And the boldest held his breath
For a time."

"In a voice in which reproach and kindness mingled he at length broke the silence. He reminded them of their deeds in arms, of the laurels they had won, and the glory that yet lay before them in the path of duty. He told how the enemy lay embodied within sixty miles, waiting for battle, and any road that did not lead to them could only lead to infamy and disgrace. Then, rising in his stirrups, he shouted, in trumpet tones, 'Now where is the man who dares tell me that he will desert his country's standard in the hour of darkness and danger? For, by the God that made us, that man shall only pass on his way over my dead body! Are you ready for the fight? Come on!'

"Along that line of grim and war-worn faces was a movement of confusion and irresolution. Men looked hurriedly into each other's eyes to ask counsel. There was a momentary pause. Then rung out the quick peremptory command, 'Shoulder arms!' The line shook, but made no responsive movement.

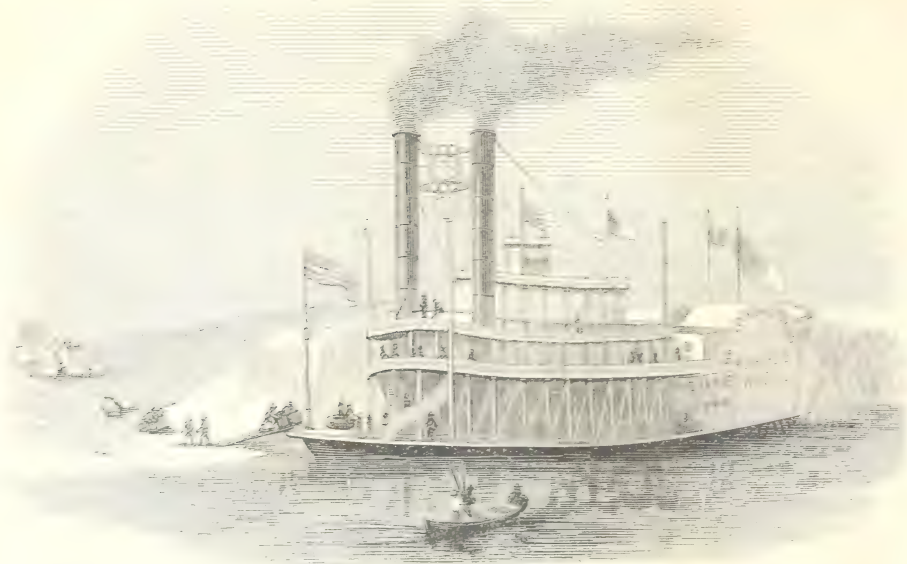
"Again he spoke, in a calm, confident voice: 'The General expects prompt obedience from every soldier. Shoulder arms!' Like an electric chain that feels the lightning's shock the arms of the whole line rung with the simultaneous movement. The brigade stood at a shoulder—silent, submissive, quelled like a child under the eye of an awful yet honored parent—ready to do his bidding without a murmur, though it led, through fatigue and privation, to danger and death."



THE CAMP FIRE.

For a considerable distance below Montgomery the Alabama River flows between banks sufficiently steep and high to shut out from the navigator all view of the adjacent country. An occasional plantation-house peering over the brink, or a group of warehouses indicating a town, are the only sights that break the monotony of the walled up stream. We must not

forget to add to these items the hourly detentions of the boat to take on cotton. The bales are sometimes rolled down a steep bank, as at Montgomery; sometimes dropped or craned down from a precipice twenty or thirty feet high. But on all the best improved estates there is a long covered building, reaching from the brink of the bluff to the river, reminding



LOADING COTTON.

one, for all the world, of a ten-pin alley or a rope-walk set on end. This building is divided longitudinally into two compartments, one containing a stairway and the other a smooth-floored slide, or "shoot," by which the cotton is delivered.

On the morning of the second day these high banks had disappeared, and the widening stream pursued its course through a low, flat country, covered with forests in which the gum and cypress seemed to predominate. The river was swollen considerably beyond its ordinary volume, and here and there a forlorn plantation appeared half submerged in the turbid waters. In places that the water had not reached the houses appeared built upon piles, and the great house with its attendant cottages reminded one of a sow and pigs traveling through the mud.

As the boat approached the shore cotton fields could be seen, waving with the last year's plants, whose dried pods, fluttering with the tags and remnants of the snowy crop, presented a singular appearance to eyes accustomed only to wheat-stubble and corn-fodder shocks. The forests, too, were beginning some signs of tropical luxuriance. The tender green of the budding cypress contrasted strikingly with the gray-beard moss that hung from every bough. The broad-ribbed and pointed leaves of the ground palm were reflected in pools of brown swamp water, while the shade of the wooded aisles was deepened by the dark foliage of the magnolia.

At length domes and spires were seen, rising above the level horizon of land and water, and about mid-day the steamer tied up at the cotton loaded wharves of the fair city of Mobile. The



COTTON PLANTATION IN THE ALABAMA.



SOUTHERN SCENERY.

travelers were transferred from their floating hotel to the Battle House; and as their journey had left no sense of fatigue or discomfort, they were soon strolling about the city to see what could be seen. Mrs. B. saw a number of things that she wanted to buy, and Tiny was highly excited with the golden heaps of tropical fruit that shone on every corner. The artist's eye was charmed with an old Spanish tower that reminded him of the old world, and the marble streets of the populous cemeteries, that reminded him possibly of another world, of common interest both to the old and new.

There was a broad street lined with handsome private residences, each situated in its ornamented inclosure, luxuriant with rare and beautiful tropical plants. On the landward side the town was shaded by dark pine forests; and toward the water the business quarter was composed, as in all other cities, of brick, dirt, and dullness. The only distinctive features here were the cotton dépôts—squares of low brick-walled sheds, filled with the great staple that controls the commerce of Christendom.

While our friends were seated at a sumptuous dinner in the Battle House, amidst a numerous company composed of planters with their

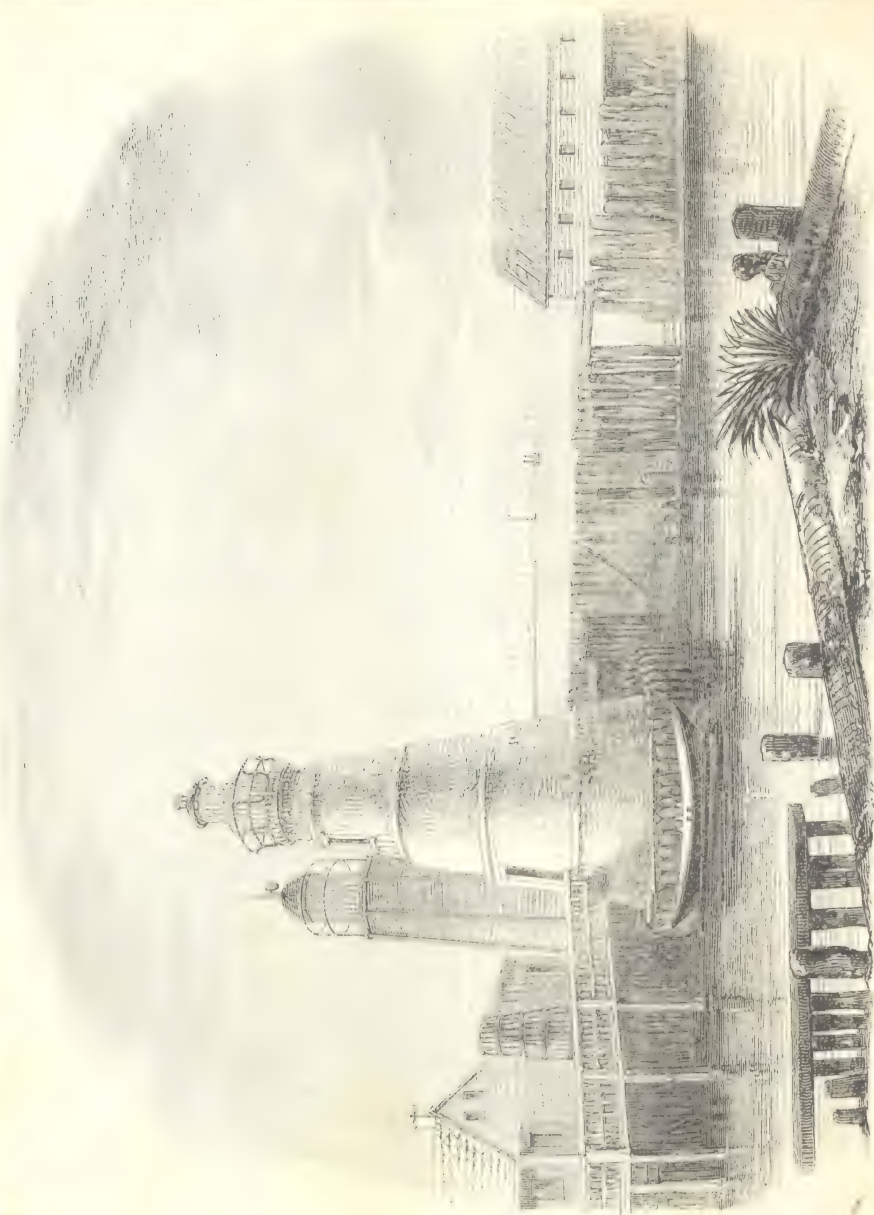
families, merchants, ship-masters, speculators, and travelers generally, they were startled by the rapid ringing of alarm-bells, and the cry of fire. City folks preserved their equanimity, and went on with their dinner as usual; but the country people, of course, got into commotion. A tall gentleman opposite our friends laid down his knife and fork to listen; his next neighbor smiled, and passed the wine. The tall man attempted to pour it out, but spilled it on the cloth. "My dear," said his wife on the other hand, "don't be agitated." "Ding-dong—ding-dong. Fire! fire! fire!" "Change your plate, Sir?" said the waiter. The tall gentleman rose hastily and left the room. Then another and another. "Fire! fire! fire!" People began to get more restive and curious. "Where is it?" asked one of another. Presently one, with hurried step, stalked into the room, and approaching a group discussing the flavor of some rare wine, announced, in a stage whisper, "The cotton sheds of Brown, Smith, and Johnson!"

There was a general stampede. "It seems," quoth the Squire, "as if the sword of Damocles had fallen and cut short the feast."

From their chamber windows our friends



ENTERING THE GULF.



THE LIGHT-HOUSE. — LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN.

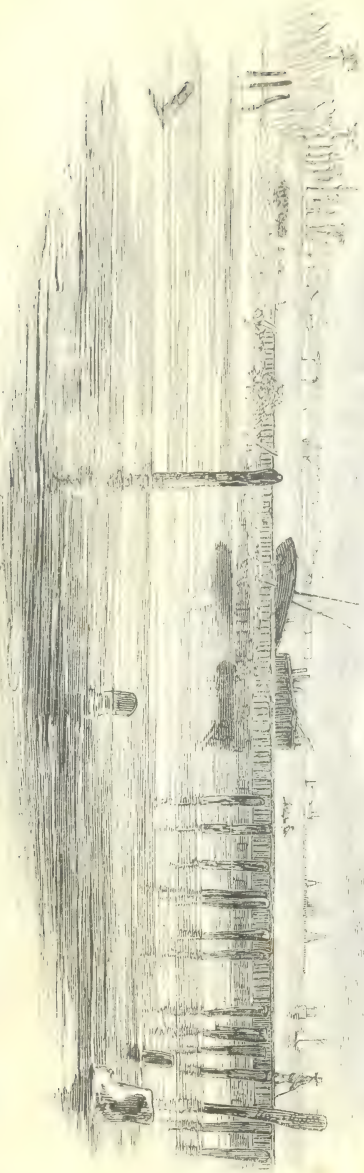
could see vast clouds of black smoke rising between them and the river; and far into the night the volumed flame continued to ascend, illuminating with its fierce light the city streets, the line of steamers moored along the wharves, and the calm water of the bay, spread far in the distance.

Larkin went out to get a nearer view of the picturesque and animated scene. The city firemen were striving with unavailing efforts to quench the devouring flame. Bands of wild-looking negroes were rushing into the smoke and dragging out the smouldering, half-burned bales from the blazing mass. Instead of the usual vulgar crowd attendant on fires elsewhere,

here were groups of well-dressed gentlemen, quietly looking on at the piteous spectacle. Here were elegant carriages, driven by liveried footmen, more than one containing high-spirited dames and bright-eyed daughters of the planters, come to sympathize with husbands and fathers. Thus it was that in a few hours a million of dollars evaporated in smoke.

When next morning's sun arose upon the scene there were a few crumbling lines of brick wall, a few smouldering heaps of ashes, a few half-burned bales, bedraggled and defiled, with two or three negroes asleep upon each; some tag ends of ropes and scraps of bagging scattered here and there—all the visible remains

VIEW ON LAKE POSTCAVERN.



of that vast wealth which on yesterday sustained the golden hopes of hundreds. Who can tell what fairy castles vanished with those rolling clouds? what milk-pails were overthrown? what broad lands remained unpaid for till another season? what dresses deferred? The lord of a thousand, with corrugated brow, begins to cipher on the back of his last business-letter, then pays a visit to his banker. Willey Harbucket wipes a tear or so from the end of his nose, takes a stiff horn, "withouten sugar," and the first boat for the upper country. Far in the interior David Pipkins hears the fatal news, and curses the day he intrusted his "crap" to the keeping of his unlucky neighbor.

Dan Butin swears there's something wrong somewhar, and threatens to sue somebody. Even the humble hearth-stone of the negro is reached by the great sorrow, and tears trickle down cheeks of ebony. The big bale went with the rest. Boy Joe, and Bob, and Elijah, and Nancy look at each other with mournful countenances, and the voice of the banjo is mute. But long before Time, the consoler, smooths the care-drawn puckers from the master's brow, the banjo reawakened sounds merrily from the cabin, and Elijah quotes this comfortable text from the Good Book (Elijah quotes from memory), "Blessed am dem what 'spects nuffin, for they ain't a gwine to be disapp'inted!"

On the day after the fire our tourists took passage on the steamer *Cuba* for New Orleans, and that evening, for the first time, saw the sun quench his burning disc in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. Although the season was mid-winter, the air was soft and balmy as if a May breeze were rippling the surface of the sea. The deep, blue dome of night glittered with stars, and anon the full moon rose, lending her crowning splendor to a scene such as is seldom witnessed out of Southern latitudes. It is hard that folks will get sleepy in spite of stars and moonlight, but so it was. Our tourists left all this magnificence and went early to bed. The voyage was calm and prosperous, and their sleep sound and refreshing. When they awoke their vessel was cleaving the placid waters of Lake Pontchartrain, whose broad, mirror-like surface was rosy with the reflected blushes of the approaching dawn; and half an hour after they went ashore at Lake Landing, between the old and new light-houses.

Here they found that peculiarly French institution—a cup of good coffee—and a train of cars to convey them to New Orleans, about eight miles distant. Their route lay through extensive swamps, shaded with cypress and magnolia trees, with a thick undergrowth of cane and ground palm. The first appearance of the city reminds one of what Hood says of

Holland. — To see the domes, steeples, and chimney-tops peering over the tufts of grass and shrubbery that decked the open country, it seemed as if “a city had been sowed and was just coming up.”

They entered the city by the French quarter, which is built up of low wooden houses, generally without much architectural pretension, but, as is usual in the Southern country, quite surrounded with shrubbery and ornamental trees.

At the railway dépôt Jim Bug was much disgusted at hearing the negro porters and hack drivers speaking French. “The idea,” said he, “of them black rascals undertakin’ to talk larned, like ladies and gent’men.” But on being assured that most of them were totally ignorant of English, his indignation gave place to astonishment.

“Why, Mass Robert, I thought all black people talked like we does at home. I thought they larned to talk from white people, and not outen of books like these does.”

“Well, Jim, we’ve not time to explain that to you now. The coach is waiting to convey us to the St. Louis.”

Once installed within the massive walls of their hotel, our travelers indulged in the pleasant consciousness that their wanderings were at an end, at least for a season. They could



VIEW IN THE FRENCH QUARTER, NEW ORLEANS.

hear around them the hum of a great city, the commercial, social, and dramatic centre of the Southwest. Near at hand, but as yet unseen by them, the great river was rolling—the river whose very name is synonymous with sublimity; yet there was no occasion for haste, and before withdrawing the curtain from such a scene, one likes to sit down quietly and in imagination con over the little part that he or she expects to play in the forthcoming drama.

Tiny was reveling in dreams of dolls and ribbons, and the fancy of Madame B. was, doubtless, busy with French silks and laces. The Squire, I think, from his puckered brows, was doing a sum in arithmetic. A large gilded 20 which filled his mind's eye stood for dollars; a 30 placed under it signified the days of the month. Multiplied, the result was 600—double the same to cover extras. The Squire ejaculated the English title of his Satanic Majesty, and wound up with a locomotive whistle. At the moment his eye fell upon Leonore, who was sitting apart, apparently lost in reverie. His face was suffused with kindly feeling, and approaching her, he took her hand affectionately, when they had a long and animated conversation in an under tone.

Up stairs Annette was seated on the trunk which Jim Bug had carried to her room. Jim had just concluded some important revelations with these words,

"True as Gospel, young mistress—just as I tell you. I see him do dat—I always makes a mark of these things."

"Well, never mind, Jim, it's not a matter of any consequence—not in the least. It was very natural and very kind in him. But now go 'way, don't tell me any thing more."

Bob Larkin was engaged, we believe, in writing a letter to a friend, some extracts from which we will give, as they will throw a glimmering of light upon some subjects of which as yet we know but little:

"DEAR P—: I write from the St. Louis Hotel, in great haste, to advise you of our safe arrival, etc.

"Our progress since we left East Tennessee has been too rapid to have been very satisfactory. Some wag has characterized Southern scenery 'by a line and a pine,' and there is both wit and truth in the idea at first view; yet the hasty glimpses I have had of the country have excited my fancy, and I am anxious to see more. . . .

"Leonore is a strange girl, and she grows more and more mysterious every day. She and Uncle Broadaere have long confidential conversations, which often, on her part, end in tears. Then I have observed she has grown sadder and more abstracted as we approached this place—New Orleans. She no longer takes interest in art, and often, during my most elaborate discourses, she starts and acknowledges she has not heard a word of what I have been saying. It occurred to me she might be in love, and I attempted some gallant speeches, which at first were received with a cold smile; and on being repeated brought me such an unanswerable rebuke that I am convinced she is not in love with me.

"I do not believe I could ever fancy her; that is, that I could ever experience any sentiment beyond pure admiration. The human mind is so constituted as to dislike perfection. We may admire, but can not love that which is faultless. The Greek ideal—what infernal nonsense I am writing. . . . Good-by.

"Your friend, BOB LARKIN."

LITTLE JERRY, THE MILLER.

A BALLAD.

BENEATH the hill you may see the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But JERRY, the miller, is dead and gone.

Year after year, early and late,
Alike in summer and winter weather,
He pecked the stones and calked the gate,
And mill and miller grew old together.

"Little Jerry!"—'twas all the same—
They loved him well who called him so;
And whether he'd ever another name
Nobody ever seemed to know.

'Twas "Little Jerry, come grind my rye,"
And "Little Jerry, come grind my wheat;"
And "Little Jerry" was still the cry,
From matron bold and maiden sweet.

'Twas "Little Jerry" on every tongue,
And thus the simple truth was told;
For Jerry was little when he was young,
And Jerry was little when he was old.

But what in size he chanced to lack,
That Jerry made up in being strong;
I've seen a sack upon his back
As thick as the miller, and quite as long.

Always busy, and always merry,
Always doing his very best,
A notable wag was Little Jerry,
Who uttered well his standing jest—

"When will you grind my corn, I say?"
"Nay," quoth Jerry, "you needn't scold;
Just leave your grist for half a day,
And never fear but you'll be *tolled*!"

How Jerry lived is known to fame,
But how he died there's none may know;
One autumn day the rumor came—
"The brook and Jerry are very low."

And then 'twas whispered mournfully
The leech had come, and he was dead;
And all the neighbors flocked to see:—
"Poor Little Jerry!" was all they said.

They laid him in his earthy bed—
His miller's coat his only shroud—
"Dust to dust" the parson said,
And all the people wept aloud.

For he had shunned the deadly sin,
And not a grain of over-toll
Had ever dropped into his bin,
To weigh upon his parting soul.

Beneath the hill there stands the mill,
Of wasting wood and crumbling stone;
The wheel is dripping and clattering still,
But Jerry, the miller, is dead and gone.



LUSSAN BARGAINING WITH THE CAPTAINS.

AN OLD FILIBUSTER.

SIEUR REVENAU DE LUSSAN was a native of Paris, and when a mere boy only seven years of age, gave evidence of his roving disposition by often stealing away from home and making long excursions in the city. This adventurous spirit led him, as soon as he was capable of bearing arms, to attach himself to an officer in the army just before the siege of Condé. He served through the campaign, and then became a cadet in a marine regiment. His captain managing to drain him of all the cash with which his father supplied him, the latter, at a heavy expense, procured his discharge. He again enlisted, and fought gallantly at the siege of Guislane. The camp, the drum, the bugle, and the perils of the conflict had a charm for him that no exposure or hardship could break. The war being over he returned to Paris; but the dull routine of daily life wearied him, and he resolved to see something of the world outside of his native France. The marvelous stories of the New World, which were then in every body's mouth, enchained his roving fancy, and, despite his father's persuasions and his mother's tears, he embarked in March, 1679, for St. Domingo. The sea, with its storms and billows, enchanted him. St. Domingo opened a new world to his vision; but his fresh-born delight soon received a check in the tyranny and cruelty of a Frenchman to whom he engaged himself as a laborer. He passed three years in little better than servitude; and when his bondage finally became intolerable he laid his case before the Governor, who ordered his release. Hearing nothing from his

parents, and being heavily in debt, he began to cast about for an opening suitable to a man of his desperate fortunes. After turning various projects in his mind he finally resolved to join a gang of freebooters. The next thing was to select a commander; for he knew that the service of a vigorous young man, bred to arms, would be gladly accepted by the leader of any expedition. After mature deliberation he offered himself to Captain de Graff, who bore a roving commission from the Count of Toulouse, the Lord High Admiral of France, and was accepted. With this commander he set sail on the 22d of November, 1684, and began to cruise for Spanish vessels in the waters surrounding the West India Islands. Although the men composing such expeditions were called at the time buccaneers, freebooters, etc., yet many of the vessels in which they sailed were, in fact, privateers of the present day. Lussan, it is seen, sailed under a regular commission, and was no more a freebooter than the American privateers in the war of 1812.

From the 22d of November, 1684, to the 1st of March, 1685, they kept cruising in the Caribbean Sea, meeting with various adventures, yet taking few prizes of any value. They, however, by chance, encountered two other vessels and four boats manned by buccaneers, which proved a great accession to their strength. Of their little fleet, the two largest vessels—one carrying fifty guns and the other forty guns—were commanded by Captains Landresson and de Graff.

In the latter part of February the vessel in which Lussan sailed came to anchor at Golden

Island, near Caledonia Bay, where, a few years ago, Strain commenced his terrible march across the Isthmus. Here they learned from some Indians that a band of buccaneers had started a short time before to seek their fortunes in the South Seas, and that two captains, Grogner and Lesenier, dissatisfied with the leaders, had remained behind as guests of the Indians. Letters were immediately dispatched to these commanders informing them of their arrival.

The next day two of the four boats with which they had been in company turned into the same port. They immediately sent persons on board of the new-comers, telling them of the advance expedition of the buccaneers of which the Indians had informed them, and of their own determination to follow after. Captain Rose, who commanded one of the boats, having had a fruitless cruise, resolved at once to try his fortunes with them; and his whole crew, excited by the dazzling accounts given of the pearls and jewels and gold found on the Pacific shore, gladly consented to accompany him. Setting fire to their vessel, they, to the number of sixty-four, joined the new expedition. A hundred and eighteen out of the other vessel followed their example; and when they assembled on the main land the whole band numbered two hundred and sixty-four men. Captains Rose, Picard, and Desmeraise were chosen leaders, and on the 1st of March drew up their respective forces and harangued them on the danger and uncertainty of the expedition before them—of the necessity of maintaining thorough discipline; while, at the same time, they painted in glowing colors the rich booty that lay beyond the mountains

which they were now about to cross. Then, as it was their invariable custom, a priest (for one always accompanied them) offered up solemn prayers to Almighty God that he would watch over and guard them, and give them safe deliverance from all their enemies.

With some forty Indians, to act as guides and assist in carrying the baggage, they turned their faces toward the mountain and boldly entered the almost impenetrable forest. The notes of the bugle that at first cheered their march soon grew silent, and the straggling column panted silently up the steep acclivities or struggled through the deep ravines and tangled undergrowth. Marching order was wholly lost, for each one had as much as he could do to pull himself up the rocks and force his way through the vines and thick bushes. This first day's march confounded the men, most of whom had passed their lives on the sea. Unaccustomed to the woods and mountains they could make but little progress, and here, at the outset, murmurings and curses were heard on every side. Hanging along the cliffs, tumbling down the torrents, and falling amidst the tangled meshes of the forest, they soon gave out, and after making in all but nine miles, halted on the bank of a stream for the night. The sentinels being posted and the camp fires lighted, the weary adventurers threw themselves on the ground and were soon wrapped in deep slumber.

The next morning, while dispatching their scanty breakfast, the heavens suddenly became overcast, and they had scarcely commenced their march when the rain began to fall in torrents. All day long the tropical flood poured down



THE PRIEST'S BLESSING.

upon the straggling line, swelling the streams and rendering still more slippery the steep acclivities. Burdened with their ammunition and arms they staggered and fell against each other, and long before evening were so completely worn-out that they threw themselves on a hill-side, and, soaked to the skin, lay all night under the dripping trees. The third day they reached a plain and the head-waters of that most tortuous of rivers the Chucunaque, along the banks of which toiled so long and wearily Strain's gallant little band. The stream turned back on itself so constantly that the buccaneers were compelled to wade it forty-two times in six miles. The bed of the torrent was filled with slippery rocks, over which some of the more clumsy tumbled into the stream, to the no small merriment of their companions. At night they encamped on its banks. The next day they reached a large barn-like building, used by the Indians when they assembled in council. Into this comfortable shelter the whole two hundred and sixty-four stowed themselves and rested after their severe labors.

On the following morning the commanders informed their half-starved followers they were to remain there over night, and that those who chose might go hunting. The woods were full of game, deer, birds, monkeys, wild hogs, etc. The monkeys they found very large and difficult to kill, and if one did receive a mortal wound he would twist his tail so dexterously around a limb, that, when he could hold on no longer with his claws, he still hung suspended in the air and out of the reach of the hunter. Lussan shot one in the belly, the ball letting out a part of his entrails. The animal immediately put them back again with one paw while with the other he held to a limb. He hit another on the nose, and the blood flying in the creature's eyes and dimming his vision, he snatched off a handful of leaves and deliberately wiped his face. All day long the woods rang with the report of fire-arms, and when at evening all were assembled the amount of game secured astonished every one. The carcasses made a huge pile, and amidst great mirth and noise fires were kindled, and soon fowls and deer and animals of all kinds were roasting under the trees. The hungry adventurers snuffed the savory smell that went steaming up through the forest with delight. It was the first meal they had enjoyed in four days, and they gorged themselves with the abundant supply.

The Indian guides, aware of the tortuous course of the Chucunaque River, did not attempt to follow it, but struck across the country to another stream, called Bocca del Chica, which ran in a more direct line to the Pacific. Refreshed and elated, the column struck cheerfully into the forest, but had not proceeded far before the undergrowth became so matted, and the swamps so thick, that it was almost impossible to make any progress. The trees shaded them from the burning rays of the tropical sun, but not a breath of air could reach them, and

the stifling heat of the woods became almost insupportable to them, accustomed as they were to the free air of the ocean. Thus, for six weary days, they toiled on their monotonous way, until at length they reached the long-sought river. At the sight of it they gave a shout, for the Indian guides had promised that on its banks they could construct canoes to carry them to the ocean. The prospect of exchanging the forest and the mountain for water, and the toil-some tramp for sailing, quelled at once the murmurings and complaints that had well-nigh reached the point of mutiny. Resting here the remainder of the day, they early next morning went out to see the trees designated by the Indians as proper for canoes. Before commencing operations they entered into a formal contract with their swarthy companions, by which the latter were to furnish them, while building boats, corn, potatoes, and bananas, and receive in payment knives, hatchets, needles, pins, combs, etc. Having thus secured the commissary department, they set to work on the boats.

They were now in the heart of a well-populated Indian country, and would have found it impossible to proceed quietly with their work had not the savages understood that they were enemies of the Spaniards, who were also their deadly foes. Their gold had been seized, their wives and daughters violated, and their homes laid waste by Spaniards; and though jealous of showing any stranger across the country, their desire for revenge overcame all other considerations, and they were ready to aid, in any way in their power, those who were at war with their persecutors and oppressors. Still the buccaneers, knowing their inherent treachery, always kept a portion of the band well armed and on guard while the rest worked. The camp was constantly thronged by visitors of both sexes—the men entirely naked, the women clothed with a native cloth from the waist downward.

For several days the woods resounded with the stroke of the axe and crash of falling trees. The bustle and noise of the numerous workmen made the bank of that lonely river in those deep solitudes seem, for a fortnight, like a modern ship-yard. Boat after boat was completed, launched, and moored to the shore, until fourteen, capable of carrying over twenty men apiece, together with all their provisions, arms, ammunition, etc., were afloat. On the day they were finished (the 23d of March) the camp was thrown into a state of excitement by the arrival of an Indian, who had just returned from conducting the party of the hundred and fifteen English freebooters across the Isthmus, and who brought the joyful news that they had captured two vessels from Lima laden with provisions.

The work of breaking up camp, making the oars, and collecting provisions, etc., now went merrily on; for the prospect of standing once more on the deck of a vessel—and that, too, in a sea which, in their imaginations, seemed to have golden shores—elated every one. Five days after, as they were almost ready to start,



BUILDING CANOES.

another Indian came in, bringing with him one of Captain Grogner's men, who got lost in hunting while his party were building canoes on this same river. He also brought a letter from the buccaneers who were afloat in the Pacific, saying they would wait at King's Island, and urging them to hurry on and share with them in the spoils of the rich fleet which was on its way from Peru to Panama. Joy and animation now reigned throughout the camp; every man worked with a will, and the wild songs of the rover made the forests of Darien ring. Past toils and hardships were all forgotten. Those who had murmured most now sang loudest; and in three days every thing was ready, and, with a loud cheer, they loosened their little fleet and floated down the stream. With a parting salute to their deserted encampment they bent to their oars, and soon the forest shut them in.

But their troubles were not ended. The river was so shallow in some places that the heavy boats had to be lifted over; in others, so rapid and filled with rocks, that many suffered shipwreck. The hot climate acting on the men, who were half of the time knee-deep in water, brought on dysentery, and every day some one or more of the company was carried on shore, and, with rude ceremony, buried on the lonely banks. After four days of hard toil and constant exposure the advance-boats halted for the others, which were damaged and hence far behind, to arrive. During the day they all came up, and the half-starved, fatigued band rested till morning, when they again set sail. They

had now reached deeper water; but the stream was so choked with huge trees which the floods had brought down that it required the utmost care and exertion to escape shipwreck. While floating along, the news passed through the little fleet that two soldiers had just died, accompanied with the order to pull up to the shore and bury them. It was raining heavily; and the gloomy day and pelting rain made still more dismal that wild burial of their companions in those far-off solitudes. In their piratical uniform, with the storm beating on their upturned faces, the two rovers were laid side by side and a volley fired over their solitary graves. The next day they got clear of the flood-wood into deep water, and, the sun having come out, they hauled up to the banks to rest and dry their clothes, which had been soaked by the rain of the night and day previous. Another sick man, who for a day and a night had lain drenched to the skin, was borne ashore only to die and be buried like his comrades—never to be heard from by his friends and relatives more.

The following morning they pushed off, and by constant rowing (there being twenty oars to each boat), in five days reached the mouth of the river.

While moving along over this broad sheet of water they saw a small vessel approaching, and on hailing her, found an Indian aboard, who had been sent by the buccaneers below to inform them that they had concealed some provisions for them in a certain designated place. This was acceptable news; for during the last

week the rations of each man of the party had consisted of a single handful of corn per day. Their sufferings, of course, had been great; and the near prospect of something to eat was, for the time, more exhilarating than booty.

A little later in the day, however, came equally exciting news that the Spaniards, informed of their arrival, had mustered a thousand men, who lay in ambush along the river bank awaiting their approach. A consultation was immediately called, and it was resolved not to advance till night should cover their movements. So the moment the short tropical twilight was ended they shoved off, but had not proceeded far before they met the incoming tide, and, ignorant of the fact that the Pacific tides rolled in with a strength and to a height unknown on the Atlantic coast, were astonished to find their boats swept far up the river, and one totally wrecked in the struggle to stem the current. Though no one was drowned, all those on board lost their muskets and ammunition, which was equivalent, practically, to the loss of the same number of men, or rather would have been but for the deaths that occurred in their tedious passage down the river.

With the turn of the tide the fleet of boats again drifted seaward. When they came abreast of the Spaniards on shore awaiting them, the Indians (the river being broad there) made a long, straggling line of the boats, keeping them close in under the farther bank. Some few were challenged, but the Indians replying that it was only a few of their own boats on their

way to the ocean after salt for their tribe, they were allowed to pass. Having experienced the tremendous force of the tide, they next morning, the moment they felt the strength of the flood, cast anchor. About ten o'clock the tide began to turn, and every anchor was raised, but the little fleet had scarcely got under way when the mid-day became midnight. A sudden darkness settled on forest and river, so dense and impenetrable that men sitting at the bow could not distinguish those in the stern. To make this unlooked-for change still more appalling, no sound had heralded its approach or accompanied its advent. A strange, mysterious hush was on every thing. The bold rovers became subdued under this unnatural aspect of nature, and spoke only in half whispers, not knowing of what terrific outbreak this was a precursor. Suddenly there came a roar like the sound of a distant cataract. Nearer and nearer it swelled on their astonished ears, until at last the heavens opened and there descended a real cataract on the quivering earth. The boats were half full in a few moments, and although two men in each one were kept bailing vigorously, they all expected to go to the bottom under the descending weight of water. One sick pirate, who had borne up bravely till now, succumbed under this new trial, and in the midst of the overwhelming deluge breathed out his spirit; his dreams of gold and pleasure all vanished, and he was left to swell the number of those who slept their last sleep in the wilds of Darien.

The storm subsiding with the day, the free-



WRECK OF THE BOAT.

booters took the ebb-tide and swept rapidly toward the sea. Arriving at midnight, they despatched two barks at anchor waiting for them. Setting sail in these, they steered for an island four miles distant, where provisions had been left for them. Feasting on these for two days, they departed toward Panama in search of the fleet of their companions. The whole having finally rendezvoused at King's Island, they found that altogether they had a fleet of ten vessels.

Making a successful expedition in canoes against a small place called La Leppa, the entire fleet proceeded to a beautiful island lying at the mouth of Panama harbor. The pirates were enraptured with the loveliness of this and the adjacent islands. They were in a state of high cultivation, covered with the country seats of the wealthy residents of Panama. Orchards, interlaced with running streams, bloomed beside the almost endless variety of flowers that in gay parterres surrounded the picturesque dwellings, while arbors of jessamine stretched up and down on every side, within which hung in tempting clusters the finest fruit of the tropics. The people of the city had christened them the "Gardens of Panama." The delighted buccaneers remained here three days, enjoying with keener relish this profusion and repose from the recent toils and privations they had encountered in crossing the Isthmus. Sailing from thence past the city of Panama, they proceeded to the Isle of Taboga to caulk their ships. This island had been converted into a landscape garden by the wealthy Spaniards, who had lavished every thing that taste could suggest or money purchase on their beautiful retreat. Even to these bold, reckless buccaneers it appeared an enchanted island.

Having finished calking they set sail to waylay the Spanish fleet from Peru. They cruised around or lay at anchor at King's Island nearly a month, when at last, from Captain Grogner's vessel, was despatched the signal announcing that the long-expected fleet was in sight. In an instant all was in commotion. The anchors were swung to the cat-heads, the sails unfurled, and the whole fleet moved away, amidst the deafening hurrahs of the crews, who had begun to fear that the rich prize had slipped by them into Panama.

The Spanish vessels moved steadily forward; but before the buccaneers, who manœuvred to get the weather-gage, could succeed in their attempt, night came on and parted the combatants. The former came to anchor, and putting out all their lights, sent a small vessel with a bright lantern in her rigging to anchor far to leeward. The buccaneers, supposing this to be the fleet, managed to get to the windward of it, when they also came to anchor. To their utter amazement, when morning broke, they found that their whole fleet, with the exception of Captain Grogner's ships and Townsley's, although to windward of the light, was to leeward of the Spaniards. The latter having the weather-gage, used their guns, which were of

larger calibre, with scourging effect. A tremendous cannonading was kept up all day, and the guns were so well served that Lussan's ship alone received a hundred and twenty-three shots. Night again separated the vessels, and in the darkness the Spanish weighed anchor and steered for Panama. Instead of securing the rich prize they had watched for so long the buccaneers had received a terrible pelting, and lost several of their men.

From this time on, for three years, these bold marauders continued to infest the surrounding seas, capturing small vessels, surprising towns along the coast, and seizing the inhabitants, for whom a heavy ransom was always demanded. The English and French, however, soon quarreled, and, separating, each cruised on their own responsibility. Small parties would sometimes be sent miles inland to attack a flourishing village. There were many desperate encounters and hand-to-hand fights, but the courage and resolution of the buccaneers were always an overmatch for the Spaniards, and the whole coast was kept in a state of constant alarm. At the first appearance of the fleet the inhabitants would secrete their treasures, so that the assailants got more hard knocks than gold, and often suffered for want of provisions; indeed, they were sometimes on the verge of famine.

The richest harbor they entered was Panama, where, with their guns bearing upon the city, they demanded and obtained a heavy ransom. The town of Queaquilla was a maritime port, and next to Panama, on that coast, in importance. It was well fortified, and the garrison felt themselves strong enough to defend it against any force the buccaneers had in those seas. The latter, however, landing, stormed it sword in hand, and, after a short but desperate conflict, took it. This place proved to be a rich prize both in treasures and prisoners. Being perfectly confident that the pirates would be repulsed, they had not provided for their own defeat. Still, in the retreat, they contrived to carry off the largest portion of their property.

This town was a very pretty one, and distinguished for its beautiful women and loose morals—the monks and priests taking the lead in open and unblushing illicit intercourse with the other sex. Five hundred prisoners, \$70,000, and a large quantity of silver-plate, jewels, etc., were the fruits of this successful foray.

The people had been told frightful stories about the pirates—that they were monsters in form, and ate their prisoners. Lussan captured a handsome young woman—a maid of the Governor's wife—and, to prevent her escape, made her walk before him to the place where the other prisoners were assembled. As she moved on in obedience to his commands, she turned her head toward him, and, with her dark eyes swimming in tears, exclaimed, "*Señor, por amor de Dios no me como!*"—"For the love of God, Sir, pray do not eat me!"

With their spoils and their captives, the freebooters repaired to the Isle of Puna, to wait



LUSSAN'S PRISONER.

there the ransom that had been promised for the latter. Here, under the green trees on the greener sward, with the ocean all around them, they enjoyed for a whole month the freebooter's paradise. Laden with spoils, with abundance to eat and drink, nothing to do, and crowds of beautiful women to minister to their pleasures, they passed the time in a round of gayety and dissipation. The women soon found many of the handsome, well-formed pirates far preferable to the fat monks of Queaquilla, and, passionate and romantic like their race, became enamored of their captors and the wild life they led. With the women, the buccaneers had brought also the lutes, harps, guitars, and other instruments of music that they found in the luxurious apartments of the place. On these the prisoners of both sexes played in concert, to pass away the time, while others danced upon the green sward. It was a strange, wild scene they formed there on that lonely island in the Pacific—one that the imagination could hardly conceive. Hundreds would sit, of an evening, scattered in groups among the trees, the dark-eyed Spanish beauty reclining fondly in the arms of her new-found lover; a hundred more would be whirling round in the open space in the exciting, voluptuous Spanish dances; while over all arose the sound of lute, harp, and guitar, till the air itself seemed an instrument of music pouring forth sweet sounds. And on these strangely-picturesque groups the soft sunset would fall, mantling green sward and dancers in the mellow beams. And there, too, later still, they would sit until the broad

round moon rose slowly over the main land and flooded the gentle sea with golden light; while, to impart still greater romance to the scene, the rich voices of a score of singers would pour forth some romantic Spanish ballad. A stranger suddenly dropped on that green island, in that far-off lonely sea, would have been bewildered at the spectacle presented to him, and fancied he had fallen on one of those fairy isles inhabited by beings of another sphere, as described by Greek and Latin bards. These bold rovers abandoned themselves wholly to the pleasures and excitement of this new life, and, forgetting all their past miseries, "thought no more of danger from the Spaniards than if they had been in the middle of Paris."

The treasurer of the town was killed while fighting gallantly in its defense, and his young widow, a beautiful Spanish lady, was taken prisoner. In a few days she forgot her slain husband and became desperately enamored of Lussan. So strong was her passion that she at last proposed that they should hide together in some corner of the island till the freebooters were gone, and then return to Queaquilla and be married. She promised to get for him the office of her deceased husband, and make over to him her whole estate, which was very large. Lussan thanked her for her kind offer; but said he was afraid that her interest was not powerful enough to overcome the hatred of the inhabitants, who could not easily forget nor readily forgive the injuries he and his friends had inflicted on them. Determined to retain her lover, she, with the ingenuity and perseverance of woman, went secretly to

work, and finally got papers signed by the Governor and chief officers of the place, promising Lussan all forgetfulness of the past and the kindest usage in the future. This rather staggered our hero, and in his own quaint language he says:

"I confess that I was not a little perplexed herewith; and such pressing testimonies of good-will and friendship toward me brought me, after a little consultation with myself, into such a quandary, that I did not know which side to close with, nay, I found myself much inclined to close with the offers made me; and I had two powerful reasons to induce me thereunto, one of which was the miserable and languishing life we led in those places where we were in perpetual hazard to lose it, which I should be freed from by an advantageous offer of a pretty woman and a considerable settlement; the other proceeded from the despair I was in of ever being able to return into my own country for want of ships fit for that purpose. But when I began to reflect upon these things with a little more leisure and consideration, and that I revolved with myself how little trust was to be given to the promises and faith of so perfidious as well as vindictive a nation as the Spaniards, and more especially toward men in our circumstances, by whom they had been so ill-used—this second reflection carried it against the first, and even all the advantages offered me by this lady. But however the matter was, I was resolved, in spite of the grief and tears of this pretty woman, to prefer the continuance of my troubles (with a ray of hope I had of seeing France again) before the perpetual suspicion I should have had of some treachery designed against me. Thus I rejected her proposals, but so as to assure her I should retain even long as I lived a lively resentment of her affections and good inclinations toward me."

The freebooter was still a Frenchman and a French philosopher, and disposed of this love affair in the most approved French style.

At length these bold, adventurous men became tired of this inactive life and longed for the freedom of the open sea. They ascertained also, that, instead of sending the promised ransom, the Spaniards were making preparations to attack them. They resolved, therefore, to move to a point of the island not so retired and snug as their present quarters, but which commanded the sea to a great distance. The Spaniards, however, were before them, and as they moved out of the deep bay they saw two Spanish war-vessels awaiting their approach. At noon they came within long cannon-shot, and the Spanish vessels having the weather-gage kept at that safe distance, and fired away till dark, pommeling the ships of the buccaneers badly, but killing only one man. At dark both cast anchor, but soon as daylight broke over the ocean they were at it again. The little land breeze, that for a while barely filled the sails, soon died entirely away, and the sea lay unruffled as glass. The buccaneers then got out their canoes and

began to tow to windward, and when the breeze again freshened found they had the weather-gage. But the superiority of the enemy's vessels enabled them in half an hour to regain this advantage. Toward evening the cannonading became very heavy, and the vessels of the buccaneers suffered severely; but at dark it ceased as before, and both came to anchor. The next day both remained stationary till three o'clock in the afternoon, when they came to close quarters, fighting within musket-shot. The buccaneers then showed their superior marksmanship; for, while they had but one man wounded, they made such havoc on board the Spanish vessels that they could see the blood run out of the scuppers. At dark the Spaniards bore away, shouting as they went, "*To-morrow at it again!*"

The next day they still held the weather-gage, and remembering the deadly work made by the small-arms of the buccaneers the afternoon previous, kept within half cannon-shot, and bent all their efforts to dismast their enemies, so they might finish them at their leisure, and finally succeeded in striking the foremast of the largest ship five times with round shot, and the main-mast three, but not deep enough to bring them down. The following morning the Spaniards, for the first time, hung out their Burgundian colors and closed gallantly; but finding, after severe handling, that the pirates were determined to board, bore away to refit. In an hour they returned, but kept at long cannon-shot. The following morning at day dawn, there being a fresh breeze, the Spaniards swept down apparently with the determination to finish the long conflict, for they kept steadily on till within close musket-shot, when both fleets opened with a terrific uproar. For a long time the struggle was fierce, the vessels frequently coming so near that the muzzles of the guns almost touched; but the buccaneers fired with such precision into the port-holes of the Spaniards that they were finally compelled to close them and bear away. The largest of the pirate ships received this day sixty-three cannon-shots between wind and water.

The next morning they again got ready for action, but on looking seaward no trace of their enemies was visible. Satisfied with the sound beating they had received, they took advantage of the darkness and sailed away. During the progress of this strange protracted combat, the buccaneers kept the Governor and chief men of Queaquilla on deck, to witness the cowardice of their countrymen, who again and again refused to board; while the remaining five hundred men and women—in canoes moored near the shore, in shoal water, where the Spanish vessels could not come—sat astonished and trembling spectators of the scene. There being now no motive to go to Point Helena, the buccaneers, after lying at anchor two days to refit, steered for the main land, followed by their crowd of prisoners in canoes.

The listless and dissipated life of the past month had exerted an enervating influence on

many of the freebooters, while their intercourse with the women had weakened their ferocity of disposition, and made them pine for their companions and friends on the other side of the Isthmus. As soon as they reached the main land, therefore, they began to make preparations to retrace their steps. They did not even wait for the promised ransom, but set all their prisoners at liberty. Some of these beautiful women had become so attached to their captors that they wept bitterly at parting. As the canoes returned from landing them on the deserted shore, the buccaneers gave them a parting salutation and bore away.

The next day they divided their booty, and as the pearls and uncoined gold could not be equitably distributed, they were put up at auction and sold to the highest bidder, and the proceeds apportioned. After all their toil and danger for three years, the sum total to each man, in money, was but three hundred dollars.

The next day, the 12th of June, Captain David, in command of the large vessel, sailed away to refit, and then return home by way of the Straits of Magellan. The other vessels were too small to attempt this long and hazardous voyage. They therefore cruised about, hoping to take a ship of sufficient size, occasionally making a descent on a place, until January, when they resolved to abandon their vessels and cross on foot to the North Sea. After much consultation they concluded to go by way of Segovia, which, as near as I can make out, took them across the widest part of Honduras, the passage occupying more than two months.

Many of the men had lost their share of the booty in play on board the ships, and as Lussan had been a great winner, he was afraid some of the desperadoes might make way with him in order to recover their money; and so he took the precaution, in presence of all, to divide his wealth among several of his friends to carry for him, they to have a certain portion at the end of the journey. This foresight saved his life.

On the 2d day of January, having burned their ships and said their prayers, this band of buccaneers, to the number of two hundred and eighty, set out on their perilous journey, taking with them sixty-eight horses, which they had captured, to carry their plunder. The first day they loitered along the sea-shore, reluctant to turn their faces inland, where so many perils and sufferings awaited them. The next day, however, they struck boldly into the interior, and although the hostile Spaniards constantly hovered on their flanks and rear, no serious demonstration was made. They contented themselves with destroying the provisions on the way, and setting fire to the dry grass in the savannas they crossed, which caused the smoke to blow in their faces, which annoyed them so much that they were often compelled to stop in the deserted houses till the fire burned itself out.

Thus, day after day, they kept on, marching in close order, until the eighth, when they took a prisoner, who informed them that in a large village a little distance ahead, three hundred mounted soldiers awaited their arrival. This body of troops, however, filed away as



PARTING WITH THE PRISONERS.



THE JOURNEY BACK.

soon as the head of the little column of buccaneers appeared in view. After leaving the village they entered an extensive tract of country covered with a dense pine-forest. As they slowly passed through this, they heard martial strains on either side of them, and afterward, all day long, keeping pace with their march, arose the stirring notes of the bugle. These three hundred horsemen had divided into two bodies, and, concealed by the thick pines, moved in parallel lines with the advancing column. This invisible music keeping pace with their march, echoing away among the thick evergreens, and rising and falling with the wave-like gusts of wind that swept through their tops, produced a strange sensation. It was like walking through an enchanted palace, with music all around and the performers nowhere to be seen. At night they encamped opposite the encampment of the buccaneers, and at morning roused them with their bugles sounding the reveille. For five days this invisible serenade was kept up.

As they approached the town of Segovia they came upon an ambuscade, and at the first discharge of the enemy two of the buccaneers were killed. The Spaniards, not waiting to reload, fled precipitately. This place lay in a deep valley, surrounded on every side by mountains that completely overlooked the place and walled it in like a prison. As the buccaneers descended into it they found it wholly deserted, and the provisions it contained consumed. They rested here until the next day, seeing no

enemy, although they were occasionally saluted by a musket-shot sent from the thick pines that grew along the slopes which hemmed in the place. Here they were so fortunate as to secure a prisoner who knew the way to the river beyond the mountains, whose course they were to follow to the sea.

Twenty leagues of the worst mountain-travel lay before them. As they ascended the heights the cold became intense, while impenetrable fogs would wrap them for hours, drenching them to the skin and chilling their frames, which were exhausted with toil, weakened by hunger, and rendered sensitive by their long stay in a tropical climate.

On the thirteenth, as they were picking their way by early daylight along the crest of a high mountain, they espied on the opposite height, from which they were separated only by a deep, narrow valley, what they took to be some twelve or fifteen beeves, which filled the starving adventurers with extravagant joy. A halt was immediately called, and twenty men sent forward to reconnoitre and bring away the cattle. On their return they reported that what they took for beeves were horses saddled and bridled, and, moreover, that on the crest of the mountain was an intrenchment, and still farther down another, and lower yet a third, completely commanding the narrow path that skirted the little stream below, and which at that point was so contracted that two horsemen could not ride abreast. More than a thousand muskets covered this exposed spot, over which the buccaneers, less than

three hundred strong, would be compelled, one by one, slowly to defile. A thousand men could not have forced it, and yet there was no other way to go. All around was a matted forest, windfalls, morasses, and precipices, over and through which, even if they had been able to pass themselves, they could not have carried their baggage. The enemy had evidently selected this spot, from its great natural advantages, on which to make their final stand. The mystery of the long attendance of those invisible horsemen was now solved. They were to fall on the rear when the attack was made in front.

The prospect looked gloomy enough. They must fight—that was clear—but without any possibility of success. In the council of war that was called, Lussan said that the attempt to force those intrenchments was downright madness—they must be turned, and no matter what obstacles intervened, a flanking party *must* get to the rear, and all their efforts should be directed to that object. To effect this he said the baggage should be left behind under a guard of eighty men to protect it from those three hundred invisible troopers, while the remaining two hundred, encumbered only with their muskets and cutlasses, must make the forlorn attempt. A careful reconnoissance was made, and from a more elevated mountain than the one on which they were encamped a road, beyond the highest intrenchment, was discovered, through some breaks in the forest, turning short to the right around it, and winding along the steep ascent. Convinced that this was a continuation of the same road that crept along by the stream under the

enemy's guns, they determined to approach by that side, knowing that if it was so they could easily, when once in it, find the rear of the highest intrenchment.

Every thing being arranged, the commander of the eighty, who were to be left to guard the baggage and prisoners, was ordered to set the sentinels, and have them relieved as usual by the firing of a musket, and the drum to be beat at the regular hour, so that the three hundred in rear might suppose that the whole band had encamped for the night. Moreover, if within an hour after he heard the battle cease in the morning he received no tidings from them, he was to know they were defeated, and he and his men must then shift for themselves.

The sun went down, flooding the mountains in light; and as its last rays disappeared from their summits the Spaniards made a simultaneous discharge of six hundred muskets to show the buccaneers their strength. As soon as it was dark those two hundred desperate men solemnly said their prayers, but muttered them in a low tone, so that the Spaniards on the other side might not hear them, and set forth.

An hour after, the tropical moon rose over the heights, casting weird lights and shadows upon summit and abyss. Cautiously and silently that bold band crept forward, and had proceeded about an hour when they heard the Spaniards at their evening prayers. They paused a moment, and listened, and there arose on the night air the Litany of the Saints, and as the responses were sung in the clear mountain air by those strong men's voices, they had a



CLIMBING THE HEIGHTS.

strangely-solemn sound. At every response there was a discharge of musketry, the echoes of which were sent back from every surrounding height. The route taken by the buccaneers would, to ordinary men, have been considered impassable, and was rendered still worse by the dim light of the moon which, though it bathed the mountain tops in splendor, sent only fragmentary beams through the dense foliage of the tropical forest. They had more use for their hands than feet, and now pulling themselves up one precipice only to slide down another, they made such slow progress that, though the whole distance they had to go was less than a quarter of a mile, it took the whole night to accomplish it. Sometimes the entire two hundred had to be pulled up a ledge of rocks, one by one, and let down in the same way.

At daylight next morning, as they were stretching along the mountain, they came upon the Spanish patrol making its morning rounds. Dreaming, however, of no danger in that quarter, the latter were not on the look-out, and passed carelessly on. A thick fog, too, lay on the mountain, which rendered objects very indistinct a few paces off. The buccaneers, advised of their proximity by the sound of the horses' feet, were enabled to make them out while they themselves remained unseen. They knew at once that this patrol was in the road they were seeking, and immediately pushed forward, and, to their great relief, found they were not mistaken. Here they halted for half an hour to take breath and examine their muskets. While standing silently in the road they heard the voices of the Spaniards at their morning prayers. Directed by the sound which way to go, they immediately started forward; but had marched but a short distance when they, unexpectedly, came upon two sentinels, whom they were compelled to shoot, to prevent them from giving information of the point of attack. Roused by the sudden firing, they shouted, "To arms!" Bugles, sounding the rally, rang through the intrenchments, and the soldiers, seizing their muskets, rushed in front, supposing, of course, the single volley was to apprise them of the advance of the buccaneers. Five hundred men defended this first intrenchment; but, standing behind their breast-works, they were entirely uncovered in rear. On these the buccaneers rushed, with a shout and a volley. The Spaniards, terrified at the sudden apparition, fled over their works on every side, into the surrounding forest. The victors drew up behind the deserted defenses, and began to pour their volleys into the exposed intrenchment below them. Those within immediately retired to the lowest of all, where a steady fire was kept up. The fog, however, was so thick the buccaneers were unable to see it, and could fire only at the spot from whence the volleys of the enemy proceeded. Finding this produced no effect, they left the barricade, and, with a loud shout, dashed down the mountain, into and over the next intrenchment, upon the third and last. The Spaniards bravely held

their ground until they saw the gleam of the advancing bayonets through the fog, when they broke and fled. The fallen trees, and various obstructions which they had placed to impede the buccaneers in the assault, as well as the open spaces in the trees they had made to uncover every approach, now turned to their disadvantage, and the volleys of the victors mowed them down at every step. None asked for quarter; nor, for some time, was any offered. At length, weary with the slaughter, and moved by the rivulets of blood that flowed down the mountain, the pirates refused to slay any more, and made them prisoners in spite of their obstinacy.

Returning to the first intrenchment, they found the five hundred they had driven out fighting the guard they had left behind. These they quickly dispersed; and then, gathering together, chanted "*Te Deum*," in honor of their great victory. "*Te Deum Laudamus*" swelled up there in the mountain solitudes, and over the mangled corpses of the slain that lay in heaps along the crimson slopes.

Sixty men were then mounted on horses and sent back to those in charge of the baggage to announce the victory. They found there an officer, sent from the three hundred Spaniards, who had just told the buccaneers that the battle had gone against them—that their friends had been cut off—and, if they would surrender themselves prisoners of war, their lives should be spared, and they have a free passage to their own country. The sudden arrival of the sixty buccaneers, on Spanish horses, and shouting as they came, changed his tone, and he hastily took his departure. The buccaneers, however, followed so close upon his heels that the troopers had no time to form before they were upon them with their cutlasses and pistols, knocking them over right and left. They also took a great many prisoners. Most of these, however, after being relieved of their baggage and horses, were suffered to go free. This leniency they soon regretted; for, on questioning those whom they kept, they ascertained that a few leagues ahead was another intrenchment, and they were afraid the fugitives would rally there: and this apprehension was increased when, soon after, they saw a huge beacon-fire blaze up from one of the highest mountain-tops. They immediately set a strong guard in the road to stop any passing that way; and, as they could take but nine hundred horses with them, they hamstringed the remaining nine hundred, to prevent their being used by the Spaniards. Hastily burying the only two of their men who were killed, and dressing the four wounded, they pushed rapidly on. Before night they came up with the intrenchment of which they had been forewarned, but found it deserted. The next day they passed another; and, on the third day after the battle, reached the long-sought-for river.

They set their camp, and commenced building rafts on which to float down the stream. Four or five trees, after being cut down, were peeled-



SHOOTING THE FALLS.

and then lashed together with vines that grew in abundance there. This constituted a raft; but, in the unseasoned state of the timber, it would hold only two men; with this slight load it sank so deep, even in smooth sailing, that the almost helpless navigators stood up to the knees in water, while in the rapids they went to their waists. The horses were killed and salted, and strapped upon these crazy structures, and the whole ninety rafts pushed off. This river plunges with frightful rapidity down the mountains, sometimes leaping in lofty cataracts. The navigation, therefore, was extremely dangerous, for the rafts were at the mercy of the current, especially in the rapids. Often two or three would strike on a rock, and the rest come tumbling after, making a complete wreck, from which some of the poor wretches would be hurled and carried over the cataracts below to be seen no more. They fortunately found at the top and bottom of all the high falls a still, deep pool, enabling them to steer their rafts ashore. One would then go below, while his companion loosened the raft and sent it over. As it came up from its mad plunge and floated away on the quiet basin, the former would swim in and bring it ashore, when the two would again get aboard and drift downward through the thick forest. If he failed to reach it, it was soon whirled away out of sight, and they were compelled to build another. After three days of this perilous and exhausting navigation, Lasso proposed, as they were out of the reach of the Spaniards, that

they should no longer keep together, but move along singly, so that if one was cast away on a rock, those upon it might have time to get off before the others drifted down against them: thus swelling the wreck and increasing the danger. This would also enable those in advance to set up poles or flags to show where the best channel was in the frightful rapids through which they passed. They wanted no beacons to indicate the cataracts, for their heavy monotonous roar could be heard for miles echoing along the gorges.

This arrangement proved to be a wise one, for although they lost some men, they got along much more rapidly and safely.

These nearly three hundred bearded men presented a strange spectacle on their frail rafts drifting down through the mountain gorges and primeval solitudes. Scattered along for more than three miles in length the flotilla of nearly a hundred rude structures was subject to every variety of fortune. Here a raft would be drifting quietly along over a level space; another, all alone, plunging from some high cataract, the strong swimmer below eagerly watching its descent; a third, high and dry on a rock in the middle of the stream; a fourth, utterly without control, whirled, like the bubbles of the distracted waters, past jutting precipices, while another lay broken in pieces, the two occupants of it each astride of a single log shooting downward, anxiously looking for some quiet stretch of water where they could paddle ashore and build another raft. Of course their pro-

visions were all destroyed, and their powder being wet so they could not hunt, they were obliged to subsist on plantain that grew along the banks. At length they came to some Indian huts, and chased the occupants to get their food, but the latter were too nimble for them.

Here Lussan was reminded of the prudent course he took in getting rid of his treasures; for to his horror he came upon the bodies of seven Englishmen who were known to have a good deal of money. The murderers hid themselves, and were not seen again by the party.

It would be impossible to describe a fraction of the perils and difficulties the hardy adventurers encountered, or the fatigues they suffered. At length, a month after they struck this stream, they drifted out of the mountain gorges into a broad river impeded by no falls or rapids. The current, however, was strong, and filled with flood-wood of every description, which the torrents had brought down from the mountains. Against these their crazy rafts would drift, and being sucked under by the current, turn upon their edges, pitching those upon them into the water. Several were drowned in this way. A few leagues farther on the stream became clear and placid, and they concluded to go ashore and build canoes, in which to make the rest of the journey. In nine days they were finished and launched, and in nine days more they

reached the mouth of the river which empties into the sea at Cape Gracias a Dios.

Here they heard that an English ship from the West Indies was a few leagues away at the Isle of Pearls, and would soon be there. It was ascertained that she could carry but forty men, and they agreed to cast lots who should go in her; but she had scarcely anchored in port before fifty crowded aboard of her, and among the number Lussan. Unwilling to risk their chances in leaving that inhospitable region by casting lots with those on shore, they compelled the captain to hoist anchor and sail away. They arrived in the West Indies in safety, and Lussan finally reached Paris, to the no small surprise of his friends. Of the companions he left on the Mosquito Coast he gives no account: but probably some passing vessel at length took them off.

Thus, in those early times, was the Isthmus of Darien, in almost every part of the northern section of it, probed by adventurers; and we find none of those facilities for a ship canal which Gibson reported, and which set on foot the various exploring expeditions, among which was the one Strain commanded. The recent reports contradicting his statements will, we venture to say, prove as groundless as those that misled him, and well-nigh caused the destruction of his entire command.



BUCCANEERS EMBARKING.



FIGURE 1.—THE HAIR MOSQUITO.

THE MUSQUITO FAMILY.

"**E**N avant, Monseigneur Maringouin!" is a phrase you will frequently hear among the French population of our Southern States. It is generally applied to a persistent, obstinate, peevish, whining person, always returning to the charge in spite of *No!* emphasized as the growling thunder or the coo of the sucking dove. So they say, in a peculiar tone, "*En avant, Monseigneur Maringouin!*"—"Proceed—or never give up—My Lord Musquito!" When does the insect give up? Obstinacy is the stamina of its life. You have said "*No! no!*" but there they are, after every rebuff, buzzing their solicitations, sometimes louder, sometimes more softly, until you at last exclaim—"En avant, *Monsieur Maringouin!*"

Permit me to introduce to your especial consideration our very interesting and distinguished *Monseigneur* and *Madame, sa femme*. Behold this illustrious couple!

You perceive that *Monseigneur* is tufted and plumed, while *Madame* is more simple in her toilet. He plays all his life, while she has work to do; besides, she is a *Xantippe*, and scolds and stings on every side. He simply salutes us with his plumes as he passes, his mouth organs being too weak and too few in number to give us any annoyance.

They are called in England "*Gnats*;" on the

Continent, "*Cousins*," "*Moucherons*," etc. By our foreign population they are styled "*Marin-gouin*"—evidently a corruption of the subgenera *Megarhina*. I once asked a Florida Indian the name of this insect. He replied "*De white man call 'em Must-quit-oh!*" He come—he see our fine land—he set him down. Den come de fly—how he bite—Whoop! whoop!" (striking himself). "He say, *must-quit-oh!*" He shout gin, whoop! t'oder side—*must-quit-oh!* whoop!—dis side, den behin', den before, all de time, *must-quit-oh!* whoop! whoop! *must-quit-oh!* whoop! But he neber quit, neber, neber, for all dar. He hold fast de land. No, de poor Indian, he must go." For the want of a better derivation, this may serve for the present. It certainly suggests an origin for the word *Musquito*. All these Southern Indians call them "*Must-quits*," and never pronounce the "*q*" as a "*k*," as we do.

The type of the very large family of Culicides, of which our subject is an eminent member, is the *Culex pipiens* (Humming Gnat).

It is a native of Great Britain, and all the north of Europe and Asia, and must be considered the type of this family here. It is common with us only in the extreme Northeastern States, and in high situations in our Middle and Southern States; while the genus *Megarhina* of Linnæus, with innumerable subgenera,

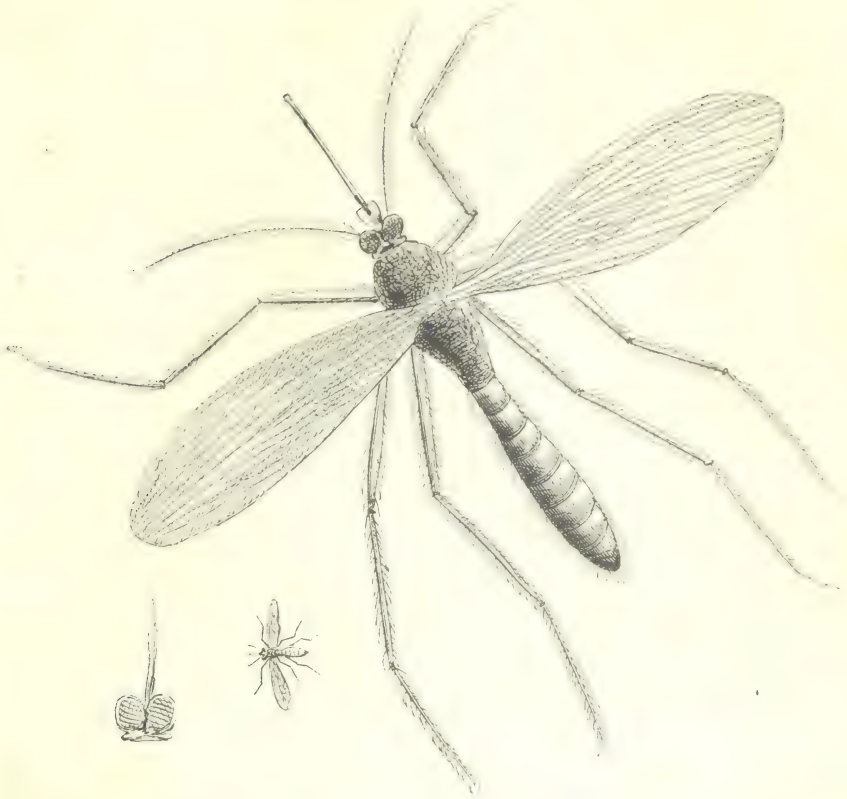


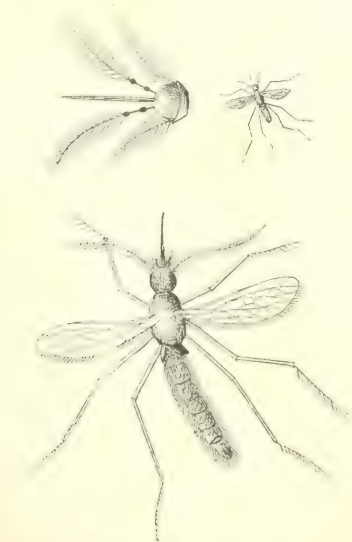
FIGURE 2.—FEMALE MUSQUITO.—NATURAL SIZE AND MAGNIFIED.

again compose our largest portion of the family. By comparing the two you will perceive *Monseigneur's* body is not so thick, but longer; the proboscis is slightly recurved, that is, thrown back; she carries it straight forward; as shown in the illustrations. The palpi in both are

shorter; the wings distinctly differ in their nervures, the latter resembling gray crinkled silk. The prismatic colors are deepest on the edges, fading softly away the lower they fall. This is the easiest way to class these insects (by the wings); but who is to do this mighty deed? whose eyes or whose life could hold out long enough to count and class this legion? No two years bring back the same subgenera. They are always alike in general appearance; but when the student transfixes the specimen, he rises in despair, exclaiming, "Still they come!" He alone who holds them in the hollow of His hand can do this; therefore let us finite creatures be thankful for the very little we are able to arrange satisfactorily and scientifically. I shall give no catalogue, but individualize a few for your present entertainment.

I give the wings of several members of this family who paid me calls on the night of the 1st of August last, from ten o'clock until half past one. I wish I could give them with the prismatic hues of life upon them. They look here dull and dingy, but as I looked down upon them through the glass, no Iris was ever more beautifully shaded than they. To paint an insect dead, and the same creature alive, is about the same as to paint a newly blown or a wilted flower.

Now while I have pen in hand, let me offer

FIGURE 3.—*CULEX PIPENS*.—HEAD OF MALE.
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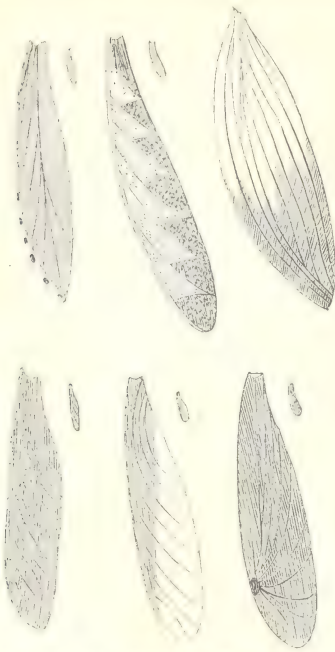


FIGURE 4.—WINGS.—NATURAL SIZE AND MAGNIFIED.

my earnest protest against the cruelty of men to insects. Who dares say they feel no pain? If they have the joy and bliss of life, why should you argue that they are exempt from a counter influence? Gros, the artist, on seeing a favorite pupil enter his study with a beautiful butterfly pinned to his hat, flew into a violent passion, exclaiming, "Wretch, you find a beautiful thing, and you know no better than to crucify it and kill it! Go out, and never come back! Never appear in my presence again!" What would he say to see the rows of pins transfixing these poor sufferers exhibited in various collections? Let me suggest to the amateur entomologist a small vial of chloroform and a hair pencil. If you wish to *kill* the insect, touch it quickly between the eyes on the sucker or mouth, and across the thorax, with the pencil wet with this liquid. A few tremors, and it is stilled forever; bright and brilliant, without a fleck; with no hideous pin disfiguring its body. If you merely want to examine or paint it, touch it slightly on the points of the antennæ. The chloroform will keep it tranquil. It will repose, as they do for me hour after hour, while I transfer their hues to paper with the light of life still within, but dormant for a while. A few drops of cold water on it when you are satisfied, a short rest on a leaf to awake from its dream, and away on its beautiful wings it goes, with only an additional experience of life.

The last wing of the group belongs to a very large *Culex* which I found poised on a bunch of flowers upon the window-seat, just as day was dawning. With a glass I confined her upon my hand; and I assure you she had quite an appetite for an early breakfast.

Entomology is a homogeneous study. The insect answers to the call of Providence and Nature without hesitancy. Where her duties and mission call, you will find her. To say each country has its own independent entomology is preposterous. Every part of the globe has its own types, upon which others must form their genera and subgenera, if we are to have harmony and order in the study. A type is an original insect found, for the first time, in a certain country. For instance, the silk-worm in China; the tsetse in Africa; the bee in Greece; the *Egeria exitiosa* of Say among the phalœnidæ; the peach-tree destroyer of America (which will, in time, be elevated into a type; I have made it one for some years, and have founded seven subgenera from the plum, apricot, etc.); the *Scarabæus sacer* of the Egyptians; the walking leaf-insect of Java; and the *Vespa Britannica*, the tree-wasp of the northern part of England.

Whenever, by cultivation, the soil of a country is changed, its vegetation, of course, becomes altered; new plants spring up, and somehow—the mystery is yet unsolved—presently appear the insects in all the varieties belonging to each plant. When some of the varieties of firs of the Continent were introduced into Scotland they were soon followed by the sphinx and phalœnidæ belonging to them. Since the planting of these firs has become the fashion in England the *Sphinx pinastre* and *Geometra piniaria* have been found in abundance over England—insects only known before to France and Scotland.* Therefore we perceive the inseparable connection between the plant and the insect; that the law is analogous for every country, and incontrovertible; and though it may be objected to by the readers of catalogues, it is as positive a law of nature as the evolutions of the seasons, the evaporation of the ocean, or the evocation of light by the sun.

But Monseigneur is waiting for us. There is little to be said about him. He takes the world easy. He sups and dines upon the dew and nectar which he finds in the cups of flowers. The tall and beautiful white lily is his favorite resting-place. You may, at early dawn, count dozens of these seigneurs who have passed the night in a revel in this charming bower. Some, again, have a coarser taste, and dip into the flowers of the squash, pumpkin, and more humble plants. The males of all insects require little or no food; the dew of flowers generally sufficing for them. He pays his addresses to the ladies, and after he has flirted and passed away the noontide hours, he grows old rapidly, and soon disappears from the insect world.

With Madame it is otherwise. She has her mark to make upon her age, and proceeds thus: Selecting some quiet, cool eddy in a murmuring brook, she crosses her hind legs and commences building her boat. When finished, it contains three hundred eggs—sometimes more,

* Haworth's *Lepidoptera*.



FIGURE 5.—BUILDING THE BOAT.

sometimes less. But it is always of one form. The eggs near the ends contain males; the middle, females. This boat can not be upset or filled with any effort you may make. Pour gallon upon gallon over it, still it will float.

served as life-preservers in the heavy, stagnant water; but in the fresh, buoyant element they were no longer needed. Pray what do you call this? Instinct, forethought, reason? How loudly this little gelatinous particle of matter proclaims, "There is One who careth for the worm!"

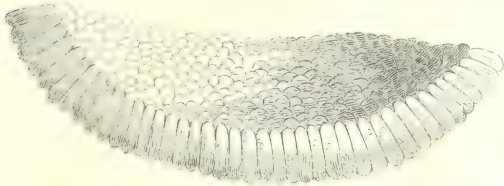


FIGURE 6.—THE BOAT.

Nor can any weather affect it. Freeze it until you can see it like a speck through the solid ice; thaw it out, and expose it to a June sun, and in time you will find larvæ from these eggs. But they do not all build this boat. The females of several families have their eggs strung.

I can not refrain from mentioning an experiment made last year. Seeing a spot of this indissoluble mucus, full of eggs, floating on a rain-water tank, I dipped it up carefully, transferring it, and some of the water, to my breeding-glass. In five days, exposed to the warmth of the sun, but not to its rays, the larvæ began to come forth, thus:

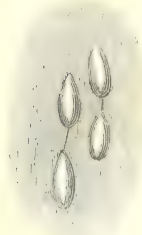


FIGURE 7.—EGGS.

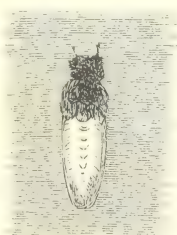


FIGURE 8.—LARVA.

They grow rapidly. When six days old, I saw them floating about—some with two egg-shells, some with three, and one lazy fellow with four attached to the extreme hairs of his body. See him opposite.

Why were they so slow, lazy, and lifeless in their movements? I did not wish to change the water, for the third part of the eggs were not hatched. At last I determined to sacrifice the eggs to the living larvæ. I emptied the

whole into a basin; washed and filled the glass with fresh rain-water; and then dipped up these forlorn ones, and placed them in the fresh water. Down to the bottom they went; then all ascended again as quick as light, leaving the egg-shells at the bottom of the glass. No doubt these egg-shells

The large mosquito of the Southern swamps sinks a hole in the soft mud with the end of her body, and hangs the eggs upon a foot-stalk, thus:



You may see this arrangement on the banks of any of the rivers of the South, where the water is untouched by the salt of the ocean. If you do not mind yielding perhaps an ounce of blood in the cause of science, you may watch them, day by day, performing this instinctive manœuvre in these locations. When the larva comes out there is always water at the bottom of the hole, ample for its sustenance until it sinks into the mud to undergo its transformation, when it comes out the perfect insect.

The large mosquito of the dry, arid, sandy pine barrens of the Carolinas and Georgia selects a spot exposed to the fury of the sun, and drops her eggs among the grains of sand. The larvæ, when hatched, must penetrate very deep to obtain moisture. Its proceedings and habits are yet to be tested. All you can see is the mother fly dropping her eggs. Twelve or fif-

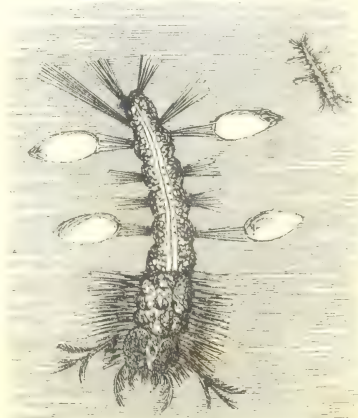


FIGURE 9.—LARVA, WITH EGGS ATTACHED.

teen days from this time the metamorphosis is complete. Place the hillock between you and the sun, as he is setting; they ascend in such numbers that you would think it must be smoke from a boiling spring. These are the genuine "stingers," and contain more venom than ten other tribes amalgamated.

Here is the larva from the egg of the boat:

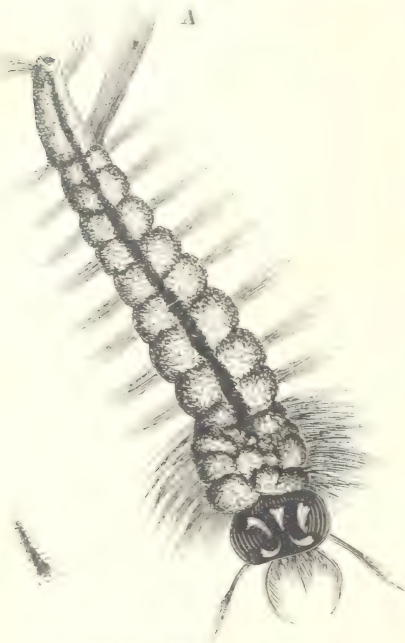


FIGURE 10.—LARVA FULL GROWN.
(A, Respiratory Tube of Hairs.)

There appears to be very little, if any, difference between the larva of the subgenera and that of the *Culex pipiens*. They are thus described by Latrille: "They have a distinct, rounded head, furnished with a pair of antennae and of ciliated organs, which serve, by their continual motion, to form a kind of current which brings their food to their mouth; a thorax, with bundles of hairs; an elongated, nearly cylindric, abdomen, much narrower than the anterior part of the body; ten-jointed; the antepenultimate joint being furnished with a respiratory organ; on its back the terminal joint is also terminated by setae and radiating pieces."

I have some larvæ before me now. They are all arranged, heads downward, in a circle around the mouth of the glass, where the air meets the water. Let the shadow of a feather pass over, and down they go, closing the hairs of this funnel, and carrying air enough down to serve them until they come up again for a fresh supply. Swammerdam says: "The larvæ grease this funnel, to prevent it from being saturated, by passing it through their mouths." Fancy must here, I think, have had some influence. There is an attitude some species of pupa take, doubling the tail up under the thorax, causing them to resemble very minute balls:

but this is done in the *pupa state*, and is adopted by them to sustain the weighty head and breathing tubes steady at water and air demarkation.

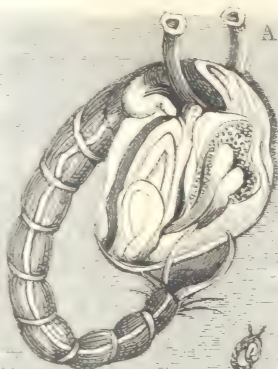


FIGURE 11.—PUPA OF SWAMP MUSQUITO
(A, Breathing Tubes.)

To doubt is the part of the honest investigator. It gave science Bonnet as a naturalist. When told of the proceedings of the ant-lion, he doubted them, and made merry at the credulity of others. He went to work, at last, to examine for himself; made discovery of new facts; and from that time he became the enthusiastic disciple and friend of Reaumur. What boldness, you will exclaim, to doubt the great Swammerdam! Still, I affirm that I have watched long and patiently, and I have never seen any act approaching this performance. Nay, I have even taken out this larva many times—the last, not ten minutes ago—with an extremely fine camel's-hair pencil; stretched it on a piece of fine letter-paper, and brushed the hairs of this tube with a dry pencil, so that if any substance of any kind was there it must have come off. With scarcely any life in him, I have laid him gently on the water. Presto! he was as nimble and saucy as ever; sinking to the bottom as if he had not just been handled in the roughest manner possible.

The larvæ of some of our species are very naked of hairs, having only a few round their mouths, and the long ones of the respiratory tubes. They remain in the larvæ state from five to fifteen days, according to the weather. They cast their skins thrice—sometimes oftener—and then go into the pupa state. The position is now changed; the head—or, at least, the breathing tubes—is kept up in the water. You can see the change in Figures 11 and 12.

The pupa is not quite so active now, and seems to skulk along with the paddles at the end of the tail. Five or ten days, according to the weather, and the pupa bursts on the back; and, like the ghost of Monseigneur, behold him, in Figure 13, rising from his watery couch!

Slowly, but not over-surely, is this feat accomplished. Out of five, at one time before me, making this effort, without a breath of air

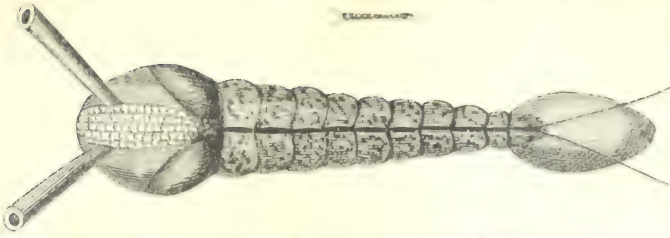


FIGURE 12.—PUPA, SHOWING BREATHING TUBES

stirring, three keeled over, and no power of mine could right them again. One I held up until he drew himself forcibly out "by the skin of his teeth." Meanwhile the other two expired. Not a thousandth part of all that burst the pupa case escape. And lucky for us it is so. You can see them, any summer day, floating, like half-shrouded ghosts, at the mercy of wind and water; but not long. They are a *bonne bouche* for every species of fish, newts, water-spiders, beetles, and frogs.

The successful couple I confined in the same glass, covering it with a piece of paper; and here they lived forty-five days, without food or air. Whereas if the glass had been thus covered when they were in the larvæ state, they would have all died in less than ten minutes.

The question may be asked, How the insect can possibly raise its shoulders out of the water, and sustain itself there, when it is specifically heavier than the water? Kirby answers thus: "Because the middle of the back of the thorax has the property of repelling water, apparently from being covered with some oily secretion. Hence, as soon as the pupa has once forced this part of its body above the surface the water is seen to retreat from it on all sides,

leaving an oval space in the disk which is quite dry. Now, though the specific gravity of the pupa is greater than that of water, it is but so very slightly greater that the mere attraction of the air to the dry part of the thorax, when once exposed to it, is sufficient to retain it at the surface; just as a small, dry needle swims under si-

milar circumstances." He is convinced by the following experiment: "If, when the pupa is suspended at the surface, a drop of water be let fall upon the dry portion of the thorax, it instantly sinks to the bottom—the thorax, which belongs to the heaviest half, being the

lowest; and if the pupa be again brought to the surface, so that the fluid be repelled from its disk, it remains there without effort as before."

This is not the cause of the pupa being able to sustain itself on the water. Besides, the drop of water would cause the insect to delay emerging to an indefinite period. Even if it is a dull day they will not come forth, but linger on. They have instinct enough to know that the sun's light is very necessary for them to emerge successfully; and they will not come out unless he is present. The proof is this. I have made the experiment often. Before they are ready to emerge, force them to the surface and sink the breathing tubes. Sustain them here for a while, and as soon as the air is exhausted in the tubes the insect dies. But when it feels itself ready to emerge, the insect comes up of its own accord. As it floats, it must have its breathing tubes under water; and it is the pressure of the water upon the air in these tubes that forces the insect to the surface and keeps it there, until the bulky part of the insect being excluded the rest floats by its own lightness.

The pupa case serves as a raft for the fly to rest upon. Slowly she draws two long legs loose and plants them firmly on the water.

Now you may think Madame is in a most awkward and ungraceful position. But it is the one necessary for her to maintain. Her two front legs being now placed on the water (Madame, you must know, walks with more ease on the water than on dry land), the other four are bent under her body. They support it, and the body reciprocates by holding the legs down. Tip either pair out, and you would see her fall over, never to regain her balance. Observe the wings. How heavy, wet, and lumpy they are! They have so much weight that if the body did not hold the legs down they would capsize her. It is the difficulty of obtaining this same position rapidly enough which causes such mortality among the tribe. The next move is for these weighty wings to get separated, and allow the air to pass between them. As soon

as this is done they serve her as the balance pole does the rope-dancer, and she is safe. The next pair is now

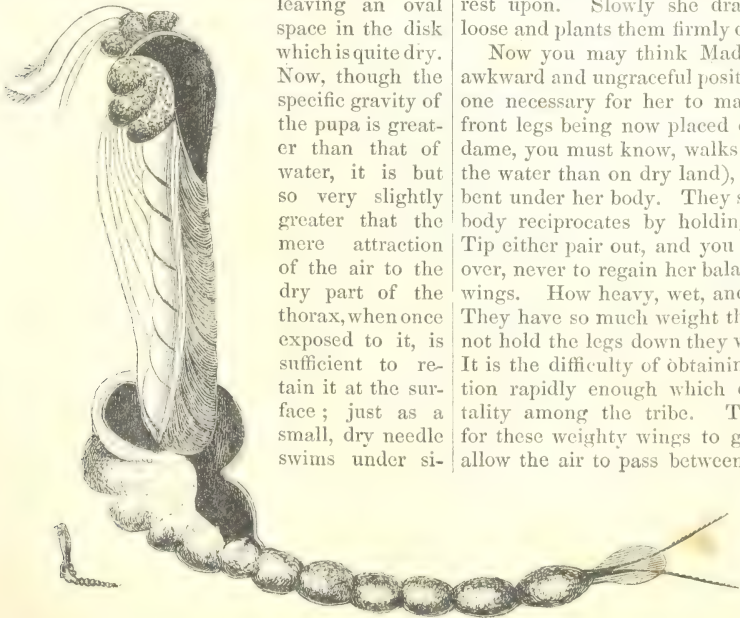


FIGURE 13.—MONSIEUR EMERGING.

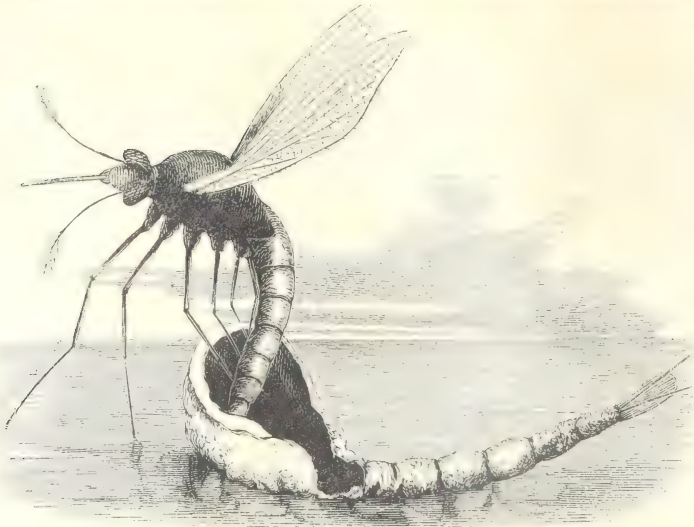


FIGURE 14.—MADAME TRIES HER WINGS.

drawn forth, and placed on the lip of the pupa case. The long body now elongates itself; the gauzy wings begin to unfold, expanding gently. At last they commence to dry. The antennæ shake out; the beautiful plumes, in the male, float on the air; the long proboscis is elevated, to see if all its parts be complete. Finally, the last long pair of legs are drawn forth; the body poised; the strength is tried; the wings are elevated, and waved to and fro; every nervure filled with the balmy summer air. She pauses, and like another Eve, gazes down in astonishment at the beautiful image in the water.

In this position she will stand for several seconds—sometimes minutes. Then, with a gentle wave of the wings, she bids adieu to the home of her childhood, the pretty cradle in which she had been rocked, and the murmuring, placid water, soothing and cherishing her like a mother. All this is now forgotten. She is in the world.

We will not follow her proceedings. You know them well: her unwearying solicitations; her ill manners and ill temper; her peevish, crying requests. You know them all; and clapping your hands impatiently exclaim, "*En avant, Madame Maringerin!*"



FIG 15.—MADAME ADMIRES HERSELF.

But let us take a closer view of her. She belongs to the night, gray and sombre. Very little light falls around her. Her wings are strong and coarse; the nervures well developed; the fine lines you see on the tip of the wings are strong black hairs; the edges are turned up, giving an angularity which naturally does not belong to them. I have taken the liberty of calling her the *Culex Americanus*, *par excellence*, although in reality I know she belongs to a subgenus of a European genus. She is no type; but she is found from the extreme north down to the Capes of Florida. Let whatever genus or subgenus be missing, every season finds her on hand, blood-thirsty and vituperative, as if she had just arrived from the banks of the classic Po—the paradise of her race. My specimen had taken such a hearty meal out of somebody that, while subjecting her to the glass to sketch her, she burst open. She seeks dark nooks in our houses, and retires among sombre shrubbery during daylight, coming forth only after nightfall.

She has a congener of the day, resembling her closely, except that the wings are more delicate; the nervures being connected with a kind of tissue. (See Fig. 4; the wing in the upper right-hand corner.) This insect never flies after sundown; but is active all day in low marshy places. On the lakes, on the St. Lawrence, and at Niagara, you will find them in perfection, and not behind our lady of the night in bloody anticipations and querulousness. Her body, when empty, is of an apple green color, turning to a dark amethyst hue after a meal. This is a mark of all the day *Culicide*. I have dissected her body that you may see some of the interior arrangements. There are many

FIGURE 16.—*CULEX AMERICANUS*.

small tubes and chords for the admission of air to purify the fluids acting as the blood of the insect, too complicated to be represented in so small a space. A knotty chord runs up the back, which doubtless represents the pulsating motion or heart. It is necessary here to remark that the families differ exceedingly in intestinal arrangement; the chief part having only a large coarse vein or muscle running from one extremity of the body to the other. This canal can be seen often with the naked eye convoluting through the body; but when full of blood, the parts can not be minutely distinguished.

Here is the upper side. On a very close examination I was quite at a loss to determine what the fine scales were which are seen on the

upper part of the body. A closer inspection proved them to be *Acari*. Letter A represents a specimen which I found walking over the paper, coming from her body. What a wonderful exhibition is this—a parasite upon so minute a creature! Dare we hazard the suggestion that they are bred from the food which she imbibes from human blood? They were clustered thickly above and below, of every size, which proves that they were generated on the body. What a world of mystery for the eye to penetrate, causing the mind to exhaust itself in conjecture, and ponder in awe for a solution!

The eye of the insect is most brilliant. The uvea is of a rich ruby red; the facets are more thickly placed than those of the bee. From each facet springs a small sharp cornea, which catches every ray of light, causing the eye, as you turn it, to scintillate with every shade of red and amethyst. The black lid falling over it seems to shield it from very intense light. At the back, looking down on the neck, you will find that the lids are hollow, standing up like two small hoods, and trimmed with a deep white silvery fringe. From this beautiful eye spring the coarse bristly antennæ in the female.

The head of the male is plumed in the same manner, if not more thickly, than that of the *Culex pipiens*. These plumes falling over such a pair of brilliant eyes make a right royal regalia, which, when once seen, can never be forgotten. Years have elapsed, the sorrows and vicissitudes of life have swept over me; but never do I see a royal diadem mentioned but

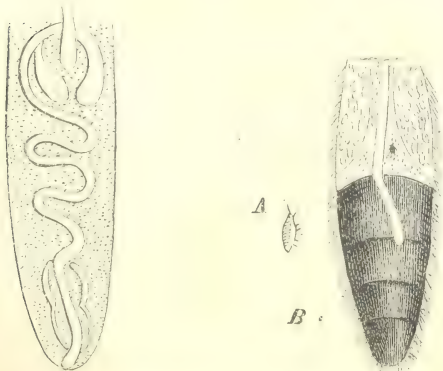


FIGURE 17.—THE BODY; UNDER AND UPPER SIDE

memory presents to the mind's eye this splendid and regal tiara. It is a favor in a lifetime to see it, the male is so excessively shy, never leaving the sedgy banks and meadows, where he seeks the female. The eye of the night mosquito, at least of the specimens I have thus far seen, is black with gray facets, and smaller, without lids of any kind. The ridge running down the back of the day mosquito looks like solid gold. It is no plumage or hair, but appears to be a fine ligament inseparable from the back.

Now let us examine the instrument with which she annoys us so perseveringly. Authors are by no means agreed whether this instrument is composed of many or few pieces. Leuwenhoeck says it has four pieces; Swammerdam affirms that he found six, including the lip; while Reaumur says there are only five. I have long since convinced myself that these pieces are increased in number according to the genus to which the insect belongs; and that we can no more compare the proboscis of the genuine gallinipper of the Southern swamps and Florida everglades with that of the mosquito of Maine and New York, than we can compare the sting of the scorpion with that of the bee. Can it be the same instrument which you feel pricking your brow in Broadway that pierced through the military boots of the Father of his Country in the Jersey marshes; and, according to contemporaries, made this exemplary man "swear like a trooper?" or that attacked the army of Julian the Apostate, and drove him back? or that compelled Sapor, King of Persia, to raise the siege of Nisibis, stinging his elephants and camels to such a degree as to cause the route of his army? which render the banks of the River Po almost uninhabitable? or that compel the Laplander to coat himself with grease, to prevent them from getting foothold? Humboldt tells us of the poor people living at the mouth of the Rio Unare, who accustom themselves to pass the night buried four inches

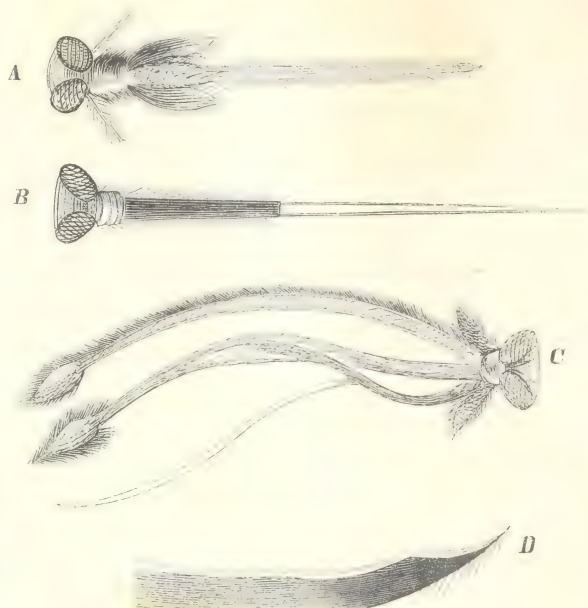


FIGURE 18.—THE STING.

- A. In its sheath.
 B. Half torn off, to show the sheath.
 C. Sucker developed, to show its various parts.
 D. Barbed point of one blade of the sucker.

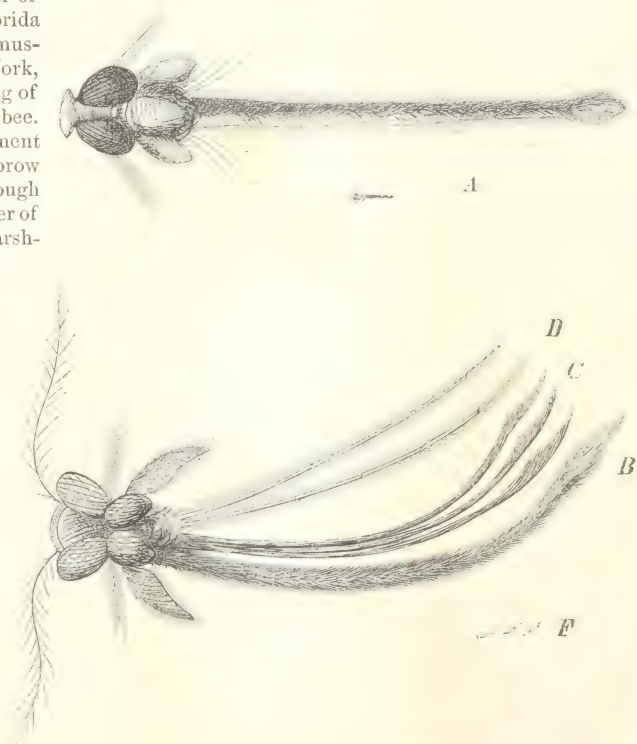


FIGURE 19.—STING OF THE CULEX AMERICANUS

- A. Sheath closed.
 B. Sheath case.
 C. Three lancets.
 D. Projectors and supporters.
 E. Natural size.

deep in sand, with a handkerchief over their heads to preserve them from the attacks of these insects. Surely it would be preposterous to suppose theirs was the same simple instrument as that of our mosquito. In that of the large mosquito of northern latitudes, you can feel several prickers by pressing it against the skin; and certainly the points of at least a dozen lancets can be felt in that of the southern mosquito. I have seen one proboscis with eight points. I found three prickers in one species; five in another; and had got as far as eight in the third specimen, when a puff of wind carried him away. These were Georgians. Let us take for the present the sting of the *Culex pipiens*, according to Reaumur and Roffrede's dissection. It will illustrate the performance of the instrument as well as if it had a dozen needles. On the opposite page I have subjoined the portions of the sting of our own mosquito, the *Culex Americanus*.

I have always found three lancets in this subgenus of the night mosquito; but could never detect more than two in the congener of the day; and I am inclined to believe, from the specimens of the *Culex pipiens* I have seen in Europe, that if Reaumur had had the lenses then we have now, he would have discovered three lancets at least. When once you can get the tubes separated from the sheath (it is exceeding nice work), you can, with a suitable instrument, separate all the lancets without much difficulty. I am convinced that the two side tubes serve, when the insect is sucking, as suction tubes to assist in drawing up the blood if it is thick and heavy. They act likewise as supporters to the head while the insect is in the act of imbibing; but they are evidently meant eventually to protect the lancet case on the outside. Examine the sheath. You perceive quite a hollow into which the blades of the lancets fit; then these join over them, and the sheath is complete. You perceive how complicated it is. The next mosquito that stings you you must respect the more when you recall the wonderful construction of this little instrument. Figs. 21 and 22 show how it is applied.

I must note here that all our Culicidæ have not the hairy sheath. I have seen several species with the proboscis as smooth and polished as a piece of ebony. Swammerdam says: "I should think that the acute and hollow extremity of the sheath is certainly introduced into the wound,



FIGURE 21.—HEAD AND STING

and by means thereof the gnat afterward sucks the blood which, running or ascending by suction between these parts, is at length conveyed into the stomach of the insect. Hence there appears almost the same use of this sheath as

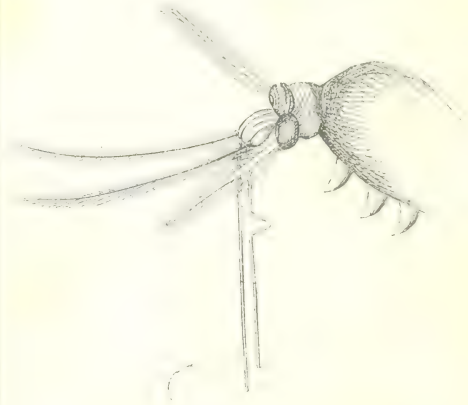


FIGURE 22.—HEAD AND STING.

there is of the silver pipes used by the surgeons, through which they pass their lancets into parts deep seated; in a word, to prevent their wounding any other part than that which they intend to cut." To convince yourself of this, let a mosquito settle firmly on your hand; feel assured that the proboscis is well inserted; then, with a fine camel's-hair pencil, dipped in chloroform, touch the insect on the head and antennæ. It will fall off in the act; and by subjecting it to the microscope you will perceive that the sheath is a sort of forcing-pump, the needles keeping the wound open, while the suction of the pipe carries the blood into the stomach. The mosquito has not always a thirst for blood, and can often be seen sucking up sugar and water, tea—and especially any liquid with

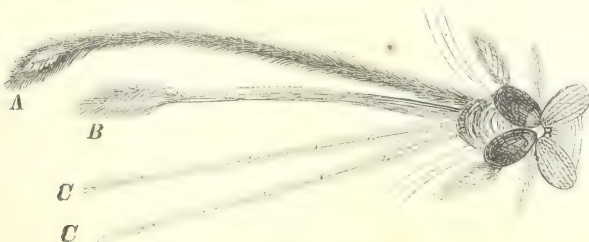


FIGURE 23.—ANOTHER STING

A. Sheath.
B. Lancet-case, closed.
C. Outside protection to lancet.

spirits in it. Of gin they are very fond. When sucking up fluid from a tumbler, they have the power of elongating the tube beyond the lancets, which they do not use at all.

Reaumur supposed the pain of the wound to be caused by a poison which they eject for the purpose of thinning the blood and rendering it easier to suck. This suggestion of Reaumur's can not be correct. It would require an apparatus for a descending fluid, as well as for an ascending one, which evidently does not exist. So, after the first application of the instrument, there can be no more until the repast is finished, and the instrument returned to its original position. It is evident that this is simply a fluid kept in the sheath to preserve all its complicated parts in order and ready for action. It is not poisonous to all persons alike. On some people—myself for instance—a thousand stings would not make a red spot the size of a mustard seed; while my neighbor over the way has to keep her room, because she is so disfigured from a visit to a friend “where they do congregate.”

But what are a dozen stings to the murmuring whine of the insect? If she would only fill herself and go quietly, it might be bearable. But to weary one, first here, then there, coming closer, then receding, going right into your ear like the blast of a trumpet, disappearing only to renew the attack more from some unexpected quarter! Verily, Madame Maringuin, your trumpet has blown on many a brain with the strength of the trumpets against the walls of Jericho, in certain states of the nervous system, when a thousand stings would have been unheeded.

It is a disputed point how this noise is made. Aristophanes makes Chærophon banteringly ask Socrates, “whether gnats buzz with the mouth or the tail?” Many hundred years ago as this question was asked, it is still with many persons open for discussion. Kirby says, “The friction of the base of the wings against the chest (thorax) seems to be the sole cause of the alarming buzz of the gnat.” He continues: “I have observed that early in the spring, before their thirst for blood seizes them, gnats when flying emit no sounds.” These two paragraphs look oddly in juxtaposition. Does not a gnat fly in the same manner in the fall as in the spring? If the noise proceeded from the friction of the wings on the chest, it must be always made when the insect is in the act of flying; but every observer knows that there are only particular portions of time during the summer season when mosquitoes hum. It would consume too much space to repeat the suggestions of numerous authors. Some, that it proceeds from the winglets; others, that it comes from the poisers; others again, that it is the beating of the air with the wings, and so on. There seems no agreement on the subject. Why should I not have my say as well as another? I consider that I deserve it for the patience given to the investigation for years. So I pro-

nounce my conviction, from experiment, that the humming proceeds from the proboscis. I have just called your notice to its very numerous parts. When the thirst for blood comes upon the insect, this tube, and all its other tubes and air-holes, are kept open for instant action. The motion of the wings forces the air through them, causing the vibratory humming noise we hear; and very probably the insect keeps them all in play herself so as to have them open and ready for use. We have all listened often to the loud noise of the wind sounding through a keyhole or a crack. Why may it not have the same power when passing through such a number of small tubes, subject to the control and movement of one instinct? Make the experiment yourself. Hold the insect by the legs, and cut the proboscis off in small pieces. As you reduce it in length, you reduce the sound; and when cut close all sounds cease. The insect may be held before you by the legs and vibrate its wings for a minute at a time; but you will have no more music. Therefore to tweak Madame's proboscis is the only way she can be silenced.

Some genera of the Culicidæ make their appearance very early. I have seen the *Culex Americanus*, in sheltered spots, when the sun was shining warm and bright on the Connecticut hills, as early as the 20th of April, and as late as the 10th of November. But more delicate species do not appear until the summer. The worst siege I ever experienced, beyond any Southern swamp attack, was in New York, at the corner of Greenwich Street, facing the Battery, on the 15th of January. The snow lay more than five feet deep on the Battery. The room had had no fire in it during the season. It was far out of the way, but commanded a view of the Bay, the wild, tempestuous river, and the grand wintry landscape. No room would do but this. So the kind landlord indulged me, had a glorious fire made, and rendered me comfortable. As soon as the room was warmed the invasion commenced. Where the insects came from was beyond all conjecture; but they swarmed. No quarter was given. Like Norway wolves they settled upon me. I was forced to show the white feather, and beat a retreat after two hours' battle, leaving the field to the enemy. I brought away three prisoners, and found them, when put under the microscope, to be the undefatigable ubiquitous *Culex Americanus*. So you perceive they survive very severe cold weather in the adult state, and do not lose their appetite.

From the time the egg is deposited generally averages five to ten days. When the larvæ come out they feed upon the invisible animalculæ in the water. In ten or fifteen days they go into the pupa state. In five or ten days more they come out the perfect insect. Three weeks is about the time allowed from the egg state to the imago; so that there are many broods during the summer.

I am constantly asked, verbally and by letter,

where, when, and how. I obtain my specimens for examination; and will answer the question here. To obtain specimens I carry my box, vial, and glass wherever I move, whether for a long walk or from room to room. Your objects fly against you; they come to you when you least expect them. You will find specimens of this particular insect in the meadows, by the banks of the rivers, in rain-water, in little brooks, on flowers, on blades of grass, on fruit, in cisterns. Two fine specimens I caught a week ago; one sipping from my tumbler; the other, attracted no doubt by the gaslight, regaling himself on sugar at the supper-table. The choice places—where you are certain of obtaining many varieties—are in rail-cars, and on board of the River and Sound steamers. Some species I have never found any where else. Driven by the winds across the waters from numerous localities, as the boats pass or stop to land passengers, they take refuge on board. Nay, you need only fill a tumbler with rain-water, and place it in a warm nook on your window-sill, when it will presently be used by some straggler as a receptacle for her eggs. Watch well; you will soon see the larvæ, then the pupa. Now comes a most interesting sight. The insect rises from the pupa case. You may officiate three hours at the birth, if you like, as I did a few days ago. Launch the cunning thing into the new world of air and light, and for your trouble and anxiety have the tiny trumpet blown in your ear all night, besides a sly depletion of a vein every now and then.

While making an illustration for this paper a little dot fell upon the sheet before me. Behold the most beautiful and fairy-like of creatures! It is nearly a line in length; its wings are of the brightest amber; its legs and thorax a shade darker; its body a pale apple green; its eyes as black and shining as beads; its proboscis straight, polished, and black as ebony. My finest pencil, with the slightest touch, was too harsh to convey the delicate soft pencilings of this insect. I placed it on my hand and covered it with a glass. I was not sensible of the proboscis being inserted; but the green body soon changed to a darker hue, and I perceived that she had partaken of my life-blood.

It is a study requiring years, patience, perseverance, unremitting observation, and watchfulness; but, with your glass in your hand, you will see wonders which will amaze and startle you; mysteries which will soothe a weary heart, console and cheer the broken spirit. The closer you cling to kind Nature's bosom, the warmer and more genial will be her welcome. You may learn from her, in time, some of her secrets, her mysteries, and her marvelous doings. With these she will touch in your heart that electric chord leading

"From Nature up to Nature's God;"

and you will learn, which is of more importance still, how to adore and praise the Maker through His works.

The question is constantly asked, "Of what

use are these troublesome musquitoes?" Many uses might be assigned; but we will be satisfied with one or two. They are the food of the large family of the Libellulæ or dragon-fly. On the rivers of the South, particularly the Altamaha and Ogeechee in Georgia, the Cooper and the Santee in South Carolina, you will find the dragon-fly in thousands, and of varieties many of which have never yet been mentioned by naturalists. These subsist almost entirely upon this insect. When their season is over, they, in their turn, fall dead on the waters and float gently down to the ocean, feeding the varieties of those delicious fish over which epicures gloat, after having spent a winter and spring at the South. Then, again, there are numbers of night birds whose principal food consists of this insect. The whip-poor-will lives chiefly upon them.

How beautiful and harmonious is this grand chain, linking together every living thing, so that each falls to the share of the other, as spring falls into the lap of maturer summer! And how overwhelming is the thought that He who pointed the needles of the insect's sting, made with the same ease that magnificent and eternal mystery—the brain of man; and that with the slightest breath of His power all could be made to pass away, from the buzzing insect to the worlds that gem the heavens, leaving space as blank as if they never had existed! When the music of the sweet singer of Israel ceased, the refrain of his song was the same as when he commenced, and thus must it be with every student of Nature, no matter how cursorily these marvelous works are beheld. The eye of faith contemplates the Maker's touch, and the heart must echo the strain of the Psalmist: "Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord."

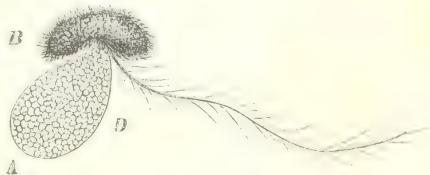


FIGURE 23.—EYE OF THE DAY CTEN.
A. The Eye. B. Eyelid. D. Antenna.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

"Honor is the subject of my story."

FOR five-and-forty years I have borne the name of Peter Smith. Though you have never heard of me I flatter myself that my family name will be familiar to you. I am quiet in my habits, and, I believe, not disposed to interfere with the rights of other men; yet even this did not avail to save me some ten years since from becoming involved in an affair of honor. Let me tell you how it happened.

At the time of which I speak I was an inmate of Mrs. Jones's family. I use the word *inmate* advisedly, since it was well known that Mrs.

Jones never took boarders. In fact she expressly gave me to understand that her only inducement in taking me was the pleasure she expected to derive from my society—that she was far above mercenary considerations. Of course I felt flattered by the compliment thus insinuated, though I confess I was somewhat surprised, since all mercenary considerations were disclaimed, to be charged a higher rate for board than I had ever before paid. Still I did not demur, feeling certain that I had at length found a home.

Let me describe Mrs. Jones, my hostess. Physically speaking, I should say that she came of a great family, her proportions being most aristocratic. In her demeanor toward me she was always very gracious and condescending, for which I felt properly grateful. She always came to the table arrayed in a stiff satin, the very rustle of which betrayed her consequence, and impressed me with a sense of my comparative insignificance.

Mrs. Jones had a daughter, by name Sophronia. In external appearance she was quite unlike her parent, being exceedingly tall and slender, while the latter was short and dumpy. In a copy of verses which she was kind enough to show me some enthusiastic young man had the temerity to call her a sylph. I do not know much about sylphs, never having seen one to my knowledge; but I question very much whether sylphs have red hair or noses with an upward tendency. I have my doubts also as to whether sylphs squint. Still I am far from denying that Miss Sophronia Jones was a sylph, since that belief evidently afforded her satisfaction.

Mrs. Jones's table was admirably adapted for a valetudinarian. There he would find no dishes of unwholesome richness—nothing, indeed, that was calculated to induce excess in eating. If, as some physicians have declared, health is best preserved by always rising from the table with an appetite, I was never in a fairer way to secure its blessings than when enjoying the genteel insufficiency of Mrs. Jones's hospitality.

About a month after my arrival, conversation turned, at the dinner-table, upon a concert which was to be given the same evening by Signora Falfalini. I have a poor memory for Italian names, but that is the name to the best of my recollection.

"I wish I could go, ma," said the fair Sophronia.

"So you could, my dear," replied Mrs. Jones, "if you had a gentleman protector."

Thereupon she began to declaim against the customs of society which preclude a lady's attending a place of amusement without a gentleman, lamenting that Sophronia had, on this account, been more than once debarred from gratifying her exquisite taste in music.

Of course I could not, in politeness, refrain from offering my escort, although I should thereby be prevented from attending the weekly meeting of the club of which I am a member.

Sophronia, in great confusion, said she could not think of troubling me.

I began to hope that she would not; but her mother quietly silenced her scruples by saying that she was a silly girl (thirty-five if she's a day), and that she must not think of refusing.

Sophronia made no further objections, and I had the pleasure of paying a high price for a couple of tickets.

Nature not having bestowed on me a musical ear, I could enter but indifferently into the raptures of my companion, who pronounced Signora Falfalini's singing divine, although she considered her quite devoid of personal attractions. The Signora being built after the same model as Sophronia, I quite agreed with her in this last bit of criticism.

"Do you know," simpered my companion, confidently, "I have myself thought at times that I was designed by Nature for a prima donna or an opera singer like Signora Falfalini?"

"Then why did you not become one?" I inquired.

"Because ma had such an objection to any thing of a public character. She felt that I should be demeaned by so doing, and advised me to content myself with contributing to the gratification of my friends at home. You have never heard me sing, I think?"

I had at times heard a shrill voice in a very high key, as I sat in my room, which had struck me as far from agreeable. I thought it best, however, without mentioning this, to utter a simple negative.

"You must not expect much," continued Sophronia, "my voice is wild and uncultivated. Ma is always telling me that I ought to devote more attention to it; but I can never sing except when the inspiration seizes me. If you will come in to-morrow evening I will sing for you if you would like."

I expressed my thanks for this disinterested kindness, and, as the concert was now finished, proceeded to escort the lady home.

As we were making our way through the crowd, it chanced that some one, accidentally or otherwise, jostled my companion.

She immediately seized my arm convulsively and informed me that she had been insulted.

"Who did it?" stammered I, for I confess my courage is not of the highest order.

In reply Sophronia pointed out a tall gentleman with a very fierce mustache, who was standing at a little distance.

Mentally deciding that it might not be prudent to have an altercation with such a person, I hastened to assure my companion that it must have been an accident.

"No," said she, very decidedly. "It was not an accident. It was intentional. I wish you to demand an apology in my name."

"Don't you think it would be better," said I, in great embarrassment, "to treat him with silent contempt?"

Sophronia was by no means of this opinion. Accordingly I approached the gentleman, who

appeared still more formidable on a nearer view, and asked—in what was intended to be a resolute tone—"what he meant by insulting the lady under my charge."

"Sir-r-r," he ejaculated, wheeling sharply around.

I repeated my request in a fainter tone, and suggested that I trusted it was accidental on his part.

Stroking his mustache very fiercely he informed me that he had no explanations to make—that if I wished to hear from him at any time I should have an opportunity, and forthwith presented me his card.

Without stopping to look at it I slunk away in the crowd and soon reached home.

My companion intimated that she supposed I should seek satisfaction in the usual way.

I said something indistinctly—I am not sure exactly what—and very thankfully took leave of the fair Sophronia in the entry.

Reaching my chamber, I examined the card which had been placed in my hand, and found inscribed thereon the name of Captain Achilles Brown, Astor House. Very probably he was distinguished by the same qualities which characterized his great namesake, and it made me shiver even to think of a conflict with him. Resolving that I would at least take every possible means to avoid it, I went to bed and sank into a slumber disturbed by frightful dreams, in which I fancied myself shot through the heart by that terrible Achilles Brown.

Early next morning, while in the momentary expectation of hearing the breakfast-bell, I was startled by a knock at the door. Immediately afterward entered a tall man, "bearded like a pard." He introduced himself to me as a cousin of Sophronia, and intimated that, having heard of my difficulty of the previous evening, he had come to offer his services as my second.

Thanking him for his kindness, I said that I had not, as yet, decided to call out the gentleman in question.

"Not yet decided!" repeated my visitor, springing to his feet, causing me thereby to recede two paces, in some personal apprehension; "not yet decided! But perhaps I do not understand you."

I intimated, rather uncomfortably, that I had conscientious scruples against the practice of the duello.

"Conscientious fiddlesticks!" interrupted my visitor. "Sir, you *must* fight. There is no alternative. A lady has been insulted while under your protection. That lady is my cousin. Unless you take notice of it, I must."

"I shall be very glad to have you," said I, eagerly, thinking to shift the duel upon him.

"You misunderstand me," said he, gravely. "Unless you challenge Captain Brown, I shall understand it as a personal disrespect to my cousin, and shall challenge you. Choose which of us you will fight."

This was said so resolutely that I succumbed at once. I reflected that, while there was equal

danger to be incurred in a duel with my visitor, there would be less credit.

"Shall I write the missive?" inquired my companion, who called himself Lieutenant Eustace.

"Yes," said I, faintly.

He sat down at my desk, and in a few minutes produced the following:

"SIR,—You grossly insulted a young lady, while under my protection, last evening. As a man of honor, I call upon you either for an ample apology, or for the usual satisfaction accorded in such cases. I send this by Lieutenant Eustace, who is authorized to act as my friend.

Yours, etc.,

PETER SMITH.

"CAPTAIN ACHILLES BROWN."

Having signed this, with some misgivings, I inquired as to the character of this Captain Brown.

"I don't know much about him," said my friend; "but I presume he is a regular fire-eater."

This was satisfactory—very.

"Suppose," said I, in a tremulous voice, "you erase the word 'ample' before 'apology.' I shall consider any apology sufficient."

"But I shall not," was the Lieutenant's emphatic reply.

There was no more to be said. He departed with his missive; and I was left in no very enviable frame of mind.

Two hours after, the Lieutenant returned in high spirits.

"Has he apologized?" I inquired, eagerly.

"Not a bit of it," was the reply. "He vows that he will shed the last drop of his blood first."

"What a sanguinary monster he must be!" was my internal reflection.

"The meeting is appointed for to-morrow morning, an hour before sunrise," resumed the Lieutenant. "It is to take place at Hoboken: weapons, pistols; distance, fifteen paces."

"Isn't that *rather* near?" I ventured to remark.

"Near? Of course, you want it near. You will be more likely to hit your man."

"And he will be more likely to hit me," I rejoined.

"Of course," was the careless reply. "You must take your chance of that."

I could not help wondering whether he would be so cool about it if he were the principal, and I the second. In fact, I have always observed that seconds are much more scrupulous about the honor of their principals than they are disposed to be about their own. I suppose it is human nature. I think it altogether likely that I should make a very fierce second.

"I suppose you are used to pistols?" remarked my friend.

Used to pistols! I remembered once having fired one as a boy to the imminent danger of my little sister's life. Since then I had not had one in my hands.

As I strolled out into the streets in an unhappy frame of mind, a newsboy thrust into

my hand a daily paper which I mechanically brought. Glancing over the columns I observed that a boat was advertised as about to start that day for Havana. The hour of departure was four in the afternoon. A sudden thought struck me. Would it not be much better to embark for Cuba than remain behind to be shot—a result which the case of my slaves and my want of means with the pistol rendered altogether probable.

With new-born alacrity I immediately repaired to the boat and demanded to see the agent. He informed me that the boat would positively start at the hour indicated.

I asked to see the list of passengers.

Turning my eyes casually down the list my heart beat quickly as they fell upon the last name. Could it be possible that my dreaded opponent, the late Achilles Brown had secured passage? What could be his motive?

"When did this gentleman book his name as a passenger?" I inquired.

"He had an hour since."

"Did he understand that the boat started to-day?"

"Yes; he made particular inquiries on that point."

"Will you describe him to me? Is he tall?"

"Yes, quite so."

"And has a black mustache?"

"Yes."

"A dark complexion and wears a large mustache?"

"Exactly. You know him, then?"

"Very likely," said I, carelessly. "By-the-way, I was afraid I shall be able to get away for a week. I won't engage to-day."

"We would give you good accommodations."

"No thanks of that. On the whole, you needn't mention to Captain Brown that any body inquired for him."

My heart bounded with exultation as with some difficulty I reached that my opponent, whom I had dreaded so much, was about to leave the country from fear of encountering me.

What a joke that was! I laughed all the way home, though I endeavored to preserve my gravity. On the way I pretended a brace of pistols, which I unconsciously displayed on reaching my boarding-place.

"I think you should risk your life for me," whispered the late Soplomna.

"Miss Soplomna," said I, with suitable fervor, "as long as I with impunity insult a lady while under my protection."

During a portion of the afternoon I practiced shooting at a mark, and was never more lively than at the tea-table. Lieutenant Eustace, who was present, seemed considerably surprised at the change in my demeanor, and was evidently puzzled to account for it.

After tea I invited the company to witness my shot, which I had drawn up for the sake of producing an impression. It proved quite a master-stroke. I noticed that Lieutenant Eustace looked on with increasing respect, while

Soplomna repeated several times under her breath, but loud enough for me to hear, "Brave, man!"

All this I enjoyed, and took the opportunity to discourse secretly upon the superiority of honor in defense of which I asserted that any man ought to be willing to lay down his life.

In the course of the afternoon I had had the pleasure of witnessing the sailing of the ship, with Captain Brown on board. Whether this circumstance had any thing to do with inspiring in me those elevated sentiments, I leave the reader to judge.

The next morning at an early hour I proceeded to the hotel with my wound.

Captain Achilles Brown was waiting to be seen.

I professed a great deal of disappointment, and insisted on waiting three hours to allow the ample time to appeal. Of course it was to vain. All, however, assented to the remarkable courage which I displayed under the circumstances, and tendered their congratulations. The affair even found its way into the papers, and I found myself all at once elevated into a hero. I could not walk Broadway without being fastidiously pointed out as the celebrated duelist. Among the ladies, particularly, I became an object of great attention—a circumstance that may well excite surprise when it is considered that my only claims to their regard lay in my having been implicated in an affair which the moral sense of the community professes to condemn.

Soon afterward I left my boarding-place to the great regret of the fair Soplomna. I afterward learned that had I shown the white feather, it was arranged that Lieutenant Eustace should force me into a marriage with his cousin on pain of a duel with himself. The extraordinary show of courage which I exhibited imposed upon him to such an extent that he did not think it advisable to offer the alternative, but I should accept the duel.

I have heard nothing of Captain Achilles Brown since the memorable day on which he did me the service to sail for Cuba. Had he possessed a little more courage, I should be thinking what might have been the result.

THE LOAN OF A LYRE.

1.

A PRETTY place of business, Mrs. Darnall's— a very pretty piece of business, upon my soul—and I a husband and father of a family!"

"What are you talking about, my dear?"

"Is your worship know, please to fix your raked eye upon this little sign of a commutation, just received per this morning's post."

Miss Darnall stopped washing the breakfast silver, dried her fingers, and taking the letter from my hand, read aloud:

"*Antony's Remedy, Etc.*"

"Imperial Balm—Pardon the distinguished physician before your eyes, dear of making some, who think

informally, and that for her unsentimental enthusiasm
 once really addressed you. Though the library I take
 has, perhaps, no parallel in that circle where *friend* or
enemy wields her glacial sceptre, in your *habitual* benig-
 nity remember, I pray you, that you sit on that celestial
 pinnacle of fame where you are less *your own* than all
men's; and even a *dearly* heart like my own, whose
 slender sorrows have been stirred by your soulful breath,
 may claim a part in you.

"I need not say that, with *outwelling* eyes and *palpi-
 tating* bosom, I have read *every* line which your *won-
 drous* pen has contributed to the age's symphony. Still
 more, oh divinest of living bards! I know each *word* of
rapture by heart—and sleep with Ticknor's blue and gold
 edition of you pressed close to that heart, nightly. In the
 name of *all Time*, let me thank you, Sir, for those pulses
 of *ecstasy* with which you have stirred its *eternally* re-
 sounding corridors.

"With what *speechless sympathy* do I enter into your
 sorrows! As I write, my tears stain this sheet, confess-
 ing my maiden weakness; for I have just come from the
 perusal of that *bottomless* utterance of lonely grief and
 passion recorded at page 310 of the second volume of
 your 'Antiphonal Antistrophics.' Need I say that I
 mean 'The Wail of the World-weary Wanderer?' It is
 no vain compliment when I say that *Homer, Dante, and
 Tupper* will not survive one verse of the many which
 bathed me in tears. 'Tis this:

"Headlong out of heavenly blisses
 Hurled to fathomless abysses,
 Dream I still of feeling kisses

Kissing me forever more;
 Like the moonbeam's sparry shiver,
 Quenched upon a midnight river,
 Slides away the airy giver,
 And in the darkness horrid
 I dash my burning forehead
 On the adamantine floor."

"But I trespass on your time. I will only say a word
 more. You end that poem with this aspiration: 'Oh for one
 fountain-heart, whereof my own might drink!' I believe it is
 my mission to be *that* heart—to comfort your
 wretchedness—to bind up your wounded spirit.

"All I wish is, to gaze into your *deep blue eyes*—to
 walk the same *violet-scented* turf—to breathe the same
 air with you. I will, therefore, be with you in that 'pas-
 toral solitude beyond the rules of earth' (described so af-
 fectingly on your 17th page) on Monday next, by the 5
 o'clock, P.M., express from New York (having to wait till
 then for my new mantilla from Bulfinch's). With eternal
 ardor, your respondent dual soul,

"LILLIE TAYLOR."

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Barcarole, open-
 ing those large brown eyes of hers, out of which
 I had so often drawn my inspiration, until they
 equaled in size of aperture that other vessel
 wherein I dipped my quills. "And what do
 you mean to do about it?"

"Rum-tum-tum-tum-tiddy, rumtumtiddy-
 do—"

"What do you mean to do, I say, dear?"

"Rum-tum-tiddy—oh, beg your pardon, love
 —I mean to—well, that is—really I haven't the
 least idea."

"Well, I must say, I should know what to
 do under such circumstances if I were a man. I'd
 have a policeman ready at the cars, and have
 her arrested for bigamy, or whatever it is that
 they call running away with another lady's hus-
 band."

I intimated to Mrs. Barcarole that bigamy
 might be a somewhat difficult charge to sustain
 against my correspondent on the existing evi-
 dence; moreover, that I was not run away with
 yet, and, in all human probability, should not

be—so long, I added, with a glance of amuse-
 ment, as I possessed a niche in the heart of
 such a charming woman already.

Which mollified Mrs. Barcarole considerably.

"What sort of a creature do you think she
 is, this scandalous person?" asked my wife.

"I suppose her to be," I answered, "a tall,
 thin, yet sympathetic young woman, whose ten-
 drils were, some forty years ago, more or less,
 torn from a robust male support, with a tend-
 ency to spectacles, short sleeves, low neck, and
 singing 'Go, forget me!' to a pleuritic piano. I
 fancy, also, that she is fond of Poe, Shelley,
 and—I would not be so vain before any body
 but you—Barcarole. Add to this description,
 an appetite for young clergymen who need sis-
 terly sympathy and slippers, and I guess you
 have her."

"She must be very ugly, too," said my wife.

"Eminently so, of course," I assented.

"And she may stay a fortnight."

"Oh, six months, at the least; there will be
 no getting rid of her. It always was agony for
 women to tear themselves away from me."

"Impudence! Something prompt must be
 done, then."

"I agree with you, my love. I will try to
 settle on the exact thing, and let you know by
 dinner-time. Till then I must weed my straw-
 berries. By-by, dear."

II.

I was the poet Barcarole—laying claim, I
 fancy, to something like a transatlantic reputa-
 tion, having been reviewed in the *Athenæum* as
 the author of "Another mass of American stuff."
 Daily was I solicited for my autograph. I am
 extravagant enough to believe that I could have
 made a good thing out of my hair, if I had cut
 it up, like the submarine cable, into lengths to
 suit purchasers, and advertised it to my admir-
 ing public.

It is pleasant to be famous. I like to have
 men poke one another in the ribs, when they
 see me on a railroad car, and say, "There he
 is—that's Barcarole!" I am fond of being called
 on to write sonnets for great occasions. I
 love to see pretty girls absorbed in my last edi-
 tion, at watering-places and on steamboats.

But in some respects I sit on "a painful
 peak." It is not pleasant to think that the
 world is interested in the set of one's night-cap,
 or would listen breathlessly to a lecture on your
 peculiar method of cutting up a water-melon.
 There is a possibility of conceiving some things
 which a respectable citizen, however famous,
 might wish to keep private—to do, with the
 candle of publicity blown out, and society at
 large *not* looking through the key-hole. I have
 never been able to do that class of things in a
 frame of any calmness. There is a jealousy of
 observation—a nervous sense of being notewor-
 thy—that makes a great poet go to bed, rise,
 put on his cravat, as if the parquet of Burton's
 were just the other side of the wash-stand.

Then—probably because my poems were so
 wondrously life-like and graphic—it never could

be understood by the general reader how I was not in earnest in every thing I wrote. I am not "A Deserted Soul;" yet, if I choose, can not I write "The Battle-cry" of that unfortunate being, without disagreeably identifying myself with him? No, I can't. Can I, consistently weave into lyric symphony "The Plea of the Plaster-cast Man?" No; for if I do, the next review notice of my life asserts, upon abundant authority, that I "rose out of the greatest obscurity, having originally been a vendor of gypsum praying Samuels and poll-parrots, whose talents were first discovered under the following circumstances," etc. And there is not a dyspeptic young person who does not cherish me as the representative of sublimely-gifted wretchedness, on account of those love-lorn breathings which I, the happy husband and father, have uttered histrionically in my songs and plays.

Meliboeus Barcarole—immortal bard! I do not know whether to call you an unfortunate dog or not, in this fame which you have won. But certainly, of all inflictions that follow glory, sure never was one severer than the present. A woman for whose craze your genius was responsible coming to stay an indefinite time with you, in an attitude of adoration!

My wife might not have a spare room convenient. Oh, no matter! had I not written,

'Tis sweet to sleep beneath the stars,
With moonbeams for your curtain bars?

The young woman would therefore come prepared to find me eschewing the conventional horse-hair and feathers, and boarding out-doors altogether. We might not have any cake in the house—a mortification which to the mind of Mrs. Barcarole has no parallel among the woes of life. No matter, again.

The forest berries our food shall be,
Our dishes the bark of the white birch-tree.

Had I not written it? Evidently there would be no way of discouraging the young woman.

This train of meditations was revolving in my brain as I weeded the strawberries. It got to be near mid-day. I had cleaned two beds, and was half-way through a third, but without settling on any course of prompt action.

I stopped working, and leaned to rest on my hoe-handle, when, whom should I see strolling into the garden but my nephew, Meliboeus Barcarole, Jun., a youth of parts, who was spending a month with me for the benefit of his health. The history of that young man was a sad one. He was the oldest child of rich but honest parents, and had risen from the most extreme opulence to a very honorable position among the intellectual men of society. By indomitable energy he had conquered the disadvantages of wealth, and was a hard-working, studious, and useful fellow. Though the circumstances of his family were such that I have known them compelled to subsist on turtle soup and meringues for nearly a week at a time, and their only way of keeping off the rigors of a severe winter consisted of a few black, poisonous holes in the

floor, my nephew had grown into a vigorous, healthy, and handsome lad. A striking instance of what manly resolution may do against all the obstacles of fortune.

But of late a sad affliction had overshadowed him. He was evidently passing through that trying disorder—that teething complaint of the grown-up infant just weaned from tops and paper-kites—the first love. And he had it very hard. To such a degree did it affect his appetite and sleep that his parents thought my country fare would be a good change for him, and so expressed him to me, with orders to amuse him till the season opened at the Springs.

Now, as Meliboeus strolled into the garden, as aforesaid, a thought struck me. Might not the study of this interesting woman run bard-mad prove a diversion to him? Might he not at the same time rid me of my difficulty, and occupy himself healthfully in the analysis of the phenomenon?

Wandering with clasped hands, and a face full of the gentlest Idyllic melancholy, the youth approached me. Until he had stepped right upon my most fruitful clusters he did not see I was there. Then he noticed me, and started back.

"Meliboeus," said I, "you are bored in this rural quiet—confess it, boy!"

"Shall I tell you the truth? I believe I am—immensely."

"So I thought. Well, it's perfectly natural. You meet a very pretty girl at the Philharmonics—she returns your dazzled gaze with a half-venturous glance followed by a blush—your soul bathes in her till the last echo of Tannhauser dies away—you and she depart your several ways—you never see her again—her image remains ineffaceable—you arrive at the conclusion that you are necessary to one another's existence. Now, country air, fresh vegetables, my society, and nowhere to go in the evening, do not seem to be what you want for your complaint. Have I hit it?

"Exactly, my uncle."

"I therefore proceed to prescribe a new remedy. I have discovered the very thing that you want, until every body comes into town again, and you can resume your search for *l'Incognita*. You need a sensation, and I've got it for you."

"Let us hear what it is."

Upon this, I pulled out of my pocket that little packet of incense, the letter of Lillie Taylor, and handed it to my nephew to read. With an amused look of puzzle he finished it, and I continued:

"Of course it isn't possible for me to meet those overtures appropriately. I am a married man—settled in life—every thing steady and quiet of that sort. I am romantic, and write about moonlight; but being rheumatic, do not walk in it. In fact, I have given up all kinds of sky-larking.

"But, supposing I had a nephew—a tolerably well-looking young rascal—with a great fund of woman-talk and a boundless talent for every

variety of diablerie. Supposing he bore the same name as his uncle, had some approach to the same intellectual forehead, and by circumstances which we will not here dwell upon, had contracted the same look of classic sadness. And, to wind up, supposing he took it into his head to make believe he was his own uncle—to borrow the lyre of that gifted man and play the poet for a few days to a charming female adorer—Heh? what do you think of the hypothesis?"

"By Jehoshaphat! wouldn't that be rich! I declare I've the greatest mind in the world—"

"Say you will!"

"Well, I *will*, then. Here's my hand on it. When is she coming?"

"Didn't you read? Five o'clock train, day after to-morrow. Your aunt and I will go down with you to see her come in. Play your game well, and if we don't have some fun I'm mistaken."

The young man went away with a lighter step, and, putting up my hoe, I returned to let Mrs. B. into the plan. She was enough of a wag to assent to it heartily, and promised to get the best room ready for our romantic visitor.

III.

Meliboeus was certainly a lad of genius. He went to work rehearsing for our little comedy with a zeal and a facility worthy of any old stager on the New York boards. He had never, even in his most unhappy moments, written so much as a sonnet; so, to prepare for being a poet, he "crammed" on the large edition of my works, until he could repeat the finest passages without a single balk. He accustomed himself to part his hair in the middle, adopted rolling collars, and affected being distrait when his tea-cup was passed. Oh! he did it admirably! And by the time that we had to start for the station, on Monday afternoon, I was one universal chuckle at the prospect of his success.

According to my promise, Mrs. Barcarole and I accompanied him to the cars. Leaving the horses around the corner with black Jimmy, we planted ourselves on the platform and waited for the whistle.

We were not allowed the pleasure of long anticipation. Up came the train, stopped, and began to disgorge its motley contents of men, women, babies, handboxes, and parcels, which were to stop at Middletown Centre. In vain did I search the crowd for my idea of my admirer. There were spectacles there, but they beamed with no look of inquiry for a poet; ancient maiden ladies, with a pensiveness in their tones; but it was entirely laid out upon questions as to the welfare of their trunks—they asked no one the way to Mr. Barcarole's.

I was just turning to my wife and Meliboeus, with the words, "What if it should be a sell!" when a fresh, childish voice asked, close at my back, "Can you tell me how to get to the house of the poet Barcarole?"

"Whist!" said I, in a hurry, "now's your time!" and touched Meliboeus with my elbow.

"I am Mr. Barcarole, Madam," said that

young gentleman courageously, turning to the petite veiled figure whence the inquiry proceeded. "May I dare to hope that this is my fair correspondent?"

The young woman lifted her veil with a tiny hand that trembled with surprise; and lo, no Gorgon, no Sphinx was there, but a very, very pretty girl of eighteen or thereabout, blushing and downcast in a state of the most winsome trepidation.

But what is the matter with Meliboeus Jun.? What is there in that little modest sylphide to startle a young man in society, to make him swerve as from the cannon's mouth?

The youth caught my arm convulsively and just whispered brokenly in my ear, "It is *she*—it is *she*—the lady I saw at the Philharmonics!"

For a moment my astonishment was mixed with the fear that this sudden discovery would unnerve the boy from the execution of his plan—that he would let this magnificent chance slip through his fingers. But no! he did better than my utmost hope. Seeming in an instant to recognize the unsurpassed advantage of making love on a poetical basis, he regained all his self-possession and took Lillie Taylor by the hand.

"Let me lead you to my carriage, fair maiden—'tis but the rude wain of a simple bard—yet it is ennobled by waiting for *you*."

The two led the way, Mrs. Barcarole and myself following close behind. And as we walked we looked at one another queerly without speaking. At last I broke the silence.

"She is '*very ugly*,' heh, Mrs. Barcarole?"

"'Tall maiden lady, torn from robust male support,' heh, *Mr.* Barcarole?"

We both of us certainly had to confess our ideals of the young lady somewhat at fault. She was a girl, as I have said, of eighteen, with great dreamy brown eyes that melted in their own softness—a sweet little sympathetic face that daguerreotyped your own thought when you talked earnestly to her—and to such a woman one felt ashamed to talk in any other way. And her airy figure was just such a one as you would not be in the least surprised to come upon in wood-solitudes, lying on the tops of the lilies and violets without bending them, drinking dew and listening to fairy stories from the bees.

Meliboeus handed the young girl into our carryall, jumped in beside her on the front seat, and when his aunt and I had mounted behind actually turned around toward us with the most unblushing coolness, and said, blandly,

"Miss Taylor, permit me to make you acquainted with an uncle and aunt of mine, who had the misfortune to be born deaf and dumb. They were for a long time in the school of Mr. Weld, at Hartford, where they first knew each other. I am happy to say, however, that they have so far overcome that sad calamity that they understand your meaning by watching the motion of your lips. Though they are still unable to—"

The miserable sinner! I knew what he was

going to say. "Speak!" that was the word; and Mrs. Barcarole and I stared at one another frantically, knowing that a fearful embargo was hanging over our tongues for Heaven knew how long. Thought of agony! I grasped the young villain by the arm, signed to him to wait, and wrote on the back of a letter with my pencil,

"For Heaven's sake say we talk incoherently, at least!"

That wretch looked at us with a sweet smile, and scribbled under my sentence,

"Suppose she'd been old and ugly—who'd have had to stand it *then*? I *guess* you can put up with paying for *that* risk?"

Mrs. Barcarole and I sat, in all senses, literally dumb. Meliboeus whipped up the horses, finished his sentence with, "Utterly unable to articulate," and the young girl shook hands with us over the back of the seat, her face full of childish pity.

"Poor, poor people!" she said, sadly, to the wicked humbug. "Yet they look so kind, so intelligent indeed. The lady is quite good-looking, and the gentleman has a very healthy, animated countenance, though I should never have taken him for a poet's relative."

"Why, sweet little maiden?"

Lillie blushed, but answered, "I oughtn't to say it when the poor man is your uncle; but his look seems unappreciative—matter-of-fact. Did he ever read any of your beautiful poetry?"

"I'll ask him. Uncle, did you ever read any of *my* beautiful poetry?"

I was enraged enough at the young man already, and this last was said with such a provoking ostentation of distinctness to conform to the assumed necessities of my case, that I became conscious of being very red in the face, and made an insulting gesture of abhorrence, pointing to the mud under the carriage-wheels.

"He says, Miss Taylor, that he never did, and thinks it vile stuff."

"Oh, the monster! I'm sure it's very kind of you to let him stay with you."

"He feels it to be so; don't you, uncle?"

The conversation happily now took a turn.

"Do you know, Mr. Barcarole," said the young girl to my nephew, "that in some respects you are—I hardly know what to call it—perhaps 'surprise' is the word—somewhat of a surprise to me?"

"A disagreeable one, is it?"

"No—oh no! not that. But as I was riding in the cars to-day I began thinking what a strange thing I was doing. You must never tell; but my guardian thinks I have gone into the country to spend the summer with an old aunt. I don't like guardians; but then, you know, one has to have such a thing—a young lady, especially, just out of Madame Gaie-Cherie's, and all finished up, with what they call large expectations, I believe, and no near relations in this country. Well, as I said, I was thinking, and I began to wonder what every body would say if they knew I had run away. Then, said I, supposing the poet Barcarole

should be like other people after all—even such a person as that poor fellow on the back seat, for instance—and should have some terrible wife who would think me impudent, and all that sort of thing, for coming to see how a poet looked, without being invited. And supposing he should be very stern and cold, and she should be unkind, and not even ask me to take off my things and sit down, and all of them should say I was crazy, perhaps. I hadn't looked at the matter in this light at all before, and when I did I was one tremble all over. I came near not asking where you lived at all, but half made up my mind to stay at the station till the next train down, and go right back. And now it is so delightful to find you are not angry with me, but, in every thing, just like your poetry—just as I thought you would be, except—"

"Except what, Miss Taylor?"

The little creature looked down, with half-shut eyes, and grew all damask-rosy as she whispered—

"Younger and better looking. You aren't at all like your portrait."

Pleasant for the deaf-and-dumb man on the back seat! Oh! decidedly. Mrs. Barcarole and I looked at one another with indignation that could hardly be kept speechless. The picture referred to was taken some twenty years ago, just after I was married. Exactly as I looked when the beloved woman struck her colors to my fascination. Peale did it, and considered it a privilege. It had been the work of months. There were six fresh blush roses in my button-hole at each sitting. And every curl was conscientiously educated into symmetry with the best adipose secretion of Canada bears. Yet Meliboeus Barcarole—having lived to an age when there was no opportunity of going back and getting it done better—hears a graceless scamp, who plasters his short hair on his temples, and wears whiskers, shaped like a break-fast-roll, inclined toward his shoulders, called "younger, better looking" than that exquisite *chef-d'œuvre*.

Oh, times and manners, you are going to the devil!

Necessarily both Mrs. Barcarole and I were in the sweetest of humors when our carryall reached the piazza of Eclogue Cottage. To the manifest wonder of my little rhyme-struck devotee, or more properly, now, my nephew's, she found that rural solitude not altogether one of nature's wilds, but a country residence, with its parallel in common life—gravel walks, box around the front flower beds, a shorn lawn, and glimpses in the rear of something very like the vegetable garden and picket fence of an unnatural state of society. She was dispatched, immediately on arriving, into a very civilized and pretty little bedroom, and, while she attended to the details of her after-travel toilet, Mrs. Barcarole and myself embraced the opportunity, in the other end of the house, to unburden ourselves of our opinion of Mr. M. Barcarole, Jun.,

in a very un-deaf-and-dumb manner, and to that young gentleman personally.

"Well, Sir! I suppose you consider what you've been doing a very delicate and graceful joke?"

"I confess it wears a little of that aspect, my dear aunt."

"To set your uncle and me in such a ridiculous light before a total stranger!—a young woman in New York society too, who probably knows the Summergoods, and the Fallstocks, and all the first families of our circle (I've often heard them speak of a very rich Miss Taylor), and who will go back and let it all out, and then we'll be in a pretty fix, won't we? I sha'n't dare to lift up my head next winter!"

"My precious aunt, I intend this whole affair to be an entire secret between me and—my wife."

"What are you talking about?"

"Simply that the young lady who is now arranging the hair of Miss Lillie Taylor will return to New York Mrs. Meliboeus Barcarole, Jun. I know that it seems hard to deprive you of the noble gift of speech. I myself shall suffer more severely than you can imagine by the deprivation of your kindly tones and my uncle's inspired utterances; but recollect what you gain to balance the loss. You may both be present at the best scenes of all our piquant courtship—you can assist me, oh, indescribably, if you will! and then think, my beloved lyric kinsman, what an opportunity *you* will have for the gradual development of a drama, upon the basis of this joke, which will eclipse all your past fame on both continents. Just fancy it! Already, how the titles for the surpassing work crowd on me! 'The Delicious Deception, a Dithyrambic of the Deaf-and-Dumb!' Or, 'Love Lassoed by a Lute-String!!' Or, 'Pseudo-Meliboeus, and his Marriage with a Muse-Mad Maiden!!'"

"Meliboeus, you hair-brained rogue!—"

"Put it in any shape you please. Drama—five acts. Romance—ten cantos—Maud style—I., II., III., IV., big Roman numerals. Oh, delicious! And *won't* it take? Dear me!"

"Wife, I don't know but the young scamp's right! Shall we forgive him?"

"Oh, it's all very well for you, Mr. Barcarole, you get paid for keeping your mouth shut *now*, by being able to sing poems with it by-and-by; but I'm only a poor little woman, and no poet—my mouth goes unrewarded—unused utterly—"

Both the Meliboei jumped up at once and falsified the statement by occupying opposite sides of that pretty little wronged aperture with a sonorous, long kiss.

"Forgive me, deary, deary aunt! Be good and help me! Oh, *do* help me! I have been joking; but I tell you seriously now, that all my happiness for the rest of my days depends on this thing's turning out well—and I know you will be as good to me as you always have been—*do*, dear Aunt Barcarole!"

So it ended with our both being merciful to the rogue.

IV.

Things went on delightfully. Mrs. Barcarole and I lived, day after day, in a delicious atmosphere of courtship, all fragrant and full of sunny sparkles as the one wherein we first kissed and cooed twenty years ago. Seeing those young people together, hearing their long, sweet, silly talks, watching their innocent dalliance, knowing that every hour they grew deeper, and still deeper enamored—all this lifted us quite out again from the sober, settled marriage twilight into which we, like even the warmest of lovers, had passed with the course of years.

And Lillie Taylor was so beautiful, so original, so good—an emigrant from Arcadia, just "come over"—a citizen of the unfallen virgin world. In her life there was none of that stiltedness which had appeared in her letter, or, if there was the same pure enthusiasm and rhapsody, now that we knew her it did not seem stilted. She was a most impassioned creature—but her fire burned without smoke or soot—there was no taint of bad self-consciousness in her emotion. She never was ashamed of herself, as most impulsive people happen to be fifty times a day—there was nothing to be ashamed of. Yet I blessed Heaven, over and over again, that it had cast her, fresh-risen, like the yet pure Venus, above the waters of this world, upon our poetic shores. There were few places where she could possibly have been understood but Eclogue Cottage—elsewhere she would have been the horror of appropriate beings, or, if tolerated at all, only under the shadow of that insulting protection known as "making allowances" for one. As for us, though we had been startled at first by the pureness of a pearl which was so unusual as to challenge suspicion lest it were mock, we soon came to make the only allowance that was made for our own worldliness—not her unworldliness.

I do not suppose that she ever once gave a name to the feeling she was cherishing for Meliboeus. She was perfectly satisfied; she drank in happiness to the full, and that was all she knew, as she walked lingeringly through the woody lanes with that naughty make-believe poet's arm folding her waist, her hand on his shoulder, and their tongues alternately, or in duet, running on to the music of his borrowed verses, quoted at all times and in all places with an admiration on her part great enough to have flattered the rogue into an inspiration of his own.

Meanwhile the deaf-and-dumb man and his wife sat by, looking on, seeing and hearing many sweet, and a number of funny things, with an exhilaration that almost boiled over.

As yet the pastoral affection of the pair had not reached that tender spot on the stair-case of love, the landing-place of the first kiss. Mrs. Barcarole and I were favored enough to be close by when they did come to it. And the manner thereof was droll exceedingly.

The whole of one dreamy, lotus-eating afternoon, the two had been sitting together on the

turf between the great roots of my favorite lawn elm, talking poetry and romance as usual, while my wife and I amused ourselves with the pretended occupations of knitting and reading, upon a rustic seat within easy ear-shot. By-and-by we heard Lillie say,

"Mr. Barcarole, there is one favor I want you to do me, that I have never asked yet. Make me an impromptu."

My eye caught Meliboeus's just then, and a more comical look of agony I never saw in the world. The struggle going on between Humbug, whose existence depended on asserting its indefinite capacity for all things poetic, and Truth, groaning to say "Never did such a thing in my life!" showed on his face like a very bad fit of toothache. I gave a maliciously good-humored chuckle in spite of myself, and pretended it was something very rich in the volume of Bibb's Discourses I was reading that did it. Meliboeus threw a pleading glance at me, and answered with a desperate sprightliness,

"Oh! do you like impromptu? Now really, for my part, I think they are the very shallowest pools in the stream of song. I don't recollect when I have made one."

"But just try it, please, for once. I know you can improvise. I saw a notice of you in the *Lady's Magazine* as long ago as I can remember, that said you were only equaled in that way, though not surpassed, by the Italian improvisatori. Come, that's a dear man. I shall keep it forever to remember you by."

And the little creature took out a note-book of visiting-card dimensions, and a pencil like a button-needle, to be ready.

For a moment Meliboeus caught his breath, and then, with the sudden determination of getting as much as possible for the terrific risk to his laurels, he said,

"Yes, I do it on one condition. You grant me a favor in return, and pay it beforehand. Sooner or later I must have taken it without asking, for I'm wanting it more and more every minute. Give me one of your very sweetest kisses, Lillie Taylor!"

The young girl hesitated for a moment and blushed, glanced askance at Mrs. Barcarole and me, saw us very busy, and remembered we were deaf and dumb, then made up one of the most witching little mouths, and looked "Well, if you must" at Meliboeus.

The young man did not expect this promptness, evidently. He had flirted in town, among the window-curtains at parties, out of town, on watering-place piazzas, but I doubt exceedingly if he ever asked for a kiss in so matter-of-fact and direct a style before, and had it granted so pure-heartedly and quickly.

But he adapted himself to this new phase of woman's character very creditably. And when his lips settled, with all the chivalric gentleness of a humming-bird dipping into a fuschia, upon those of Lillie Taylor, I wondered, peeping over my spectacles, whether he was thinking of the impromptu. He assured me afterward that that

consideration for the moment was entirely banished from his mind. If so, and it be true that the verse he made was as entirely without immediate forethought as mine would have been likely to be at that age, just after the absorption of my first kiss from the girl I loved, then I must say I consider the effort a clear case of Cupid's own inspiration, for I never imagined before that that boy could realize the coincidence in termination of "frog" and "log."

"And now for the impromptu," said Lillie Taylor. "It ought to be a very good one, naughty poet, for you have broken the bouquet in my belt all to pieces."

With a desperate enthusiasm Meliboeus began:

"Sweet girl, those damaged roses speak
More—hold on a minute—oh, yes—than my lips could
in a week;
My heart just touched them, they were—were—well,
say—~~sublimely~~
It must be contagious—to be—battered."

Lillie Taylor clapped her hands.

"Is that the way they improvise?" said she. "It's very funny. I like it, though. Is that one of your best?"

"Better than any thing I ever said. Better than any thing in my published poems." And Meliboeus looked over at me with a triumphant relief which silenced sarcasm. I did not chuckle; but Mrs. Barcarole did, very quietly, in a gentle, approving way, as women do when they see a thing of that sort going all right. Lillie Taylor put down the impromptu on her note-book. So did Meliboeus on his. And he has written for the journals ever since—a striking instance of the revelation of slumbering powers which may be effected by a pretty woman, who moreover is good and loving.

It was proposed that same afternoon, when the sun had reached a comfortable nearness to his bedtime, that we should ride to the village of Middletown Centre behind the bays. That idea seemed acceptable, and after a very pleasant hour, we all stood on the platform of the station enjoying, what to us simple country folk was a pleasant exhilaration, seeing the evening train come in. Among the passengers there stepped from the cars a small boy, with a bundle of placards under his arm, and a very mussy paste-pot hanging from his hand. Lillie and Meliboeus were now separated by the crowd from my wife and me, and did not notice him. We did, and saw him plaster up in a very conspicuous position on the outer wall of the station-house one of the bills from his package.

"Perhaps it is a circus coming," said Mrs. Barcarole. "The children will like to see the monkeys. They come back from school next week, you know."

No. It was no circus—monkeys were not even indirectly mentioned—and with faces of mingled perplexity and horror we read and saw it was—something else.

I left my wife standing by the bill for a moment, and sought out my nephew. Signing

my excuse to Lillie, I drew him aside, and whispered to him to go to his aunt; then took the young lady under my protection, while he hurried off to the spot.

When he reached there he read as follows, with what emotions I leave to be imagined:

“\$500 REWARD!”

“The above sum will be paid to any one who will give information leading to the discovery of Miss Lillie Taylor, a young lady who left the house of her guardian, the subscriber, on the 5th ult., and has not since been seen or heard from.”

Here followed her description. Then the placard continued:

“At the time of her departure her intention was the paying a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Tabitha Sears of Chelmsford; but as that lady has not the slightest knowledge of her whereabouts, it is feared she has been forcibly abducted, or that other foul play has been instrumental in her disappearance. Persons able to give the slightest clew to her present situation will receive the reward above stated, and the sincere thanks of her very anxious relatives.

COTTIS BAYLES.

“No. — Broad St.”

“Now what have you got to say?” asked Mrs. Barcarole.

The only opinion Meliboeus vouchsafed was, that it was a very pretty kettle of fish. To which his aunt acceded cordially.

“And what are you going to do about it?”

“Discover her whereabouts to her guardian, and claim the \$500. That amount I shall invest, one half in a saddle horse for my uncle, the other in furs for you, to pay you for being such good dummies.”

“So you will back out after all?”

“Wait till to-morrow morning, and see if I do.”

The whistle was just blowing for the departure of the train when Meliboeus tapped the placard boy on the shoulder.

“You needn’t go any farther up the road. Take the next train back to town, and tell Mr. Bayles to meet me—no matter what my name is—at this station to-morrow at twelve o’clock. I will give him the information he wants.”

The boy stared for a minute, not knowing whether he was being victimized. But Meliboeus quietly drew the placards from under his arm, thus leaving him no option, paid him for them at the rate of a cent a piece, and said, “Mind me,” in a voice which reassured him. He then scratched down the still wet bill from the wall, and returned with his aunt to me.

That night we were all sitting after tea in the library by one of the windows which opened upon the veranda. Meliboeus and Lillie had taken their places upon the sill—it was their favorite seat, for it had no back, and that gave the young man a pretext for supporting the waist of the little girl with his arm. She was now leaning with her elbow on his knee, and looking up rapturously into his face as he recited one of my poems:

“To be great, yet not for glory—

To be famed, yet not for pride—

Sung in songs, rehearsed in story,

Lifted up, yea, deified—

Only to find that you
Were given unconsciously due
To being honored by my side.”

Finishing the poem, his voice grew yet more earnest.

“Lillie Taylor, when you came to Eclogue Cottage, or rather when you started for it, what was your feeling for that person known as Meliboeus Barcarole—the exact nature and extent of it, I mean, if you can define it?”

She thought for a few seconds, and then answered considerably:

“It was intense admiration—reverence for your great mind.”

“You are sure you would have come just as soon if you had known me to be the father of a family—an old man already married?”

I could see that Lillie Taylor caught the hint contained in these words, for even in the moonlight her face suddenly flashed scarlet, and with a manner of wounded pride, or as if she would withdraw misplaced confidence, she removed her elbow from the young man’s knee and said, spiritedly,

“I came to enjoy seeing and hearing the poet—I do not have to leave New York to find a man.”

“Do not be offended. I meant nothing unpleasant. You will understand why I ask the question in a moment. You have been here now a month. When your letter came I expected to receive you as a devotee. Lillie Taylor!—every day you have been here has made me yours—you have grown dearer to me than all the fame I could win if I were a Homer! And tell me—sincerely, from your deep, true woman’s heart—has any such change happened in your feeling for me? Do you *love* me, dearest?”

Probably she awoke to know it for the first time. For she became pale again as the moon that was silvering them both, and trembled from head to foot as she faltered out,

“It has all been like some long, beautiful dream—yet I know now that I do—yes, I do love you with all my heart.”

I checked myself just in time not to say “Hurrah.” But they would not have heard me, or any thing but their own hearts, which were now throbbing close together in the strange gladness of their first love embrace. Meliboeus spoke first.

“And you are sure, dearest love, perfectly sure that it is not admiration for my talents in the least degree that makes you love me?”

“If you had never written a line—if you hated poetry—if you were as unknown and untalented as your poor uncle—I would love you just as much.”

“Then I will dare to make a confession to you. Forgive me, if you can; but what you just supposed, for the mere question’s sake, is true—a fact. I am *not* the Meliboeus Barcarole who is a poet—I am not famous—I am nothing but a man who loves you with his whole soul! Lillie, can you love me yet?”

“Why, what in the world do you mean?”

"This, sweet one—that I have worn a mask ever since you have been here—I have made believe that I was the poet, only because I feared that without that you would never, never think of me, care for me, love me. For, absorbed in the famous uncle, how could you ever have looked even at the unheard-of nephew? Oh! it was very wrong to be such a cheat; but think what a temptation beset me when I knew that I might thus be deciding a whole life's happiness."

"You amaze me! Who is the poet? Is there one at all?"

"It is my uncle, Barcarole, who sits right behind us on the divan. Bless his dear soul for giving you to me!"

"And is he really deaf and dumb?"

"Not a bit of it, nor my aunt either. Can you—can you forgive me?"

"Oh, you shameful, wicked sham! You bad man! You imitation pearl—you paste diamond! I am so angry with you I hardly know how to speak!"

"Well, Lillie! It is all as I feared—I have sinned too much to be forgiven. I am not worthy of you—the rest of my life must be spent in repentance for the folly that has lost you. I will go to-morrow."

He rose to leave her, with a face that was full of intense pain; but just then the conflicting feelings in Lillie Taylor's bosom grew too much to keep in, and woman's ready relief came, as she threw herself upon the breast of the penitent young humbug, sobbing, and saying in a choked voice, "Oh, don't—don't—I do love you—I do!"

Mrs. Barcarole and I had borne it as long as possible. We threw ourselves into the affecting scene, and mixed up our arms and lips inextricably with those of the two lovers, kissing and hugging, crying and laughing, hurraing and soothing. And when we had all exhausted ourselves we sat down.

"It has all ended so happily now," said I, feeling called on to address the meeting, "that I am hardly sorry that we were all such rascals. Lillie Taylor, forgive me as well as Melly. Wife, I am a humbug, thou art a humbug, he is a humbug—we, ye, they are humbugs; but, future, indicative, and negative, we will never do it again. I am the poet you admired, Lillie. If you've

... The slightest particle
Of that pleasant article—"

left for me, do me the favor to let me ring for the waiter, send after our minister and give you to the man that loves you. And thank your aunt, Meliboeus, for having fallen in love with me and carried me off twenty years syne—or, you may be sure, you'd never have been my proxy in the entertainment of this visitor!"

And the two were married that very night.

As I came up into our cozy little bedroom I saw the last review, with a flattering notice of me on the table, and then I looked at my good, smiling, happy wife. As a symbolic act, I threw the magazine on the floor, kicked it across the

room, and kissed Mrs. Barcarole with a fervent enthusiasm, crying,

"Oh, ye gods! how much better to be loved than to be admired!"

V.

The next morning broke on us as clear and smiling as it ought, to honor worthily those dear young people's first married day. And all our faces were as clear—the masks gone forever—the tongues untied—and the naughtiness of the past weeks forgiven by Lillie, and forgotten in the dove-like, before-breakfast kisses which she gave us all.

"And now, my dear wife," said Meliboeus, in the serene and lovely dignity of being married, which fitted him so much better than laurels—"how would you like to go with me this morning and give somebody a delightful surprise? Your guardian, as I learned indirectly yesterday, is a little worried at your absence, and to put his mind at ease I have invited him to come up in the twelve o'clock train and hear all about you. Will you go down with me to meet him?"

Lillie looked a little confused. Then said she, "Dear deaf-and-dumb-ies, will you promise to be really dumb if I'll tell you something? You too, Melly—I never said a word about it before, for I wouldn't have it get out for the world—but now, as it's all in the family, I'll speak it. Just the day before I ran away, I got a little note from my guardian, Mr. Bayles, and it actually asked me to be his wife, just like any matter of business, and ended with promising to build a green-house if I would. I haven't any doubt it was written in the very same style that his letters about coffee, and tea, and molasses are, down in Broad Street. I never answered it—it frightened me out of my wits—and then I came up here. Oh my! won't he be angry when he sees me! But then, the idea of my being step-mother to young Cottin Bayles, who's older than I am, and does nothing but dress and cultivate horrid habits. Nobody'd like to be it, I'm sure. It's too ridiculous. But never mind—I'll go with you—only don't let him make you angry or say any thing rude, dear."

We had been so long practicing ruses that we couldn't quite yet consent to abjure them utterly, and so contrived one which was carried out as follows:

Lillie, Meliboeus, Mrs. B., and myself, made up our usual *partie carrée* and drove down to the station. When we heard the train coming the two ladies and I hid in the baggage room, leaving the door just enough ajar to let us watch the operations of my nephew.

Among the very first passengers that leaped to the ground, was the Dr. Bartolo of our dear little Rosina. Meliboeus knew him instantly—who does not know Cottin Bayles, Senior, that has ever been in New York, operated on 'Change, and attended Leviathan Anniversary Meetings of Brobdiagnian Societies? And, in spite of his intense anxiety, he seemed to stand exist-

ence remarkably well, and to be as beaming with intense well-to-doishness as ever. Before he could look around or make inquiries of any body Meliboeus had taken him pathetically by the immaculate olive right glove, and observed to him, in a tone of profound sympathy,

"I am the person, Mr. Bayles, who sent to confer with you upon the painful subject of the unfortunate young lady."

"My dear Sir, you will oblige me by instantly relieving the deep solicitude under which I labor. For days past I have neglected all the fluctuations of the market—sugars have risen and fallen—I pay no attention to them whatever—to speak vulgarly, my business is by the ears—I am preoccupied, abstracted. I hope she isn't dead!"

"No—she still lives."

"And can you tell me where I may find her? It is of the utmost importance to her prospects that she returns with me. In strict confidence, I will tell you that one of the wealthiest and most prominent men in New York has made overtures for her hand. I feel as if I should like to aid him. Let us come to business—what do you know of her?"

"Yes—just as you say—*business*—and that includes the \$500 reward. You may notice, in looking at me, that I do not suffer from the want of it; but I wish to aid a literary man not over-rich, who has been prominent in acts of the greatest kindness to your ward. Give me your check, then, and I produce her."

I rushed out of my concealment.

"No no, Meliboeus, that is carrying the joke a little too far. I am authorized by that literary man to say he will receive no money—being satisfied with the consciousness of a noble action."

Mr. Bayles stared at us both—knowing in the least what to make of it.

"Perhaps you are right, uncle—more especially as Mr. Bayles might think his money thrown away, when he discovered how little we are able to assist his prominent wealthy friend. Aunt, Lillie darling! will you favor us with your presence?"

The two ladies emerged from their hiding-place, and with mingled condescension, and a proper guardedly displeasure at the conduct of his ward, Mr. Bayles took Lillie by the hand, saying,

"In spite of the past, I am glad to see you again, Miss Taylor."

"Thank you, Mr. Bayles, you are very kind."

"Oh dear me!" cried Meliboeus. "You needn't be so fearfully reserved, Mr. Bayles. I shall always consider you as a venerable friend of the family. You may kiss *my wife*."

"Sir, this is no joking matter!"

"I never was more cheerfully serious in my life."

"Are you *his* wife, Mistress Lillie?"

"I am so happy as to be that person."

"Then I consider you all a precious set of

scamps, and bid you a correspondingly respectful good-morning. You may suffer for this yet, Sir!"

But he never has. On the contrary, he is rejoicing to this day in the results of that month at Eclogue Cottage, when his uncle's verses were the prelude to that sweet music which thus far fills his heart and Lillie's in their happy married life—when the gift of a wife, better than all laurels, crowned the loan of a Lyre!

ENJOYABLENESS.

THE other day I chanced to get, from my little boy, a lesson in the minor ethics of life that I shall be slow to forget. It came upon me unexpectedly; but all the better for that, I verily believe, as I often notice that my best blessings reach me from unlooked-for quarters. Trouble and sorrow, so far as we can prepare for them, ought not to come unawares. With happiness, and especially with instruction, it is different. The back-door is their entrance. But to the lesson.

In my eagerness to contribute to the happiness of the lovely boy I had expended a few dollars in purchases at the toy-shop. When I took them home and presented them to him, he seemed very glad, and forthwith went to amusing himself with them. I thought they were just the things—the very things for him; and as I had exercised some ingenuity in selecting them, I confess to a little vanity in watching the experiment of making him happy. A few days passed off, and I began to find him rather indifferent to what his mother, wiser than myself, called his shop-happiness. And it grew upon the little fellow; and not long after I was somewhat mortified, despite of wife's sager philosophy, to see that he had cast them altogether aside, and was very busy manufacturing his own amusements.

I was rather chagrined, as already stated; not that I was weak enough to suppose that nature in the boy ought to yield her ancient ways of thinking and acting to my quarter of a century wisdom, but slightly touched in my vanity that I really knew so little of the genuine instincts of the heart. When I saw the boy turning so independently from his painted toys, and taking to sand-houses built on his feet, to paper-kites with broom-straws, and miniature mills of his own making, I did not think the less of him, but of myself for trying to dictate how he should be happy. And this was the lesson I learned: that Nature is always aiming to awaken within us a free and spontaneous enjoyability, and that if left to ourselves, to natural and healthy instincts, to our own simple tastes and pursuits, we shall have much more pleasure than when we torture her to adopt our poor methods of being happy. The boy could do without artificial excitements. Costliness was not essential to his easy-flowing joy. Hoops, sticks to play horses with, were worth more than shop-happiness. And I am sure this is Nature's way with all of us, until we quite overmaster

her kind authority. I was late in finding it out; but, thanks to the boy, I did learn that Nature is very bountiful if we do not scorn and crush her, and that she has a most heavenly way of giving us pleasure ere we know what she is intent on doing.

I prize the lesson—I prize it highly. And since that day of instruction I have been somewhat of another man, breathing pleasure in the air, inhaling it from fields and flowers fresh every morning with the odorous charms of a purified world, drinking it in water, receiving it from sunny faces met on the street, and imbibing it in countless forms from the myriad sources of gratification opened around me. All of us have some such experiences. That is, every body has occasional glimpses of the inherent fullness of life, of the well of happiness within. Few, however, are wise toward themselves. Few learn any thing out of the depths of their own souls. Nature keeps the best school ever taught; but I fear that only a small number ever go to her for truth and knowledge.

Of one thing I am well assured: that human Nature has far more resources of happiness than are generally used. There is more provided for us than we know. It is either a poor Nature or a rich Nature, as we use it. Learn its laws, obey its guidance, penetrate its depths, and it is a far nobler thing than we can exhaust. Ten thousand calls on it for strength, impulse, endurance, blessedness, are all promptly, freely answered, and ten thousand greater responses are still left ready for new summonings. Appeal to its imperial grandeur, and it will not dishonor the demand; but treat it distrustingly, scornfully, and it will refuse you every request. At once it is poverty-blasted. Nor will it stop at your limits, but go lower and lower down, sounding fathoms of degradation. A nature belied is awfully revengeful. The demons feast and fatten at its table, and leave you to starve. But a nature prized according to God's estimate, loved as self but not selfishly, served in the sense for spirit's sake—such a nature makes good the assurances of instinct, and draws the plenitude of the universe into its faculties. Hoping in the right way, men can not hope for too much from themselves. If separated from God's truth and love, they are separated from every thing great and good. Men imagine that they can live in the world and dismiss God as an inconvenient, or expulsive, or obsolete idea. Such a falsehood instantly converts the world into an alien sphere. Its very gravitation to such a being becomes a lie. Things cease to be realities, and sink into hollow forms without substance. It is a painted universe of shows and phantasmagoria. The song of the bird is not its native-born melody, and the flow of streams, otherwise so musical, has a gurgling, choked sound, as of men struggling in agony.

Therefore, the first attribute of true enjoyability is this recognition of the soul as a divinely-created substance that can not be divorced from goodness and fulfill the laws of its being.

This sense of divineness enthroned in the conscience must not be a mere sense of duty. Glorious as that is, it can not answer all the wants of nature. To its authority, supreme among the functions of the mind, we owe all that is solid and substantial in the foundations of character and life. It is the abutment on which we build, or the honor of a "wise master-builder" is not ours. Notwithstanding, there is something more to do. No great character is the simple product of a sense of duty. A conviction of law is essential; but the love that fulfills the law rejoices at last in goodness for its own sake, and carries the Ten Commandments in its spirit and not on tables of stone. It is a free, glad, exultant spirit, enjoying the liberality of the world as a cordial, affectionate companionship, working without the consciousness of work, and serving because of the innate blessedness of service. Its growth is more tree-like than architectural, foliage and flower springing from instinctive vigor, a creature of sunshine and moisture. Abroad it never goes, but holds fast by its roots, and stands in its own predestined spot. That spot is its own place, safe from intrusion. It is no restless seeker, asking for better situations, as if sunshine and dew were more genial on the mountain than in the valley. The truly enjoyable soul is never enslaved to times, seasons, circumstances. Triumphant over these, it lives by the simplicity and openness of receiving just what is given; and abundance is always given to a heart that has no unreasonable desires, and is content to exist on unmerited bounty. You can not impoverish its substance. Fictions and fortunes pass away, but its genuine self and genuine connections are fixed and imperishable. More is left than is taken. It never has outside losses to repair. For its fullness is of itself as derived from the divine Fount of Life, and the certainties that sustain it, abiding in the order of the universe, come as a portion of day and night, seed-time and harvest.

Enjoyability has a large sense of adaptation. Objects fit into it as if they were made for that purpose; or rather, what is far better, it suits itself to objects. We say far better, for in adapting ourselves to circumstances we exercise our will and discipline our tastes in such a manner as to improve the tone of character; but where we strain and struggle to make circumstances suit us, there is all the difference between working outwardly and inwardly. The former is a spiritual thing; the latter material. The one forms real excellence; the other cultivates the skill and ingenuity of mechanical art. In the one the soul is an artist; in the other an artisan. Our success, too, is so much more marked in adapting ourselves to circumstances than in the opposite method. Circumstances are not for our private gratification. No man ever found them, in any great degree, his willing and devoted friends. They often show a spice of hostility. But in harmonizing ourselves with them, we can effectually carry the day; for

the soul can always manage itself, if it will, and every man can be as contented and as happy as he chooses to be.

I have two friends, A and B, who are, in this particular, very unlike. A is an excellent sort of a man, but with an aristocratic personality about him that would do very well if things in this world had not such provoking ways, and did not delight in crossing us. At one time he taught school with eminent success, but after a while ascertained that it did not agree with his health; so it was abandoned. Then he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but he had to wait too long for practice. Medicine followed, but it did not pay well enough. He then undertook a vineyard, but the vexatious Dutchmen were more than he could stand. The last time I heard from him he was cultivating literature, assuring me that he had now fallen upon a mode of life that suited him exactly. It is so pleasant, says he, writing in one's own room when you feel what he calls the afflatus, escaping the drudgery of hours, putting things in general to rights by the stroke of your pen, and floating down to a great immortality on a thin stream of Harrison's Columbian Black Ink. I had a thought of writing to him that literature was an agreeable relaxation, but a wretched profession, and that a man who used but a thumb and two fingers, and held a seven-inch pen-handle, was fighting the battle of life on short rations and with a very doubtful weapon.

B takes things better. Although a man of taste, select taste, and with exquisite sensibilities, yet he knows that human life has some hard conditions, and that one of them is in the shape of a legislative enactment, made and provided for such cases as his, and significantly entitled "*An Act against Agreeable Circumstances.*" B is a very law-abiding man, and, of course, submits. You always find him cheerful, and often buoyant. If any thing go amiss he quietly repairs the damage. If he meet with a loss in business, you only know it by observing that he works a little harder and with a more sunny face. In company he is the soul of fellowship. Without pet opinions and poodle-dog dogmas, he never gets insulted in argument, nor thinks you have a private grudge against him because you happen to differ from him. He is a kind of host and hostess in every society. People who are with him are always in keeping with the occasion. Indeed, a transcendentalist would say that he is an occasion in himself.

The difference between these two men is simply in the fact that A is bent on making life suit him, while B is satisfied if he can adjust himself to the circumstances around him. A is hard to please, and B is easily gratified. A thinks that the art of life is an external accomplishment, but B believes that it is an inward acquirement. A is the veriest of slaves, although he vaunts himself on his high independence. His stomach depends on his cook; his sleep on the servant who attends to his bed;

and even his religion on good preaching. He despises such maxims as "Half a loaf is better than no bread." But B is not made of such stiff and unbending materials. A lithe blade is he, always winning the victory. If life is a battle, says he, you can fight it any where, and with any weapon that comes to hand. And his work corresponds with his creed. Wherever you find him his position seems to have been born with him. The world is a part of himself; and, indeed, I have sometimes thought that outward life and he were in wedlock, so well do they agree. B has been a living Sermon on the Mount to me. And from his serene tempers, cordial acquiescence in all the destinies—the thousand destinies—of every day, and from his heartiness in word and deed, I have often felt that it was quite possible to make the world as a bride, young and lovely, to one's spirit, and to find beauty and joy almost immeasurable in its companionship.

Enjoyability has quick, large sympathies. And I suppose that this is one great secret of its strength and happiness. People differ widely in this matter of sympathy. Here is a man whose sympathies are the off-spring of his thoughts only. There is another who has none except what his taste creates. With those who are better constituted sympathy ordains the law to intellect and taste. Heart rules every where, in every thing. Not that blind and reckless impulse sways them, for impulse and heart are not identical. Heart is soul itself—the substance of our being—the proprietor of past, present, and future—the genuine personality with which heaven and earth negotiate in all great transactions. Impulse is but one of its modes of action. Men sometimes need it as an escape-pipe for their steam-works, and on a vast scale; impulse performs the office of a volcano, in affording vent for the dangerous gases that might rend the earth if not allowed to liberate their fury in the open air. Heart is God's power; impulse is man's imitation of heroic vigor. Wherever heart asserts its rule, as it always does in the best-endowed natures, sympathy is broad and energetic, brimful of outgoing activity, sweeping in circles like the eagle's, and, with an eagle's eye, quick to detect its object. Intellectually it is a vast power. Genius may exist without its presence, but it is the Temple without the Shekinah. A man of mere intellect, of massive faculties, of comprehensive scope, of ox-like laboriousness, may build the pyramids of literature, but they are pyramids of the desert. The far-seeing and all-interpreting eye, the mighty imagination, that combines the compass of the telescope and the minute inspectiveness of the microscope; the grandeur of mind that encircles a system of worlds, and the spiritual subtleness that wanders through the labyrinths of an atom, and greets it as a storehouse of wonders; and, above all, the perception introspective, looking far down into the depths of the absolute soul, and listening to its low-murmured prophecies of the ages to come,

as those ages shall be when they wear the resplendent glory of a restored and perfected universe; such genius as this can only spring from the great sympathies of a still greater heart. In His reckoning with manhood, both here and hereafter, God honors with the higher distinctions nothing else. For it is the law of the universe—of all objects in earth and heaven, as well as of God's government—"Give me thy heart!" The humblest shrub, the tiny dew-drop, the fragile flower, the majestic trees, the magnificent firmament, speak to us, and each says, "Give me thy heart!" But they thus speak as of God, and not for Him, in so far as they are his proclamations of royalty in wisdom, power, and love, and not for themselves.

Our more recent poetry and criticism have acknowledged this power of sympathy as essential to all truthful and profound insight. Love is seen as the highest inspiration of intellect, no less than the sublimest joy of the affections. Cowper and Burns were full of its cordial, exhilarating fire; Charles Lamb and Christopher North, Chalmers and Channing, although widely different in temperament and gifts, have all yielded to its potent sway. Intellect is not a self-developing power, for it leans on the heart, and draws its best life from hope and trust. But sympathy has a greater work than this. As an ennobling influence for everyday life, as a secret but authoritative interpreter of other hearts, as a source of strength and joy, it is as a seraph among the other faculties. For it is the office of this sympathy to give us a sense of property in all things beautiful and pure, to enrich our poverty with the wealth of the universe, and thus to supplement our life with the fullness of being around us. A sympathetic man is a recipient of vast favors, but he finds it "more blessed to give than to receive." Christ's words have an hourly fulfillment within him. The outgoings of his soul expand and exalt him, and whenever a good thought or feeling issues forth from him, how something better hastens to fill the vacancy! It is the old rule—*Give and Get*. How mysterious this outgoing and this incoming! We love childhood, and it brings back our own childhood and adds its beauty to our present being. We enter into our neighbor's gladness, and it suddenly becomes ours. Even inanimate objects contribute to his spirituality. Deeper than his senses penetrates the fragrance of flowers, the grace of forms, the musical movement of planetary orbs. Far off in the East the tall palm lifts for him its broad leaves, and the cedars of Lebanon shade a landscape nearer and closer than the mountains and vales around his dwelling.

These three elements, then, are essential to an enjoyable nature, viz.: the sense of divineness in the soul; personal adaptation to the disciplinary laws of life; and broad, diffusive, earnest sympathies. On these conditions we may enter into the blessedness of being. The three are in firm concord, and hold strongly together. If we will live in the universe on God's

prescribed terms it will not be a dull, monotonous, cheerless habitation. It will not be a prison. It will not be a purgatory. But for us every day will be a new birth out of heaven, and every night a fresh firmament not before seen. Trials and sorrows—called such on earth—will come, but known on high by other names, they will, ere long, tell us what they are in the serene light of God's presence. Vailed as these angels now are, and wearing dark robes as they lead us on toward the City of the Great King, we shall soon see them grow luminous in the light of an unshaded glory, and hail them as the messengers of Infinite Love to conduct us into the realms of perfect peace.

LOVE AT A LATTICE.

—1858.

THERE'S a little maid in blue
 (Who she is, is naught to you!)
 Sits at a window all day long
 Chirping like a gladsome linnnet,
 And her simple little song
 Has a wondrous magic in it.
 Her hair is of a golden brown,
 And her white neck rises up
 From a modest muslin gown,
 Like a lily from its cup.
 Then her eyes are—what are they?
 Black or blue, or brown or gray?
 On my soul I can not say—
 On my life I never knew;
 Sometimes they do seem as blue
 As the sunny skies of May,
 But skies grow dark—and so do they.
 This I know, whate'er their hue—
 Gray or black or brown or azure—
 That to gaze on them is pleasure;
 And to me—across the way—
 They make bright the livelong day!

June 13.

'Tis the cruellest little maid,
 She that in the window sits!
 What d'ye think she does? She knits
 From early morn till evening shade.
 And what d'ye think she knits? A stocking?
 Ah! my friend, 'tis far more shocking.
 Perhaps the mystery is a mitten?
 Alas! I would it were so written.
 A sofa-cover, then? Far worse!
 The little traitor knits—a purse!
 Yes! a purse of pea-green silk,
 Thickly sown with silver beads;
 And my heart instinctive reads
 That this red-lipped cockatrice,
 With those hands as white as milk,
 Works some conynge, quaint device;
 Probably the odious cipher
 Of some lover! Ah! I'd die for
 Just one peep to satisfy
 My innocent curiosity;
 Not that I care one pin. Not I!
 But then the cool atrocity
 Of knitting a purse that I am sure
 Is only a shameless gage d'amour!

If there's aught I can't endure
 'Tis to see hands white as milk
 Knitting purses of pea-green silk!
 Still, it is the prettiest sight
 To watch those fingers, slender and white,
 Twisting out, and twisting in,
 Through the meshes of silver and green,
 Like white birds that play in the month of
 May.

At hide and seek, through a leafy screen.
 Ten white birds so busily making
 A nest for Love in a silken lattice.
 Ah! what pains are the little ones taking!
 Labor like this is not given gratis.
 In and out, and over and under,
 Here and there with a snowy flutter—
 Am I to blame if I often mutter,
 "What are the love-bird's initials, I won-
 der?"

June 14.

Yes! I have bought me an opera-glass;
 Now, my little Lachesis, tremble!
 Twist your threads as you like, fair lass!
 Bit by bit as the beads assemble
 I shall read unfelt, unseen,
 The secret that glimmers in silver and green.
 Nay, even now I fancy I spy
 A half-grown letter—I think an I;
 But I'm not quite sure, for it may be a Y;
 And, on looking longer, perhaps a B,
 Or—Pshaw! I'm altogether at sea!

June 15.

What right have I to overlook
 This poor, unconscious little girl?
 To scan her through tubes of mother of
 pearl,
 And ransack the shade of her modest nook?
 Heaven ne'er published so dainty a book
 To be pawed and pried in for pastime
 merely—
 I know that I love light reading dearly;
 But the novel is easily bought for a dollar,
 While the rare edition belongs to the Scholar.
 I feel like a thief every time I stand
 Behind my curtains, *lorgnette* in hand;
 A cowardly thief who sends his eyes
 (Or his pupils) out as proxies to steal
 A maiden's privacy—splendid prize!
 When I think how unmanly all this, I feel
 A blush suffuse me from head to heel.
 Never again, on my solemn honor,
 Shall opera-glass be bent upon her!
 At least—Hullo! what's that in her hand?
 As I live, a villainous three-cornered note!
 Now a round, or a square, or a rhomboid, I'd
 stand—

But three-cornered *billets* from ages remote
 Have been very well known to be dangerous
 epistles,
 And, like conical bullets, most fatal of mis-
 siles.

Oh! for one good glance at the writing,
 To tell if 'tis male or female inditing!
 Confound it! opticians were made to provoke us!
 I can't for my life get this glass to a focus.

June 16.

The pea-green purse progresses finely;
 Day by day the initials grow.
 What they are at last I know—
 A flourishing C and a great fat O.
 The little maiden smiles benignly
 While her fingers to and fro
 Weave the emblems of my woe.

June 17.

What kind of fellow is he,
 This lucky C O of the purse pea-green?
 Tall and black, and martial of mien;
 Gigantic shoulders, the ruddiest hue,
 And teeth as white as white can be.
 This, I'll vouch, is like as one pea
 Is to another. I never knew
 A tidy maiden, like ours in blue,
 Who did not invariably make her nest
 On some colossal husband's breast.
 Perhaps because maids feel 'tis as well
 To marry a conjugal citadel—
 A massy rampart of flesh and bone
 Between them and attack up-thrown.
 I, alas! have the mortification
 Of not being a human fortification.
 My legs are not towers of strength, I fear;
 My chest to a rampart comes no way near.
 I can't lift hundreds of weight on my palm,
 Nor is my head like a battering-ram.
 I am a scholar without much muscle;
 The Astor's alcoves are my gymnasium;
 There with mighty folios I tussle,
 But in Euclid only I know the Trapezium.
 What chance have I, I should like to know,
 Against our athletic friend, C O?
 I've seen in my time a good deal of society,
 And studied men in every variety,
 And watched the way the women are won;
 And found as a general rule (though none
 Are without exceptions) that in the fray
 Of Head against Shoulders, I grieve to say
 Shoulders will always carry the day.
 And whether at opera, concert, or ball,
 The Scholar invariably goes to the wall.

June 20.

Ah! how beautiful is she to-day
 As she sits at her casement over the way!
 The trained thorn-apple, with its flowers of
 flame,
 Clusters all over the window-frame,
 While she like a picture, sun-lighted, sits—
 A picture, however, that sings and knits.
 No! what am I saying? She knits no more.
 The huge C O stands quite confessed;
 The ten white birds have built their nest;
 And now, their labor completely o'er,
 With rings on their necks, are taking their
 rest.
 Not so the maid. Her bright face shows
 No tokens of a calm repose;
 Her cheek is flushed, and I think I spy—
 Not, I fear, with the naked eye—
 The heave of a hot, impatient sigh
 Moving the folds of that wicked blue gown,
 Sometimes up and sometimes down;

And I see her drum with her little feet,
And follow her glance adown the street,
And watch her playing, with anguish keen,
With that odious purse of silver and green.
'Tis plain as a pike-staff, I say,
C O is coming to see her to-day.
Yes! He returns in triumph at last,
Countless perils and dangers passed,
With a sun-burned face and a wreath of laurel,
And his pockets stuffed with diamonds and coral;

For he most probably is a sailor,
Sent to look after the steamer *Styx*,
Who, boarding all, from smack to whaler,
Nearly got herself into a fix;
Or he may be a soldier, just from Utah,
Where each has six wives and a six-shooter,
And where, though in constant relations with
Brigham, he

Has not been yet seduced to polygamy.
Yes, I am sure he's a martial fellow,
With lots of adventures to tell, like Othello,
Who crammed Desdemona with all sorts of
fib

About the numbers he stuck in the ribs.

3 o'clock p.m., same day.

A carriage drives up to the door,
And I see a male figure within,
Muffled and cloaked to the chin.
Alas! welladay! All is o'er!
'Tis C O. There can not be a doubt,
For the maiden her head stretches out
Of the window, and beckons with glee;
And he that sweet signal has caught
(He isn't as big as I thought),
And so rushes up stairs. It is he!

I watch her room with eyes of lynx—
I watch the forward little minx
Fluttering ever to and fro,
Like a pet dog that doth know
The step of its master on the stair.
Ah! her master is C O!
Now her door opens—there's a glare
Of light—HE enters—there's a flight
Of something blue across the chamber.
I know they're kissing—'tisn't right,
With the window open! She tears away
His cloak, and he stands in the broad, full
day,
While she dances round him with joyous rack-
et—
Oh Heavens! he's dressed in a school-boy's
jacket!

*(Five minutes allowed for recovery
After this strange discovery.)*

Yes, after all, he's her brother!
The purse, after all, was for him!
It seems like a wonderful dream
That follows the struggle and smother
One feels in a nightmare. Hurrah!
I feel like a new-born star,
Or something as lofty and light!
I'll go over and see her to-night—
No, I can't—I don't know her. Oh horror!

There's Jenkins, he knows her, I'm bound;
I'll make him take me around,
And I'll make her acquaintance to-morrow!

My Wedding-day, August 2.

The ten white birds are mine! I've caught
them—

To complete subjection brought them.

In my bosom they have their nest,
And I to-day will duly invest
The eldest born with a thin gold ring,
So they will be my slaves forever,
And I their lofty but loving king!
In short, I am to be married to—who?
Why, who but the little maid in blue!

THE WIFE OF OUR NEW MINISTER.

THERE had been a pastoral change in our
congregation. The people, after a ten
years' trial of good old Mr. Wharton, and his
amiable, compliant wife, came to the conclusion
that a different kind of preacher, with a differ-
ent kind of wife, would vastly improve their
spiritual condition. There was a lack of strength
about Mr. Wharton (so it was alleged), and
certain prominent ladies in the church had
wished (aloud) so often that Mrs. Wharton
were less old-fashioned in her ways, that change,
sooner or later, had come to be a settled thing
in the minds of a majority. It was simply a
question of time; and time settled the question.
The change was made. Old Mr. Wharton and
his wife retired, and Rev. Mr. Newton and his
wife took their places in the pastorate of the
congregation—I say "Mr. Newton and his
wife," for our people think, or used to think,
that, when they "hired a minister," they hired
his wife also, and regarded her duties among
them in quite as high a light as they did the
duties of her husband.

I happened to be away from the village at
the time this change was made, and did not
return until after Mr. Newton and his wife
had been doing duty for something over three
months.

"How do you like the new minister?" was
among the first of my inquiries.

"He's a charming preacher," was the reply
I received on every hand. Yet I saw, by the
manner of my friends, that some drawback ex-
isted.

"How do you like his wife?"

Ah! The little mystery was explained. Mr.
Newton was well enough. But his wife!

"What kind of a woman is she?" I asked.

"Don't know. Can't make her out," was
the vague answer received.

"Is she any thing like Mrs. Wharton?"

"Oh dear, no! I only wish she was. Why,
she doesn't take a particle of interest in the
church. Hasn't been to one of the monthly
concerts for prayer; nor to the weekly sewing-
circle; nor even to the Sabbath-school. We
calculated entirely on her taking the senior girls'
class which Mrs. Wharton taught for so many

years; and a committee of ladies waited on her with an invitation to do so: but she actually declined, saying that she had neither *taste* nor *aptitude* for teaching! Now, what do you think of that for a minister's wife! Did you ever hear the beat of it?"

I saw, at a glance, that there was trouble ahead; for Miss Phœbe Lane, who made me this communication, was an active "circulating medium" in the congregation. She knew every body's business, talked to every body, and acted as opinion-maker to a large majority of ladies who had too much to do in their families to have time for independent thinking in church matters.

I must confess that I felt a sort of liking for Mrs. Newton on this representation of Miss Lane. Mrs. Wharton had been such a pliant subject in the hands of my spinster friend, and a few like her, that an involuntary respect was created for a minister's wife, who, in coming among us, could from the beginning show that she had an individuality of her own, and meant to hold on by it.

Two or three days' intercourse with the members of the congregation satisfied me that Mrs. Newton would not do for the Church of St. Charity. When and where this lady was sainted I have never learned. I have my suspicion that Miss Phœbe Lane, who rechristened the parish on the occasion of building our new church, was not particularly well read in the Saintish Calendar. But let that pass. Ours was the Church of St. Charity. Mr. Newton was a delightful man! Such a preacher! So active in all the interests of the society! So pious! So humble-minded! But his wife! No woman could be less suited to her condition. It was even doubted whether she were a professor! Phœbe Lane was positive about it; and averred that she didn't believe there was a spark of piety in her soul. How a man like Mr. Newton could ever have mated himself with such a wife was regarded by Miss Lane as one of the inexplicable mysteries. "A man like Mr. Newton, who might have had his choice among women!"

I went to church with no ordinary feeling of interest on the Sabbath following my return. Whether my leading impulses were of the earth, earthly, or of heaven, heavenly, I will not stop to question. Five minutes before the time for service to begin a lady, just above the medium height, beautifully formed, and with a step of blended grace and dignity, passed along the aisle leading a child by the hand, and took her seat in the minister's pew. Though not in any sense gayly dressed, there was a style and air about her that by no means indicated a pious disregard of worldly things. Taste had evidently presided at her toilet. I noticed a slight flutter running through the congregation, and the turning of many heads toward the minister's pew, which occupied the most prominent place in the church. The lady did not look around her, nor show the slightest sign of interest in the people.

How different, in all things, was her appearance and bearing from that of good, kind, compliant Mrs. Wharton, whose pleasant, almost smiling face I had seen for so many years in that pew—a face turning, as by instinct, its mild sunlight ever and anon upon the congregation, while her husband broke for them the Bread of Life!

The contrast was hardly agreeable.

"She'll never do!" whispered a lady-shadow of Miss Lane's, bending to my ear from the pew just behind the one I occupied. "Proud as Lucifer, any one can see! Such airs won't do for St. Charity."

I made no reply. Though annoyed, I was yet sensibly influenced by the remark.

Very still, almost like a statue, sat Mrs. Newton, the minister's wife, and I could see that the child, a little girl six or seven years old, leaned very close to her. How I wished that she would turn toward the congregation! How I longed to see her face! But I was not granted this desire until after the morning's services were closed.

I was particularly pleased with Mr. Newton. His sermon, in contrast with the usual discourses I had listened to from the lips of Mr. Wharton, was a master-piece of eloquence. No one seemed to listen to him with more rapt attention than Mrs. Newton.

At last the services closed, and the time came when my restless curiosity was to be satisfied. The minister's wife turned her face to the congregation, and I had a view of every feature. It was a face, once seen, to be remembered. Classic almost to severity in its outline, the full lips and soft hazel eyes gave to it a gentle expression. You saw at a glance that she was a woman of thought as well as feeling.

A few ladies gathered around her as she stepped from the pew, and I noticed that her countenance lit up very pleasantly as she spoke to them. But there was nothing obsequious; no undue familiarity, no wordy affability. A certain air of dignity and self-respect marked every attitude of her person and every expression of her countenance. All vulgar familiarity toward her was out of the question—I saw that at a glance.

But only a few ladies in the congregation ventured to approach her. In the eyes of many she was proud, and they were not "going to force themselves upon her notice." The prejudice admitted into their minds by others made them shun rather than court her acquaintance. Of the few who did notice her some were attracted by affinity, and some by a desire to gain a little reflected importance. Others thought it but hospitable to show her attentions, as a stranger among them, and acted accordingly; though the force-work was apparent. Desiring to meet her and make her acquaintance, I asked to be introduced, and was presented by a friend. I thought her reception rather cold; and after passing a formal word or two, moved

just had to speak to me the acquaintance whom I had not seen for some time.

"How do you like our new minister's wife?" was almost the first question.

"Don't say. How know something about her yet?" I answered.

"Oh! I met her for a bit," said my friend, warmly. "She was the witness at St. Charity's."

"Where the deuce?" I inquired.

"On all sides!" was the evasive reply. "The last at her! A pretty thing for a minister's wife, indeed! Why, she carries herself with the air of a queen!"

"Mr. Norton," said I, "is a charming speaker. I never heard a more beautiful sermon."

"Oh, Mr. Norton is splendid!" pushed my acquaintance, warmly. "But his wife! Oh, that is another! What would have possessed her to marry such a woman?" She'll never win us in the church—never! Why, I don't believe she's ever a professor. She didn't even receive communion on last Sunday! After those of that—and she the minister's wife! It's down the talk of the congregation next time! We fully expected her to take a class in the Sunday-school—but no! We agreed that to be present at our sewing-circle—has not she mother's love her children! A new course of course! Then we elected her President of our Infant Missionary Society, but she declined the honor, saying that she had neither time nor taste for such public duties; that with her, duty for the present must begin at home. Now, say I that a Christian spirit for you! Our ministers wife to talk of church-regulating at home! What else a head-on?"

My friend's acquaintance smiled again.

"Some of our people were smart enough to get rid of such good Mrs. Wharton," she said. "She wasn't bright and fashionable enough for them; but I rather think they've got their dose now."

I now, less said there, a lady of our church, who belonged to the Sunday-school society, over-looked down, who did not join in this too good my against Mrs. Norton, who thought that, if she had justice they put indignation in Sabbath-school—of teaching sewing-circles, or missionary societies, the congregation should not together with these positions. She had three little children, to whom she gave all a mother's love; and as the minister income which her husband derived from the parish of St. Charity (her husband a great and the parsonage) would enable her to keep only a single domestic, a large part of her time had, even still, to be given to household duties. "No lady was she," remarked one of those ladies, as my friend, "that she neglects her children, or wastes her husband's income. The little parsonage has never looked so attractive inside of me to me. Mrs. Wharton was not tidy, as we all know, and things around her were generally at odds and ends. And as for her children, they were always neglected. Mary

never lost I saw them playing in the dirt while their mother was at the sewing-circle, or somewhere else that she had no business to be."

But the ladies who talked in this way belonged to the "quer" side of the congregation. They were not of the pious kind. So all they said went for nothing with the many.

Without "variableness or shadow of turning," as St. Paul says, did Mrs. Norton keep on her way. Home was her parish, and she was content to do her duty there. Occasionally she accepted an invitation to take tea and spend an evening abroad; but in most cases declined these pleasant entertainments, and though once some months had passed there had yet been no wine-drinking at the parsonage. Mr. Norton, on the other hand, mingled very freely with his congregation—sat with them at their tables, and joined them in their social gatherings. It was the absence of Mrs. Norton on these occasions always formed a subject of remark, and it was generally voted that her failure to accompany her husband seriously marred the pleasures of the evening.

"Ah, if his wife were only like mine!"

This was frequently the sighing speculation of Miss Phoebe Lane, or some one of her party.

At last the matter seemed to receive a setback in the minds of several leading ladies in the parish that it was determined to wait upon Mrs. Norton and persuade her to sit on the bench of wisdom she was possessing—"a crown of glory," urged Miss Lane, "that is worthy to be a crown in our church. Ever since the same time a change for the worse has been going on in the congregation. Members are growing cold or indifferent. Our sewing-circles are losing their interest, the monthly collection of gifts are badly amended, and the Sabbath-school is dwindling away. The social evenings are so warm and attractive under God's special benediction of good Mrs. Wharton, so that ladies in poverty—and all from this strange conflict on the part of our minister's wife. She must be talked to on the subject! If she doesn't know the way, she must be taught it. If she won't leave her husband, she must leave the congregation."

A committee of ladies—Miss Lane at the head of them, and voluntary exhorters—finally undertook to set Mrs. Norton right in regard to her duties to the parish of St. Charity, and formally visited upon her for that purpose. Careless prompted me to accept an offered membership in this committee. Let me picture the interview with Mrs. Norton.

We found her sitting in her orderly-arranged little parlor; her person as neat as every thing around her, and her three children as sweet and pure as May blossoms. Two were playing on the floor, and the little slept in the cradle, that was drawn so close to the mother that she could touch the ricker, if needed, with her foot. She was sewing on a shirt for her husband. Four ladies made up the committee—a formidable number. Mr. Norton was away, attending the

funeral of a poor laborer's child—so the quest was clear, and the culprit in our power.

With an easy grace the minister's wife received us, and after we were all seated she stepped to the door and spoke to her girl, who was in the kitchen. A smart, tidy-looking domestic came forward, and Mrs. Newton said to her, with a kindness of manner that I could not help noticing,

"Take Aggy and George into the garden, Jane, and keep them till I call you."

"Yes, ma'am." The girl spoke very cheerfully. The two children sprung up instantly from the floor, and bounding from the room left us alone with Mrs. Newton and her sleeping baby.

A grave silence followed. The committee was embarrassed, but the minister's wife was entirely at her ease.

"We have come," said Miss Lane, after sundry preliminary throat-clearings and bridling motions of the head peculiar to herself, "to have a little conversation with you about our church matters."

"Hadn't you better talk on that subject with my husband?" was answered, with the utmost self-composure. "It is his particular province."

"No, ma'am," said Miss Lane, her voice gaining emphasis; "we have no fault to find with Mr. Newton. He does his part entirely to our satisfaction."

"Oh! I understand." Mrs. Newton spoke as if light were breaking into her mind.

"Yes, ma'am," Miss Lane went on, "it is your duty in the church that we have come to talk about, not your husband's; and I hope you will not take it ill of us if we speak out plainly."

"Not by any means," replied Mrs. Newton. I noticed a slight quiver in her voice, a slight flushing of her cheeks, and a brightening of her soft hazel eyes. But it was plain that she was fully self-possessed, and in no way intimidated by this unexpected citation to answer for delinquencies.

"Not by any means," she repeated. "Speak out plainly, and if in any thing I have been derelict, I will confess my fault, and do all I can to lead a better life."

"Plain speaking is always best," said our mouth-piece, oracularly. "So we will speak plainly. The fact is, Mrs. Newton, you have failed almost entirely to meet the expectations of our people."

"Indeed! I am grieved to learn this." Mrs. Newton spoke seriously, but with no sign of disturbance. "I was not before aware that the people had any special claims upon me."

"No special claims upon you!" Miss Lane uttered the words in undisguised astonishment. "No special claims!" she repeated, "and you the wife of our minister!"

"What do you expect of me?" calmly inquired Mrs. Newton.

"We have already intimated our expecta-

tions in various ways. There is the girl's senior class in Sunday-school; that, of course, we expected you to take. And you are wanted on the Visiting Committee and in our Missionary Society. Unless our minister's wife takes the lead in the temporalities of the church nothing will prosper."

"Then," said Mrs. Newton, "it is understood that while my husband's duties relate mainly to the spiritualities of the church mine have special regard to its temporalities."

"Certainly, ma'am! You have expressed the difference of relation exactly," replied Miss Lane, led on by the peculiar way in which Mrs. Newton put the question to admit the existence of a very wide range of duties as required of that lady by the congregation of St. Charity.

"This is all new to me, ladies," said the minister's wife. "I was not aware before that any one in the congregation regarded me as having failed in duty."

"Every one so regards you." Our spokeswoman was a personage who used great plainness of speech.

"This should have been stated in the beginning," said Mrs. Newton. "How was I to know your views in the matter? I saw all of my husband's correspondence, but not a word was said about his wife or the parish requirements in her case. Now it appears that her range of duties is almost as wide as his. I ought to have known this before I came here, ladies; and I really think the complaint of failure in duty is against you instead of me. Let me ask, so as to reach a clear understanding of this matter, what salary you pay your minister's wife?"

"Salary!" gasped Miss Lane, her under jaw falling, and her eyes projecting at least a quarter of an inch beyond their ordinary position. "Salary!" she repeated, in a bewildered, half-confounded way.

"Yes," quietly replied Mrs. Newton. "The salary. You do not, of course, require the services of your minister's wife in the way you propose without compensation."

"Preposterous!" Miss Lane had recovered herself, and gained a little blind indignation with her partial self-possession. "Did any one ever hear of a thing so absurd! In hiring your husband for our minister—"

"You did not hire me!" interrupted Mrs. Newton, with calm dignity. "Bear that in mind, if you please."

"Thank you for the remark, Mrs. Newton," said I, coming almost involuntarily to her aid. "It throws a flood of light upon the whole subject. True as Gospel! We did not hire you, and have no claim upon a single hour of your time. All that the Church of St. Charity has a right to ask of you is, that you do your duty as a wife and mother."

Mrs. Newton turned to me with a grateful look, and grasping my hand, said,

"Thank you!" in return.

A little while she paused; but no one spoke

in the deep silence. I think some wholesome convictions of truth were finding their way even into the mind of Miss Lane, who, somehow, reminded me of a wilted leaf, or a piece of stiffly starched muslin suddenly drenched with water.

"My husband's duties are clear," very evenly spoke Mrs. Newton—very kindly, yet very firmly and very lucidly. "My husband's duties are clear. He has come to you as a spiritual guide and instructor. His office is to point to Heaven and lead the way. It is a high and holy office. I honor him in it, and sustain him to the best of my ability. My duties are also clear. I am simply a wife and mother; and, God being my helper, I will faithfully discharge a wife and mother's sacred obligations. At present these duties take up all my time; and conscience will not permit me to neglect real duties for the performance of imaginary ones. In doing such duties I best serve the Church. This is my religion, and I have learned it from the Bible."

She paused for a few moments. No one replying to her remarks, she went on:

"It has been alleged that I am not pious enough for the people here. Perhaps not. But of one thing you may all be certain: I am no hypocrite. I shall never put on a pious exterior to hide the want of charity in my heart. As I am you will always see me."

Mrs. Newton paused again; but as none of her visitors showed any inclination to speak, she continued:

"My religion is somewhat peculiar, I believe. I do not keep it as a showy Sunday suit, but wear it every day. My essential worship consists in a daily discharge of my duty as a wife and mother; my formal worship, in the pious prostration of body and spirit before my Heavenly Father at set times, either in my closet or in the public assembly. The Sabbath, to me, is the golden clasp that binds together the circle of weekly duties. It is a blessing and a consolation, just in the degree that the worship of my six days has been essential worship."

"And are we to expect nothing of our minister's wife?" said Miss Lane, in a very subdued voice. She was evidently conscious of having made a great mistake in her estimate of Mrs. Newton's character.

"Nothing more than her duty as a woman. If she have qualities that will give her a leading social influence, and have time to spare from home duties—which are always first—she ought to let these qualities become active for good. But no more can, with justice, be required of her than from any other woman in the congregation. Your contract for service is with her husband, and not with her; and you have no more just claim upon her time, nor right to control her freedom, than you have over the wife of your lawyer, doctor, or schoolmaster. It is this mistaken idea of the people in regard to ministers' wives that is producing so much trouble in societies, and making wretched the lives of hundreds of poor women, who hardly dare say that their souls are their own. It is

not enough that the minister's wife is expected to keep her house and clothe her children upon the lowest range of income, that will not allow her competent help, but she must spend half of her time in gossiping around among the idle or well-to-do ladies of the congregation—take part in their sewing circles, and attend all their various meetings for good or doubtful purposes. Now all this is wrong; and if you are not satisfied with my husband, because I will not imitate so bad an example, you must give him notice accordingly; or if you think my services absolutely essential to the prosperity of the church, just state the amount of salary you can afford to give, and if, for the sum, I can procure a person in every way as competent as myself to assume the charge of my children and household, I will take into serious consideration your proposition. Beyond this, ladies, I can promise nothing."

"Thank you again, my dear madam," said I, with a warmth that expressed my real feelings, "for giving this matter its right solution! You have spoken out like a true, independent woman, as you are, and I will see that your views are correctly reported. Consider me as your friend."

She turned upon me a grateful look, and, as she did so, I could see that my earnest words had brought a dimming moisture to her eyes.

"I could wish," she answered, in a lower voice, "to number you all as my friends. I have come among you as a stranger, seeking no pre-eminence, but only desiring to do my duty as a woman, side by side with other women. The fact that my husband is your minister gives me of right no position among you, and gives you no right to demand of me any public service. If my husband fails in his duty, admonish him; but, in the name of justice and humanity, do not establish any supervision over me. Let my private life be as sacred from intrusion as that of any other woman. This I have a right to demand, and I will be satisfied with nothing less."

Silenced, if not convinced, was Miss Phoebe Lane, and she retired in due time with her committee of remonstrance and accusation, their colors trailing upon the ground. I lost no time in giving my history of the interview; repeating almost word for word the clear, strong language of Mrs. Newton, that she might have the full benefit of her own statement of the case. And I am happy to say that there was common sense enough and right feeling enough in the parish of St. Charity to do her ample justice. Her husband is still our minister, active, useful, and beloved; but as no salary has yet been set apart for his wife, she has not assumed any duties in the congregation, and from present appearances, I think, has no intention of doing so. But as a wife and mother her life is beautiful; and her example of far more benefit to the people under her husband's care than all her more public acts could be, had she entered upon every duty that was so generously assigned to her.

DINING, CONSIDERED AS A FINE ART.

A CERTAIN philosopher has divided mankind into two great classes: those who cheat, and those who are cheated. Another has partitioned the animated world into those who eat, and those who are eaten. A third—and, to the mind of the present writer, better—classification of mankind, suggests itself, viz., those (who have leisure, money, and taste) who live to eat, and those (who have a good appetite, little money, and no leisure) who eat to live. Now, considering *Dining* strictly as one of the Fine Arts, it appears evident that both these classes are, more or less, artists; for the members of the first make of dining an art, while those of the second—among whom the writer of this is to be counted—have frequently to use every art to get a dinner.

Every Fine Art has its especial literature. If Ruskin has discussed Modern Paintings and Painters, the lamented Soyer—as great an artist in his way, and a more practical man—has done the same office for Modern Dinners and Cooks. If we have histories of painting, sculpture, and poetry, in various times and nations, so we have a "*History of Cookery*, from the earliest period to the present time." And if various of our great men have devoted themselves to the consideration of particular epochs of other arts, have we not been favored with an essay, by an eminent Parisian, "On the Gastronomic Effects of the First French Revolution?" Is there not an energetic remonstrance on the British catalogue, entitled "Thoughts on Roast Pig;" and a critical dissertation on "The Comparative Merits of Male and Female Cooks?" not to speak of various other and more extended works, such as the "*Physiologie du Goût*," by that great art-critic Brillât-Savarin, who may be called the Ruskin of this department of fine art.

Of 365 Chinese books on Behavior, catalogued by an eminent Chinese scholar, 361 refer directly to the ceremonial of the Celestial dinner-table. The Japanese, Hindoos, and Persians are both luminous and voluminous upon the same point; and to turn to what we are pleased to consider more civilized nations, a French writer assures us that France possesses no less than one hundred and fifty-six works upon Manners—all referring more or less circumstantially to prandial ceremonials, while American, English, Italian, Spanish, German, and even Russian and Dutch writers swell the list of devotees to this the most delightful of the fine arts; which, by-the-way, is dignified by the classical title of "Aristology," the derivation of which the reader may hunt up for himself.

Let us then consider, for a little, some of the peculiarities of Aristology, and the Aristologist, or artistic diner out. First, as to the means necessary for the successful prosecution of the art. Mr. Wellesly Pole used to say that it was impossible to live like a gentleman, in England, under forty thousand pounds a year;

and Beau Brummell, when asked by a lady how much she ought to allow her son for *dress*, said that, with *strict economy*, it might be done for eight hundred a year. The art is yet in its infancy in America, and data upon which to form an accurate estimate of the income necessary for an accomplished aristologist are scarce. But we have no doubt that much might be done by a prudent and skillful man with twenty thousand dollars per annum. Of course, the aristologist should, if possible, devote himself entirely to his art. "Generally speaking," says a writer of eminence and authority upon this subject, "a calling of any sort is against a man; for we incline to think that the gentleman *par excellence* [think of this enviable title being monopolized by the Professor of Aristology] should resemble Voltaire's trees, who, when a visitor was complimenting him on their looking so fine, replied, 'They ought, for they have nothing else to do.'"

Good looks are not necessary—happily. Wilkes, a noted and successful diner out, who justly declared that, give him but half an hour's start and he would make a better impression than the handsomest man in the room, was so excessively ugly, that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window while the tickets were drawing, for fear he would bring ill luck upon the house.

"The finest linen, plenty of it, and country washing," were Brummell's directions to a youthful aspirant to aristological honors. This matter, however, according to a French writer, a member of the Academy, may be carried too far; and he adds that "those who delight in cleanliness change their linen *twice* a week, and their pocket-handkerchief still oftener if they are obliged to blow their noses frequently—especially those who take snuff." This seems a very moderate estimate, even for a Frenchman, who must be either a cleaner or a dirtier man than his neighbors, as you may choose to interpret the above directions. It reminds one of a remark of Sir Henry Ellis. Johnson confessed to Mr. Langton that he experienced an unusual feeling of elation when (on the occasion of "Irene" being brought upon the stage) he first put on a scarlet waistcoat with rich gold lace, and a gold-laced hat. Sir Henry Ellis declared that he never saw a Frenchman in a clean shirt who did not exhibit symptoms of a similar feeling of elation at the circumstance. In fact, a Parisian exquisite reverses Brummell's maxim, and holds that you are not well dressed if people do *not* stop to stare at you.

As for gloves, the student of aristology will bear in mind that they are strictly for ornament—not use. Let him never fall into the error of the navy captain at a ball, when his partner, a distinguished lady, suggested the propriety of his putting on his gloves before they led off the dance. "Oh, never mind me, madame," said the gallant hero, "I shall wash my hands when I've done dancing!"

"But," the patient or impatient reader will

ask, "What has all this matter of clean linen, gloves, etc., to do with the art of dining?"

A great deal, most excellent neophyte! as any proficient in the art will tell you. The sculptor has to carve his image out of marble with a dusty chisel; the painter must daub his on coarse canvas with vulgar oil and filthy paints; the poet is obliged to use ink and paper—and his finger-ends but too often bear witness, in close-bit nails and badly-washed ink-stains, to the partly mechanical nature of his high art. It is reserved for the aristologist—the gentleman *par excellence*, to recur to the words of our before-quoted author—to perfect himself in his art without any of these vulgar adjuncts. He alone combines in his own figure artist, model, and product; he alone develops on his own cherished person all those forms of beauty which vaguely flit through his brain; he alone may be truly said to enjoy what himself creates.

Being prepared to honor the duly received invitation, the artistic diner out proceeds on his way. Among the Sybarites, by-the-way, it was customary to invite ladies to dinner a year beforehand, ostensibly to give them time for beautifying themselves. Those old fellows did not realize how evanescent is true beauty—perhaps they had advanced farther than we in "the mysteries of the toilet." Being arrived at his destination, he is announced. And here is a point: let him be careful to give his name distinctly to the attendant servant. Else may he share the fate of one Mr. Delaflete, of London, who, perhaps supposing that name more generally known than was actually the case, neglected the precaution of distinctness in its utterance, and to his disgust heard himself announced to a crowded drawing-room as Mr. *Illellofloat*.

Being entered, he salutes his host and hostess. Except it be, indeed, that his dinner is in China; where strict etiquette demands that the host leave his house when he has a dinner party.

All writers on aristology agree in terming the salute the touchstone by which any given person's breeding may be instantly and unerringly determined; and the aspirant to prandial benefits and distinctions will, therefore, perfect himself in this important part of his profession. There are, of course, various modes of salutation in different countries. Among the Sandwich Island Kanakas they rub noses; in Timor they pull one another's ears; the Franks plucked out a hair and presented it—an evidence that baldness was, to say the least, unusual among them; the Japanese take off their slippers when they meet. The only salutation permitted to the Carthusian monks of Spain was a slight nod and the lively remark, "We must die;" to which the exhilarating reply was, "We know it." In some of the South Sea Islands they spit in their hands and then rub your face for you; in others, it is the height of politeness to fling a jar of water over your friend. In America, as in England and France, we nod, bow, courtesies, shake hands, and take off our

hats. In Germany the men kiss each other. The science consists in knowing on what occasions, and with what persons, these respective modes of salutation are to be used; the art, in attaining perfection in the various genuflections which, gracefully performed, stamp you an accomplished diner out. Space forbids our going into particulars; but we may mention what an eminent Philadelphian* says of bowing: "If you have remarkably fine teeth, you may smile affectionately upon the bowee, without speaking." Also, he says: "If you meet a rich parvenu whose consequence you wish to reprove, you may salute him in a very patronizing manner, or else, in acknowledging his bow, look somewhat surprised, and say, 'Mister—eh—eh?'" The Philadelphia "Gentleman" informs us farther—and this is a point worth noting—that, "The ordinary custom among well-bred persons is as follows: soup is taken with a spoon. Some foolish fashionables," he adds, "employ a fork! They might as well make use of a broomstick!"—and better, too, we should say.

And oh, neophyte in aristology! you are to eat deliberately. Don't cram, as you would avoid dyspepsia, that greatest bane of the diner out. On which point Sam Slick has a lesson from Abernethy, which is not to be omitted here: "The Honorable Alden Gobble was dyspeptic, and he suffered great uneasiness after eating; so he goes to Abernethy for advice. 'What's the matter with you?' said the Doctor—just that way, without even passing the time o' day with him—'What's the matter with you?' said he. 'Why,' says Alden, 'I presume I have the dyspepsy.' 'Ah!' said he, 'I see—a Yankee—swallowed more dollars and cents than he can digest.' 'I am an American citizen,' says Alden, with great dignity; 'I am Secretary to our Legation at the Court of St. James's.' 'The devil you are,' said Abernethy; 'then you'll soon get rid of your dyspepsy.' 'I don't see that are inference,' said Alden; 'it don't follow from what you predicate, at all; it ain't a natural consequence, I guess, that a man should cease to be ill because he is called by the voice of a free and enlightened people to fill an important office.' [The truth is, you could no more trap Alden than you could an Indian. He could see other folks' trail, and made none himself; he was a real diplomatist, and I believe our diplomatists are allowed to be the best in the world.] 'But I tell you it does follow,' said the Doctor; 'for in the company you'll have to keep you'll have to eat like a Christian.'

"It was an everlasting pity Alden contradicted him, for he broke out like one moon-distracted mad. 'I'll be d—d,' said he, 'if I ever saw a Yankee that don't bolt his food whole, like a boa constrictor. How the devil can you expect to digest food that you neither take the

* *The Laws of Etiquette; or, Short Rules and Reflections for Conduct in Society.* By A GENTLEMAN. Philadelphia.

trouble to dissect nor the time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets, instead of on your food. It's disgusting; it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man does his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it in with a dung fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsy, eh? Infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary of Legation, take half the time to eat that you do to draw out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month.*

With another hint, and this to ladies, we will drop our Philadelphia "Gentleman," who has, after all, no very refined notion of dining out. He says that "Ladies should be neat in their persons, and keep their nails short [!]; and when at dinner they must not laugh or talk too loud, nor daub their fingers with their food. *They may wipe their lips on the table-cloth, but not blow their noses with it.*" Evidently, the Philadelphia treatise is intended merely for nursery aristologists.

And now, before entering in earnest upon the DINNER, let us say a good word for the Diner. Not the glutton. Your true diner out may be an epicure, but never a glutton. Cambles, an ancient Greek, ate up his wife; and in the morning, awakening, found her hands in his throat! Let the glutton take warning! A narrow-minded Scotchman confuses the two terms, and says of the epicure: "He is unmade, and eventually dished by made dishes. Champagne is no longer sham when it begins to affect his system; his stomach is so deranged in its punctuation that his colon makes a point of coming to a full stop; keeping it up late ends in his being laid up early; and the *bon-vivant* who has been always hunting pleasure, finds at last that he has been only whipping and spurring that he might the sooner be in at his own death." This plainly describes the glutton; and applied to the aristologist—the "gentleman *par excellence*"—the statement is as libelous as the puns are bad.

Dr. Johnson wisely observed that a man who is careless about his table will generally be found careless in other matters. The greatest men in all countries have always been the most perfect aristologists. Louis XVI. is said to have been neglectful of his table; and this was, probably, one among the many causes of his fall. Cambaceres, Napoleon's grand chamberlain, was famous for his dinners, regarding dining as the business of life; and when his master was especially pleased at the result of a diplomatic conference, he was accustomed to take leave of the plenipotentiaries with, "Go and dine with Cambaceres." Napoleon was himself famous for the nicety of his taste, but, from the hurried manner of his life, he acquired a

pernicious habit of eating fast; and this, debilitating his stomach, paralyzed him on two of the most critical occasions of his life—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic. When M. de Suffrein was commanding the French in the East Indies, he was one day waited upon by a deputation of natives, who requested an audience just as he was sitting down to dinner. He desired an *aid-de-camp* to inform them that it was a precept of the Christian religion, from which no earthly consideration would induce him to depart, never to attend to business of any sort at dinner-time. The deputation departed, lost in admiration at the piety of the commandant, and returned at the proper time, so predisposed in his favor that he was enabled to conclude an advantageous treaty with them. One of Bolivar's first cares, on becoming President of freed Peru, was to intrust to M. Armand de Bremond the delicate mission of sending him from Paris the best cook he could find. A friend of Mr. Thackeray relates that he was once dining with him in Paris, when a *matebotte* (a fish ragout) of surpassing excellence was served up. "My dear fellow," exclaimed the delighted author of "The Virginians," "don't let us speak a word till we have finished this dish!"

Dr. Johnson, though unfortunately extremely coarse in his mode of eating, and not at all orthodox in his tastes, fully realized the importance of the subject. "Women," once observed the sage, "can spin very well, but they can not write a good book of cookery. I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on *philosophical principles*." What a loss to the world that the great lion of literature forbore! According to Mrs. Piozzi, Johnson's "favorite dainties were, a leg of pork, boiled till it dropped from the bone, a veal pie, with plums and sugar, and the outside cut of a salt buttock of beef." He has been known to call for the butter-boat containing the lobster-sauce during the second course, and pour the whole of its contents over his plum-pudding.

The cardinals have always been noted for their gastronomic skill. Fesch, the uncle of Napoleon the Great, takes especial rank in the annals of aristology; and there is related of him a story which shows how ingenuity and taste, properly combined, can please the guests, and, at the same time, gain credit for the host. He had invited a select party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence, two turbot of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve them both would have appeared ridiculous; but the Cardinal was most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*. "Be of good cheer, your Eminence," was the reply; "both shall appear; both shall enjoy the reception which is their due." The dinner was served; one of the turbot relieved the soup. Delight was in every face. The *maitre-d'hôtel* advances; two attendants raise the turbot, and carry him off to cut him up. One of them loses his equilibri-

* The Clockmaker. Chapter IX.

um: the attendants and the turbot roll together upon the floor. At this sad sight the assembled cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the conclave. Intense disappointment was expressed on every priestly face. "Bring another turbot," says the *maitre-d'hôtel* to the attendant, with the utmost coolness. And now intense delight took the place of disappointment on each cardinal's face; and the host was conscious of another laurel added to his gastronomic crown.

To return from Dinners to Dinners. It matters little at what time dinner and diner meet, if only the appetite is prepared and the business of the day over. Henry IV. of France ate his at half past eleven; Charlemagne, earlier yet—at half past ten. At present the greatest aristologists dine at half past seven—shrewdly enjoying as long as possible the pleasures of anticipation. Punctuality, however, whatever the hour, is indispensable. Lord Dudley used to say that the most unpunctual persons he ever knew were two distinguished brothers—the elder of whom is now a peer of England, and, it is to be hoped, more regular in his habits—"for," said his lordship, "if you asked Robert for Wednesday at seven, you were sure to get Charles on Thursday at eight." Lord Dudley himself was regular as clock-work—not only in his hours, but also in his habits. He could not dine comfortably without apple-pie, which, properly made, is a proper and excellent dish. Dining, when Foreign Secretary, at Prince Esterhazy's—a grand dinner—he was terribly put out on finding that his favorite delicacy was wanting, and kept on murmuring, pretty audibly, in his absent way, "God bless my soul, no apple-pie!"

The true aristologist wisely considers Dinner as the event of the day, toward the proper enjoyment of which all other things are subsidiary or accessory. He regards his cook with veneration, and does not think extravagant the language M. Henrion de Pensée addressed to Messieurs Laplace, Chaptal, and Berthollet, three of the most distinguished men of science of their day. "I regard the discovery of a new dish," said this worthy and ingenuous gentleman, "as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star; for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honored or adequately represented among us until I see a cook in the first class of the Institute." Genius is to be drawn out only by judicious praise and discriminating criticism. In the days when Paris was most famous for its cooks—days now past—it was the fashion for each guest at a banquet to place a piece of gold in every dish of more than ordinary merit. To facilitate criticism and individualize responsibility, it is even now the custom, at some Russian and German tables—especially at the royal table of Hanover—to print in the *carte*, a copy of which is placed beside the plate of each guest, the name of the cook by whom each dish

has been dressed, like the programme of a concert with the names of the performers. In this way only can the highest inspirations of genius be called forth. Is it too much for the enthusiastic aristologist to hope that, at the distinguished tables of even our democratic land, this wise custom may, by-and-by, be introduced? Then may we see reproduced here those now faded glories of the art which once gave renown to the restaurants and private tables of Paris, and inspired master-cooks with that sense of personal ambition and responsibility which made the great Vatel, *maitre-d'hôtel* to the Prince de Condé, throw himself upon his sword, because at a royal supper an insignificant dish was wanting at one of the tables—even as a Parisian notary's clerk killed himself, because, having duly calculated and considered the chances, he did not think it possible for him to be so great a man as Napoleon.

And that the great cook is really a genius every philosophic mind will readily perceive. Dugald Stewart—admirable philosopher!—was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the other fine arts. He says, in one of his Philosophical Essays, "*Sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be *relatively* pleasing; while both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects which, in the *art of cookery*, correspond to that *composite beauty* which it is the object of the poet and the painter to create!" So Robert, the inventor of the sauce, Rechaud, and Merillion, have been characterized as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens of cookery; while Beauvillier was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school—so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carême used to be considered the chief. And although as of the poet it is said, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, so it is true of the cook that he is born, not made: yet both poet and cook must go through a long course of training for the proper development of their genius. Thus Carême tells us of himself that he began his studies by attending a regular course of roasting, under some of the leading roasters of the day (how many blockheads have gone through a course of scholastic roasting, without becoming either poets or cooks!); next placed himself under M. Richaut, the famous "*saucier de la maison de Condé*," to learn the mystery of sauces; then under M. Asne, with a peculiar view to the preparation of cold dishes; and took his finishing degree under Robert l'Aine, a professor of *l'élegance moderne*. How thorough this course! and how did industry and perseverance here come to the aid of genius!

Your true cook, like your poet, is an erratic being. Restless and inconstant, he wanders from place to place and depends upon the lucky moment for the grand inspirations of his life. His comfort is one of the chief cares of an appreciative master. The late Marquis of Hertford had a cook who, in his master's opinion, was inimitable in a *suprême*. Dining one day with

an intimate friend, a distinguished privy councillor of England, who had frequently contested the point, his lordship declared the *suprême*, which he was with difficulty persuaded to taste, detestable.

"Now I have you!" exclaimed the Right Honorable. "That dish was dressed by your own *chef*, who is at this moment in my house."

"Then all I can say," replied the Marquis, "is, that you must have spoiled his palate by drinking beer with him."

Colonel Damer, happening to enter Crockford's one evening to dine early, found Ude—Louis Eustache Ude, one of the great cooks of the day—walking up and down in a towering passion, and naturally inquired what was the matter.

"The matter, Monsieur le Colonel! Did you see that man who has just gone out? Well, he ordered a red mullet for his dinner! I made him a delicious little sauce with my own hands. The price of the mullet, marked on the *carte*, was two shillings; I added sixpence for the sauce. That *imbécille* apparently believes that the red mullets come out of the sea with *my* sauce in their pockets!"

Ude's sauce was no better appreciated than some canvas-back ducks once sent by our historian, Prescott, to an English friend. It is related that they were forwarded accidentally to Melton, and eaten by a select party as common ducks—to their intense disappointment when made aware of the facts. And ducks bring to mind a rule to be observed of birds in general: no bird worth eating should be inundated with gravy. The peculiar flavor is washed away. Sydney Smith, who knew a thing or two in the aristological way, on once hearing a lady at table exclaim, "No gravy, if you please!" turned to her and proposed to swear eternal friendship on the instant, saying that he had been looking all his life for a person who on principle rejected gravy.

But enough of the cook. Let us say that with him, as with the poet, simplicity is the acme of perfection. His labors are not to be valued by their cost, but by their intrinsic excellence. We think with disgust of those barbarous Roman banquets, or medieval feasts, which were certainly more remarkable for profusion and costliness than for taste. The sole merit of a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks, or the tongues of five hundred nightingales, must have been its dearness. The Prime Minister of England's first James kept no less than five hundred servants in his town-house; and yet his royal master owned but a single pair of silk stockings, which he was sufficiently generous to lend his noble minister upon occasion when that worthy had to grant audience to a French Ambassador. The Duke of Medina-Coeli, contemporary with the famous and cruel Duke of Alba, paid no less than twenty thousand pounds per month as servants' hire alone, yet had not in his spacious palace a room fit to dine in. It somewhat diminishes our ad-

miration of Anne Boleyn's fabled beauty to know that that lady breakfasted each morning on boiled pork and beer. If a mode of swallowing most money in a given time be thought a desideratum, surely Cleopatra, with her pearl, will take the prize; although even she was fairly beaten, in originality and neatness of conception, by a frail fair one, the famous Mrs. Sawbridge, who, to show her contempt for an elderly adorer, sandwiched the hundred pound note which he had laid upon her dressing table between two slices of bread and butter, and ate it in his presence.

And now, having discussed the *Diner* and the *Cook*, let us come—at last, the impatient reader will say—to the *Dinner*; about which we have been hovering for some pages. Unfortunately—or the reverse—the editor of this Magazine is inexorable in the matter of space, and we are compelled by the sternest of fates to cut short the delightful thoughts which crowd to every right-minded man's heart when he contemplates that greatest object of life—a well-served dinner. M. Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, Judge of the Court of Cassation, member of the Legion of Honor, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of France, from whose famous before-mentioned treatise on the "Physiology of Taste" we are about to quote reverently a few rules for the dinner-table, was—to the mind of a true aristologist—one of the most notable men France ever produced. Like all true epicures he was of a sober, moderate, and easily-satisfied disposition; like all men of genius, he was an enthusiast. It is related of him, in confirmation of the latter trait, that during his residence in America (he was compelled to emigrate by the Reign of Terror) he was one day shooting in the Virginia woods. Having had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey, he was returning, when he fell in with Jefferson, who knew him, and who presently began relating some interesting anecdotes of Washington and the war then but just over. Observing the distracted air of M. Savarin he stopped, and was about to take offense at the lack of attention.

"My dear Sir," said the gastronome, recovering himself with a strong effort, "I beg a thousand pardons—but I was thinking how I should dress my wild turkey."

It is this gentleman—whom, as Democritus was called the Laughing Philosopher, we may call the Dining Philosopher—to whom we are indebted for a short and comprehensive set of aphorisms on dining, by following which he proposes to unite "all things requisite to the highest pleasures of the table." A good cook is, of course, premised. Without him your table enjoyments will be as the apples of Sodom, fair without, in anticipation—but ashes within, in the realization. As was proven by Byron, who, being compelled to celebrate his birthday in Italy, determined on nothing less than a plum-pudding, by aid of which to eat himself a happy return of the day. Plum-puddings are, or were, not so familiar to Italian gastronomes as mac-

aroni, and the noble poet busied himself a whole morning in giving directions for the proper compounding of the British luxury. One can fancy his disgust when, after all his pains and anxious cares, the pudding appeared in a tureen, and about the consistency of soup.

A capable cook being then presupposed, M. Savarin recommends:

That the number of the party do not exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general;

That the eating-room be luxuriously lighted, the cloth remarkably white, and the atmosphere at the temperature of from thirteen to sixteen degrees Reaumur;

That the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, the order of progression, in fluids as in solids, being from the most substantial to the lightest;

That the act of consumption be deliberate, the dinner being the last business of the day; and that the guests consider themselves as travelers who are to arrive *together* at the same place of destination;

That the party be detained by the charms of society;

That the retreat be not begun before eleven, but

That every body be in bed by twelve.

These recommendations seem to us unexceptionable. We will only add to them three dinner rules given by John Bulwer, a quaint but sensible writer of the seventeenth century: "*Stridor dentium*—*Altum silentium*—*Rumor gentium*," which, being rendered into the vernacular, signifies; Work for the jaws—A silent pause—Frequent ha-has.

DRESS AND DRINK.

SEE that painted spectre,
The vampire of the streets!
What foul demon wrecked her
Hoard of youthful sweets?
Made a crime of loveliness?
Oh! 'twas Dress—'twas Dress!

Look upon that reeling
Haggard man of care,
Down the back streets stealing,
Roaming any where!
What hath done this? Pause and think!
'Twas Drink!—'twas Drink!

See that fair wife flying
From her husband's wrath,
Her guilty lover lying
Dying in her path!
What hath done this? Can you guess?
'Twas Dress—'twas Dress!

Bloody knife still reeking
In his desperate hand,
Hurried voices speaking
Round him in a band!
What makes thus his comrades shrink?
'Tis the deed—the deed of Drink!

Lying on the pavement,

Dead in her despair,
What 'neath Sin's enslavement

Brought a thing so fair?
Scarcely than a demon less?
What hath wrought this? IT WAS DRESS.

In his stony prison,

Waiting for his doom,

When the sun has risen,

Gallows first—then tomb!

Stupored thus on Nature's brink?

What hath wrought this? IT WAS DRINK!

Dress and Drink—ye demons twin

Parents of all woe and sin!

Bane of body and of soul!

Shame your path—and death your goal!

THE TEST.

SHE stands in the shadow of the great elm upon the lawn, and flakes of sunshine, sifting through the pendant branches, fall like tremulous gleaming gems upon her fair head with its masses of braided hair. She is *petite*, delicate as a fairy, with smiling lips, and blue eyes that laugh when her lips are still, and a quickly-changing, expressive face, that reflects every phase of feeling, every turn of thought, and restless hands that flutter like white butterflies over each object of desire, and feet that, even in her sleep, move unconsciously with the dancing happiness of her young life.

From the spot where she stands the lawn slopes downward, bordered by a thicket of acacia trees, and lilacs, and wild roses, which guard the little villa from the intrusive gaze of boatmen and pleasure-seekers upon the river. Yes, nearly opposite the elm-tree two large willows, leaning outward, dip their pendant branches in the stream when the ocean tides come, lifting it up to the level of the greenward; and through the space between them the eye ranges outward over the smooth water that throws back the sunshine like a mirror, and keeps all its secret depths unlighted—past the sails of yacht and wherry gliding to and fro—past the gay steamboats with their floating world of travelers—past the forest of masts gathered around the piers—up to the great city with its acres of stone and brick piled upward, and its spires that lift themselves into the sky.

From this distance, these houses and towers which wall the horizon look not unlovely; for the sunshine touches every thing with a tender, golden light, and the few fleecy clouds visible in the fathomless blue air seem like white doves of peace floating with wings outspread in benediction alike over the calm fields and the unrepining city, with its seething, struggling human life.

But the intent gaze of the young girl beneath the elm-tree brings to her mind little thought of field or city, or of the flashing waters flowing in from the sea. She is looking between the willows for a little boat which her eyes alone

could certainly distinguish in the distance, and though she knows he will surely come that way, she watches none the less with a vague idea that her watching brings him more rapidly; and with intervals of dreamy reverie, wherein her eyes, half-veiled by their drooping lids, shine with a softened light, and her lips glow like wet coral as they part in a musing smile. For Alice Girdler is seventeen to-day, and in two more days she will be a bride.

Of what is she thinking as she stands there, her white arms half embracing the marble Fawn she leans upon? Is there any thought in her mind of woman's duty and destiny? Does she revolve the great problem of life as she speculates concerning the future, and, pondering those solemn words of the marriage-service, stand reverently before the great gate she is about to enter, and ask herself if she is fitted to take charge of another's welfare, and to meet the change and trial which is not withheld from the happiest life?

No. Alice Girdler is yet a child, and she lives in the present only, and plays with the delicious happiness of love as a child with a new toy. Never a wish of hers can she remember to have lost ungratified; never a trouble has come to her, but some quick hand relieved her from its pressure, and gave her a new joy instead. Wealth, and love, and pleasure have ministered to her since first her blue eyes opened in this world of ours, and no solemn angels of affliction have even for a little space closed the doors upon gayety and worldliness, and bade her learn the true meaning of this life or the mysteries of the life beyond.

But now through the trees which hide the house behind her come a troop of maidens, sisters, cousins, friends, who have gathered here to make merry over the bridal. They move with elegance and grace, and their jest and laugh at finding her watching her lover's approach are low-toned and restrained, not to transgress the proprieties in which they have been educated. She replies gayly, and a blush mantles her cheek. The little boat is near the willow gateway, and two gentlemen, resting upon their oars, look up the vista with a smile of admiration at the picturesque effect of those airy, graceful forms grouped upon the green, beneath the elm-tree shadows, around the marble Fawn.

"Stay—let us watch them a moment. See Alice! She has such vivacity and such refinement of manner when she is talking, that looking at her is only less delightful than listening to her."

"Ah, Laurance! what it is to be twenty-five, and in love!" replied the elderly gentleman to whom this enthusiastic address had been made; and a half sigh breathed through the smile with which he looked at his companion.

Laurance Grey turned to his friend, his fine face flushed with exercise, and all aglow with happiness which his frank nature had no inclination to deny.

"Ah! you may well envy me," he said. "Is she not charming?"

"She is indeed—very charming."

The words would have satisfied any but a lover's sensitive ear; but that detected an inflection of the voice implying a reservation or a doubt.

"What is it I hear you keeping back?" he said, laughing. "Speak it out, mine ancient friend and Mentor; for the time for giving me advice on this subject will soon be past."

"I fear it is past already."

"Yet speak! Your advice is almost always worth hearing, though one may not want to take it to heart."

"If you will know, I was thinking what a shame it is to make that child love and marry. She should have a little more time to play with her dolls."

"Indeed, getting married shall make no difference. She shall be my doll, and I will turn the whole world into a play-house for her."

"That may do for a while; but life is before you two, and life is something more serious than a play, and the time comes when a man needs that his wife should be something more than a doll. Alice is wholly undeveloped and undisciplined. Have you wisdom, have you strength to guide her?"

"She will not need any guidance. She is full of good impulses and generous instincts."

"But that is not enough in a character so impressible as hers. What she will be in the future only time can show. Will her kindly impulses harden into fixed principles of right? Will her generous instincts become informed and moulded by the spirit of Christian self-denial? Will her sunny good-nature crystallize into a cheerful serenity that smiles beneath the darkest skies? Or is there weakness, frivolity, selfishness, in that untried heart? and will she fail in the hour of trial, and be swayed by the despotism of fashion to accept a false standard of right, a false rule of duty? Pardon these questions; for the husband is the head of the wife, and your character will influence hers—"

"Weakness! selfishness!" interrupted Laurance Grey, indignantly. "Who dares couple those words with the name of my bride? Morton, if you were not my best friend I'd throw you overboard. I won't listen to you another minute."

So saying he seized the oars, and with a few swift strokes brought the boat under the willows, where he leaped on shore. The girls were coming down the lawn to meet them, and reflection was instantly banished by the mirth of the gay party; and as Mr. Morton followed them to the house he half repented of the words he had spoken. Why should he project over their bright thoughtlessness the shadow of his own mature experience? What if they were too carelessly approaching the holy sacrament of marriage, whereof whose partakes with a heart unpurged from selfishness and vanity perils his own soul! They loved each other, and in that love he hoped as the agent which should

purify and exalt them amidst the discipline of life.

Alice was married, and, as Laurance Grey had said, there was little change in her mode of living. The days flew by velvet-footed; her house was unexceptionable in its appointments; her wardrobe excited the envy of her companions; experienced servants relieved her of every shade of care; petted and flattered, she was for three years the spoiled child of fortune. Then a reverse came suddenly; her husband was a bankrupt, and her beautiful home passed into the hands of strangers.

Mr. Morton, who resided in a distant city, heard that Laurance Grey had failed in business, his liabilities far exceeding his assets, and that his failure had caused considerable pecuniary loss to the father of his wife. It happened that, soon after the intelligence reached him, he had occasion to leave home; and while traveling, at one of the way-stations where connections are made between different trains of cars, he unexpectedly met his young friend. A cordial greeting followed; but Mr. Morton noticed, with pain, the weary, harassed, and anxious expression which immediately returned to the face he remembered so full of hope and courage.

"You heard of my misfortunes," said he, as they walked, arm in arm, down the long platform.

"I did," replied Mr. Morton; "and I wrote you the day before I left home."

"I received your letter, and thank you for your offered aid; but my late experience makes me forever forswear the use of another man's name. Hereafter I will carve out my own fortune, and stand or fall thereby."

"Spoken nobly, like yourself," said Mr. Morton, warmly. "Now tell me your plans."

"I am going to C——, where I have secured a situation as clerk. The salary is but \$500 for the first two years; afterward I have a prospect of being admitted as a partner in the firm. There was nothing better for me, and I must be doing something."

"And Alice?"

An expression of deeper pain crossed the pale face of the speaker as he answered, "She remains with her father's family. Of course I could not expect her to go into exile with me."

"Did she prefer to remain behind?"

"Every body advised that she should do so, and she acquiesced. Of course it was best she should stay."

Mr. Morton spoke somewhat savagely. "Yes—of course. What God has joined let no man put asunder until the money is gone!"

"You are too severe," replied Mr. Grey. "Alice has never known care or trouble, and has not the least idea of the labor, the privation, the mortification incident to poverty. Why should she leave the home her father offered her to incur all this? I could not ask such a sacrifice."

"Laurance, I must use my old privilege, and say what I think about this. You are about to

make a great mistake," said Mr. Morton, earnestly. "You leave your wife at the time when you most need the comfort of her society. You refrain from taking her into the school which Providence has plainly appointed as a means of discipline for her as well as for yourself, and thereby she will miss the nobleness and strength this lesson was intended to give. You love her with an unwise tenderness, or she loves you too little, and you both err in consenting to this arrangement. A man and his wife should never live apart when it is possible for them to be together. It is either a prolonged pain borne needlessly, or, what is worse, the death of that love which should make no sacrifice so great as that which separates them from each other. For the reason you urge—for more or less of luxury and ease—to divorce yourselves! Oh, miserable infatuation!"

"We only do what is often done," replied Mr. Grey, after a pause. "All our friends said it would be arrant selfishness in me to take Alice away from the society and the luxuries to which she has been accustomed, and subject her to such hardships simply for my own comfort in her."

"And what did Alice say?"

"Poor little thing! she was too much bewildered and overwhelmed to know what she thought. It was terribly mortifying to her—my failure—but she bore it sweetly. She never uttered an unkind word."

"I don't know why she should. You were the greatest sufferer."

"You are unjust to her," said Laurance, coldly.

"You are unjust. You do discredit to the nobleness of a true woman's nature!" exclaimed his friend. "No wonder our ears are filled with the clamor of women for their rights, when a good man, with a loving heart, denies to a woman such a right as this. You said your wife should be a doll, and truly you put her away from you, now that play-time is over and the real business of life begins. Except in rare cases, I believe the idea of equality between man and woman has never yet been accepted by this enlightened age. Either the woman is the victim of tyranny, or she is cheated, cajoled, blinded; her judgment never brought to maturity, because never exercised upon important matters; her intellect never stimulated by finding herself an acknowledged aid in moments of perplexity. Men assume that women are weak, and then Heaven knows how much they do to make the assumption just."

"The cars are coming, and we must part here," said Laurance. "Think what you please of the wisdom of our arrangement, but exonerate Alice from all blame. She only did what was thought best."

"It is not for the best," persisted Mr. Morton. "She is young, beautiful; and with her mercurial temperament, will soon again be gay. Will she be in no danger? And with your social tastes, are you quite safe away from

her? Can you support your loneliness unharmed?"

"I believe so. I shall practice the strictest economy, that I may the sooner make a home to which I can invite Alice; and the thought of her will keep me from evil."

The cars came up, and they parted.

Lights, music, the soft crush of silks, the flutter of airy gauze and lace, the low murmur of voices, fashion-toned to monotonous sweetness, and now and then the sound of rippling laughter breaking the silver stream of talk—what was there in all this to cause the heavy frown that gloomed over Mr. Morton's face as he stood apart in the shadow of a bay window and looked upon the gliding throng? Again he was a visitor in the city, and had been compelled by courtesy to attend this scene of gayety. As he stood retired from observation, surveying these busy idlers with a smile half kindly half cynical, his attention was arrested by a conversation going on near him. He knew the speakers were aware of his presence, and therefore had no reason to avoid listening. To his dismay he heard Alice Grey's name, coupled with allusions he could hardly understand, and words that implied more than met the ear. Her conduct and her character were very freely discussed, and a bet was laid regarding the issue of a flirtation then progressing.

Startled and sorrowful, he left his retreat when the pressure of the crowd allowed, and made his way slowly to the room appropriated to dancing. Pausing at the door, he saw that the floor was occupied only by a few waltzers, and as the swift, graceful forms floated by, he recognized Alice and the gentleman whose name he had just heard associated with hers. Excited by the voluptuous music and the rapid motion, she was alive only to the pleasure of the dance. Her sylph-like figure was enveloped in a cloud of lace.

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out."

Her beautiful neck and bosom, and her rounded arms, were suffused with a color delicate and warm as that which blushes in the heart of a white rose, and her face, half up-turned, with glowing lips parted and sparkling eyes, was so bewitchingly lovely that Mr. Morton groaned inwardly to think so fair an offering should have been recklessly laid upon the altar of worldliness.

As he looked on some one touched his arm, and, turning, he saw an old and familiar friend. When the first greeting had passed his friend said,

"I suppose you know yonder little lady is the wife of your old friend Laurance Grey?"

"Yes. For a sensible man he did a most foolish thing in leaving that little beauty to be petted and flirted with and spoiled. She seemed warm-hearted, she seemed to love him, and yet she leaves him to bear his dark hours alone."

"Evidently she prefers the sunshine. Well, a butterfly must be a butterfly!"

"You speak in all charity," said Mr. Morton, sadly; "but just now I can not look at the matter through the medium of cool philosophy. Laurance Grey is a man of large, unselfish heart and high sense of honor. If his wife takes advantage of the one to pursue her pleasures, she should at least keep the other unharmed."

"If you have influence with your friend's wife, use it for her good. I believe she is the victim of foolish advice, and of her own gentle temper. A young creature like her can not but be gay. Others are to be blamed for placing her where gayety may lead to folly."

The crowd moving outward separated the two gentlemen, but these last words lingered in Mr. Morton's ear, and confirmed his previous resolution. Since there was no one else to do it, he determined to make one appeal to her love as a wife—to her honor as a woman. He would test her character and save her from the trouble her thoughtlessness might bring. An hour or two passed, and as late in the evening he sought an opportunity to execute this purpose, he chanced to find a small room, unobserved before, charmingly cool and quiet, with its dark green curtains and carpet relieved only by two magnificent myrtle-trees in full bloom, which stood on either side of the window. These attracted him, and as he stood a moment admiring them, he heard a low murmur of voices in the recess of the window. Then there was a rustling, as of some one rising suddenly, and a young voice, sharp and tremulous with emotion, said,

"You must not talk so to me—I will not hear it!"

"Nay—but Alice—sweet Alice!" said the other voice.

Mr. Morton was retreating, but the name arrested him. He turned, and Alice Grey seized his arm as she came out of the recess.

"Take me away," she said, in a whisper, and he felt the little hand that rested on his arm quivering with suppressed excitement, and noticed the proud, indignant glance she cast upon her late companion as they left the room. He led her to the conservatory, and when she sank into a seat sheltered from observation by a group of azalias, she burst into a momentary fit of weeping.

Mr. Morton stood looking down upon her with a grave, sad face. To his nice sense of honor it was not enough that she had repelled evil; she should not have placed herself where temptation could reach her. But when, conscious at length of his strange silence, she looked up, he felt the witchery of her youth and beauty, and in a tone kinder than his thoughts were, he said,

"May I tell you a story?"

"A story? Yes indeed; I delight in stories."

"You need not think that it relates to any one now living," he continued, after a pause.

"You may consider that it belonged to the time

when my hair was not gray, and my heart was more hopeful than it now is. I had a friend once who married with the highest anticipations of prosperity, the most flattering prospect of happiness. His wedded life had not numbered many years when sudden reverses swept away all his property, and the lowering aspect of commercial affairs made it necessary for him to remove to a distant city and live in painful economy. His wife was young and had never known a care, and when the crash came each member of her family spoke of her as a victim to her husband's fate, and sought, first of all things, to keep her from being incommoded. In her inexperience she naturally accepted their view of the case; her first generous impulses were stifled, and thinking of the matter chiefly as it affected her own comfort, she acquiesced in the arrangement by which her husband went alone to his new home. A while she wept and was sad; but youth is elastic, and soon she smiled again, and, with every temptation to gayety, she was borne along in the whirl of fashionable amusement unprotected by her husband's presence. Accustomed to admiration and flattery from him, it was natural her young life should miss such sweetness when he was gone, and she submitted to receive them from other men. Her heart, deprived of its legitimate sphere, the sanctuary of home-joys and cares, grew restless and sought peace in the external pleasures where it is never found."

A vivid blush flashed over Alice Grey's white shoulders and ran up to her brow, and her eyes were like two wells of tears. "How kindly he speaks of me!" she thought; "and yet I know he thinks I am very foolish and naughty."

Mr. Morton continued: "Meantime her husband lived alone. He was a good man, but he had overrated his strength. Slowly I perceived that his hungry heart was feeding upon itself; his frank nature was becoming cynical; he was losing faith in the existence of a pure friendship in man, or an unselfish love in woman. And as his soul thus darkened his life became less pure. He fled from his lonely chambers, uncheered by woman's presence, unadorned by her graceful skill, to take pleasure and find stimulus in society which otherwise he would never have known."

Alice blushed no more; the tears dried in her eyes; she looked up defiantly, indignantly, and interrupted the speaker.

"Say what you will of me, but not one word against Laurance. He is good; he is true. I will not hear you speak one word against him."

Mr. Morton smiled. "If my story displeases you I will pursue it no longer. But tell me—were my friends wise in living thus apart?"

"No; it is not right, it is not wise," replied Alice, passionately; "but I never realized it until this evening. It is natural for me to do as I am told, and they all said I must stay here; and now I am here I *must* laugh, and dance, and be gay. I *can't* be miserable all the time—I can't bear it. It would be selfish

and mean in me to mope and pine when every body tries to make me happy; and because I seem to forget Laurance is away, they think I have forgotten, and men presume upon it—as if I could ever really care for any thing more than for him! I would go to him this minute if he would allow me."

"Would you really go? Could you be happy in a tame and quiet life? Think twice before you answer; for your husband is a poor man, and could give you few pleasures. I think you have never seen so poor a room as he occupies. I was there last week, and looking around on its homeliness and bareness, he said, with a curve of his handsome lips, "Do you think I will ask her to come *here*?"

"Ah—does he think I should mind it! Does he really think I should care so much when I had him there with me! I thought, perhaps, I should be a burden and a trouble to him, and for that reason he did not ask me. Take me to him, Mr. Morton. Papa thinks Laurance and I are two young things who do not know what is best, but he will hear your arguments. Take me to my husband, and you shall see what will make me happiest." Tears were in her beautiful eyes, but her face was all aglow with eagerness and excitement. Mr. Morton forgot that she had ever displeased him, forgot that he had ever thought Laurance Grey foolish in loving her. Her manner was childlike, her expressions ardent: now as much as ever before was she moved by impulse; yet he did not stop to think how evanescent was feeling, and how unstable was impulse. She had won his friendship, and therefore he trusted her.

Mr. Morton had the gift of persuasion. Three days after this conversation Alice had received from her father the consent so long withheld, and under Mr. Morton's care had gone to join her husband. All her early love for Laurance was roused into new life by the thought of again seeing him. She had little dread of the change of life before her. Her fancy amused itself in picturing the happiness she might enjoy in "a cottage;" and while she laughed at her own ignorance of domestic details, she took courage from Mr. Morton's assertion that it was possible to apply chemistry to cooking, and common sense to common life, in a way to obviate all difficulties.

It was a dark, chilly evening in April when they stood on the steps of the house which Laurance Grey had made his temporary home. He had not been informed of their coming, and, to make the surprise more complete, Alice insisted that she should accompany Mr. Morton to her husband's room and there await his return should he be absent. Mr. Morton had prepared her to find no elegance there; yet when the wondering landlady, with many apologies, opened to her the door of her husband's chamber she could hardly suppress an exclamation of dismay. Never had she seen an apartment so forlorn. The rusty grate contained no fire, and the untidy hearth was covered with cinders

and ashes. Scurry curtains hung in the windows, the bed was made up in the uninviting manner noticeable occasionally in cheap boarding-houses, around the table the faded carpet was strewn with bits of torn letters, while on the table books and papers were piled in confusion. Alice felt like crying, but she only allowed herself to laugh. The hostess looked into her face with a suspicious glance, and said something about "poor servants," "a large family," and "Mr. Grey's way of throwing every thing on the floor."

Alice hastened to interrupt her. One glance at Mr. Morton's face as he stood regarding her had restored her courage. He should see that Laurance had a wife, a helper, and not a burden in possessing her. She turned to their irritated companion with a smile so sunny that vexation fled before it. The feminine instinct of housekeeping awoke within her. A few coaxing words to the landlady, and compliments liberally dispensed, a plan rapidly formed and as rapidly sketched to Mr. Morton, who gave it efficient aid, an hour of bustle and activity, and the chamber they had found so repelling in appearance was transformed as by the touch of a magic wand. The carpet and hearth were nearly swept, a bright fire glowed in the grate, the bed had been removed to a corner where it obtruded itself less into notice, and for lack of better curtains Alice had pinned her two large shawls over the windows, where their deep colors and heavy folds, gracefully draped, gave the room an air of comfort. The arm-chair was placed in the corner of the fire-place, and over it Mr. Grey's dressing-gown was thrown in a most enticing manner. The books and papers had been arranged upon the bureau, leaving the table at liberty to display a bright colored cloth, a dish of fruit, and a blooming rose-tree in a china pot. These Alice had supplied. The cost was trifling, but they were grouped artistically, and shed the glamour of their beauty over the meaner articles around.

"Truly you have to some purpose used your power to charm," said Mr. Morton, smiling as he surveyed the change.

Her face glowed as she answered the smile. Success in little things is often more gratifying than in matters which seem vastly important, and Alice possessed the rare gift of being able to seize all the pleasure the present offers and to turn away from its pain. Reared as she had been in luxury, an intuition told her how to avail herself of the most ordinary means to create around her an atmosphere of beauty and grace. There is in some youthful natures a power to live in the ideal which puts to shame the stoical endurance gained in later years from experience, and the novelty of her situation neither depressed nor discouraged her. She was a young wife, awaiting her husband, for whom she had prepared an agreeable surprise. Who will doubt that she said truly, in reply to the commendation of her friend, "I think I never was so happy in all my life as I am now.

I only want to see how Laurance will look when he sees what we have done! You may go now and find him; but do be careful what you say, for I wish the surprise to be complete."

Mr. Morton's eyes rested upon her with pleasure. "Ah," he thought, "if I could charm your life so that you would always be as happy and as light of heart as now!"

Vain wish! He had arisen to prepare to go out, and as she talked gayly, he detected an unusual sound in the entry below, and heard an exclamation of surprise or fear. Without saying a word to alarm Alice he went out quickly. Four men were carrying an inanimate form slowly up stairs, and behind them the landlady stood, wringing her hands.

"What is it?" he asked, in a low voice.

It was Laurance Grey. He had been shot, and was scarcely alive.

"How did it happen?" exclaimed Mr. Morton, forgetting his caution.

In a hotel not far from his boarding-house, where he passed an hour or two each evening, he had overheard a young man reading a letter just received from New York, wherein, amidst much gossip, there was repeated the slanderous insinuations against Alice which had moved Mr. Morton to take her away from the city. The friend could not hear them unmoved. They roused the husband to fury. He sprang upon the unconscious reader. There were loud insulting words, rapid blows, shots were fired, and before any one interfered Laurance Grey had received a deadly wound. All this was told in a few blunt words. Mr. Morton heard like one in a dream, and before the story was ended a low moan, a faint sobbing groan told him that Alice also had heard. He turned to her. How would she bear this!

She neither shrieked nor fainted. She had laid her hand on his arm, and still her grasp held there when they carried her husband by her and laid him like a corpse upon the bed, while her hand grew cold and rigid, and her white face had the expression of one suddenly struck blind.

Oh it was too hard! too pitiful! He could have cursed the impulse that led him to bring her here only to endure this great trouble! He spoke to her hurried words full of a hope he did not feel; he bade her be strong and courageous, but she did not seem to hear. Her gaze wandered around the poor room she had taken such care to arrange for her husband's reception. With a bitter feeling of helplessness and despair she thought what it would be to live when he was dead, and then, with a keen pang like a sword-thrust, came the recollection that because of her folly, her imprudence, he had been thus brought low.

She started, she escaped from Mr. Morton's restraining hand, and with a wild cry she threw herself on her knees beside the bed.

"Oh, speak to me!" she moaned, as her arms were wound around her husband's neck—as her kisses were pressed upon the pallid lips that

looked as if they would never again undim. "Oh, speak to me—I am here—I am true to you—I love you! I am here, speak to me!"

As if her voice had called him back from death the wounded man looked at her with the light of life, and more blinding in his eyes—speak the same words, and tried to take her in his arms; but the blood pushed away from his wound, and he fell back, like one dying. The physician who was in attendance now interfered, and insisted Alice should leave the room; Mr. Gray lay long on a thread, and he must not be agitated. The ball now he extracted, and if that could be done he might survive; otherwise—a professional shake of the head finished the sentence.

Alice was left alone the room, but she would not leave the door. Outside her threshold she crouched, rejecting aid or solace. She heard footsteps in the chamber, she heard low, tender tones and slow and then a groan. "Oh! speak to me!" How slow they were, when each minute might be his last, and she was not beside him! At length, when it seemed as if she could have the answering response no longer, the door opened, and Mr. Morton came out, she sprang to her feet and clasped his hands, looking into his face with pained, quivering lips that could not frame the question they wanted with.

"He lives—the ball has been extracted, and he lives—but he is very weak from the loss of blood; and Alice, dear child, you can not see him until you are more calm. Go to the next room and rest. When you have slept you can better compare yours."

Sleep! Ah, no! Sleep! As if sleep was possible to her then, when over the eyes whose love-light had been her life might be stealing the darkness of a long, fast slumber? Alice had given way to the first signs of her emotions with the abandonment of youth and an untried heart. But there was beneath this proud exterior a strength never called forth until now, but which this hour was to prove. She had turned back against the wall when she heard Mr. Morton's first words, and covered her face with her hands; but when, after pausing a moment, he took her arm to lead her away, she turned and looked at him, and as the lamp-light fell upon her face, he was struck with the change he saw. It was no longer a thoughtless, helpless girl he looked upon, but a woman, fair and pale, yet with a lofty and composed expression that said of self-reliance and of a power as self-reliant as nature. The words he was about to repeat died on his lips.

"You are stronger than I thought," he said. "Will you stand poised to watch with me to-night in this?"

"It is my place—you must allow it," she replied, with a mingled dignity and submission in her manner which denoted submission. She did not notice how reverently he opened the door for her to pass in, appreciating the grace-like womanhood she had assumed; but she remem-

bered afterward that first that hour he covered that old familiar appellation or treated her like a child.

All night they watched beside Leonard Gray, not daring to sleep, but for bidding themselves to despair. Only the most ardent devotion—such care as love only gives—could have stimulated the vital forces to rally for the struggle that ensued. What renewed vigor came fever, and pain, and delirium; and for days Alice had the impossible grief to know that her presence, her cares, were unheeded, and to hear herself called upon, conjured by every term of endearment or reproach to come to him and free her name from the scandal that stained it. It was a terrible lesson, and in its prolonged torture, she feared sometimes that heart and brain would fail. On one such occasion, when Mr. Morton entered the chamber, he found her weeping. The loved ones had gone away to rest, and Alice was alone.

"Oh!" she cried, "how long must this last! How can I endure it! My husband will die, and I shall have killed him! I can not, I can not bear it!"

"Fear Mrs. Gray," said her friend, slowly, with deep feeling, "there is but One who can aid us in these moments, when earthly help fails. That One holds in His hands the issues of life and death. Look to God for help."

That thought had crossed her mind before; but that it was so instantaneous and brought with it an assurance of protection and comfort. She had uttered that great name in ejaculations of distress—the instinctive cry of humanity in its utmost need. "Oh, God! Oh, God!"—but until this moment she had never realized what it was to call upon the Almighty as upon one present to hear. With a sudden sense of shame and penitence, she wept. "I can not—I can not do so. I have never loved or sought God in my happy hours, and will He hear me now?"

"His ear is ever open. His pity is like a mother's for her child. He knows our frame—He understands that we are dust."

"Oh, then," she cried, "then He will not cry me too empty. Pray to Him—you know Him—He is your friend—pray that He will be mine!"

Time flowed from her eyes; feelings new and full of awe, yet strangely sweet, took possession of her heart as she listened, kneeling, while Mr. Morton prayed. His words were few and simple; but they came from lips touched with divine influences, through long years of such communion as made him one of those who "have power with God." In her joy and worldly life Alice had given little thought even to that sublime religion which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, and joins in the celebration of public worship. She was no stranger to that interior life, hidden, unobserved, and often disbelieved by men, but which is the vital principle that keeps alive all forms—without which charity "produces nothing"—which vivifies human happiness with a celestial joy.

and makes all human woes endurable. Of this life she now obtained a glimpse—imperfect, indeed, and soon overclouded—yet her whole soul went out toward it with a deep longing—with a cry like the cry of the famishing for bread—“O God, be merciful to me a sinner!”

Mr. Morton had come to bid her farewell. An emergency in his affairs imperatively required his presence at home; and though he left her but for a few days, and had made every possible provision for her comfort, her heart sank at the thought of being left alone among strangers. Her face revealed her emotion, and Mr. Morton was touched by the generosity that kept her from expressing it. “Laurance was right,” he thought, as he recalled their conversation so long ago; “Alice is unselfish—she is devoted—she is strong—she has the germs of a noble womanhood, and her follies were but the weeds that choked their development.”

Mr. Morton went away. All that morning Laurance became rapidly worse. The afternoon was dark and lowering. The sick man had fallen asleep, and his slumber was like death, so heavy and so deep. The house was still—every footfall was hushed, every voice lowered to a whisper. The doctor, the nurse, the landlady, came and went with cautious movements; and in every face Alice read the fear no one dared to speak. She sat as in a dream, and felt the minutes slide away, the hours pass on—each hour, each minute so much taken from the brief remnant left her of the life so knit to hers. She looked back through her life with a sad wonder at her former joyousness—she was so wretched now! She reviewed the past, and memory mocked her with its follies. Where had she been, what was she, that until now she had lived wholly upon superficial feelings, and had never known the depths of her own heart? Was the knowledge now too late? While she gathered glittering tinsel, had the stream of Time borne away the precious golden treasure of her life? Would Laurance die, and never know how she could love him—never learn the devotion, the self-sacrifice of which her heart now told her she was capable?

She counted the weak pulses in the hand she held; with a new and wild terror she bent to catch the feeble breath; she looked into the faces of her attendants with such pathetic entreaty that they could not endure to see the woe she felt, and, one by one, withdrew from the bedside. Twilight was gathering, and, in the dim shadow of the low chamber, her husband's face looked white and ghastly, like one already dead. She bowed her head on her clasped hands, and her heart seemed breaking with its grief and its despair.

Suddenly she remembered those words of Mr. Morton which had moved her with such power. Was there indeed One, all-powerful, who would hear her cry for aid, though her whole life had been unthankful, self-seeking, careless of His will? Ah! she was not his child; she had no right to address him as “Father;” and yet she

recalled, vaguely, some words which she had heard read in church—“Yes, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the children's table!”

There are those whom God leads to himself through flowery paths, where the thorns, if thorns there be, are hidden by roses; there are others whom He leads through rough places, around whom He must make the silence of the desert before they can hear His voice; and men have walked in a furnace, yea, seven times heated, that they might come forth purified as gold is pure.

Laurance Grey lived. Youth and a vigorous constitution triumphed over disease. He lived, and with returning health resumed the humble labors his illness had interrupted; but his wife never again left him. From that trial of her true nature Alice came forth with the dross which had hidden it utterly consumed. The keen suffering of those days cured her of thoughtlessness, of selfishness, of vanity; and her gratitude for deliverance awakened a religious trust which strengthened and developed all her nobler qualities. In the trials that came afterward, where a weak woman would have fallen, she stood firmly; where a selfish woman would have been careless of others, she showed a rare self-abnegation. She shared her husband's poverty, and lightened it of half its bitterness by a thousand graceful wiles, known only to a loving woman; and, when prosperity came, they had both learned to live for nobler aims than selfish pleasures—for a purer happiness than gold ever bought.

Some years after the scenes I have related, when Mr. Morton was an old man, and white hairs had begun to cluster among Laurance Grey's dark locks, the two, friends of a lifetime, stood upon the piazza of their Western home, and looked down into the garden where Alice was walking. She paused to throw some bits of cake to the gold fishes in a pond, and, as she did so, leaned against a statue which had been placed beneath a tree. Something in her attitude reminded the gentlemen of the evening when they saw her thus leaning against the marble Faun, on her seventeenth birthday. They looked at each other and smiled. “Do you remember?” asked Mr. Grey.

“Yes. Time has touched her lightly. One might almost imagine it was still Alice Girdler, the young bride of a boy-lover.”

Mr. Grey smiled again as he answered. “The change has indeed been chiefly of the mind and heart. I thought her perfect then; but I am conscious she has developed into a nobler type of woman than her girlhood promised. Ah, yes; the wife is dearer than the bride!”

He spoke fervently, and his cheek flushed, as his eyes again sought the quiet figure, still resting beneath the tree, unconscious of observation.

“You have a very happy home here,” said Mr. Morton, after a pause.

“I have; and my life has been richly blest. Yet I can truly say I thank God most for the

years that seemed sometimes to pass so full of sorrow and care; for then I learned to know the blessing a woman's love can be; and together Alice and I were taught a lesson which remained an everlasting comfort in view of the vicissitudes of human affairs—"A woman's life is abundant with the attendance of the things which bring peace."

CUTPUR'S REVENGE.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S TALE. BY CHARLES LAMB.

THE manuscript MS. of this singular tale by Thomas Lamb came into our hands in the following manner: Thomas Allister Esq., who came to this country a few months since in consequence of the alleged necessity for pecuniary funds upon the late of Louis Napoleon's flight, gave for many years an intimate friend and correspondent of Mr. Lamb and Lamb. He is known to the public as the "Illustrator" of *Spenser's Faerie Queene*, published nearly a quarter of a century ago. He brought with him in his trunk a volume of manuscripts of his friends. Among these was a volume of "Margaret's Tale" by Mr. Lamb, a volume of which is bound in all sorts of small white characters of the writers; and the Tale of "Cupid's Revenge," which appears to have remained unaltered in consequence of the revision of the manuscript for which it was written. These MSS. have all been handed to our hands. In an early number we propose to publish a selection from the "Letter" of Lamb, and the "Margaret's Tale"—this we illustrate.

LYONETTES. Duke of Lyria, who in times past had borne the character of a wise and just governor, and was endeared to all minds of his subjects, in his latter days fell into a sort of frenzy, which manifested itself in an extravagant fondness for his daughter Lionettes. This young maiden, with the Prince Leonette, her brother, were the only remembrances left to him of a deceased and beloved consort. For her nothing was thought too good. Experience was of no value to him but as it afforded opportunities of gratifying her wishes. To be instrumental in relieving her from the least pain, or grief, he would have lavished his treasures to the going away of the one half of his dukedom.

All this delirium on the part of the parent had yet no power upon the mind of the daughter to move her at any time to solicit any unbecoming aid, or to disturb the even tenor of her thoughts. The humility and dutifulness of her carriage seemed to keep pace with his apparent willingness to release her from the obligations of either. She might have satisfied her wilder fancies and desires; but in truth no such indecorous gratification found harbor in the bosom of the quiet and unassuming maiden.

Thus far the prudence of the Princess served to counteract any ill effects which this ungovernable passion in a parent was calculated to produce in a less virtuous nature than Lionettes; and the folly of the Duke's, so long as we evil reined from it, was passed over by the courtiers as a piece of harmless folly.

But upon a solemn day—a sad one, as it proved for Lyria—when the recurring anniversary of the Princess's birth was kept with ex-

traordinary rejoicings, the infatuated father set no bounds to his folly, but would have his subjects to do homage to him that day, as to their natural sovereign; as if he, indeed, had been dead, and she, to the exclusion of the male succession, was become the rightful ruler of Lyria. He saluted her by the style of Duchess, and with a terrible oath, in the presence of his nobles, he confirmed to her the grant of all things whatsoever that she should demand on that day, and for the six next following; and if she should ask any thing the execution of which must be deferred until after his death, he pronounced a dreadful curse upon his son and successor, if he failed to see to the performance of it.

Thus encouraged, the Princess stepped forth with a modest boldness, and, as if assured of no denial, spoke as follows:

But before we acquaint you with the purport of her speech, we must premise, that in the land of Lyria, which was at that time pagan, above all their other Gods the inhabitants did in an especial manner adore the deity who was supposed to have influence in the disposing of people's affections in love. Him, by the name of God Cupid, they feigned to be a beautiful boy, and engaged, as indeed between young persons these frantic passions are usually kept under constraint; while the wings might signify the haste with which these ill-judged attachments are commonly dissolved, and do indeed go away as lightly as they come, flying away in an instant to light upon some new deity. They painted him blind, but because these silly affections of lovers make them blind to the defects of the beloved object, which every one is quick-sighted enough to discover but themselves; or because love is for the most part led blindly, rather than directed by the open eye of the judgment, in the hasty choice of a mate. Yet, with this inconsistency of sentiments with which the heathen people commonly over-complimented their deities, this blind love, this Cupid, they figured with a bow and arrows; and being sightless, they yet feigned him to be a terrible archer and an unerring marksman. No mortal was supposed to be proof against the point of his inevitable dart. By such incredible fictions did these poor pagans make a shift to excuse their vanities, and to give a sanction to their irregular affections, under the notion that love was irresistible; whereas, in a well-regulated mind, these amorous currents either find no place at all, or, having gained a footing, are easily stifled in the beginning by a wise and manly resolution.

This frenzy in the people had long been a source of disgust to the discreet Princess, and many were the conferences she had held with the virtuous Prince, her brother, as to the best mode of taking off the minds of the Lyrians from this vain superstition. An occasion, furnished by the blind grant of the old Duke, their father, seemed now to present itself.

The courtiers, then, being assembled to hear the demand which the Princess should make,

begin to conjecture, each one according to the bent of his own disposition, what the thing would be that she should ask for. One said, "Now surely she will ask to have the disposal of the revenues of some wealthy province, to lay them out—as was the manner of Eastern princesses—in costly dresses and jewels becoming a lady of so great expectancies." Another thought that she would seek an extension of power, as women naturally love rule and dominion. But the most part were in hope that she was about to beg the hand of some neighbor prince in marriage, who, by the wealth and contiguity of his dominions, might add strength and safety to the realm of Lycia. But in none of these things was the expectation of these crafty and worldly-minded courtiers gratified. For Hidaspes, first making lowly obeisance to her father, and thanking him on bended knees for so great grace conferred upon her—according to a plan preconcerted with Leucippus—made suit as follows:

"Your loving care of me, O princely father, by which in my tenderest age you made up to me for the loss of a mother at those years when I was scarcely able to comprehend the misfortune, and your bounties to me ever since, have left me nothing to ask for myself, as wanting and desiring nothing. But for the people whom you govern I beg and desire a boon. It is known to all nations that the men of Lycia are noted for a vain and fruitless superstition—the more hateful as it bears a show of true religion, but is indeed nothing more than a self-pleasing and bold wantonness. Many ages before this, when every man had taken to himself a trade, as hating idleness far worse than death, some one that gave himself to sloth and wine, finding himself by his neighbors rebuked for his unprofitable life, framed to himself a God whom he pretended to obey in his dishonesty; and, for a name, he called him Cupid. This God of merely man's creating—as the nature of man is ever credulous of any vice which takes part with his dissolute conditions—quickly found followers enough. They multiplied in every age, especially among your Lycians, who to this day remain adorers of this drowsy Deity, who certainly was first invented in drink, as sloth and luxury are commonly the first movers in these idle love-passions. This *winged Boy*—for so they fancy him—has his sacrifices, his loose Images set up in the land through all the villages—nay, your own sacred palace is not exempt from them—to the scandal of sound devotion and dishonor of the true Deities, which are only they who give good gifts to man—as Ceres, who gives us corn; the planter of the olive, Pallas; Neptune, who directs the track of ships over the great ocean, and binds distant lands together in friendly commerce; the inventor of medicine and music, Apollo; and the cloud-compelling Thunderer of Olympus. Whereas the gifts of this idle Deity—if, indeed, he have a being at all out of the brain of his frantic worshippers—usually prove destructive and pernicious. My suit, then, is, that this unseemly

Idol throughout the land be plucked down and cast into the fire; and that the adoring of the same may be prohibited on pain of death to any of your subjects henceforth found so offending."

Leontius, startled at this unexpected demand from the Princess, with tears besought her to ask some wiser thing, and not to bring down upon herself and him the indignation of so great a God.

"There is no such God as you dream of," said then Leucippus, boldly, who had hitherto forborne to second the petition of the Princess; "but a vain opinion of him has filled the land with love and wantonness. Every young man and maiden that feel the least desire to one another, dare in no case to suppress it, for they think it to be Cupid's motion, and that he is a God!"

Thus pressed by the solicitations of both his children, and fearing the oath which he had taken, in an evil hour the misgiving father consented; and a proclamation was sent throughout all the provinces for the putting down of the Idol, and suppression of the established Cupid-worship.

Notable, you may be sure, was the stir made in all places among the priests, and among the artificers in gold, in silver, or in marble; who made a gainful trade, either in serving at the altar or in the manufacture of the images no longer to be tolerated. The cry was clamorous as *that* at Ephesus, when a kindred Idol was in danger; for "great had been Cupid of the Lycians." Nevertheless the power of the Duke, backed with the power of his more popular children, prevailed; and the destruction of every vestige of the old religion was but as the work of one day throughout the country.

And now, as the Pagan chronicles of Lycia inform us, the displeasure of Cupid went out—the displeasure of a great God—flying through all the dukedom, and sowing evils. But upon the first movers of the profanation his angry hand lay heaviest, and there was imposed upon them a strange misery, that all might know that Cupid's revenge was mighty. With his arrows hotter than plagues, or than his own anger, did he fiercely right himself; nor could the prayers of a few concealed worshippers, nor the smoke arising from an altar here and there which had escaped the general overthrow, avert his wrath, or make him to cease from vengeance, until he had made of the once flourishing country of Lycia a most wretched land. He sent no famines—he let loose no cruel wild beasts among them—inflictions, with one or other of which the rest of the Olympian deities are fabled to have visited the nations under their displeasure—but took a nearer course of his own, and his invisible arrows went to the *moral heart* of Lycia, infecting and filling court and country with desires of unlawful marriages, unheard-of and monstrous affections, prodigious and misbecoming unions.

The symptoms were first visible in the changed

to him of ill-shapes. This exemplary maiden—whose cold modesty, almost to a failing, had discouraged the addresses of so many princely suitors that had sought her hand in marriage—by the venom of this inward pestilence came on a sudden to cast eyes of affection upon a mean and deformed creature, Zeilus by name, who was a dwarf, and lived about the palace, the common jest of the courtiers. In her besotted eyes he was grown a goodly gentleman. And to her maidens, when any of them reproached him with the defect of his shape in her hearing, she would reply that, “to them, indeed, he might appear defective, and unlike a man, as, indeed, no man was like unto him, for in form and complexion he was beyond painting. He is like,” she said, “to nothing that we have seen; yet he doth resemble Apollo, as I have fancied him, when, rising in the east, he bestirs himself, and shakes daylight from his hair.” And, overcome with a passion which was heavier than she could bear, she confessed herself a wretched creature, and implored forgiveness of God Cupid, whom she had provoked, and, if possible, that he would grant it to her, that she might enjoy her love. Nay, she would court this piece of deformity to his face; and when the wretch, supposing it to be done in mockery, has said that he could wish himself more ill-shaped than he was, so it would contribute to make her Grace merry, she would reply, “Oh, think not that I jest! unless it be a jest not to esteem my life in comparison with thine—to hang a thousand kisses in an hour upon those lips—unless it be a jest to vow that I am willing to become your wife, and to take obedience upon me.” And by his “own white hand,” taking it in hers—so strong was the delusion—she besought him to swear to marry her.

The term had not yet expired of the seven days within which the doting Duke had sworn to fulfill her will, when, in pursuance of this frenzy, she presented herself before her father, leading in the dwarf by the hand, and, in the face of all the courtiers, solemnly demanding his hand in marriage. And when the apish creature made show of blushing at the unmerited honor, she, to comfort him, bade him not to be ashamed, for “in her eyes he was worth a kingdom.”

And now, too late, did the fond father repent him of his dotage. But when by no importunity he could prevail upon her to desist from her suit, for his oath's sake he must needs consent to the marriage. But the ceremony was no sooner, to the derision of all present, performed, than, with the just feelings of an outraged parent, he commanded the head of the presumptuous bridegroom to be stricken off, and committed the distracted Princess close prisoner to her chamber, where, after many deadly swoonings, with intermingled outcries upon the cruelty of her father, she, in no long time after, died, making ineffectual appeals, to the last, to the mercy of the offended Power—the Power that

had laid its heavy hand upon her, to the bereavement of her good judgment first, and, finally, to the extinction of a life that might have proved a blessing to Lycia.

Leontius had scarcely time to be sensible of her danger before a fresh cause for mourning overtook him. His son Leucippus, who had hitherto been a pattern of strict life and modesty, was stricken with a second arrow from the Deity, offended for his overturned altars, in which the Prince had been a chief instrument. The God caused his heart to fall away, and his crazed fancy to be smitten with the excelling beauty of a wicked widow, by name Bacha. This woman, in the first days of her mourning for her husband, by her dissembling tears and affected coyness, had drawn Leucippus so cunningly into her snares, that, before she would grant him a return of love, she extorted from the easy-hearted prince a contract of marriage, to be fulfilled in the event of his father's death. This guilty intercourse, which they covered with the name of marriage, was not carried with such secrecy but that a rumor of it ran about the palace; and by some officious courtier was brought to the ears of the old Duke, who, to satisfy himself of the truth, came hastily to the house of Bacha, where he found his son courting. Taking the Prince to task roundly, he sternly asked who that creature was that had bewitched him out of his honor thus. Then Bacha, pretending ignorance of the Duke's person, haughtily demanded of Leucippus what saucy old man that was, that without leave had burst into the house of an afflicted widow to hinder her paying her tears (as she pretended) to the dead. Then the Duke declaring himself, and threatening her for having corrupted his son, giving her the reproachful terms of witch and sorceress, Leucippus mildly answered that he “did her wrong.” The bad woman, imagining that the Prince for very fear would not betray their secret, now conceived a project of monstrous wickedness, which was no less than to insnare the father with the same arts which had subdued the son: that she might no longer be a concealed wife, nor a Princess only under cover, but by a union with the old man become at once the true and acknowledged Duchess of Lycia. In a posture of humility she confessed her ignorance of the Duke's quality, but, now she knew it, she besought his pardon for her wild speeches, which proceeded, she said, from a distempered head, which the loss of a dear husband had affected. He might command her life, she told him, which was now of small value to her. The tears which accompanied her words, and her mourning weeds (which, for a blind to the world, she had not yet cast off) heightening her beauty, gave a credence to her protestations of her innocence. But the Duke continuing to assail her with reproaches, with a matchless confidence, assuming the air of injured virtue, in a somewhat lofty tone she replied, that, though he were her sovereign, to whom in any lawful cause she was bound to submit, yet, if

he sought to take away her honor, she stood up to defy him. *That*, she said, was a jewel dearer than any he could give her, which so long as she should keep she should esteem herself richer than all the princes of the earth that were without it. If the Prince, his son, knew any thing to her dishonor, let him tell it. And here she challenged Leucippus before his father to speak the worst of her. If he would, however, sacrifice a woman's character to please an unjust humor of the Duke's, she saw no remedy, she said, now *he* was dead (meaning her late husband) that with his life would have defended her reputation.

Thus appealed to, Leucippus, who had stood a while astonished at her confident falsehoods, though ignorant of the full drift of them, considering that not the reputation only, but probably the life of a woman whom he had so loved, and who had made such sacrifices to him of love and beauty, depended upon his absolute concealment of their contract, framed his mouth to a compassionate untruth, and with solemn asseverations confirmed to his father her assurances of her innocence. He denied not that with rich gifts he had assailed her virtue, but had found her relentless to his solicitations; that gold nor greatness had any power over her. Nay, so far he went on to give force to the protestations of this artful woman, that he confessed to having offered marriage to her, which she, who scorned to listen to any second wedlock, had rejected.

All this while Leucippus secretly prayed to Heaven to forgive him while he uttered these bold untruths, since it was for the prevention of a greater mischief only, and had no malice in it.

But, warned by the sad sequel which ensued, be thou careful, young reader, how in any case you tell a lie. Lie not, if any man but ask you, "How you do?" or "What o'clock it is?" Be sure you make no false excuse to screen a friend that is most dear to you. Never let the most well-intended falsehood escape your lips. For Heaven, which is entirely Truth, will make the seed which you have sown of Untruth to yield miseries a thousand-fold upon yours, as it did upon the head of the ill-fated and mistaken Leucippus.

Leontius, finding the assurances of Bacha so confidently seconded by his son, could no longer withhold his belief, and, only forbidding their meeting for the future, took a courteous leave of the lady, presenting her at the same time with a valuable ring, in recompense, as he said, of the injustice which he had done her in his false surmises of her guiltiness. In truth, the surpassing beauty of the lady, with her appearing modesty, had made no less impression upon the heart of the fond old Duke than they had awakened in the bosom of his more pardonable son. His first design was to make her his mistress; to the better accomplishing of which Leucippus was dismissed from the court, under the pretext of some honorable employment abroad. In his absence Leontius spared no offers to induce her to comply with his pur-

pose. Continually he solicited her with rich offers, with messages, and by personal visits. It was a ridiculous sight, if it were not rather a sad one, to behold this second and worse dotage, which by Cupid's wrath had fallen upon this fantastical *old new lover*. All his occupation now was in dressing and pranking himself up in youthful attire to please the eyes of his new mistress. His mornings were employed in the devising of trim fashions, in the company of tailors, embroiderers, and feather-dressers. So infatuated was he with these vanities, that when a servant came and told him that his daughter was dead—even she, whom he had but lately so highly prized—the words seemed spoken to a deaf person. He either could not or would not understand them; but, like one senseless, fell to babbling about the shape of a new hose and doublet. His crutch, the faithful prop of long aged years, was discarded; and he resumed the youthful fashion of a sword by his side, when his years wanted strength to have drawn it. In this condition of folly it was no difficult task for the widow, by affected pretenses of honor and arts of amorous denial, to draw in this doting Duke to that which she had all along aimed at, the offer of his crown in marriage. She was now Duchess of Lycia! In her new elevation the mask was quickly thrown aside, and the impious Bacha appeared in her true qualities. She had never loved the Duke her husband, but had used him as the instrument of her greatness. Taking advantage of his amorous folly, which seemed to gain growth the nearer he approached to his grave, she took upon her the whole rule of Lycia; placing and displacing at her will all the great officers of state; and, filling the court with creatures of her own, the agents of her guilty pleasures, she removed from the Duke's person the oldest and trustiest of his dependents.

Leucippus, who at this juncture was returned from his foreign mission, was met at once with the news of his sister's death and the strange wedlock of the old Duke. To the memory of Hidaspes he gave some tears. But these were swiftly swallowed up in his horror and detestation of the conduct of Bacha. In his first fury he resolved upon a full disclosure of all that had passed between him and his wicked step-mother. Again he thought, by killing Bacha, to rid the world of a monster. But tenderness for his father recalled him to milder counsels. The fatal secret, nevertheless, sat upon him like lead, while he was determined to confide it to no other. It took his sleep away and his desire of food; and if a thought of mirth at any time crossed him the dreadful truth would recur to check it, as if a messenger should have come to whisper to him of some friend's death! With difficulty he was brought to wish their Highnesses faint joy of their marriage; and, at the first sight of Bacha, a friend was fain to hold his wrist hard to prevent him from fainting. In an interview which after, at her request, he had with her alone, the bad woman shamed not

to take up the subject lightly; to treat as a trifle the marriage vow that had passed between them; and seeing him sad and silent, to threaten him with the displeasure of the Duke, his father, if by words or looks he gave any suspicion to the world of their dangerous secret. "What had happened," she said, "was by no fault of hers. People would have thought her mad if she had refused the Duke's offer. She had used no arts to entrap his father. It was Leucippus's own resolute denial of any such thing as a contract having passed between them which had led to the proposal."

The Prince, unable to extenuate his share of blame in the calamity, humbly besought her, that "since by his own great fault things had been brought to their present pass, she would only live honest for the future; and not to abuse the credulous age of the old Duke, as he well knew she had the power to do. For himself, seeing that life was no longer desirable to him, if his death was judged by her to be indispensable to her security, she was welcome to lay what trains she pleased to compass it, so long as she would only suffer his father to go to his grave in peace, since *he* had never wronged *her*."

This temperate appeal was lost upon the heart of Bacha, who from that moment was secretly bent upon effecting the destruction of Leucippus. Her project was, by feeding the ears of the Duke with exaggerated praises of his son, to awaken a jealousy in the old man that she secretly preferred Leucippus. Next, by willfully insinuating the great popularity of the Prince (which was no more indeed than the truth) among the Lycians, to instill subtle fears into the Duke that his son had laid plots for circumventing his life and throne. By these arts she was working upon the weak mind of the Duke almost to distraction, when, at a meeting concocted by herself between the Prince and his father, the latter taking Leucippus soundly to task for these alleged treasons, the Prince replied only by humbly drawing his sword, with the intention of laying it at his father's feet, and begging him, since he suspected him, to sheathe it in his own bosom, for of his life he had been long weary. Bacha entered at the crisis, and ere Leucippus could finish his submission, with loud outcries alarmed the courtiers, who, rushing into the presence, found the Prince, with sword in hand indeed, but with far other intentions than this bad woman imputed to him, plainly accusing him of having drawn it upon his father! Leucippus was quickly disarmed; and the old Duke, trembling between fear and age, committed him to close prison, from which, by Bacha's aims, he never should have come out alive but for the interference of the common people, who, loving their Prince, and equally detesting Bacha, in a simultaneous mutiny arose and rescued him from the hands of the officers.

The court was now no longer a place of living for Leucippus, and, hastily thanking his

countrymen for his deliverance, which in his heart he rather deprecated than welcomed, as one that wished for death, he took leave of all court hopes, and, abandoning the palace, betook himself to a life of penitence in solitudes.

Not so secretly did he select his place of penance, in a cave among lonely woods and fastnesses, but that his retreat was traced by Bacha; who, baffled in her purpose, raging like some she-wolf, dispatched an emissary of her own to destroy him privately.

There was residing at the court of Lycia at this time a young maiden, the daughter of Bacha by her first husband, who had hitherto been brought up in the obscurity of a poor country abode with an uncle, but whom Bacha now publicly owned, and had prevailed upon the easy Duke to adopt as successor to the throne in wrong of the true heir, his suspected son Leucippus.

This young creature, Urania by name, was as artless and harmless as her mother was crafty and wicked. To the unnatural Bacha she had been an object of neglect and aversion; and for the project of supplanting Leucippus only had she fetched her out of retirement. The bringing up of Urania had been among country hinds and lasses; to tend her flocks or superintend her neat dairy had been the extent of her breeding. From her calling she had contracted a pretty rusticity of dialect, which, among the fine folks of the court, passed for simplicity and folly. She was the unfittest instrument for an ambitious design that could be chosen, for her manners in a palace had a tinge still of her old occupation, and to her mind the lowly shepherdess's life was best.

Simplicity is oft a match for prudence; and Urania was not so simple but she understood that she had been sent for to court only in the Prince's wrong, and in her heart she was determined to defeat any designs that might be contriving against her brother-in-law. The melancholy bearing of Leucippus had touched her with pity. This wrought in her a kind of love, which, for its object, had no further end than the well-being of the beloved. She looked for no return of it, nor did the possibility of such a blessing in the remotest way occur to her—so vast a distance she had imaged between her lowly bringing up and the courtly breeding and graces of Leucippus. Hers was no raging flame, such as had burned destructive in the bosom of poor Hidaspes. Either the vindictive God in mercy had spared this young maiden, or the wrath of the confounding *Cupid* was restrained by a Higher Power from discharging the most malignant of his arrows against the peace of so much innocence. Of the extent of her mother's malice she was too guileless to have entertained conjecture; but from hints and whispers, and, above all, from that tender watchfulness with which a true affection, like Urania's, tends the safety of its object—fearing even where no cause for fear subsists—she gathered that

some danger was impending over the Prince, and with simple heroism resolved to counter-mine the treason.

It chanced upon a day that Leucippus had been indulging his sad meditations, in forests far from human converse, when he was struck with the appearance of a human being, so unusual in that solitude. There stood before him a seeming *youth*, of delicate appearance, clad in coarse and peasantly attire. "He was come," he said, "to seek out the Prince, and to be his poor boy and servant, if he would let him." "Alas! poor youth," replied Leucippus, "why do you follow me, who am as poor as you are?" "In good faith," was his pretty answer, "I shall be well and rich enough if you will but love me." And saying so, he wept. The Prince, admiring this strange attachment in a boy, was moved with compassion; and seeing him exhausted, as if with long travel and hunger, invited him in to his poor habitation, setting such refreshments before him as that barren spot afforded. But by no entreaties could he be prevailed upon to take any sustenance; and all that day, and for the two following, he seemed supported only by some gentle flame of love that was within him. He fed only upon the sweet looks and courteous entertainment which he received from Leucippus. Seemingly he wished to die under the loving eyes of his master. "I can not eat," he prettily said, "but I shall eat to-morrow." "You will be dead by that time," replied Leucippus. "I shall be well then," said he, "since you will not love me." Then the Prince asking him why he sighed so: "To think," was his innocent reply, "that such a fine man as you should die, and no gay lady love him." "But you will love me," said Leucippus. "Yes, sure," said he, "till I die; and when I am in heaven I shall wish for you." "This is a love," thought the other, "that I never yet heard tell of: but come, thou art sleepy, child; go in and I will sit with thee." Then, from some words which the poor youth dropped, Leucippus suspecting that his wits were beginning to ramble, said, "What portends this?" "I am not sleepy," said the youth, "but you are sad. I would that I could do any thing to make you merry. Shall I sing?" But soon, as if recovering strength, "There is one approaching," he wildly cried out. "Master, look to yourself—"

His words were true; for now entered, with provided weapon, the wicked emissary of Bacha that we told of; and directing a mortal thrust at the Prince, the supposed boy, with a last effort, interposing his weak body, received it in his bosom, thanking the Heavens in death that he had saved "so good a master."

Leucippus, having slain the villain, was at

leisure to discover, in the features of his poor servant, the countenance of his devoted sister-in-law! Through solitary and dangerous ways she had sought him in that disguise; and finding him, seems to have resolved upon a voluntary death by fasting: partly, that she might die in the presence of her beloved; and partly, that she might make known to him in death the love which she wanted boldness to disclose to him while living; but chiefly, because she knew that by her demise all obstacles would be removed that stood between her Prince and his succession to the throne of Lycia.

Leucippus had hardly time to comprehend the strength of love in his Urania when a trampling of horses resounded through his solitude. It was a party of Lycian horsemen, that had come to seek him, dragging the detested Bacha in their train, who was now to receive the full penalty of her misdeeds. Amidst her frantic fury upon the missing of her daughter the old Duke had suddenly died, not without suspicion of her having administered poison to him. Her punishment was submitted to Leucippus, who was now, with joyful acclaims, saluted as the rightful Duke of Lycia. He, as no way moved with his great wrongs, but considering her simply as the parent of Urania, saluting her only by the title of "Wicked Mother," bade her to live. "That reverend title," he said, and pointed to the bleeding remains of her child, "must be her pardon. He would use no extremity against her, but leave her to Heaven." The hardened mother, not at all relenting at the sad spectacle that lay before her, but making show of dutiful submission to the young Duke, and with bended knees approaching him, suddenly, with a dagger, inflicted a mortal stab upon him; and, with a second stroke stabbing herself, ended both their wretched lives.

Now was the tragedy of Cupid's wrath awfully completed; and, the race of Leontius failing in the deaths of both his children, the chronicle relates that, under their new Duke, Ismenus, the offense to the angry Power was expiated; his statues and altars were, with more magnificence than ever, re-edified; and he ceased thenceforth from plaguing the land.

Thus far the Pagan historians relate erring. But from this vain Idol story a not unprofitable moral may be gathered against the abuse of the natural, but dangerous, *passion of love*. In the story of Hidaspes we see the preposterous linking of beauty with deformity; of princely expectancies with mean and low conditions, in the case of the Prince, her brother; and of decrepit age with youth in the ill end of their dotting father, Leontius. By their examples we are warned to decline all *unequal and ill-assorted unions*.

THE PRIZE-FIGHT.

HAMMER and tongs! What have we here?
 Let us approach, but not too near.
 Two men standing breast to breast,
 Head erect and arching chest;
 Shoulders square and hands hard clenched,
 And both their faces a trifle blenched.
 Their lips are set in a smile so grim,
 And sturdily set each muscular limb.
 Round them circles a ring of rope,
 Over them hangs the Heavens' blue cope.
 Why do they glare at each other so?
 What! you really then don't know?
 This is a prize-fight, gentle Sir!
This is what makes the papers stir.
 Talk of your ocean telegraph!
 'Tisn't so great an event by half,
 As when two young men, lusty and tall,
 With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
 Come together to batter and maul,
 Come to fight till one shall fall,
 Hammer and tongs!

Round about is a bestial crowd,
 Heavily-jawed and beetle-browed;
 Concave faces trampled in,
 As if with the iron hoof of Sin!
 Blasphemies dripping from off their lips,
 Pistols bulging behind their hips;
 Hands accustomed to deal the cards,
 Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.
 Who are these ruffianly fellows, I say,
 That taint the breath of this autumn day?
 These are "the Fancy," gentle Sir.
 The Fancy? What have they to do with *her*?
 Oh! 'tis their fancy to look at a fight—
 To see men struggle, and gouge, and bite.
 Bloody noses and bunged-up eyes—
 These are the things the Fancy prize.
 And so they get men lusty and tall,
 With nothing between them of hate or wrongs
 To come together to batter and maul—
 To come and fight till one shall fall,
 Hammer and tongs!

Grandly the autumn forests shine,
 Red as the gold in an Indian mine!
 A dreamy mist, a vapory smoke
 Hangs round the patches of evergreen oak.
 Over the broad lake shines the sun—
 The lake that Perry battled upon—
 Striking the upland fields of maize
 That glow through the soft October haze.
 Nature is tracing with languid hand
 Lessons of Peace over lake and land.
 Ay! but yet is this tranquil spot
 Chosen by bully, assassin, and sot

To pit two young men, lusty and tall,
 With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
 One with the other, to batter and maul,
 To tussle and fight till one shall fall,
 Hammer and tongs!

Their faces are rich with a healthy hue,
 Their eyes are clear, and bright, and blue;
 Every muscle is clean and fine,
 And their blood is pure as the purest wine.
 It is a pleasure their limbs to scan,
 Splendid types of the animal man;
 Splendid types of that human grace,
 The noblest that God has willed to trace.
 Brought to this by science and art,
 Trained, and nourished, and kept apart;
 Cunningly fed on the wholesomest food,
 Carefully watched in every mood;
 Brought to this state, so noble and proud,
 To savagely tussle before a crowd—
 To dim the light of the eyes so clear,
 To mash the face to a bloody smear,
 To maim, deface, and kill, if they can,
 The glory of all creation—Man!
 This the task of those lusty and tall,

With nothing between them of hate or wrongs—
 To bruise and wrestle, and batter and maul,
 And fight till one or the other shall fall,
 Hammer and tongs!

With feet firm planted upon the sand,
 Face to face at "the scratch" they stand.
 Feinting first—a blow—a guard!
 Then some hitting heavy and hard.
 The round fist falls with a horrible thud;
 Wherever it falls comes a spout of blood!
 Blow after blow, fall after fall,
 For twenty minutes they tussle and maul.
 The lips of the one are a gory gash,
 The other's are knocked to eternal smash!
 The bold, bright eyes are bloody and dim,
 And staggering, shivers each stalwart limb.
 Faces glowing with stupid wrath,
 Hard breaths breathed through a bloody froth;
 Blind and faint, they rain their blows
 On cheeks like jelly and shapeless nose;
 While the concave faces around the rope
 Darken with panic or light with hope,
 Till one fierce brute, with a terrible blow,
 Lays the other poor animal low.
 Are these the forms so noble and proud
 That, kinglike, towered above the crowd?
 Where are the faces so healthy and fresh?
 There! those illegible masses of flesh!
 Thus we see men lusty and tall,

Who, with nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
 Will bruise and batter, and tussle and maul,
 And fight till one or the other shall fall,
 Hammer and tongs!

stars, steadfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray color; large enough, not of glaring size; the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidly resting on depth, which is an excellent combination, and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy, clear, melodious, and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation.

"Just about threescore and ten years ago his speakings and his workings came to finis in this World of Time, and he vanished from all eyes into other worlds, leaving much inquiry about him in the minds of men. . . . For he left the world all bankrupt, we may say; fallen into bottomless abysses of destruction; he still in a paying condition, and with footing capable to carry his affairs and him. When he died, in 1786, the enormous phenomenon since called FRENCH REVOLUTION was already growing audibly in the depths of the world; meteoric-electric coruscations heralding it all round the horizon. . . . This also is one of the peculiarities of Friedrich, that he is hitherto the Last of the Kings; that he ushers in the French Revolution, and closes an epoch of world-history. Finishing off forever the trade of king, think many who have grown profoundly dark as to kingship and him. . . .

"It is of this Figure, whom we see by the mind's eye in those Potsdam regions, visible for the last time seventy years ago, that we are now to treat, in the way of solacing ingenuous human curiosity. We are to try for some Historical Conception of this Man and King—some answer to the questions, 'What was he, then? whence, how? and what did he achieve and suffer in the world?'"

Having fairly introduced to us Frederick and his immediate ancestors—with whom we shall have more to do by-and-by—Mr. Carlyle devotes some hundred of pages to the origin and growth of the Prussian State, and especially to Brandenburg, its central core. Two thousand years ago the Baltic shores were "a country of lakes and woods, of marshy jungles and sandy wildernesses, inhabited by bears, otters, bisons, wolves, wild swine, and certain shaggy Germans of the Suevic type." Hither, centuries after, come troops of wild Wends, or Vandals, to fill the void left by the Germans, who had rushed southward upon the decaying Roman Empire. To them for a while fell the task of keeping down the boars, otters, and wolves. Charlemagne builds up his great empire there and thereabouts; his dynasty dies out even to the latest bastard, and anarchy rules. Then Henry the Fowler comes down from the Hartz country, rears castles, builds towns, and posts his Margraves to defend the border. Then comes another long period of anarchy and obscure fighting, a few prominent figures appearing like light marks in the gloom; until Albert the Bear makes his appearance (say in A.D. 1142). He grasps far and wide, raises his Countship of Brandenburg to an Electorate, with a one-seventh voice

in the choice of the Kaiser for the Holy Roman Empire, recalled, has now got on foot again. What is more, he fights victoriously against the barbarous Wends, drives them out or dumps them down, peopling their land with emigrants from Holland, whom an inroad of the sea had rendered homeless. These men, knowing how to deal with bog and sand, taught Brandenburg what greenness and cow-pasture were. The Wends disappear after two hundred and fifty years of turmoil, and wholesome Dutch cabbage is planted over their graves.

An event, small enough to appearance, though notable in its results, comes to pass in these days. Frederick, called Barbarossa or Red-Beard, is Kaiser. To him from an old castle far southward comes a youth in search of employment or preferment. His name is Conrad; he is a younger son of the House of Hohen-zollern, with a younger son's scanty portion. "Why should a young fellow stay at home idle and hungry, when a world is waiting to be conquered?" thinks he. Red-Beard has work for him, and promotion. He finds favor also with the heiress of the Vohburg family, and with her gains the Burggrafship of Nürnberg, which he transmits to his sons, who transmit it and much more to their sons—one of whom, twenty generations away, is that "Frederick called the Great," King of Prussia.

A grand heroic figure is this Frederick Red-Beard, which Mr. Carlyle shall sketch for us:

"It was now the flower-time of the Romish Kaisership of Germany, about the middle or noon of Barbarossa himself, second of the Hohenstaufens, and greatest of all the Kaisers of that or any other House—Kaiser fallen unintelligible to most modern readers, and wholly unknown, which is a pity. No King so furnished out with apparatus and arena, with personal faculty to rule and scene to do it in, has appeared elsewhere—a magnificent, magnanimous man, holding the reins of the world, not quite in the imaginary sense; scourging anarchy down, and urging noble effort up, really on a grand scale; a terror to evil-doers and a praise to well-doers in this world, probably beyond what was ever seen since; whom also we salute across the centuries as a choice Beneficence of Heaven. 'Encamped on the Plain of Roncaglia' (when he entered Italy, as he too often had occasion to do), 'his shield was hung out on a high mast over his tent;' and it meant in those old days, 'Ho, every one that has suffered wrong, here is a Kaiser come to judge you, as he shall answer it to his Master.' And men gathered round him, and actually found some justice, if they could discern it when found, which they could not always do; neither was the justice capable of being perfect always. A fearfully difficult function, that of Friedrich Red-Beard, but an inexorably indispensable one in this world, though sometimes dispensed with (to the huge joy of Anarchy, which sings Hallelujah through all its Newspapers) for a season.

"Kaiser Friedrich had immense difficulties with his Popes, with his Milanese, and the like—besieged Milan six times over, among other anarchies—had indeed a heavy-laden, hard time of it, his task being great and the greatest. He made Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor of Milan, 'lie

chained under his table, like a dog, for three days; for the man was in earnest in that earnest time; and let us say, they are but paltry sham-men who are not so in any time—paltry, and far worse than paltry, however high their plumes may be, of whom the sick world (Anarchy, both vocal and silent, having now swollen rather high) is every where getting weary. Gebhardus, the anarchic Governor, lay three days under the Kaiser's table—as it would be well if every anarchic Governor, of the soft type and of the hard, were made to do on occasion—asking himself, in terrible earnest, 'Am I a dog, then; alas! am not I a dog?' Those were serious old times.

"On the other hand, Kaiser Friedrich had his Tournays, his gleams of bright joyances now and then; one great gathering of all the chivalries at Maintz, which lasted for three weeks long, the grandest Tournay ever seen in this world. He went on the Crusade in his seventieth year, thinking to himself, 'Let us end with one clear act of piety;' he cut his way through the dangerous Greek attorneyisms, through the hungry mountain passes, furious Turk fanaticisms, like a gray old hero. 'Woe is me, my son has perished, then?' said he once, tears wetting the beard, now white enough: 'My son is slain! But Christ still lives; let us on, my men!' and gained great victories, and even found his son, but never returned home—died some unknown sudden death, 'in the River Cydnus,' say the most. Nay, German Tradition thinks he is not yet dead, but only sleeping till the bad world reach its worst, when he will reappear."

Conrad did not follow Red-Beard to the crusade, but remained at home, minding his own affairs. His successors did the like, and went on increasing in power and importance. These Hohenzollerns were a steady, sturdy, stout-hearted race of men—not given to fighting, if it could be avoided, but fighting stoutly when need was—thrifty withal, with money ready to lay out to advantage; and rather fond of laying it out in religious foundations and benefices. We would call them the Yankees of Germany. This possession of ready money did them good service more than once, and especially in certain transactions with Sigismund, who in 1411 became Kaiser, through the special aid of Frederick VI., then Burggraf of Nürnberg. Of this Sigismund Mr. Carlyle has something to say—not altogether complimentary:

"Sigismund is Kaiser, then, in spite of Wenzel. King of Hungary, after unheard-of troubles and adventures, ending some years ago in a kind of peace and conquest, he has long been. King of Bohemia, too, he at last became, having survived Wenzel, who was childless. Kaiser of the Holy Roman Empire, and so much else: is not Sigismund now a great man? Truly the loom he weaves upon in this world is very large. But the weaver was of headlong, high-pacing, flimsy nature, and both warp and woof were gone dreadfully entangled!

"This is the Kaiser Sigismund who held the Council of Constance, and 'blushed visibly' when Huss, about to die, alluded to the Letter of Safe-conduct granted him, which was issuing in such fashion. Sigismund blushed, but could not conveniently mend the matter, so many matters pressing on him just now, as they perpetually did, and

had done—an always-hoping, never-resting, unsuccessful, vain, and empty Kaiser; specious, speculative; given to eloquence, diplomacy, and the windy instead of the solid arts: always short of money, for one thing. He roamed about, and talked eloquently, aiming high, and generally missing; how he went to conquer Hungary, and had to float down the Donau instead, with an attendant or two, in a most private manner, and take refuge with the Grand Turk: this we have seen, and this is a general emblem of him. Hungary and even the Reich have at length become his, but have brought small triumph in any kind; and instead of ready-money, debt on debt. His Majesty has no money, and his Majesty's occasions need it more and more.

"He is now (A.D. 1414) holding this Council of Constance, by way of healing the Church, which is sick of Three simultaneous Popes, and of much else. He finds the problem difficult—finds he will have to run into Spain, to persuade a refractory Pope there, if eloquence can (as it can not); all which requires money, money. At opening of the Council he officiated as deacon, actually doing some kind of litanying with a surplice over him, though Kaiser and King of the Romans. But this passage of his opening speech is what I recollect best of him there: 'Right reverend Fathers, *date operam, ut illa nefanda schisma eradiceatur!*' exclaims Sigismund, intent on having the Bohemian Schism well dealt with, which he reckons to be of the feminine gender. To which a Cardinal mildly remarking, '*Domine, schisma est generis neutrius (Schisma is neuter, your Majesty),*' Sigismund loftily replies, '*Ego sum Rex Romanus, et super grammaticam!*' (I am King of the Romans, and above Grammar!) for which reason I call him in my Note-books Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, to distinguish him in the imbroglia of Kaisers."

The Electorate of Brandenburg had, we must premise, some time ago lapsed to the Empire. Sigismund, greatly in want of money, had pawned it to Burggraf Frederick for 150,000 gulden. Unable to pay the loan, and still in want of more money, he proposed to Frederick that he should advance him 250,000 gulden more, and take the Electorate, lands, titles, sovereign electorship and all. This settlement was adopted, in Sigismund's apartment at Constance, on the 30th of April, 1415; the money was duly paid down, and the Burggrafs of Nürnberg became Electors of Brandenburg. Four hundred thousand gold gulden is nominally equivalent to about a million of dollars; multiply this by four or six to make up for the difference in the value of money, and we have, in current coin, the actual cost of this new acquisition of the House of Hohenzollern.

There were twelve of these Hohenzollern Electors of Brandenburg, some of them men of mark; most of whom we must pass without mention, only noticing that the sixth of them, Joachim II., surnamed Hector, declared himself a Protestant in 1539; that George William, the tenth, came near being ruined in the Thirty Years' War; that his son, Frederick William, styled "the Great Elector," retrieved the fortunes of his House, transmitting his estates and dominions to his son Frederick, who, in 1701,

after long negotiation and many rebuffs, persuaded the Kaiser—not without a “consideration”—to bestow upon him the title of King of Prussia.

This Frederick I. was a crooked little gentleman, whose back had been injured in infancy. He was of an aspiring turn; and seeing that other German princes were getting higher titles—his rival the Elector of Saxony, for example, becoming King thereof—fancied that the regal title would become him as well. He had thirty thousand excellent troops, and Kaiser Leopold, “a little man in red stockings,” had no end of wars. The Kaiser, for whom the Elector and his soldiers had more than once done good service, was quite willing to grant the desired preferment; but his ministers said nay, and for seven long years Frederick petitioned in vain. At length the Elector sent 100,000 thalers, by way of bribe, to the chief opposing councillor at Vienna. The money was refused. “Try again,” wrote the Elector to his agent, indicating in cipher the name of another councillor who, it was hoped, would be more accessible. The agent, by mistake, read the name to be that of Father Wolf, the Emperor’s Jesuit confessor. The confessor took the cash thus accidentally thrown into his hands, and persuaded the Kaiser to grant the accompanying petition.

King Frederick set off, in mid-winter, for Königsberg, four hundred and fifty miles away, to be crowned. He was attended by a cavalcade of eighteen hundred carriages, to drag which thirty thousand extra post-horses were ordered. For the coronation he had a new coat, the diamond buttons of which cost seven thousand five hundred dollars apiece; and other expenses were in proportion. He reigned a dozen years in an expensive way, and then died in a tragical manner.

When advanced in years he had married a third wife, in the hope of making sure that his line should be perpetuated; for his only son, the Crown Prince, after having been married for some years, had only two living children, a daughter, and a feeble infant boy who it is thought will not live. The doctors hint that the Crown Princess will have no more offspring. They were indeed wrong; for that infant grew up to be that little lean, alert old man whom we have seen sauntering on the terrace at Sans Souci; and his brothers and sisters in time amounted to half a score. The new young Queen led the old King a sad life, in many ways, and finally went mad. One day, early in 1713, the poor old monarch is sitting in his cabinet, when the glass door is suddenly shattered, and in rushes a figure clad in white, bleeding and disheveled. The King faints. He fancies that it is the “White Lady” who walks the castle to announce the approaching death of some of its royal inmates. It is the poor mad Queen, who has escaped from her apartments. The old King is borne to his bed, from which he never rose, but dies in a few days.

The accession of Frederick William changed the whole aspect of the Prussian Court. His father was hardly buried when the whole household was reconstructed on the most economical scale. Court-marshals, chamberlains, flunkies, and lackeys were discharged. Two or three, instead of as many dozen, pages performed duty in the ante-chambers. King Frederick had kept, or at least paid for keeping, a thousand horses; his son retained but thirty for the saddle and a few carriage teams. In two months the household expenses were reduced four-fifths. The pension list was attacked in the same ruthless way. Three-fourths of the names were wholly stricken off, and the remainder cut down to the very bone. By degrees, says Mr. Carlyle—

.....“He went over, went into and through every department of Prussian business, in that fashion; steadily, warily, irresistibly compelling every item of it, large and little, to take that same character of perfect economy and solidity, of utility, pure and simple. Needful work is to be rigorously well done; needless work and ineffectual or imaginary workers to be rigorously pitched out of doors. What a blessing on this earth; worth purchasing at almost any price.... It was the task of Friedrich Wilhelm’s life to bring about this beneficent result in all departments of Prussian business, great and little, public, and even private. Year after year he brings it to perfection; pushes it unceasingly forward every day and hour. So that he has Prussia at last all a Prussia made after his own image; the most thrifty, hardy, rigorous, and Spartan country any modern king ever ruled over, and himself a king indeed. He that models nations according to his own image, he is a king, though his sceptre were a walking-stick, and properly none other is.”

Frederick William’s sceptre was literally a walking-stick, of which he made liberal use in the way of governing; any one who displeased him stood a fair chance of becoming practically acquainted with its weight and hardness—most of all his son, toward whom our sketch is slowly tending. Idleness and *loafing* is his special abhorrence. The apple-women must knit at their stalls, or run the risk of the cane being shook in their faces or even laid over their backs if his Majesty sees them idle. Any stout fellow lounging about the corners of streets is liable to be packed off, with peremptory orders to betake himself to some work, and may think himself lucky to escape a sound thrack over the shoulders. Dandy-like personages and idle flaunting women fared in like manner. “Who are you? Look me in the face!” Woe to the wretch who shuffled or prevaricated; but a prompt, decided answer always met with favor. “I am a theological candidate, your Majesty,” replied a threadbare youth one day to the King’s sharp interrogatory. “Where from?” “From Berlin.” “Hm, na, the Berliners are a good-for-nothing set.” “Yes, truly, too many of them; but there are exceptions; I know two.” “Two! which then?” “Your Majesty and myself.” Majesty burst into a laugh; ordered

that the candidate should be examined by proper ecclesiastical functionaries; and, having been found capable, had him appointed to a chaplaincy.

The King was fond of good living, though somewhat coarse in his tastes, bacon and greens being his favorite dish; was given to smoking and drinking beer; and cared for no amusements beyond backgammon, hunting, and drilling his regiments. He was indeed a mighty hunter. In one season he and his party slaughtered 3602 wild swine in the Pomeranian and Brandenburg forests. A great waste of good pork, one would suppose; but no waste at all as he managed it. Not an ounce was lost. Every householder in certain districts was obliged to take so much pork, paying for it the market price in hard cash. Good wholesome meat it was, none the worse or dearer for being killed by royal hands.

The army was his pride and glory. In a few years his economy and good management enabled him to keep on foot a standing force of a hundred thousand men, without exhausting his resources or imposing fresh burdens on his people. These were disciplined and drilled to the last point of perfection. Accoutrements and equipments were in admirable order, so that the whole force of the kingdom was ready for action at a moment's notice. His tall Potsdam regiment was the only whim upon which he lavished money regardless of amount. A man twelve inches above the common height was cheap at any price. To send him a recruit of six feet three was a sure road to favor. He had done some service to Czar Peter, who gave him every autumn a hundred of the tallest men to be found in all Russia. His recruiting agents were busy all over Europe looking out for giants. One James Kirkman, an Irishman, cost more than five thousand dollars to get safely enlisted. His agents scrupled at no means to secure recruits of the requisite inches. For example: In the town of Jülich was a young carpenter of six feet six. One day a well-dressed gentleman walked into his shop, and ordered made a stout chest, with a strong lock. It must be six and a half feet long, perhaps more: "long enough," explains the customer, "to take you in, Herr Carpenter." When the chest is finished, the well-dressed gentleman, who was Baron Hompesch, one of Frederick William's recruiting agents, thinks it is too short. "It is six feet six," says the carpenter, measuring rule in hand. "But it was to be long enough to take you in." "So it is." "Impossible." "I will convince you, Mein Herr," says the carpenter, getting into the chest, and stretching himself out at full length. The Baron slams down the lid, locks it fast, and calls in three stout fellows, who march off with the chest, carpenter, and all. Arrived at a safe place, the chest is opened, and the carpenter is found dead—suffocated for want of air. The Baron gets no thanks this time, but is imprisoned for life. Herr Bentrieder, the Austrian embassa-

dor, was long thought the tallest man in Germany. Traveling once in Prussia on diplomatic business, his carriage broke down, and he walked on toward the nearest town. Here he is seized, marched off to the guard-house, and quietly told that he must make up his mind to learn the Prussian drill, with a view to enlistment in the Potsdam grenadiers. Personages of so many inches can not be allowed to march around on foot in Prussia. The ambassador humors the joke, until, by-and-by, his suite come up and make known his real character and position. Due apologies were offered and accepted; but trouble finally grew out of the affair. All through Frederick William's reign, indeed, he was involved in continual disputes with neighboring states arising from the proceedings of his crimps in the matter of tall recruits. But what can they do? The men must be had, if not in Prussia, then elsewhere. Procured they were, by fair means or foul; three battalions, each 800 strong, the shortest man six feet and odd inches in height, while Hohmann, the biggest of all, was so lofty that a tall man could not with his hand reach the top of his head—nearer eight feet than seven in his boots, it was said.

Frederick William's government was in form the simplest conceivable. He had no Parliament, Legislative Body, or Cabinet to aid or embarrass him. His Ministers were simply clerks, to put in shape and carry out his orders. The nearest approach to a Council was the famous "Tobacco College." In each of the royal residences a plain apartment, with simple wooden furniture, is fitted up as a smoking-room. Here of an evening sits his Majesty, with a few friends around a long table. Each man has a long pipe in his mouth; at his left hand a pan of burning peat; at his right a jug of bitter beer. Tobacco is at hand for all, and on the sideboard are solid refreshments—cold meats, bread and butter, and the like, with wines and liquors for those who wish them. At the hunting-seat of Wusterhausen, his Majesty's favorite summer residence, this smoking session is usually held in the open air, on the stone steps of the great fountain. Besides the regular attendants strangers of distinction are frequently invited to attend. Every thing is conducted in the most free-and-easy manner. Perfect equality is the rule; no rising or taking notice when any one comes or goes. If any one has any thing to say, let him say it; if not, let him smoke in silence; or if, as now and then happens, tobacco disagrees with him, he may take an empty pipe, and puff away at it to his heart's content. Here, in a wholly informal way, between whiffs of smoke, public affairs and the occurrences of the day are talked over. Talk failing, the newspapers are read aloud; and so his Majesty gets an idea of how the world goes, and what men think of matters and things.

For reader there is some subordinate character, with a good voice, who knows something of

history, geography, and the like. The last and most notable of these readers was one Gundling, a broken-down author, of great erudition, no sense, and much given to liquor. He had been picked up in a tap-room, where he received free quarters and his fill of liquor for the sake of the company attracted by his conversation. His Majesty paid him a moderate salary, and got his full money's worth out of him in many ways. He grew to be the butt of the conclave, and a subject for all manner of coarse practical jokes. Upon a time one Herr Fassmann, a man very much of Gundling's calibre, was introduced into the College, and pitted against the reader. Gundling, worsted in talk, caught up the Dutch smoking-pan, filled with burning peat, ashes, and hot sand, and dashed it in his rival's face. A fight ensued; Fassmann got the better of Gundling, brought him across his knee, sitting side uppermost, and, baring the exposed part, belabored it with the hot pan, amidst the shouts and laughter of the conclave. His Majesty suggested that such a quarrel must be settled in the way "customary among gentlemen." Fassmann challenged Gundling, who unwillingly accepted. On the field, King and Tobacco College present, the poor reader's courage forsook him; but Fassmann sternly advanced, fired his pistol—loaded with powder only—point-blank at Gundling's head, setting fire to his immense wig. Gundling fell to the ground, thinking himself mortally wounded; but was brought to, and his blazing wig extinguished by a bucket of water dashed in his face. Gundling held his place for many years. His Majesty at length gave him a wine cask, painted black, with a white cross, which was to stand in his room as a *memento mori*, and be his coffin in the end. It stood there for ten years, its owner often sitting to write in it. He was actually buried in it, his old enemy, Fassmann, pronouncing his funeral discourse. "The Herr Baron Gundling," said he, "was a man of many dignities; of much book-learning; a man of great memory—*expectans judicium*"—"looking for the Judgment," or, "lacking in judgment," as we choose to interpret the somewhat ambiguous Latin phrase: the latter being probably the orator's rendering.

Such was the famous Tobacco College—the Parliament, Congress, and Council Board of Frederick William. Originally intended as a relaxation from severe duties, it came to have a serious function. Business matters often became a subject of colloquy; his Majesty bringing them up that he might learn the different opinions of his Generals and others without their observing it; and might thus profit by their collective wisdom.

These whims and eccentricities formed but a small part of the true character of Frederick William. Taken as a whole, his administration of the government was excellent. Possessed of unlimited power, he rarely interfered with the regular execution of the laws; fond as he was of money, he was ever ready to spend it

upon works of public utility; with a territory smaller and less populous than that of any of the other great powers, he maintained the most efficient army in Europe; although he imposed no grievous burdens upon his subjects, his revenues were always greater than his expenses, and every year saw large additions made to the barrels of solid dollars stored away in the vaults of his treasury. While all the neighboring States were in turn overrun and wasted by contending armies, no foreign force ever set foot within his territories, and no disaffection was ever manifested at home. History has heretofore done injustice to Frederick William. Macaulay can see in him only a meddling madman—"a cross between Moloch and Puck." Mr. Carlyle is the first who has presented a fair and comprehensive view of the higher traits which characterized the real founder of the Prussian State.

Frederick, to whom we have at last come, was a year old when his father acceded to the throne. The one idea of Frederick William in the education of his son was to make him, like himself, a thorough administrator and laborious military martinet, and a pious man, in his way, though an odd one according to our notions. His tutors were directed, in the first place, to impress upon his mind "a proper love and fear of God," with a proper abhorrence of all false religious sects, such as "Atheists, Arians, Socinians," and Papists especially. He must be taught French and German, which would be quite sufficient in the way of languages; Latin was especially prohibited. Then—we quote the final and most important directions; with Carlyle's characteristic comments:

3°. "Let him learn Arithmetic, Mathematics, Artillery, Economy to the very bottom," and, in short, useful knowledge generally; *useless ditto* not at all: "History in particular; Ancient History only slightly (*nur überhin*), but the History of the last Hundred and fifty Years to the exactest pitch. The *Jus Naturale* and *Jus Gentium*," by way of hand-lamp to History, "he must be completely master of, as also of Geography, whatever is remarkable in each Country; and in Histories, most especially the History of the House of Brandenburg, where he will find domestic examples, which are always of more force than foreign: and along with Prussian History, chiefly that of the Countries which have been connected with it, as England, Brunswick, Hesse, and the others; and in reading of wise History-books there must be considerations made (*Soll in beym Lesen Könige Historiarum Betrachtungen gemacht werden*) upon the causes of the events." Surely, O King!

4°. "With increasing years, you will more and more, to a most especial degree, go upon Fortification"—mark you! "the Formation of a Camp and the other War-Sciences—that the Prince may, from youth upward, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession." This is whither it must all tend. You, Finkenstein and Kalkstein, "have both of you, in the highest measure, to make it your care to infuse into my Son" (*einzuprägen*, stamp into him) "a true love for the Soldier business, and to

impress on him that, as there is nothing in the world which can bring a Prince renown and honor like the sword, so he would be a despised creature before all men if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory (*die einzige Gloria*) therein;" which is an extreme statement of the case, showing how much we have it at heart.

When the Crown Prince was five, a miniature soldier company was organized for his express behoof, so that he might learn his exercise in fellowship with others. In a year or two this was learned, and he was duly fitted out in the Prussian uniform—tight blue coat and cocked hat—and set to drilling the small recruits. From an early age he accompanied his Majesty on his annual reviews. From Memel away toward the Russian borders, down to Wesel on the French, every garrison, marching regiment, and board of management was rigorously reviewed and inspected by the King every year. In these reviews and in hunting excursions the boy accompanied his father. At home his early training was of the most rigid Spartan fashion. Here is an abstract of the work of one day in the week. He is called at six, rises, says his prayers, washes, dresses himself, and breakfasts, all in half an hour; another half hour is given to worship with his preceptor and domestics. From seven till nine Duhan takes him on history; then the learned Noltenius teaches him the "Christian Religion" for a couple of hours. Then he puts on his uniform and goes to the King, with whom he stays till two, at which time his Majesty takes his nap, having dined at noon. The Prince has three hours more of Geography, Morals, and Composition; this brings him to five o'clock, after which "Fritz shall wash his hands and go to the King, ride out, divert himself in the air, and do what he likes if it is not against God."

A very wise system of training, apparently; but, greatly to his Majesty's grief and displeasure, it does not succeed as well as was to be hoped. As Fritz grows up he shows a serious disinclination for the business and sports of his father. He hates drilling and reviews; can not endure tobacco; cares nothing for backgammon or hunting. He exhibits dandyish propensities, affects fine dressing-gowns; calls his uniform a shroud, frizzes his fair hair, instead of having it soaped and tied in a military pig-tail; spends time in fluting, fifing, and reading French books; attempts to learn Latin in a surreptitious manner, in spite of his father's express prohibition; and, worse than all, has doubts of the Christian Religion, as taught by Noltenius, going to the extent of believing in "the horrible doctrine of Predestination." Some of these evil practices of Fritz were dealt with in a summary way. The tutor who taught him Latin was soundly drubbed by the royal hands; the fine dressing-gown was thrown into the fire; the flute was broken and pitched out of the window; the French books were sent to be sold; the court barber was ordered to cut off the frizzled locks in front, and soap the rest

into a decorous pig-tail, his Majesty standing by to see that the work was properly done.

These grievances were aggravated by an affair half domestic and half political. The Queen, a sister of George II. of England, was anxious that a double marriage should unite the two families. Her eldest daughter, Wilhelmina, should marry Frederick, Prince of Wales, while her Fritz should wed the Princess Amelia. This double marriage was informally agreed upon by the two sovereigns, to be carried into effect at a proper time. It was an object of the Catholic Emperor to prevent this union between the two great Protestant houses of Europe. Seckendorf, a skillful diplomat, was sent to the Court of Prussia; he insinuated himself into the confidence of the King, and bought over Grumkow, his principal adviser. The palace was full of intrigues and counter-intrigues; Queen and children urging the marriage, Seckendorf and Grumkow opposing it. In the end, Frederick William consented that the marriage of the Prince of Wales and Wilhelmina should take place; but refused to accede to the other. The English King would have both or none; and was quite indifferent about the matter. The affair came to nothing; but while it lasted caused infinite bitterness between Frederick William and his family.

But worse was behind. Frederick was now sixteen. He had touched the period when the great change takes place in the human mind and body; when the boy becomes a man. The Prussian Court was moral and decorous; but the minor courts of Germany were defiled by the most loathsome debauchery. Worst of all was that of Saxony. King Augustus, surnamed "the Strong," was himself the father of 354 illegitimate children. Frederick visited Dresden and was initiated into its manners and morals. For the next four or five years he led a dissolute life, consorting with vicious young officers. Bad health followed; a dangerous lingering fit at first, followed by frequent attacks for some years, with ominous rumors, consultations of physicians, and reports to the paternal Majesty, which produced small comfort in that quarter. Frederick William's old-standing disfavor was converted into open aversion, many times into fits of sorrow, rage, and despair on his son's behalf. More unhappy men than were this royal father and son for four or five years it would be hard to find; and all who had to do with them came in for their share of misery.

About a year after this fatal Dresden visit the King was attacked by the gout. The agony drove him mad. He had acquired some skill in painting, and pictures of his are still extant, done at this time, bearing the inscription "Painted by Frederick William in torment." His fits of rage were terrible, he spared not one who approached him. The Princess Wilhelmina says: "It was a Hell upon earth to us; the pains of Purgatory could not equal what we suffered." The young Princess Louisa was about to be married. One day at dinner the King asked her

how she would regulate her housekeeping. She gave him to understand that she would fare better than at home. The King burst into a passion; but, says Wilhelmina:

"All his anger fell upon my brother and me. He first threw a plate at my brother's head, who ducked out of the way; he then let fly another at me, which I avoided in like manner. A hailstorm of abuse followed these first hostilities. He rose into a passion against the queen, reproaching her for the bad training she gave her children. 'You have reason to curse your mother,' he said to the Prince, 'for it is she that causes you to be an ill-governed fellow!' Getting no answer, he set to abusing us till he could speak no longer. We rose from the table. As we had to pass near him in going out, he aimed a great blow at me with his crutch, which, if I had not jerked away from it, would have ended me. He chased me for a while in his wheel-chair; but the people drawing it gave me time to escape into the queen's chamber."

And so on for months. The Crown Prince, who went on in his evil ways, coming in for more canings and kickings than often fall to the share of a youth of eighteen. His father would not speak to him; seated him at the foot of the table; would not help him to food; so that the queen was obliged to send his food to his own room. For a year and more this continued, matters growing worse and worse.

"I am in the uttermost despair," writes Frederick to his mother. "What I had always apprehended has at last come upon me. The King has entirely forgotten that I am his son. This morning, when I came into his room, he sprang forward, seized me by the collar, and struck me a shower of cruel blows with his rattan. I tried in vain to shield myself, he was in so terrible a rage, almost out of himself; it was only weariness that made him give up. I am driven to extremity. I have too much honor to endure such treatment; and am resolved to put an end to it in one way or another."

This was something different from the cuffs, kicks, and blows to which Frederick was accustomed. It was the first time that he had been beaten like a dog or a slave. It was not the last. At Radewitz, for instance, where they had gone as guests of the King of Saxony, the Prince was beaten before a whole crowd of strangers, and reproached for his pusillanimity in submitting to the disgrace. "If I had been treated so by my father," said the enraged King, "I would have blown my brains out: but this fellow has no honor, he takes all that comes."

Frederick had for some time meditated flight. Two of his associates, Lieutenants Keith and Katte, were in the secret. By borrowing, selling jewels, and the like, he had got together a thousand ducats, which were placed in Katte's hands for safe-keeping. Months passed before an opportunity occurred. At length, in July, 1730, the King set off on a journey to the Rhine country, taking the Prince with him. Now was the time. He would slip across the river; Keith and Katte should join him, with money and horses; he would go to France, thence to En-

gland; to the Italian wars; any where, in fact, to escape from that "hell upon earth."

The plot was discovered. Frederick was brought before his father, who upbraided him as a rebel and deserter, beat him in the face till it bled, attempted to run him through with his sword—being only prevented by an officer; and sent him home under guard, with orders to bring him dead or alive.

The King reached Berlin in a white passion. "Your scoundrel of a son has ended at last," were his first words to the Queen. His children approached; but the moment he saw Wilhelmina, whom he suspected of being the Prince's confidant, he foamed with rage, struck her in the face, knocked her down, and tried to kick her as she lay. The Queen shrieked and wrung her hands; the children wept and prayed. All this took place almost in public. A crowd began to gather, which was dispersed by the guards. The Princess was shut up in her room for months, with sentinels posted before the door. Here she was half-starved. "Nothing to eat," she says, perhaps with a little exaggeration, "but a soup of salt and water, and a ragout of old bones full of hairs and slopperies."

Frederick was confined in a bare room in the fortress of Cüstrin. He was clad in the coarsest prison garb; only ten-pence a day was allowed for his diet; his food, bought at this rate from a cook-shop, was to be cut up for him, no knife being allowed. He was to be kept in solitary confinement, with no books except a Bible and Prayer-book. Meanwhile a court-martial was assembled to try him and his accomplices. Keith had escaped—actually deserted, that is. He was sentenced to be hung, cut in four quarters, and nailed to the gallows—all in effigy. "Good," says the King. Katte had intended to desert. His sentence was two years' imprisonment. "Not good," says the King. He had been guilty of treason, and must die. "Better that he die than that justice depart out of the world." As to the Prince, the court say that he, a lieutenant-colonel in the Prussian army, has been guilty of desertion; the punishment for which, by the military law, is death. There may be considerations why this punishment should not be inflicted; but with these the court has nothing to do. It can only pronounce sentence.

Katte was executed, Frederick being brought down from his room to see him led by. For a time it seemed to be the King's determination that the law should take its course upon the Prince. All the courts of Europe were aghast at the impending tragedy. Sweden, Holland, England, and Austria formally remonstrated.

Frederick William during these months was in a state of madness; wandered about by night from room to room; ordered his carriage out at two o'clock in the morning; rushed into the Queen's room at the dead of night, staring wildly, and saying that something haunted him. For weeks together he never went to bed sober. At last he decided that the "considerations"

hinted at by the court-martial should prevail; the Prince should not die; if he would repent, take an oath of submission, promise future obedience, and abjure the "fatal doctrine of Predestination," he should be released from prison and have a chance to show himself worthy of the favor of his indulgent father. As for Wilhelmina, she must be married off-hand to somebody.

Chaplain Müller, who had been appointed to deal with Frederick, reported that he saw the error of his ways; was quite convinced of the falsity of the doctrine of Predestination; and ready to take the oath of obedience. "God, the Most High, give his blessing on it," replied the King: "and as He often, by wondrous guidance, strange paths, and thorny steps, will bring men into the kingdom of Christ, so may our Divine Redeemer help that this prodigal son be brought into his communion; that his godless heart be beaten till it is softened and changed; and so he be snatched from the claws of Satan."

After three months of close confinement Frederick was released; his brown prison garb was replaced by a gray suit—for he must undergo further probation before he could be permitted to resume his uniform. For the present he was to live in the town of Cüstrin, in a very modest way, and busy himself in learning to manage a bit of the domain lands of the crown. His father would not see him yet; he was not worthy of that supreme grace. It was nine months more—a full year since their last meeting when the Prince came so near being run through the body—before father and son again looked upon each other.

Frederick, having every motive so to do, conducted himself well during this long probation; wrote the most dutiful letters to his father, and gradually made way into a kind of favor with him which he had never known before. A husband was at length found for Wilhelmina. In the height of the wedding festivities some one pointed out to her a young man who had just entered the room. It was her brother, but she did not at first recognize him. She had not seen him since he set off, eighteen months before, on that journey which had produced so much misery to all. He was quite pardoned now, and next day made his appearance in uniform. He had served a hard apprenticeship, and had learned much; above all, that it was wise for him not to oppose his father's will.

So, when the King selected a wife for him, though he grumbled and complained to others, he made no opposition to the paternal Majesty. The marriage took place in 1733, Frederick being then about two-and-twenty. The King made adequate provision for his household; by-and-by purchased for him a fine estate at Reinsberg, and gave him money to build him a palace according to his mind. In three years this was completed, and here the Prince passed four tranquil and peaceful years. He had much military and civil work to do; all of which was

performed in an orderly, methodical manner, much to the delight of the King, who was moreover, as occasion offered, propitiated by the presence of a few tall recruits. In these days he had his first glimpse of war, having made a campaign under Prince Eugene of Savoy, the Generalissimo of the Emperor, in the French and Austrian war. This over, he passed his time at his beautiful Reinsberg palace after his own fashion. He planted gardens, built grottoes and conservatories; fished and fluted; read much, and wrote prose and verse to a fearful amount; gathered about him a circle of literary men; and, above all, corresponded copiously with Voltaire. "The kindness and assistance you afford to all who devote themselves to the Arts and Sciences," writes Frederick, "makes me hope you will not exclude me from the number of those whom you find worthy of your instructions. . . . I feel how small are the advantages of birth, those vapors of grandeur with which vanity would solace us. Nature, when she pleases, forms a great soul, endowed with faculties that can advance the Arts and Sciences; and it is the part of princes to recompense his noble toils. Ah! would Glory but make use of me to crown your successes!" So he sends sundry manuscripts to the French apostle, and solicits a return in kind. Voltaire responds. He is delighted to find "that there is now in the world a prince who thinks as a man: a *philosopher-prince*, who will make men happy. No prince, persisting in such thoughts, but might bring back the golden age into his countries; and unless one day the tumult of business and the wickedness of men alter so divine a character, you will be worshiped by your people and loved by the world." A wise reservation this, as the event proved before long. So follow reams of letters, with prose and verse, very good from Voltaire, and very bad from Frederick. Among these is a treatise, the "*Anti-Machiavel*" by Frederick, in which the Prince undertakes to refute the wicked teachings of the subtle Florentine, and to show clearly what a true Prince should be and do. This Voltaire thinks should be published for the good of the world, and gladly undertakes to see it through the press.

The composition of the "*Anti-Machiavel*" was the chosen work of the year 1739—Frederick's last year as Crown Prince. It was not published till 1740, when its author was King of Prussia. Frederick William had been failing for months. Late in May the Prince was summoned in all haste to Potsdam, if he would see his father alive. He found the King out of doors in his wheel-chair—not so ill, apparently, as had been reported. But next day he was worse. He then gave minute directions for his funeral. He had ordered his coffin made long before. "I shall sleep well in that," he used to say. He would be buried in his uniform, his tall Potsdam Grenadiers following him, and firing three full volleys over the grave; on the way the band was to play the dirge, "Oh, head

all fall of blood and wounds!" and so on; every thing being accurately fore-ordered. For the next three days the King had long private conversations with his son; all the old anger and discontent was gone. "Am I not happy," he said more than once, "to have such a son to leave behind me?" He was heard to pray, "Lord, enter not into judgment with thy servant, for in thy sight shall no living man be justified." A hymn was often sung to him, one line of which reads, "Naked came I into the world, naked shall I go."—"No," he would always say at that passage, "not quite naked; I shall have my uniform on."

As the supreme hour approached, he was wheeled from room to room—last to the window, from which he could see his tall Guards going through their evolutions. Laid upon his bed he called for a mirror: "Not so worn as I thought," said he, as he saw the reflection of his face. His agony was terrible. "Feel my pulse," said he to the surgeon, "and tell me how long this will last."—"Alas! not long."—"Say not, Alas; but how do you know?"—"The pulse is gone."—"Impossible," said the King, lifting his arm; "how could I move my fingers so if the pulse was gone?" The surgeon reaffirmed his statement by a mournful look. "Lord Jesus, to thee I live; Lord Jesus, to thee I die; in life and death thou art my portion," replied the dying man. These were his last words.

"Friedrich Wilhelm," says Mr. Carlyle, "at rest from all his labors, slept with the primeval sons of Thor. No Baresark of them all, nor Odin's self, I think, was a bit of truer human stuff. I confess his value to me in these sad times is rare and great. Considering the usual Histrionic, Papin's-Digester, Truculent-Charlatan, and other species of 'Kings,' alone attainable for the sad flunkey populations of an era given up to mammon and the worship of its own belly, what would not such a population give for a Friedrich Wilhelm to guide it on the road *back* from Orcus a little? 'Would give,' I have written; but, alas! it ought to have been written, '*Should* give.' What *they* would give is too mournfully plain to me in spite of ballot-boxes: a steady and tremendous truth from the days of Barabbas downward and upward!—Tuesday, 31st May, 1740, between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, Friedrich Wilhelm died, age fifty-two, coming 15th of August next. Same day Friedrich, his son, was proclaimed at Berlin; quilted heralds, with sound of trumpet, doing what is customary on such occasions."

That portion of Mr. Carlyle's History now offered to the public closes with the accession of Frederick. Thus far Frederick William has been its hero. In the new monarch no man as yet saw any thing but a promising young Prince of fair abilities, with luxurious tastes and a fondness for Arts and Literature. Such a King, thought some, with his vaults filled with good hard dollars, will inaugurate a new Augustan Age. Others, who had heard his talk of moderation and liberty and philanthropy, who had seen the early sheets of the famous "Anti-

Machiavel," which was slowly passing through the press, awaited in him the *Philosopher-prince*, who would make all men happy—according to the Gospel of Rousseau and Voltaire. Though nothing was further from his own purpose than all this, Frederick was quite content that it should be believed. Only once before he mounted the throne did he lift the veil which concealed his own purposes. This was six years before—not long after he had got through his great troubles. Frederick William was ill; it was said that he could not live a month. Frederick was talking with his sister Wilhelmina: "People will be much surprised," he said, "to see me act quite differently from what they had anticipated. They imagine I am going to lavish all my treasures, and that money will be as plenty as pebbles at Berlin; but they will find that I know better. I mean to increase my army, and to leave all other things on the old footing." Frederick William did not die then. The Prince went on with his fluting and gardening, his poetry and philanthropy, his Voltaire correspondence, and "Anti-Machiavel," until the time came when he could drop the mask.

THE VIRGINIANS.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XLIX.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

QUICK, hackney-coach steeds, and bear George Warrington through Strand and Fleet Street to his imprisoned brother's rescue! Any one who remembers Hogarth's picture of a London hackney-coach and a London street-road at that period, may fancy how weary the quick time was, and how long seemed the journey: scarce any lights save those carried by link-boys; badly-hung coaches; bad pavements; great holes in the road, and vast quagmires of winter mud. That drive from Piccadilly to Fleet Street seemed almost as long to our young man as the journey from Marlborough to London, which he had performed in the morning.

He had written to Harry, announcing his arrival at Bristol. He had previously written to his brother, giving the great news of his existence and his return from captivity. There was war between England and France at that time; the French privateers were forever on the lookout for British merchant-ships, and seized them often within sight of port. The letter bearing the intelligence of George's restoration must have been on board one of the many American ships of which the French took possession. The letter telling of George's arrival in England was never opened by poor Harry; it was lying at the latter's apartments, which it reached on the third morning after Harry's captivity, when the angry Mr. Ruff had refused to give up any single item more of his lodger's property.

To these apartments George first went on his arrival in London, and asked for his brother.



Scared at the likeness between them, the maid-servant who opened the door screamed, and ran back to her mistress. The mistress not liking to tell the truth, or to own that poor Harry was actually a prisoner at her husband's suit, said Mr. Warrington had left his lodgings; she did not know where Mr. Warrington was. George knew that Clarges Street was close to Bond Street. Often and often had he looked over the London map. Aunt Bernstein would tell him where Harry was. He might be with her at that very moment. George had read in Harry's letters to Virginia about Aunt Bernstein's kindness to Harry. Even Madam Esmond was softened by it (and especially touched by a letter which the Baroness wrote—the letter which caused George to pack off post-haste for Europe, indeed). She heartily hoped and trusted that Madam Beatrix had found occasion to repent of her former bad ways. It was time, indeed, at her age; and Heaven knows that she had plenty to repent of! I have known a harmless, good old soul of eighty still bepommelled and stoned by irreproachable ladies of the straitest sect of the Pharisees, for a little slip which occurred long before the present century was born, or she herself was twenty years old. Rachel Esmond never mentioned her eldest daughter: Madam Esmond Warrington never mentioned her sister. No. In spite of the order for remission of the sentence—in spite of the handwriting on the floor of the Temple—there is a crime which some folks never will pardon, and regarding which female virtue, especially, is inexorable.

I suppose the Virginians' agent at Bristol had told George fearful stories of his brother's doings. Gumbo, whom he met at his aunt's door, as soon as the lad recovered from his terror at the sudden reappearance of the master whom he supposed dead, had leisure to stammer out

a word or two respecting his young master's whereabouts, and present pitiable condition; and hence Mr. George's sternness of demeanor when he presented himself to the old lady. It seemed to him a matter of course that his brother in difficulty should be rescued by his relations. Oh, George, how little you know about London and London ways! Whenever you take your walks abroad how many poor you meet: if a philanthropist were for rescuing all of them, not all the wealth of all the provinces of America would suffice him!

But the feeling and agitation displayed by the old lady touched her nephew's heart, when, jolting through the dark streets toward the house of his brother's captivity, George came to

think of his aunt's behavior. "She *does* feel my poor Harry's misfortune," he thought to himself, "I have been too hasty in judging her." Again and again, in the course of his life, Mr. George had to rebuke himself with the same crime of being too hasty. How many of us have not? And, alas! the mischief done, there's no repentance will mend it. Quick, coachman! We are almost as slow as you are in getting from Clarges Street to the Temple. Poor Gumbo knows the way to the bailiff's house well enough. Again the bell is set ringing. The first door is opened to George and his negro; then that first door is locked warily upon them, and they find themselves in a little passage with a little Jewish janitor; then a second door is unlocked, and they enter into the house. The Jewish janitor stares, as, by his flaring tallow torch, he sees a second Mr. Warrington before him. Come to see that gentleman? Yes. But wait a moment. This is Mr. Warrington's brother from America. Gumbo must go and prepare his master first. Step into this room. There's a gentleman already there about Mr. W.'s business (the porter says), and another up stairs with him now. There's no end of people have been about him.

The room into which George was introduced was a small apartment which went by the name of Mr. Amos's office, and where, by a guttering candle, and talking to the bailiff, sat a stout gentleman in a cloak and a laced hat. The young porter carried his candle, too, preceding Mr. George, so there was a sufficiency of light in the apartment.

"We are not angry any more, Harry!" says the stout gentleman, in a cheery voice, getting up and advancing with an outstretched hand to the new-comer. "Thank God, my boy! Mr. Amos here says there will be no difficulty about James and me being your bail, and we will do

your business by breakfast time in the morning."

"Why . . . Angels and ministers of grace! who are you?" And he started back as the other had hold of his hand.

But the stranger grasped it only the more strongly. "God bless you, Sir!" he said, "I know who you are. You must be Colonel Lambert, of whose kindness to him my poor Harry wrote. And I am the brother whom you have heard of, Sir; and who was left for dead in Mr. Braddock's action; and came to life again after eighteen months among the French; and live to thank God and thank you for your kindness to my Harry," continued the lad, with a faltering voice.

"James! James! Here is news!" cries Mr. Lambert to a gentleman in red, who now entered the room. "Here are the dead come alive! Here is Harry Scapegrace's brother come back, and with his scalp on his head, too!" (George had taken his hat off, and was standing by the light.) "This is my brother bail, Mr. Warrington! This is Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, at your service. You must know there has been a little difference between Harry and me, Mr. George. He is pacified, is he, James?"

"He is full of gratitude," says Mr. Wolfe, after making his bow to Mr. Warrington.

"Harry wrote home about Mr. Wolfe, too, Sir," said the young man, "and I hope my brother's friends will be so kind as to be mine."

"I wish he had none other but us, Mr. Warrington. Poor Harry's fine folks have been too fine for him, and have ended by landing him here."

"Nay, your honors, I have done my best to make the young gentleman comfortable; and, knowing your honor before, when you came to bail Captain Watkins, and that your security is perfectly—good, if your honor wishes, the young gentleman can go out this very night, and I will make it all right with the lawyer in the morning," says Harry's landlord, who knew the rank and respectability of the two gentlemen who had come to offer bail for his young prisoner.

"The debt is five hundred and odd pounds, I think?" said Mr. Warrington. "With a hundred thanks to these gentlemen, I can pay the amount at this moment into the officer's hands, taking the usual acknowledgment and caution. But I can never forget, gentlemen, that you helped my brother at his need, and, for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine."

Gumbo had, meanwhile, gone up stairs to his master's apartment, where Harry would probably have scolded the negro for returning that night, but that the young gentleman was very much soothed and touched by the conversation he had had with the friend who had just left him. He was sitting over his pipe of Virginia in a sad mood (for, somehow, even Maria's goodness and affection, as she had just exhibited them, had not altogether consoled him; and he

had thought, with a little dismay, of certain consequences to which that very kindness and fidelity bound him) when Mr. Wolfe's homely features and eager outstretched hand came to cheer the prisoner, and he heard how Mr. Lambert was below, and the errand upon which the two officers had come. In spite of himself, Lambert would be kind to him. In spite of Harry's ill-temper, and needless suspicion and anger, the good gentleman was determined to help him if he might—to help him even against Mr. Wolfe's own advice, as the latter frankly told Harry, "For you were wrong, Mr. Warrington," said the Colonel, "and you wouldn't be set right; and you, a young man, used hard words and unkind behavior to your senior, and, what is more, one of the best gentlemen who walks God's earth. You see, Sir, what his answer hath been to your wayward temper. You will bear with a friend who speaks frankly with you? Martin Lambert hath acted in this as he always doth, as the best Christian, the best friend, the most kind and generous of men. Nay, if you want another proof of his goodness, here it is: He has converted me, who, as I don't care to disguise, was angry with you for your treatment of him, and has absolutely brought me down here to be your bail. Let us both cry *Peccavimus!* Harry, and shake our friend by the hand! He is sitting in the room below. He would not come here till he knew how you would receive him."

"I think he is a good man!" groaned out Harry. "I was very angry and wild at the time when he and I met last, Colonel Wolfe. Nay, perhaps he was right in sending back those trinkets, hurt as I was at his doing so. Go down to him, will you be so kind, Sir? and tell him I am sorry, and ask his pardon, and—and God bless him for his generous behavior." And here the young gentleman turned his head away and rubbed his hand across his eyes.

"Tell him all this thyself, Harry!" cries the Colonel, taking the young fellow's hand. "No deputy will ever say it half so well. Come with me now."

"You go first, and I'll—I'll follow—on my word I will. See! I am in my morning-gown. I will but put on a coat and come to him. Give him my message first. Just—just prepare him for me!" says poor Harry, who knew he must do it, but yet did not much like that process of eating of humble-pie.

Wolfe went out smiling—understanding the lad's scruples well enough, perhaps. As he opened the door Mr. Gumbo entered it; almost forgetting to bow to the gentleman, profusely courteous as he was on ordinary occasions—his eyes glaring round, his great mouth grinning—himself in a state of such high excitement and delight that his master remarked his condition.

"What, Gum? What has happened to thee? Hast thou got a new sweet-heart?"

No, Gum had not got no new sweet-heart, Master.



"WHOSE VOICE IS THAT?"

"Give me my coat? What has brought thee back?"

Gum grinned prodigiously. "I have seen a ghost, Mas'r!" he said.

"A ghost! and whose, and where?"

"Whar? Saw him at Madame Bernstein's house. Come with him here in the coach! He down stairs now with Colonel Lambert!" While Gumbo is speaking, as he is putting on

his master's coat, his eyes are rolling, his head is wagging, his hands are trembling, his lips are grinning.

"Ghost—what ghost?" says Harry, in a strange agitation. "Is any body—is—my mother come?"

"No, Sir; no, Master Harry!" Gumbo's head rolls nearly off in its violent convolutions, and his master, looking oddly at him,

things the door open, and goes rapidly down the stair.

He is at the foot of it just as a voice within the little office, of which the door is open, is saying, "*And for doing so, I say thank you, and God bless you, in my mother's name and mine.*"

"Whose voice is that?" calls out Harry Warrington, with a strange cry in his own voice.

"It's the *ghost's*, Mas'r!" says Gumbo, from behind; and Harry runs forward to the room—where, if you please, we will pause a little minute before we enter. The two gentlemen who were there turned their heads away. The lost was found again. The dead was alive. The prodigal was on his brother's heart—his own full of love, gratitude, repentance.

"Come away, James! I think we are not wanted any more here," says the Colonel. "Good-night, boys. Some ladies in Hill Street won't be able to sleep for this strange news. Or will you go home and sup with 'em, and tell them the story?"

No, with many thanks, the boys would not go and sup to-night. They had stories of their own to tell. "Quick, Gumbo, with the trunks! Good-by, Mr. Amos!" Harry felt almost unhappy when he went away.

CHAPTER L.

CONTAINS A GREAT DEAL OF THE FINEST MORALITY.

WHEN first we had the honor to be presented to Sir Miles Warrington at the King's drawing-room, in St. James's Palace, I confess that I, for one—looking at his jolly round face, his broad round waistcoat, his hearty country manner—expected that I had lighted upon a most eligible and agreeable acquaintance at last, and was about to become intimate with that noblest specimen of the human race, the bepraised of songs and men, the good old English country gentleman. In fact, to be a good old country gentleman is to hold a position nearest the gods, and at the summit of earthly felicity. To have a large unencumbered rent-roll, and the rents regularly paid by adoring farmers, who bless their stars at having such a landlord as his honor; to have no tenant holding back with his money, excepting just one, perhaps, who does so in order to give occasion to Good Old Country Gentleman to show his sublime charity and universal benevolence of soul; to hunt three days a week, love the sport of all things, and have perfect good health and good appetite in consequence; to have not only good appetite, but a good dinner; to sit down at church in the midst of a chorus of blessings from the villagers, the first man in the Parish, the benefactor of the Parish, with a consciousness of consummate desert, saying, "Have mercy upon us, miserable sinners!" to be sure, but only for form's sake, because the words are written in the book, and to give other folks an example:—a G. O. C. G. a miserable sinner!

So healthy, so wealthy, so jolly, so much respected by the vicar, so much honored by the tenants, so much beloved and admired by his family, among whom his story of grouse in the gun-room causes laughter from generation to generation;—this perfect being a miserable sinner! *Allons donc!* Give any man good health and temper, five thousand a year, the adoration of his parish, and the love and worship of his family, and I'll defy you to make him so heartily dissatisfied with his spiritual condition as to set himself down a miserable any thing. If you were a royal highness, and went to church in the most perfect health and comfort, the parson waiting to begin the service until Your R. H. came in, would you believe yourself to be a miserable, etc.? You might when racked with gout, in solitude, the fear of death before your eyes, the doctor having cut off your bottle of claret, and ordered arrow-root and a little sherry—you might *then* be humiliated, and acknowledge your own shortcomings, and the vanity of things in general; but, in high health, sunshine, spirits, that word miserable is only a form. You can't think in your heart that you are to be pitied much for the present. If you are to be miserable, what is Colin Plowman, with the ague, seven children, two pounds a year rent to pay for his cottage, and eight shillings a week? No: a healthy, rich, jolly, country gentleman, if miserable, has a very supportable misery: if a sinner, has very few people to tell him so.

It may be he becomes somewhat selfish; but at least he is satisfied with himself. Except my lord at the castle, there is nobody for miles and miles round so good or so great. His admirable wife ministers to him, and to the whole parish, indeed: his children bow before him: the vicar of the parish reverences him: he is respected at quarter sessions: he causes poachers to tremble: off go all hats before him at market: and round about his great coach, in which his spotless daughters and sublime lady sit, all the country-town tradesmen cringe, bareheaded, and the farmers' women drop innumerable courtesies. From their cushions in the great coach the ladies look down beneficently and smile on the poorer folk. They buy a yard of ribbon with affability; they condescend to purchase an ounce of salts, or a packet of flower-seeds: they deign to cheapen a goose: their drive is like a royal progress; a happy people is supposed to press round them and bless them. Tradesmen bow, farmers' wives hob, town-boys, waving their ragged hats, cheer the red-faced coachman as he drives the fat bays, and cry, "Sir Miles forever! Throw us a halfpenny, my lady!"

But suppose the market-woman should hide her fat goose when Sir Miles's coach comes, out of terror lest my lady, spying the bird, should insist on purchasing it a bargain? Suppose no coppers ever were known to come out of the royal coach-window? Suppose Sir Miles regaled his tenants with notoriously small beer,



and his poor with especially thin broth? This may be our fine old English gentleman's way. There have been not a few fine English gentlemen and ladies of this sort; who patronized the poor without ever relieving them, who called out "Amen!" at church as loud as the clerk; who went through all the forms of piety, and discharged all the etiquette of old English gentlemanhood; who bought virtue a bargain, as it were, and had no doubt they were honoring her by the purchase. Poor Harry in his distress asked help from his relations: his aunt sent him a tract and her blessing; his uncle had business out of town, and could not, of course, answer the poor boy's petition. How much of this behavior goes on daily in respectable life, think you? You can fancy Lord and Lady Macbeth concocting a murder, and coming together with some little awkwardness, perhaps, when the transaction was done and over; but my Lord and Lady Skinflint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers, and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them, and then remain together, and talk nose to nose—what can they think of one another? and of the poor kinsman fallen among the thieves, and groaning for help unheeded? How can they go on with those virtuous airs? How can they dare look each other in the face?

Dare? Do you suppose they think they have done wrong? Do you suppose Skinflint is tortured with remorse at the idea of the distress which called to him in vain, and of the hunger which he sent empty away? Not he. He is indignant with Prodigal for being a fool: he is not ashamed of himself for being a curmudgeon. What? a young man with such opportunities throw them away. A fortune spent among gamblers and spendthrifts? Horrible, horrible! Take warning, my child, by this unfortunate young man's behavior, and see the consequences of extravagance. According to the great and always Established Church of the Pharisees, here is an admirable opportunity for a moral discourse, and an assertion of virtue. "And to think of his deceiving us so!" cries out Lady Warrington.

"Very sad, very sad, my dear!" says Sir John, wagging his head.

"To think of so much extravagance in one so young!" cries Lady Warrington. "Cards, bets, feasts at taverns of the most wicked profusion, carriage and riding horses, the company of the wealthy and profligate of his own sex, and, I fear, of the most iniquitous persons of ours."

"Hush, my Lady Warrington!" cries her husband, glancing toward the spotless Dora and Flora, who held down their blushing heads at the mention of the last naughty persons.

"No wonder my poor children hide their faces!" mamma continues. "My dears, I wish even the existence of such creatures could be kept from you!"

"They can't go to an opera, or the Park, without seeing 'em, to be sure," says Sir Miles.

"To think we should have introduced such a young serpent into the bosom of our family! and have left him in the company of that guileless darling!" and she points to Master Miles.

"Who's a serpent, mamma?" inquires that youth. "First you said cousin Harry was bad: then he was good: now he is bad again. Which is he, Sir Miles?"

"He has faults, like all of us, Miley, my dear. Your cousin has been wild, and you must take warning by him."

"Was not my elder brother, who died—my naughty brother—was not he wild too? He was not kind to me when I was quite a little boy. He never gave me money, nor toys, nor

rode with me, nor—why do you cry, mamma? Sure I remember how Hugh and you were always fight—”

“Silence, Sir!” cry out papa and the girls in a breath. “Don’t you know you are never to mention that name?”

“I know I love Harry, and I didn’t love Hugh,” says the sturdy little rebel. “And if cousin Harry is in prison, I’ll give him my half-guinea that my godpapa gave me, and any thing I have—yes, any thing, except—except my little horse—and my silver waistcoat—and—and Snowball and Sweetlips at home—and—and, yes, my custard after dinner.” This was in reply to hint of sister Dora. “But I’d give him *some* of it,” continues Miles, after a pause.

“Shut thy mouth with it, child, and then go about thy business,” says papa, amused. Sir Miles Warrington had a considerable fund of easy humor.

“Who would have thought he should ever be so wild?” mamma goes on.

“Nay. Youth is the season for wild oats, my dear.”

“That we should be so misled in him!” sighed the girls.

“That he should kiss us both!” cries papa.

“Sir Miles Warrington, I have no patience with that sort of vulgarity!” says the majestic matron.

“Which of you was the favorite yesterday, girls?” continues the father.

“Favorite, indeed! I told him over and over again of my engagement to dear Tom—I did, Dora—why do you sneer, if you please?” says the handsome sister.

Nay, to do her justice, so did Dora too,” said papa.

“Because Flora seemed to wish to forget her engagement with dear Tom sometimes,” remarks her sister.

“I never never never wished to break with Tom! It’s wicked of you to say so, Dora! It is you who were forever sneering at him: it is you who are always envious because I happen—at least, because gentlemen imagine that I am not ill-looking, and prefer me to some folks, in spite of all their learning and wit!” cries Flora, tossing her head over her shoulder, and looking at the glass.

“Why are you always looking there, sister?” says the artless Miles, Junior. “Sure, you must know your face well enough!”

“Some people look at it just as often, child, who haven’t near such good reason,” says papa, gallantly.

“If you mean *me*, Sir Miles, I thank you,” cries Dora. “My face is as Heaven-made it, and my father and mother gave it me. ’Tis not my fault if I resemble my papa’s family. If my head is homely, at least I have got some brains in it. I envious of Flora, indeed, because she has found favor in the sight of poor Tom Claypool! I should as soon be proud of captivating a plowboy!”

“Pray, Miss, was your Mr. Harry, of Vir-

ginia, much wiser than Tom Claypool? You would have had him for the asking!” exclaims Flora.

“And so would *you*, Miss, and have dropped Tom Claypool into the sea!” cries Dora.

“I wouldn’t.”

“You would.”

“I wouldn’t;”—and *da capo* goes the conversation—the shuttlecock of wrath being briskly battled from one sister to another.

“Oh, my children! Is this the way you dwell together in unity?” exclaims their excellent female parent, laying down her embroidery.

“What an example you set to this Innocent!”

“Like to see ’em fight, my lady!” cries the Innocent, rubbing his hands.

“At her, Flora! Worry her, Dora! To it again, you little rogues!” says facetious papa.

“’Tis good sport, ain’t it, Mile?”

“Oh, Sir Miles! Oh, my children! These disputes are unseemly. They tear a fond mother’s heart,” says mamma, with majestic action, though bearing the laceration of her bosom with much seeming equanimity. “What cause for thankfulness ought we to have that watchful parents have prevented any idle engagements between you and your misguided cousin. If we have been mistaken in him, is it not a mercy that we have found out our error in time? If either of you had any preference for him, your excellent good sense, my loves, will teach you to overcome, to eradicate, the vain feeling. That we cherished and were kind to him can *never* be a source of regret. ’Tis a proof of our good-nature. What *we* have to regret, I fear, is, that your cousin should have proved unworthy of our kindness, and, coming away from the society of gamblers, play-actors, and the like, should have brought contamination—pollution, I had almost said—into this pure family!”

“Oh, bother mamma’s sermons!” says Flora, as my lady pursues a harangue of which we only give the commencement here, but during which papa, whistling, gently quits the room on tiptoe, while the artless Miles, Junior, winds his top and pegs it under the robes of his sisters. It has done humming, and staggered and tumbled over, and expired in its usual tipsy manner, long ere Lady Warrington has finished her sermon.

“Were you listening to me, my child?” she asks, laying her hand on her darling’s head.

“Yes, mother,” says he, with the whip-cord in his mouth, and proceeding to wind up his sportive engine. “You was a saying that Harry was very poor now, and that we oughtn’t to help him. That’s what you was saying; wasn’t it, madam?”

“My poor child, thou wilt understand me better when thou art older!” says mamma, turning toward that ceiling to which her eyes always have recourse.

“Get out, you little wretch!” cries one of the sisters. The artless one has pegged his top at Dora’s toes, and laughs with the glee of merry boyhood at his sister’s discomfiture.

But what is this? Who comes here? Why does Sir Miles return to the drawing-room, and why does Tom Claypool, who strides after the Baronet, wear a countenance so disturbed?

"Here's a pretty business, my Lady Warrington!" cries Sir Miles. "Here's a wonderful wonder of wonders, girls!"

"For goodness' sake, gentlemen, what is your intelligence?" asks the virtuous matron.

"The whole town's talking about it, my lady!" says Tom Claypool, puffing for breath.

"Tom has seen him," continued Sir Miles.

"Seen both of them, my Lady Warrington. They were at Ranelagh last night, with a regular mob after 'em. And so like, that but for their different ribbons you would hardly have told one from the other. One was in blue, the other in brown; but I'm certain he has worn both the suits here."

"What suits?"

"What one—what other?" call the girls.

"Why, your Fortunate Youth, to be sure."

"Our precious Virginian, and heir to the principality!" says Sir Miles.

"Is my nephew, then, released from his incarceration?" asks her ladyship. "And is he again plunged in the vortex of dissipation . . ."

"Confound him!" roars out the Baronet, with an expression which I fear was even stronger. "What should you think, my Lady Warrington, if this precious nephew of mine should turn out to be an impostor; by George! no better than an adventurer?"

"An inward monitor whispered me as much!" cried the lady; "but I dashed from me the unworthy suspicion. Speak, Sir Miles, we burn with impatience to listen to your intelligence!"

"I'll speak, my love, when you've done," says Sir Miles. "Well, what do you think of my gentleman, who comes into my house, dines at my table, is treated as one of this family, kisses my—"

"What?" asks Tom Claypool, firing as red as his waistcoat.

"—Hem! Kisses my wife's hand, and is treated in the fondest manner, by George! What do you think of this fellow, who talks of his property and his principality, by Jupiter!—turning out to be a beggarly second son! A beggar, my Lady Warrington, by—"

"Sir Miles Warrington, no violence of language before these dear ones! I sink to the earth, confounded by this unutterable hypocrisy. And did I intrust thee to a pretender, my blessed boy? Did I leave thee with an impostor, my innocent one?" the matron cries, fondling her son.

"Who's an impostor, my lady?" asks the child.

"That confounded young scamp of a Harry Warrington!" bawls out papa; on which the little Miles, after wearing a puzzled look for a moment, and yielding to I know not what hidden emotion, bursts out crying.

His admirable mother proposes to clutch him to her heart, but he rejects the pure caress,

bawling only the louder, and kicking frantically about the maternal *gremium*, as the butler announces "Mr. George Warrington, Mr. Henry Warrington!" Miles is dropped from his mother's lap. Sir Miles's face emulates Mr. Claypool's waistcoat. The three ladies rise up, and make three most frigid courtesies, as our two young men enter the room.

Little Miles runs toward them. He holds out a little hand. "Oh, Harry! No! which is Harry? You're my Harry," and he chooses rightly this time. "Oh, you dear Harry! I'm so glad you are come! and they've been abusing you so!"

"I am come to pay my duty to my uncle," says the dark-haired Mr. Warrington; "and to thank him for his hospitalities to my brother Henry."

"What, nephew George? My brother's face and eyes! Boys both, I am delighted to see you!" cries their uncle, grasping affectionately a hand of each, as his honest face radiates with pleasure.

"This indeed hath been a most mysterious and a most providential resuscitation," says Lady Warrington. "Only I wonder that my nephew Henry concealed the circumstance until now," she adds, with a sidelong glance at both young gentlemen.

"He knew it no more than your ladyship," says Mr. Warrington. The young ladies looked at each other with downcast eyes.

"Indeed, Sir! a most singular circumstance," says mamma, with another courtesy. "We had heard of it, Sir; and Mr. Claypool, our county neighbor, had just brought us the intelligence, and it even now formed the subject of my conversation with my daughters."

"Yes," cries out a little voice, "and do you know, Harry, father and mother said you was a—"

"Silence, my child! Screwby, convey Master Warrington to his own apartment! These, Mr. Warrington—or, I suppose I should say nephew George—are your cousins." Two courtesies—two cheeses are made—two hands are held out. Mr. Esmond Warrington makes a profound low bow, which embraces (and it is the only embrace which the gentleman offers) all three ladies. He lays his hat to his heart. He says, "It is my duty, madam, to pay my respects to my uncle and cousins, and to thank your ladyship for such hospitality as you have been enabled to show to my brother."

"It was not much, nephew, but it was our best. Ods bobs!" cries the hearty Sir Miles, "it was our best!"

"And I appreciate it, Sir," says Mr. Warrington, looking gravely round at the family.

"Give us thy hand. Not a word more," says Sir Miles. "What? do you think I'm a cannibal, and won't extend the hand of hospitality to my dear brother's son? What say you, lads? Will you eat our mutton at three? This is my neighbor, Tom Claypool, son to Sir Thomas Claypool, Baronet, and my very good friend.

hey, Tom! Thou wilt be of the party, Tom? Thou knowest our brew, hey, my boy?"

"Yes, I know it, Sir Miles," replies Tom, with no peculiar expression of rapture on his face.

"And thou shalt taste it, my boy, thou shalt taste it! What is there for dinner, my Lady Warrington? Our food is plain, but plenty, lads—plain, but plenty!"

"We can not partake of it to-day, Sir. We dine with a friend who occupies my Lord Wrotham's house, your neighbor. Colonel Lambert—Major-General Lambert he has just been made."

"With two daughters, I think—countrified-looking girls—are they not?" asks Flora.

"I think I have remarked two little rather dowdy things," says Dora.

"They are as good girls as any in England!" breaks out Harry, to whom no one had thought of saying a single word. His reign was over, you see. He was nobody. What wonder, then, that he should not be visible?

"Oh, indeed, cousin!" says Dora, with a glance at the young man, who sate with burning cheeks, chafing at the humiliation put upon him, but not knowing how or whether he should notice it. "Oh, indeed, cousin! You are very charitable—or very lucky, I'm sure! You see angels where we only see ordinary little persons. I'm sure I could not imagine who were those odd-looking people in Lord Wrotham's coach, with his handsome liveries. But if they were three angels, I have nothing to say."

"My brother is an enthusiast," interposes George. "He is often mistaken about women."

"Oh, really!" says Dora, looking a little uneasy.

"I fear my nephew Henry has indeed met with some unfavorable specimens of our sex," the matron remarks, with a groan.

"We are so easily taken in, madam—we are both very young yet—we shall grow older and learn better."

"Most sincerely, nephew George, I trust you may. You have my best wishes, my prayers, for your brother's welfare and your own. No efforts of *ours* have been wanting. At a painful moment, to which I will not further allude—"

"And when my uncle Sir Miles was out of town," says George, looking toward the baronet, who smiles at him with affectionate approval.

"I sent your brother a work which I thought might comfort him, and I know might improve him. Nay, do not thank me; I claim no credit; I did but my duty—a humble woman's duty—for what are this world's goods, nephew, compared to the welfare of a soul? If I did good, I am thankful; if I was useful, I rejoice. If, through my means, you have been brought, Harry, to consider—"

"Oh! the sermon, is it?" breaks in downright Harry. "I hadn't time to read a single

syllable of it. *admit*—thank you. You see I don't care much about that kind of thing—but thank you all the same."

"The intention is every thing," says Mr. Warrington, "and we are both grateful. Our dear friend, General Lambert, intended to give bail for Harry; but, happily, I had funds of Harry's with me to meet any demands upon us. But the kindness is the same, and I am grateful to the friend who hastened to my brother's rescue when he had most need of aid, and when his own relations happened—so unfortunately—to be out of town."

"Any thing I could do, my dear boy, I'm sure—my brother's son—my own nephew—odds bobs! you know—that is, any thing—*any thing*, you know!" cries Sir Miles, bringing his own hand into George's with a generous smack. "You *can't* stay and dine with us? Put off the Colonel—the General—do, now! Or name a day. My Lady Warrington, make my nephew name a day when he will sit under his grandfather's picture and drink some of his wine!"

"His intellectual faculties seem more developed than those of his unlucky younger brother," remarked my lady, when the young gentlemen had taken their leave. "The younger must be reckless and extravagant about money indeed, for did you remark, Sir Miles, the loss of his reversion in Virginia—the amount of which has, no doubt, been grossly exaggerated, but, nevertheless, must be something considerable—did you, I say, remark that the ruin of Harry's prospects scarcely seemed to affect him?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised that the elder turns out to be as poor as the young one," says Dora, tossing her head.

"He! he! Did you see that cousin George had one of cousin Harry's suits of clothes on—the brown and gold—that one he wore when he went with you to the oratorio, Flora?"

"Did he take Flora to an oratorio?" asks Mr. Claypool, fiercely.

"I was ill and couldn't go, and my cousin went with her," says Dora.

"Far be it from *me* to object to any innocent amusement, much less to the music of Mr. Handel, dear Mr. Claypool," says mamma. "Music refines the soul, elevates the understanding, is heard in our churches, and 'tis well known was practiced by King David. Your operas I shun as deleterious; your ballets I would forbid to my children as most immoral; but music, my dears! May we enjoy it, like every thing else in reason—may we?"

"There's the music of the dinner-bell," says papa, rubbing his hands. "Come, girls. Screwby, go and fetch Master Miley. Tom, take down my lady."

"Nay, dear Thomas, I walk but slowly. Go you with dearest Flora down stairs," says Virtue.

But Dora took care to make the evening pleasant by talking of Handel and oratorios constantly during dinner.



CHAPTER LI.

CONTICERE OMNES.

Across the way, if the gracious reader will please to step over with us, he will find our young gentlemen at Lord Wrotham's house, which his lordship has lent to his friend the General, and that little family party assembled, with which we made acquaintance at Oakhurst and Tunbridge Wells. James Wolfe has promised to come to dinner; but James is dancing attendance upon Miss Lowther, and would rather have a glance from her eyes than the finest kickshaws dressed by Lord Wrotham's cook, or the dessert which is promised for the entertainment at which you are just going to sit down. You will make the sixth. You may take Mr. Wolfe's place. You may be sure he won't come. As for me, I will stand at the sideboard and report the conversation.

Note first, how happy the women look! When Harry Warrington was taken by those bailiffs I had intended to tell you how the good Mrs. Lambert, hearing of the boy's mishap, had flown to her husband, and had begged, implored, insisted, that her Martin should help him. "Never mind his rebelliousness of the other day; never mind about his being angry that his presents were returned—of course any body would be angry, much more such a high-spirited lad as Harry! Never mind about our being so poor, and wanting all our spare money for the boys at college; there *must* be some way of getting him out of the scrape. Did you not get Charles Watkins out of the scrape two years ago; and did he not pay you back every half-penny? Yes; and you made a whole family happy, blessed be God! and Mrs. Watkins prays for you and blesses you to this very day, and I think every thing has prospered with us since. And I have no doubt it has made you a major-general—no *earthly* doubt," says the fond wife.

Now, as Martin Lambert requires very little persuasion to do a kind action, he in this instance lets himself be persuaded easily enough, and having made up his mind to seek for friend James Wolfe, and give bail for Harry, he takes his leave and his hat, and squeezes Theo's hand, who seems to divine his errand (or perhaps that Hetty's mamma has blabbed it), and kisses little Hetty's flushed cheek, and away he goes out of the apartment where the girls and their mother are sitting, though he is followed out of the room by the latter.

When she is alone with him, that enthusiastic matron can not control her feelings any longer. She flings her arms round her husband's neck, kisses him a hundred and twenty-five times in an instant—calls God to bless him—cries plentifully on his shoulder; and in this sentimental attitude is discovered by old Mrs. Quiggett, my lord's housekeeper, who is bustling about the house, and, I suppose, is quite astounded at the conjugal phenomenon.

"We have had a tiff, and we are making it up! Don't tell tales out of school, Mrs. Quiggett!" says the gentleman, walking off.

"Well, I never!" says Mrs. Quiggett, with a shrill, strident laugh, like a venerable old cockatoo—which white, hooked-nosed, long-lived bird Mrs. Quiggett strongly resembles. "Well, I never!" says Mrs. Quiggett, laughing and shaking her old sides till all her keys, and, as one may fancy, her old ribs clatter and jingle.

"Oh, Quiggett!" sobs out Mrs. Lambert, "what a man that is!"

"You've been a quarreling, have you, mum, and making it up? That's right."

"Quarrel with *him*? He never told a greater story. My General is an angel, Quiggett. I should like to worship him. I should like to fall down at his boots and kiss 'em, I should! There never was a man so good as my General. What have I done to have such a man? How *dare* I have such a good husband?"

"My dear, I think there's a pair of you," says the old cockatoo; "and what would you like for your supper?"

When Lambert comes back very late to that meal, and tells what has happened, how Harry is free, and how his brother has come to life and rescued him, you may fancy what a commotion the whole of those people are in! If Mrs. Lambert's General was an angel before, what is he now! If she wanted to embrace his boots in the morning, pray what further office of wallowing degradation would she prefer in the evening? Little Hetty comes and nestles up to her father quite silent, and drinks a little drop out of his glass. Theo's and mamma's faces beam with happiness, like two moons of brightness. . . . After supper, those four at a certain signal fall down on their knees—glad homage paying in awful mirth—rejoicing, and with such pure joy as angels do, we read, for the sinner that repents. There comes a great knocking at the door while they are so gathered

together. Who can be there? My Lord is in the country miles off. It is past midnight now; so late have they been, so long have they been talking! I think Mrs. Lambert guesses who is there.

"This is George," says a young gentleman, leading in another. "We have been to aunt Bernstein. We couldn't go to bed, aunt Lambert, without coming to thank you too. You dear, dear, good—" There is no more speech audible. Aunt Lambert is kissing Harry, Theo has snatched up Hetty, who is as pale as death, and is hugging her into life again. George Warrington stands with his hat off, and then (when Harry's transaction is concluded) goes up and kisses Mrs. Lambert's hand; the General passes his across his eyes. I protest they are all in a very tender and happy state. Generous hearts sometimes feel it, when Wrong is forgiven, when Peace is restored, when Love returns that had been thought lost.

"We came from aunt Bernstein's; we saw lights here, you see, we couldn't go to sleep without saying good-night to you all," says Harry. "Could we, George?"

"'Tis certainly a famous nightcap you have brought us, boys," says the General. "When are you to come and dine with us? To-morrow?" No, they must go to Madame Bernstein's to-morrow. The next day, then? Yes, they would come the next day—and that is the very day we are writing about: and this is the very dinner at which, in the room of Lieutenant-Colonel James Wolfe, absent on private affairs, my gracious reader has just been invited to sit down.

To sit down, and why, if you please? Not to a mere Barmecide dinner—no, no—but to hear Mr. GEORGE ESMOND WARRINGTON'S STATEMENT, which, of course, he is going to make. Here they all sit—not in my Lord's grand dining-room, you know, but in the snug study or parlor in front. The cloth has been withdrawn, the General has given the King's health, the servants have left the room, the guests sit content, and so, after a little hemming and blushing, Mr. George proceeds:

"I remember, at the table of our General, how the little Philadelphia agent, whose wit and shrewdness we had remarked at home, made the very objections to the conduct of the campaign of which its disastrous issue showed the justice. 'Of course,' says he, 'your Excellency's troops once before Fort Duquesne, such a weak little place will never be able to resist, such a general, such an army, such artillery, as will there be found attacking it. But do you calculate, Sir, on the difficulty of reaching the place? Your Excellency's march will be through woods almost untrodden, over roads which you will have to make yourself, and your line will be some four miles long. This slender line, having to make its way through the forest, will be subject to endless attacks in front, in rear, in flank, by enemies whom you will never see, and whose constant practice in war is the dex-

terous laying of ambuscades.'—'Pshaw, Sir!' says the General, 'the savages may frighten your raw American militia' (Thank your Excellency for the compliment, Mr. Washington seems to say, who is sitting at the table), 'but the Indians will never make any impression on his Majesty's regular troops.'—'I heartily hope not, Sir,' says Mr. Franklin, with a sigh; and of course the gentlemen of the General's family sneered at the postmaster, as at a pert civilian who had no call to be giving his opinion on matters entirely beyond his comprehension.

"We despised the Indians on our own side, and our commander made light of them and their service. Our officers disgusted the chiefs who were with us by outrageous behavior to their women. There were not above seven or eight who remained with our force. Had we had a couple of hundred in our front on that fatal 9th of July, the event of the day must have been very different. They would have flung off the attack of the French Indians; they would have prevented the surprise and panic which ensued. 'Tis known now that the French had even got ready to give up their fort, never dreaming of the possibility of a defense, and that the French Indians themselves remonstrated against the audacity of attacking such an overwhelming force as ours.

"I was with our General with the main body of the troops when the firing began in front of us, and one aid-de-camp after another was sent forward. At first the enemy's attack was answered briskly by our own advanced people, and our men huzzaed and cheered with good heart. But very soon our fire grew slacker, while from behind every tree and bush round about us came single shots, which laid man after man low. We were marching in orderly line, the skirmishers in front, the colors and two of our small guns in the centre, the baggage well guarded bringing up the rear, and were moving over a ground which was open and clear for a mile or two, and for some half mile in breadth a thick tangled covert of brushwood and trees on either side of us. After the firing had continued for some brief time in front, it opened from both sides of the environing wood on our advancing column. The men dropped rapidly, the officers in greater number than the men. At first, as I said, these cheered and answered the enemy's fire, our guns even opening on the wood, and seeming to silence the French in ambuscade there. But the hidden rifle-firing began again. Our men halted, huddled up together, in spite of the shouts and orders of the General and officers to advance, and fired wildly into the brushwood—of course making no impression. Those in advance came running back on the main body frightened and many of them wounded. They reported there were five thousand Frenchmen and a legion of yelling Indian devils in front, who were scalping our people as they fell. We could hear their cries from the wood around as our men dropped under their rifles. There was no inducing the

people to go forward now. One aid-de-camp after another was sent forward, and never returned. At last it came to be my turn, and I was sent with a message to Captain Fraser of Halkett's in front, which he was never to receive nor I to deliver.

"I had not gone thirty yards in advance when a rifle-ball struck my leg, and I fell straightway to the ground. I recollect a rush forward of Indians and Frenchmen after that, the former crying their fiendish war-cries, the latter as fierce as their savage allies. I was amazed and mortified to see how few of the white-coats there were. Not above a score passed me; indeed, there were not fifty in the accursed action in which two of the bravest regiments of the British army were put to rout.

"One of them, who was half-Indian, half-Frenchman, with moccasins and a white uniform coat and cockade, seeing me prostrate on the ground, turned back and ran toward me, his musket clubbed over his head to dash my brains out and plunder me as I lay. I had my little fusil which my Harry gave me when I went on the campaign; it had fallen by me and within my reach, luckily; I seized it, and down fell the Frenchman dead at six yards before me. I was saved for that time, but bleeding from my wound and very faint. I swooned almost in trying to load my piece, and it dropped from my hand, and the hand itself sank lifeless to the ground.

"I was scarcely in my senses, the yells and shots ringing dimly in my ears, when I saw an Indian before me busied over the body of the Frenchman I had just shot, but glancing toward me as I lay on the ground bleeding. He first rifled the Frenchman, tearing open his coat and feeling in his pockets; he then scalped him, and, with his bleeding knife in his mouth, advanced toward me. I saw him coming as through a film, as in a dream—I was powerless to move or to resist him.

"He put his knee upon my chest: with one bloody hand he seized my long hair and lifted my head from the ground, and as he lifted it he enabled me to see a French officer rapidly advancing behind him.

"Good God! It was young Florac, who was my second in the duel at Quebec. '*A moi, Florac!*' I cried out. '*C'est Georges! aide moi!*'

"He started; ran up to me at the cry, laid his hand on the Indian's shoulder, and called him to hold. But the savage did not understand French, or choose to understand it. He clutched my hair firmer, and waving his dripping knife round it, motioned to the French lad to leave him to his prey. I could only cry out again and piteously, '*A moi!*'

"'*Ah, canaille, tu veux du sang? Prends!*' said Florac, with a curse; and the next moment, and with an *ugh!* the Indian fell over my chest dead, with Florac's sword through his body.

"My friend looked round him. '*Eh!*' says he, '*la belle affaire!*' Where art thou wound-

ed, in the leg?' He bound my leg tight round with his sash. 'The others will kill thee if they find thee here. *Ah, tiens!* Put me on this coat, and this hat with the white cockade. Call out in French if any of our people pass. They will take thee for one of us. Thou art Brunet of the Quebec Volunteers. God guard thee, Brunet! I must go forward. 'Tis a general *débâcle*, and the whole of your red coats are on the run, my poor boy.' Ah, what a rout it was! What a day of disgrace for England!

"Florac's rough application stopped the bleeding of my leg, and the kind creature helped me to rest against a tree, and to load my fusil, which he placed within reach of me, to protect me in case any other marauder should have a mind to attack me. And he gave me the gourd of that unlucky French soldier who had lost his own life in the deadly game which he had just played against me, and the drink the gourd contained served greatly to refresh and invigorate me. Taking a mark of the tree against which I lay, and noting the various bearings of the country, so as to be able again to find me, the young lad hastened on to the front. 'Thou seest how much I love thee, George,' he said, 'that I stay behind in a moment like this.' I forget whether I told thee, Harry, that Florac was under some obligation to me. I had won money of him at cards, at Quebec—only playing at his repeated entreaty—and there was a difficulty about paying, and I remitted his debt to me, and lighted my pipe with his note of hand. You see, Sir, that you are not the only gambler in the family.

"At evening, when the dismal pursuit was over, the faithful fellow came back to me, with a couple of Indians, who had each reeking scalps at their belts, and whom he informed that I was a Frenchman, his brother, who had been wounded early in the day, and must be carried back to the fort. They laid me in one of their blankets, and carried me, groaning, with the trusty Florac by my side. Had he left me they would assuredly have laid me down, plundered me, and added my hair to that of the wretches whose bleeding spoils hung at their girdles. He promised them brandy at the fort if they brought me safely there. I have but a dim recollection of the journey: the anguish of my wound was extreme: I fainted more than once. We came to the end of our march at last. I was taken into the fort, and carried to the officer's log-house, and laid upon Florac's own bed.

"Happy for me was my insensibility. I had been brought into the fort as a wounded French soldier of the garrison. I heard afterward that during my delirium the few prisoners who had been made on the day of our disaster had been brought under the walls of Duquesne by their savage captors, and there horribly burned, tortured, and butchered by the Indians, under the eyes of the garrison."

As George speaks one may fancy a thrill of

horror running through his sympathizing audience. Theo takes Hetty's hand and looks at George in a very alarmed manner. Harry strikes his fist upon the table, and cries, "The bloody, murderous, red-skinned villains! There will never be peace for us until they are all hunted down!"

"They were offering a hundred and thirty dollars apiece for Indian scalps in Pennsylvania, when I left home," says George, demurely; "and fifty for women."

"Fifty for women, my love! Do you hear that, Mrs. Lambert?" cries the Colonel, lifting up his wife's hair.

"The murderous villains!" says Harry, again. "Hunt 'em down, Sir! Hunt 'em down!"

"I know not how long I lay in my fever," George resumed. "When I awoke to my senses my dear Florac was gone. He and his company had been dispatched on an enterprise against an English fort on the Pennsylvania territory, which the French claimed, too. In Duquesne, when I came to be able to ask and understand what was said to me, there were not above thirty Europeans left. The place might have been taken over and over again, had any of our people had the courage to return after their disaster.

"My old enemy the ague-fever set in again upon me as I lay here by the river-side. 'Tis a wonder how I ever survived. But for the goodness of a half-breed woman in the fort, who took pity on me, and tended me, I never should have recovered, and my poor Harry would be what he fancied himself yesterday, our grandfather's heir, our mother's only son.

"I remembered how, when Florac laid me in his bed, he put under my pillow my money, my watch, and a trinket or two which I had. When I woke to myself these were all gone; and a surly old sergeant, the only officer left in the quarter, told me, with a curse, that I was lucky enough to be left with my life at all; that it was only my white cockade and coat had saved me from the fate which the other *canaille* of *Roshifs* had deservedly met with.

"At the time of my recovery the fort was almost emptied of the garrison. The Indians had retired enriched with British plunder, and the chief part of the French regulars were gone upon expeditions northward. My good Florac had left me upon his service, consigning me to the care of an invalided sergeant. Monsieur de Contrecoeur had accompanied one of these expeditions, leaving an old Lieutenant, Museau by name, in command at Duquesne.

"This man had long been out of France, and serving in the colonies. His character, doubtless, had been indifferent at home; and he knew that according to the system pursued in France, where almost all promotion is given to the noblesse, he never would advance in rank. And he had made free with my guineas, I suppose, as he had with my watch, for I saw it one day on his chest when I was sitting with him in his quarter.

"Monsieur Museau and I managed to be pretty good friends. If I could be exchanged, or sent home, I told him that my mother would pay liberally for my ransom; and I suppose this idea excited the cupidity of the Commandant, for a trapper coming in the winter, while I still lay very ill with fever, Museau consented that I should write home to my mother, but that the letter should be in French, that he should see it, and that I should say I was in the hands of the Indians, and should not be ransomed under ten thousand livres.

"In vain I said I was a prisoner to the troops of His Most Christian Majesty, that I expected the treatment of a gentleman and an officer. Museau swore that letter should go, and no other; that if I hesitated, he would fling me out of the fort, or hand me over to the tender mercies of his ruffian Indian allies. He would not let the trapper communicate with me except in his presence. Life and liberty are sweet. I resisted for a while, but I was pulled down with weakness, and shuddering with fever; I wrote such a letter as the rascal consented to let pass, and the trapper went away with my missive, which he promised, in three weeks, to deliver to my mother in Virginia.

"Three weeks, six, twelve, passed. The messenger never returned. The winter came and went, and all our little plantations round the fort, where the French soldiers had cleared corn-ground and planted gardens and peach and apple trees down to the Monongahela, were in full blossom. Heaven knows how I crept through the weary time! When I was pretty well, I made drawings of the soldiers of the garrison, and of the half-breed and her child (Museau's child), and of Museau himself, whom, I am ashamed to say, I flattered outrageously; and there was an old guitar left in the fort, and I sang to it, and played on it some French airs which I knew, and ingratiated myself as best I could with my jailers; and so the weary months passed, but the messenger never returned.

"At last news arrived that he had been shot by some British Indians in Maryland; so there was an end of my hope of ransom for some months more. This made Museau very savage and surly toward me; the more so as his sergeant inflamed his rage by telling him that the Indian woman was partial to me—as I believe, poor thing, she was. I was always gentle with her, and grateful to her. My small accomplishments seemed wonders in her eyes; I was ill and unhappy, too, and these are always claims to a woman's affection.

"A captive pulled down by malady, a ferocious jailer, and a young woman touched by the prisoner's misfortunes—sure you expect that, with these three prime characters in a piece, some pathetic tragedy is going to be enacted? You, Miss Hetty, are about to guess that the woman saved me?"

"Why, of course she did!" cries mamma.

"What else is she good for?" says Hetty.

"You, Miss Theo, have painted her already



A PRISONER.

as a dark beauty—is it not so? A swift hunter—?”

“Diana with a baby,” says the Colonel.

“—Who scours the plain with her nymphs, who brings down the game with her unerring bow, who is Queen of the forest—and I see by your looks that you think I am madly in love with her?”

“Well, I suppose she is an interesting

creature, Mr. George?” says Theo, with a blush.

“What think you of a dark beauty, the color of new mahogany? with long straight black hair, which was usually dressed with a hair-oil or pomade by no means pleasant to approach, with little eyes, with high cheek-bones, with a flat nose, sometimes ornamented with a ring, with rows of glass beads round her tawny throat,

her cheeks and forehead gracefully tattooed, a great love of finery, and morbid passion for—Oh! must I own it?”

“For coquetry. I know you are going to say that!” says Miss Hetty.

“For whisky, my dear Miss Hester—in which appetite my jailer partook; so that I have often sate by, on the nights when I was in favor with Monsieur Museau, and seen him and his poor companion hob-and-nobbing together until they could scarce hold the noggin out of which they drank. In these evening entertainments they would sing, they would dance, they would fondle, they would quarrel, and knock the cans and furniture about; and, when I was in favor, I was admitted to share their society, for Museau, jealous of his dignity, or not willing that his men should witness his behavior, would allow none of them to be familiar with him.

“While the result of the trapper’s mission to my home was yet uncertain, and Museau and I myself expected the payment of my ransom, I was treated kindly enough, allowed to crawl about the fort, and even to go into the adjoining fields and gardens, always keeping my parole, and duly returning before gun-fire. And I exercised a piece of hypocrisy, for which, I hope, you will hold me excused. When my leg was sound (the ball came out in the winter, after some pain and inflammation, and the wound healed up presently), I yet chose to walk as if I was disabled and a cripple; I hobbled on two sticks, and cried Ah! and Oh! at every minute, hoping that a day might come when I might treat my limbs to a run.

“Museau was very savage when he began to give up all hopes of the first messenger. He fancied that the man might have got the ransom-money and fled with it himself. Of course he was prepared to disown any part in the transaction, should my letter be discovered. His treatment of me varied according to his hopes or fears, or even his mood for the time being. He would have me consigned to my quarters for several days at a time; then invite me to his tipsy supper-table, quarrel with me there and abuse my nation; or again break out into maudlin sentimentalities about his native country of Normandy, where he longed to spend his old age, to buy a field or two, and to die happy.

“‘Eh, Monsieur Museau!’ says I, ‘ten thousand livres of your money would buy a pretty field or two in your native country? You can have it for the ransom of me, if you will but let me go. In a few months you must be superseded in your command here, and then adieu the crowns and the fields in Normandy! You had better trust a gentleman and a man of honor. Let me go home, and I give you my word the ten thousand livres shall be paid to any agent you may appoint in France or in Quebec.’

“‘Ah, young traitor!’ roars he, ‘do you wish to tamper with my honor? Do you believe an officer of France will take a bribe? I

have a mind to consign thee to my black-hole, and to have thee shot in the morning.’

“‘My poor body will never fetch ten thousand livres,’ says I; ‘and a pretty field in Normandy with a cottage . . .’

“‘And an orchard. Ah, *sacrehen!*’ says Museau, whimpering, ‘and a dish of tripe *à la mode de pays!*’

“This talk happened between us again and again, and Museau would order me to my quarters, and then ask me to supper the next night, and return to the subject of Normandy, and cider, and *trippes à la mode de Cuen*. My friend is dead now—”

“He was hung, I trust?” breaks in Colonel Lambert.

“—And I need keep no secret about him. Ladies, I wish I had to offer you the account of a dreadful and tragical escape; how I slew all the sentinels of the fort; filed through the prison windows, destroyed a score or so of watchful dragons, overcame a million of dangers, and finally effected my freedom. But, in regard of that matter, I have no heroic deeds to tell of, and own that, by bribery, and no other means, I am where I am.”

“But you *would* have fought, Georgy, if need were,” says Harry, “and you couldn’t conquer a whole garrison, you know!” And herewith Mr. Harry blushed very much.

“See the women, how disappointed they are!” says Lambert. “Mrs. Lambert, you blood-thirsty woman, own that you are balked of a battle; and look at Hetty, quite angry because Mr. George did not shoot the Commandant.”

“You wished he was hung yourself, papa!” cries Miss Hetty, “and I am sure I wish any thing my papa wishes.”

“Nay, ladies,” says George, turning a little red, “to wink at a prisoner’s escape was not a very monstrous crime; and to take money? Sure other folks besides Frenchmen have condescended to a bribe before now. Although Monsieur Museau set me free, I am inclined, for my part, to forgive him. Will it please you to hear how that business was done? You see, Miss Hetty, I can not help being alive to tell it.”

“Oh, George!—that is, I mean Mr. Warrington!—that is, I mean I beg your pardon!” cries Hester.

“No pardon, my dear! I never was angry yet or surprised that any one should like my Harry better than me. He deserves all the liking that any man or woman can give him. See it is *his* turn to blush now,” says George.

“Go on, Georgy, and tell them about the escape out of Duquesne!” cries Harry, and he said to Mrs. Lambert afterward in confidence, “You know he is always going on saying that he ought never to have come to life again, and declaring that I am better than he is. The idea of my being better than George, Mrs. Lambert! a poor, extravagant fellow like me! It’s absurd!”



CHAPTER LII.

INTENTIQUE ORA TENEBANT.

"We continued for months our weary life at the fort, and the Commandant and I had our quarrels and reconciliations, our greasy games at cards, our dismal duets with his asthmatic flute and my cracked guitar. The poor Fawn took her beatings and her cans of liquor as her lord and master chose to administer them; and she nursed her papoose, or her master in the gout, or her prisoner in the ague; and so matters went on until the beginning of the fall of last year, when we were visited by a hunter who had important news to deliver to the Commandant, and such as set the little garrison in no little excitement. The Marquis de Montcalm had sent a considerable detachment to garrison the forts already in the French hands, and to take up farther positions in the enemy's—that is, in the British—possessions. The troops had left Quebec and Montreal, and were coming up the St. Lawrence and the lakes in batteaux, with artillery and large provisions of warlike and other stores. Museau would be superseded in his command by an officer of superior rank, who might exchange me, or who might give me up to the Indians in reprisal for cruelties practiced by our own people on many and many an officer and soldier of the enemy. The men of the fort were eager for the reinforcements; they would advance into Pennsylvania and New York; they would seize upon Albany and Philadelphia; they would drive the Rosbifs into the sea, and all America should be theirs from the Mississippi to Newfoundland.

"This was all very triumphant: but yet, somehow, the prospect of the French conquest did not add to Mr. Museau's satisfaction.

"Eh, Commandant!" says I, 'tis *fort bien*, but meanwhile your farm in Normandy, the pot of cider, and the *trippees à la mode de Caen*, where are they?"

"Yes; 'tis all very well, my *garçon*," says

he. "But where will you be when poor old Museau is superseded? Other officers are not good companions like me. Very few men in the world have my humanity. When there is a great garrison here, will my successors give thee the indulgences which honest Museau has granted thee? Thou wilt be kept in a sty like a pig ready for killing. As sure as one of our officers falls into the hands of your brigands of frontier-men, and evil comes to him, so surely wilt thou have to pay with thy skin for his. Thou wilt be given up to our red allies—to the brethren of La Biche yonder. Didst thou see, last year, what they did to thy countrymen whom we took in the action with Braddock? Roasting was the very smallest punishment, *ma foi*—was it not, La Biche?"

"And he entered into a variety of jocular descriptions of tortures inflicted, eyes burned out of their sockets, teeth and nails wrenched out, limbs and bodies gashed— You turn pale, dear Miss Theo! Well, I will have pity, and will spare you the tortures which honest Museau recounted in his pleasant way as likely to befall me.

"La Biche was by no means so affected as you seem to be, ladies, by the recital of these horrors. She had witnessed them in her time. She came from the Senecas, whose villages lie near the great cataract between Ontario and Erie; her people made war for the English, and against them; they had fought with other tribes; and, in the battles between us and them, it is difficult to say whether white skin or red skin is most savage.

"They may chop me into cutlets and broil me, 'tis true, Commandant," says I, coolly. "But again, I say, you will never have the farm in Normandy."

"Go get the whisky-bottle, La Biche," says Museau.

"And it is not too late, even now. I will give the guide who takes me home a large reward. And again I say I promise, as a man of honor, ten thousand livres to—whom shall I say? to any one who shall bring me any token—who shall bring me, say, my watch and seal with my grandfather's arms—which I have seen in a chest somewhere in this fort."

"Ah, *scélérat*!" roars out the Commandant, with a hoarse yell of laughter. "Thou hast eyes, thou! All is good prize in war."

"Think of a house in your village, of a fine field hard by with half a dozen of cows—of a fine orchard all covered with fruit."

"And Javotte at the door with her wheel, and a rascal of a child or two, with cheeks as red as the apples! Oh, my country! Oh, my mother!" whimpers out the Commandant. "Quick, La Biche, the whisky!"

"All that night the Commandant was deep in thought, and La Biche too silent and melancholy. She sate away from us, nursing her child, and whenever my eyes turned toward her I saw hers were fixed on me. The poor little infant began to cry, and was ordered away by

Museau, with his usual foul language, to the building which the luckless Biche occupied with her child. When she was gone we both of us spoke our minds freely; and I put such reasons before Monsieur as his cupidity could not resist.

"How do you know," he asked, "that this hunter will serve you?"

"That is my secret," says I. But here, if you like, as we are not on honor, I may tell it. When they come into the settlements for their bargains, the hunters often stop a day or two for rest and drink and company, and our new friend loved all these. He played at cards with the men: he set his furs against their liquor: he enjoyed himself at the fort, singing, dancing, and gambling with them. I think I said they liked to listen to my songs, and for want of better things to do, I was often singing and guitar scraping: and we would have many a concert, the men joining in chorus, or dancing to my homely music, until it was interrupted by the drums and the retraite.

"Our guest the hunter was present at one or two of these concerts, and I thought I would try if possibly he understood English. After we had had our little stock of French songs, I said, 'My lads, I will give you an English song; and to the tune of 'Over the hills and far away,' which my good old grandfather used to hum as a favorite air in Marlborough's camp, I made some doggerel words: 'This long, long year, a prisoner drear; Ah, me! I'm tired of lingering here: I'll give a hundred guineas gay, To be over the hills and far away.'

"What is it?" says the hunter, 'I don't understand.'

"'Tis a girl to her lover,' I answered; but I saw by the twinkle in the man's eye that he understood me.

"The next day, when there were no men within hearing, the trapper showed that I was right in my conjecture, for as he passed me he hummed in a low tone, but in perfectly good English, 'Over the hills and far away,' the burden of my yesterday's doggerel.

"If you are ready," says he, 'I am ready. I know who your people are, and the way to them. Talk to the Fawn, and she will tell you what to do. What! You will not play with me?' Here he pulled out some cards, and spoke in French, as two soldiers came up. 'Milor est trop grand seigneur? Bonjour, my lord!'

"And the man made me a mock bow, and walked away shrugging up his shoulders, to offer to play and drink elsewhere.

"I knew now that the Biche was to be the agent in the affair, and that my offer to Museau was accepted. The poor Fawn performed her part very faithfully and dexterously. I had not need of a word more with Museau; the matter was understood between us. The Fawn had long been allowed free communication with me. She had tended me during my wound and in my illnesses, helped to do the work of my little chamber, my cooking, and so forth. She

was free to go out of the fort, as I have said, and to the river and the fields where the corn and garden-stuff of the little garrison were brought in.

"Having gambled away most of the money which he received for his peltries, the trapper now got together his store of flints, powder, and blankets, and took his leave. And, three days after his departure, the Fawn gave me the signal that the time was come for me to make my little trial for freedom.

"When first wounded, I had been taken by my kind Florac and placed on his bed in the officers' room. When the fort was emptied of all officers except the old lieutenant left in command, I had been allowed to remain in my quarters, sometimes being left pretty free, sometimes being locked up and fed on prisoners' rations, sometimes invited to share his mess by my tippy jailer. This officers' house, or room, was of logs, like the half dozen others within the fort, which mounted only four guns of small calibre, of which one was on the bastion behind my cabin. Looking westward over this gun, you could see a small island at the confluence of the two rivers Ohio and Monongahela, whereon Duquesne is situated. On the shore opposite this island were some trees.

"You see those trees?" my poor Biche said to me the day before, in her French jargon. 'He wait for you behind those trees.'

"In the daytime the door of my quarters was open, and the Biche free to come and go. On the day before she came in from the fields with a pick in her hand and a basketful of vegetables and pot-herbs for soup. She sat down on a bench at my door, the pick resting against it, and the basket at her side. I stood talking to her for a while: but I believe I was so idiotic that I never should have thought of putting the pick to any use had she not actually pushed it into my open door, so that it fell into my room. 'Hide it,' she said; 'want it soon.' And that afternoon it was she pointed out the trees to me.

"On the next day she comes, pretending to be very angry, and calls out, 'My lord! my lord! why you not come to Commandant's dinner? He very bad! Entendez-vous?' And she peeps into the room as she speaks, and flings a coil of rope at me.

"I am coming, La Biche,' says I, and hobbled after her on my crutch. As I went into the Commandant's quarters she says, 'Pour ce soir.' And then I knew the time was come.

"As for Museau, he knew nothing about the matter. Not he! He growled at me, and said the soup was cold. He looked me steadily in the face, and talked of this and that; not only while his servant was present, but afterward, when we smoked our pipes and played our game at picquet; while, according to her wont, the poor Biche sate cowering in a corner.

"My friend's whisky-bottle was empty; and he said, with rather a knowing look, he must have another glass—we must both have a glass

that night. And, rising from the table, he stumped to the inner-room, where he kept his fire-water under lock and key, and away from the poor Biche, who could not resist that temptation.

"As he turned his back the Biche raised herself; and he was no sooner gone but she was at my feet, kissing my hand, pressing it to her heart, and bursting into tears over my knees. I confess I was so troubled by this testimony of the poor creature's silent attachment and fondness, the extent of which I scarce had suspected before, that when Museau returned I had not recovered my equanimity, though the poor Fawn was back in her corner again and shrouded in her blanket.

"He did not appear to remark any thing strange in the behavior of either. We sate down to our game, though my thoughts were so preoccupied that I scarcely knew what cards were before me.

"*'I gain every thing from you to-night, milor,'* says he, grimly. *'We play upon parole.'*

"*'And you may count upon mine,'* I replied.

"*'Eh! 'tis all that you have!'* says he.

"*'Monsieur,'* says I, *'my word is good for ten thousand livres;'* and we continued our game.

"At last he said he had a headache, and would go to bed; and I understood the orders too, that I was to retire. *'I wish you a good night, mon petit milor,'* says he; *'stay, you will fall without your crutch'*—and his eyes twinkled at me, and his face wore a sarcastic grin. In the agitation of the moment I had quite forgotten that I was lame, and was walking away at a pace as good as a grenadier's.

"*'What a villain night!'* says he, looking out. In fact, there was a tempest abroad, and a great roaring, and wind. *'Bring a lantern, La Tulipe, and lock my lord comfortably into his quarters!'* He stood a moment looking at me from his own door, and I saw a glimpse of the poor Biche behind him.

"The night was so rainy that the sentries preferred their boxes and did not disturb me in my work. The log-house was built with upright posts, deeply fixed in the ground, and horizontal logs laid upon it. I had to dig under these, and work a hole sufficient to admit my body to pass. I began in the dark, soon after tattoo. It was some while after midnight before my work was done, when I lifted my hand up under the log and felt the rain from without falling upon it. I had to work very cautiously for two hours after that, and then crept through to the parapet and silently flung my rope over the gun; not without a little tremor of heart, lest the sentry should see me and send a charge of lead into my body.

"The wall was but twelve feet, and my fall into the ditch easy enough. I waited a while there, looking steadily under the gun, and trying to see the river and the island. I heard the sentry pacing up above and humming a

tune. The darkness became more clear to me ere long, and the moon rose, and I saw the river shining before me, and the dark rocks and trees of the island rising in the waters.

"I made for this mark as swiftly as I could, and for the clump of trees to which I had been directed. Oh, what a relief I had when I heard a low voice humming there *'Over the hills and far away!'*"

When Mr. George came to this part of his narrative, Miss Theo, who was seated by a harpsichord, turned round and dashed off the tune on the instrument, while all the little company broke out into the merry chorus.

"Our way," the speaker went on, "lay through a level tract of forest with which my guide was familiar, upon the right bank of the Monongahela. By daylight we came to a clearer country, and my trapper asked me—Silverheels was the name by which he went—had I ever seen the spot before? It was the fatal field where Braddock had fallen, and whence I had been wonderfully rescued in the summer of the previous year. Now, the leaves were beginning to be tinted with the magnificent hues of our autumn."

"Ah, brother!" cries Harry, seizing his brother's hand, "I was gambling and making a fool of myself at the Wells and in London when my George was flying for his life in the wilderness! Oh, what a miserable spendthrift I have been!"

"But I think thou art not unworthy to be called thy mother's son," said Mrs. Lambert, very softly, and with moistened eyes. Indeed, if Harry had erred, to mark his repentance, his love, his unselfish joy and generosity, was to feel that there was hope for the humbled and kind young sinner.

"We presently crossed the river," George resumed, "taking our course along the base of the western slopes of the Alleghanies; and through a grand forest region of oaks and maple, and enormous poplars that grow a hundred feet high without a branch." It was the Indians whom we had to avoid, besides the outlying parties of French. Always of doubtful loyalty, the savages have been specially against us since our ill-treatment of them and the French triumph over us two years ago.

"I was but weak still, and our journey through the wilderness lasted a fortnight or more. As we advanced the woods became redder and redder. The frost nipped sharply of nights. We lighted fires at our feet, and slept in our blankets as best we might. At this time of year the hunters who live in the mountains get their sugar from the maples. We came upon more than one such family camping near their trees by the mountain streams, and they welcomed us at their fires and gave us of their venison. So we passed over the two ranges of the Laurel Hills and the Alleghanies. The last day's march of my trusty guide and myself took us down that wild, magnificent pass of Will's Creek, a valley lying between cliffs near

a thousand feet high—bald, white, and broken into towers like huge fortifications, with eagles wheeling round the summits of the rocks and watching their nests among the crags.

"And hence we descended to Cumberland,

whence we had marched in the year before, and where there was now a considerable garrison of our people. Oh! you may think it was a welcome day when I saw English colors again on the banks of our native Potomac!"

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE November elections have generally resulted unfavorably to the Administration. In *New York*, where an unsuccessful attempt had been made to unite the entire Opposition vote upon a common State ticket, the following nominations were made for Governor: E. D. Morgan, Republican; A. J. Parker, Democrat; L. D. Burrows, American; Gerrit Smith, Abolition and Temperance. The vote was as follows: Republican, 247,000; Democratic, 230,000; American, 60,000; Abolition, 5000: Mr. Morgan's plurality being about 17,000. The whole Opposition vote was concentrated upon Congressional candidates, electing 27 out of 33 members. The entire Opposition majority for members of Congress is about 70,000. In the State Legislature the Opposition have a decided majority in both Houses.—In *New Jersey* the Opposition candidates for Congress succeeded in every district.—In *Massachusetts* N. P. Banks, Republican, was elected Governor by a majority of about 29,000; all the members of Congress being of the same party.—In *Ohio* the Republican State ticket succeeded by a majority of about 21,000; for Congress 15 Republicans and 6 Democrats were chosen.—In *Michigan* Moses Wisner, Republican, was elected Governor, by about 7000 majority; the Democrats gaining one member of Congress.—In *Illinois*, where Mr. Douglas took ground against the Kansas policy of the Administration on the one hand, and the Republican party on the other, the main interest of the canvass was concentrated upon the candidates for the State Legislature, as this involved the question of the re-election of Mr. Douglas to the United States Senate. The result is still uncertain; the probability being that a majority of Democrats favorable to Mr. Douglas have been chosen.—In *Delaware* the Democrats succeeded by a small majority.—Elections for members of the next Congress have now been held in eighteen States, having 152 members. It is impossible to classify the members with perfect accuracy, some being elected as "Republicans," some as "Americans," some as "Democrats," and others as "Anti-Lecompton Democrats." Classing Republicans, Northern Americans, and Anti-Lecompton Democrats as "Opposition," and Democrats and Southern Americans as "Administration," the result in these States, as compared with the present Congress, is approximately as follows:

	Adm.	Opp.
Present Congress.....	66	86
Next Congress.....	39	113

Elections are yet to be held in fourteen States, having 84 Representatives. Of the members from these States in the present Congress 64 are Administration and 20 Opposition.

A project for another filibustering expedition to Nicaragua has been set on foot by Walker and others, and the President has issued a proclamation in which he states that "One of the leaders

of a former illegal expedition, who has been already twice expelled from Nicaragua, has invited, through the public newspapers, American citizens to emigrate to that republic, and has designated Mobile as the place of rendezvous and departure, and San Juan del Norte as the port to which they are bound. This person, who has renounced his allegiance to the United States, and claims to be President of Nicaragua, has given notice to the collector of the port of Mobile that two or three hundred of these emigrants will be prepared to embark from that port about the middle of November. For these and other good reasons, and for the purpose of saving American citizens who may have been honestly deluded into the belief that they are about to proceed to Nicaragua as peaceful emigrants, if any such there be, I, James Buchanan, President of the United States, have thought fit to issue this my proclamation, enjoining upon all officers of the Government, civil and military, in their respective spheres, to be vigilant, active, and faithful in suppressing these illegal enterprises."

From *Utah* the latest accounts represent every thing as quiet. Trains of goods were continually arriving from California and the East. The troops under command of General Johnston were consolidated in one encampment. His command, including employes, numbered 7000 or 8000; there were also 4000 at Fort Bridger.—The Indians on the frontiers are troublesome. In an action, near Wachita Village, between a detachment of the 2d Cavalry and a party of Comanches, five of the former and forty of the latter were killed. The Navajos in New Mexico are hostile, and two engagements have been fought with them. The agent has formally suspended all relations with them. He says that their wealth consists of 250,000 sheep and 60,000 horses, the loss of which would drive them to desperation, and give rise to a long war, like that in Florida. It has been found necessary to raise a body of troops in Texas to protect the frontiers from the incursions of the savages. In Oregon the Indians are suing for peace, which Colonel Wright, who commands our troops, has refused to grant, unless they will surrender unconditionally, and bring in all their women and property. The soldiers are destroying the grain-fields and provisions of the savages, who are reduced to great distress.—The inhabitants of *Dacotah* have completed a temporary government, to continue till Congress shall organize a regular Territorial Government.—The Frazer River gold excitement has entirely subsided, and the miners are rapidly returning to California. The river had fallen so as to permit mining, and considerable gold had been taken out; but as early as the 1st of October the weather had become too cold to permit of work.—The reports of the discovery of gold near Pike's Peak in Kansas are confirmed. The *Kansas Weekly Press* of October 23, states that

a miner had just reached Elwood with \$6000 or \$7000 in gold dust, which had been gathered by three men in two months. The latest intelligence describes the country as very inviting to emigrants, large numbers of whom are preparing to make the journey in the spring.

SOUTHERN AMERICA.

General Vidaurri, who was marching toward the capital with every prospect of success, was surprised near San Luis by the Government troops under Miramon, and totally defeated, with a loss of 400 killed and 1500 prisoners. He then issued a proclamation calling upon several merchants along the northern frontier to pay \$150,000, without asking any questions, or leave the country. Many foreign merchants began preparations to leave, when Vidaurri revoked the proclamation, resigned the command of his remaining army to Colonel Zaragoza, and departed for parts unknown. The new commander was at the latest dates endeavoring to reorganize his forces, with considerable success. The defeat of the "Liberals" is partly balanced by a victory obtained near Guadalupe, by General Degollado, over the Government forces under Casanova. The condition of the country is deplorable; both parties seem to plunder and murder indiscriminately; and gangs of robbers infest every section. A letter from the capital says: "Day after day we hear of nothing but robbery after robbery, sack after sack. The ordinary circumstances of the robbery of a diligence, the plundering of a small town, and such like small affairs, excite little attention. It is estimated that six or eight thousand persons have taken refuge in the capital. The number already driven from house and home is estimated at more than a quarter of a million; and still the work goes on."—The Tehuantepec route is announced to be open, the first company of passengers commencing the passage on the 30th of October, with the prospect of proceeding without delay or trouble to the Pacific side.—*Bolivia* is in an unsettled state. An attempt has been made to assassinate the President, Señor Linares. Two persons who stood by his side were shot down; the barracks were attacked at the same time, but without success; the leader of the insurgents was shot dead, and his followers fled.—In *Peru* new disturbances have broken out—insurrectionary movements at home, and hostilities with *Bolivia* on the frontiers.

EUROPE.

There is little European intelligence which demands record. The British Parliament was prorogued on the 19th of October.—On the 20th some intelligible signals were received at Valentia from Trinity Bay, through the Telegraphic cable. The words were, "Daniells now in circuit." Authority was at once given to use the Daniells battery at Valentia. Mr. Saward, the Secretary of the Company, says that this result, though encouraging, must not be looked upon as permanent; for it is clear that there is a serious fault in the cable, and it is not certain that any efforts except such as would be dangerous to the cable can overcome the obstacles in the way of perfect working.—The Company owning the *Leviathan* steamship has been dissolved, and a new one is projected to purchase the vessel at less than half its original cost. The capital of the new company is filed at £330,000.—Mr. Staunton, the champion chess-player of England, has declined to fulfill his promise to play a match with Mr. Morphy, on the ground that his

literary engagements will not leave him time for the amount of practice necessary in order to regain his old strength. Mr. Morphy has been invited to play before the Emperor.—A serious misunderstanding has occurred between France and Portugal. A French vessel, the *Charles et Georges*, was seized by the Portuguese on the coast of Africa as a slaver. The French Government demanded that it should be given up, and an indemnity paid for its seizure; after some delay the Portuguese acceded to the demand, avowedly on the ground that they had no means of resisting the force threatened to be employed by the French.—The *Correspondent*, a Parisian journal, has been seized, and the editor and publisher prosecuted, on account of an article by Count Montalembert, which is said to attack the right of universal suffrage and the authority of the Emperor.

THE EAST.

The insurgents in Oude continue to give considerable trouble, although their numbers are greatly diminished. The famous Nena Sahib has disappeared altogether; but another chief, Tantia Toppe, keeps the field at the head of the Gwalior mutineers, moving with great celerity from place to place, and making his assaults when wholly unexpected. In an attack upon the town of Jahlra Patun, just after having been defeated by General Roberts, he got possession of a large amount of treasure and forty guns. Of these, twenty-five were shortly after retaken in an action, in which he was again beaten. Orders were given that the native troops at Mooltan, thirteen hundred in number, should be disbanded and sent home in small detachments. These men, supposing that they were to be divided in order that they might be easily cut to pieces, rushed upon the artillery barracks, occupied by six hundred European troops, with the purpose of seizing the guns. They were armed only with clubs and stones. The troops fired into the frantic mob, killing three hundred and fifty at the first discharge. The remainder fled, but were hotly pursued; and of the thirteen hundred only one hundred and fifty escaped alive. A successful attack was made on the 19th of September upon a body of three thousand insurgents posted on an island; two boats loaded with fugitives attempting to escape were sunk by the artillery; one thousand in all were slain. Several minor engagements have taken place, the British proving victorious in every instance.—The French and English at Canton are still harassed by the Chinese, who are exhorted by proclamations to cut off the barbarians, man by man, notwithstanding the treaty made by the Emperor. A large number of piratical junks had been sunk or captured by the English. The rebel cause is apparently declining. They seem to have suspended operations as soon as they encountered men who were willing to fight.—Lord Elgin has concluded a favorable commercial treaty with Japan, by which five ports are to be opened to the English, who are to have a resident minister at Jeddo. Cotton and woolen goods are to pay a duty of only five per cent.; other articles generally to pay twenty per cent.—Mr. Harris, the American consular agent, has also negotiated a new treaty, which was signed at a place near Jeddo on the 28th of July, conferring important privileges. Among these is the abolition of the government monopoly of trade and the right of diplomatic residence at the capital.

Literary Notices.

The Courtship of Miles Standish, and Other Poems, by HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. (Published by Ticknor and Fields.) In the main poem of this volume Mr. Longfellow has again made use of the hexameter verse, which he handled with such graceful facility in the charming idyl of *Evangeline*. Whatever may be decided as to the adaptation of this measure to English poetry, it can scarcely be denied that he has moulded it into an appropriate medium for his quaint, primeval narrative, and that the fortunes of Miles Standish, renowned in love as well as in war, form a singularly attractive picture in this rustic frame-work. Mr. Longfellow's plastic power is shown not only in the dexterity with which he produces harmonious effects from his naturally prosaic hexameter, but in the skill with which he shapes the intractable materials of his theme into images of sweet and winning loveliness. The old Puritan soldier certainly presented an unpromising subject for poetical description. Nor could the worthy John Alden, or the good, frank-hearted Priscilla, have ever dreamed that their brows should be encircled with the halo of romance. Plymouth Rock, too, is more heroic than poetic; though it must be admitted that many a wild flower of rare fragrance and beauty finds shelter in Plymouth woods. The author has turned to admirable account all the imaginative elements of his theme, while he has clothed it with new charms from the fertile associations of his own mind. The passages in the poem which dwell the longest in the memory and produce the most agreeable effect are those descriptive of the local scenery, which, by their freshness and natural coloring, are entitled to a place among the most pleasing specimens of Mr. Longfellow's composition.—The smaller poems contained in this volume comprise the favorite fugitive pieces with which readers have been familiar as they passed the rounds of the periodical press. No one can ever weary of the stately ring of the "Warden of the Cinque Ports," or the solemn pathos of the "Two Angels."

Vermilion Grove; or, Hearts as they Are. (Published by Rudd and Carleton). The plot of this novel—which we understand is by a new writer, though it by no means needs the indulgence due to a first attempt—is founded on the influence exercised by a thoughtful, right-hearted, and sympathetic feminine character on a disposition naturally impetuous and jealous, prone to self-absorption, and soured by a succession of almost ruinous disappointments. The hero is a man of great energy of intellect and will, in possession of ample wealth, of a nature demanding devoted affection and sympathy, but with the misfortune of having lost his eye-sight in early manhood, and finding none in his immediate family circle from whom his life-long sorrow could receive solace. The growth of a tender attachment between him and an admirable young maiden whom a rare good fortune has brought to his side forms the pivot of the story. In the unfolding of incident and the delineation of character, the writer exhibits both originality and insight; and without any violation of the natural and probable sequence of events, imparts perpetual vivacity and interest to the narrative. The story affords a promising augury for the future career of the writer.

The History of Prostitution, by WILLIAM W. SANGER, M.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The resident physician of Blackwell's Island

has here collected a mass of information on one of the most prominent social evils of the civilized world, in the form of a Report to the Governors of the Almshouse of the City of New York. He has treated the subject in its historical relations, as well as in its bearings on public morals and hygiene, and has brought forward a variety of suggestions that challenge the attention of the political economist no less than of the philanthropist.

The Cosmopolitan Art Journal commences its third volume with the Number for December. It fully maintains its high character as a record of art and literature. In typography and illustration it is admirable, and in its literary character will compare favorably with any journal published in this country. The *Art Journal* is furnished gratis to subscribers to the "Cosmopolitan Art Association." (Published at 548 Broadway, New York.)

Wells's Natural Philosophy. Our notice of this book in the last number of the Magazine has elicited from the author a second reply, which, although prolix and containing much irrelevant matter, we nevertheless insert without abridgment. The following is the author's reply:

"To the Editor of Harper's Magazine:

"Your second criticism upon 'Wells's Philosophy,' occupying nearly four columns of your November Number, by its renewed charges of error and incompetency, requires, as indeed it in terms challenges, a reply. As we can not expect sufficient space in your columns for a full discussion of all the points cited by the critic, we shall take up the most important, and treat them as briefly as the nature of the subject will allow.

"And first, as to the corrections alluded to in our last. They were made in the plates of the book, as then stated, before the appearance of your criticism. Probably an earlier edition of the book was sent you by mistake.

"1. HURRICANES.—The critic charges that the statement of the 'Philosophy,' p. 286, that, 'the mass of air in a hurricane is driven outward from the centre toward the margin,' is erroneous. As the critic here contravenes an almost universally accredited principle, it would have been more appropriate for him to support his position, than to call on us to defend ours. He might as well 'challenge us to make good' a hundred other acknowledged principles in physics. In support of our position we refer him to the writings of Reid and Redfield, *passim*. So also Brocklesby, in his 'Meteorology,' p. 53-59, ed. of 1858, after stating that hurricanes are rotary storms, says: 'If the hurricane is a vast whirlwind, the atmosphere constituting the body of the storm will be driven outward from the centre toward the margin, just as water in a pail which is made to revolve rapidly flies from the centre, and swells up at the sides.' Brocklesby continues to discuss this principle, and concludes with the assertion that 'amid all the phenomena of storms, no fact is better established than this, that an extraordinary depression of the barometer, in tropical climates, is a sure forerunner of a hurricane.'

"2. CAPILLARY PHENOMENA.—'Wells's Philosophy' asserts that, in capillary phenomena, glass repels mercury, and attracts water. The critic, without noticing that we were discussing capillary phenomena, says that 'the attraction of glass for mercury is far stronger than its attraction for water;' and, in support of his position, cites the experiment of lifting a horizontal plate of glass from the surfaces of mercury and water respectively. We admit that more force is required to lift the glass from the mercury than from the water; but this experiment is not to the point, as other principles are involved in it. It is a universally admitted fact that when a plate of glass, or a glass tube, is plunged vertically in mercury and in water, respectively, the surface of the mercury next the glass is depressed, and the surface of the water is elevated. The critic can not deny that this is the result. Now, as to the principle involved in it. The 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' last edition, says: 'In a capillary tube the greatest depression will take place when a solid has no attraction for the particles of the fluid.' Any amount of testimony might be quoted in support of our position.

"3. COLORS.—Upon the question, 'What color will be produced by mixing powders of the seven colors?' the critic's attack is, after all, upon the author's expression

relative to a small variation in the shade of color. The 'Philosophy' says it is not white or grayish white. Against this the critic cites half a column from Sir Isaac Newton, stating that the color thus produced is a *dusky, obscure, dark white*, such as might arise from a *mixture of white and black*. Sir Isaac Newton further states that it was only under peculiarly arranged circumstances as to full sunlight through an open window, and at a distance of 12 to 18 feet, that the mixture appeared white. Furthermore, Robert Hunt, 'Physics,' page 405, says: 'It is very common in books of science to find it stated that by mixing powders of the colors of the rays of light, a gray, approaching to white, is produced; this is an error which has been again and again repeated, evidently without examination. A neutral lavender may be formed; but the usual result is a deep brown—with some colors an absolute black—but never any advance toward whiteness.' The author has only to add that actual experiment, as ordinarily performed, shows the result to be, not white, but a dark gray, or dirty brown: and yet this is what the critic terms 'a dignified rebuke to Sir Isaac Newton' (whose name, however, is not alluded to in the book in that connection), and a 'glaring and fundamental error.'

"4. COMPLEMENTARY COLORS.—The critic says the following is 'absurd in theory, as well as false in fact,' viz.: 'Each color of the solar ray has its complementary color; for if it be not white it is deficient in certain rays that would aid in producing white; and these absent rays compose its complementary color. The law of complementary colors is this: *The complementary color is always half the spectrum*. Thus if we take half the length of the spectrum by a pair of compasses, and fix one leg on any color, the other leg will fall upon its complementary color, or upon the one which, added to the first, will produce white light.'

"Now compare this 'absurd' and 'false' passage with the language of Sir David Brewster (see Brewster's 'Optics,' last English edition, p. 431), which is as follows: 'In order to find the accidental color of any color in the spectrum, take half the length of the spectrum in a pair of compasses, and setting one foot in the color whose accidental color is required, the other will fall upon the accidental color. If the primitive color is reduced to the same degree of intensity as the accidental color, we shall find that one is the complement of the other, or what the other wants to make it white light; that is, the primitive and the accidental colors, when mixed together, make white light.' May we not, therefore, adopt the language of the critic, and retort that he 'administers a dignified rebuke' to Sir David Brewster?

"Now it does not meet this point to say that 'Sir Isaac Newton says that *no two colors of the spectrum combined will form white light*;' for we have never said that they would. But we said that *two complementary colors combined produce white*. Of course one of two complementary colors in the spectrum is always formed by the combination of two others, as orange, which is the complementary color of blue, is formed by the overlapping of red and yellow. To put the point more specifically: Will the critic deny that the red of the spectrum, added to its complementary color, bluish-green, will make white light? or that blue, added to orange-red, will produce white?

"5. CONCAVE MIRRORS.—It is stated in the 'Philosophy' that 'the general effect of concave mirrors is to produce an image larger than the object.' The critic twice insinuates that this is erroneous, yet does not deny it specifically, since the experience of every one who has ever used a magnifying toilet-glass would refute him. It does not affect the truth of our statement to show that this effect is not produced when the rays proceed from a distant body, as in the case of the reflecting telescope. Furthermore, *this very point* is fully discussed and explained in the 'Philosophy,' in immediate connection with the general statement first quoted, and it is also illustrated by an engraving. We ask, is such criticism fair?

"6. VARIATION OF THE COMPASS.—We are charged with a grave error in asserting that 'there are two lines of no variation' (i. e. of the needle). 'These two lines,' says the critic, 'unquestionably form one continuous line surrounding the globe. It is true that in the neighborhood of either pole this line has not been traced.' So then, according to his own admission, the connection at either pole can not be affirmed; and the statement of the book is therefore fully justified by the fact. It is also justified by the language of almost every reputable writer on the subject—the two lines being invariably designated as the eastern and western, or the American and Asiatic lines of no variation. See Draper, Harris, Hunt, Brande, 'Encyc. Useful Arts,' and 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' last edition.'

"We now wish to call special attention to the charge immediately following the above, viz.: 'He (Mr. W.) also says the eastern line of no variation begins in the White Sea, descending south until it reaches the latitude of 71°. Now according to our map no part of the White Sea extends so far north as 69°. Will Mr. Wells explain to us how far south one must travel from 69° N. latitude before he reaches 71° N. latitude?'

"So much for the charge, to which we reply that there is in the book no ground whatever for the gross imputation of ignorance of geography which the critic makes. The text reads as follows: 'The eastern line of no variation begins on the north in the White Sea, makes a great semicircle, descending south, until it reaches the latitude of 71°. It then passes along the Sea of Japan,' etc. It is thus apparent that the 'descending south' qualifies the expression 'a great semicircle' (which has been singularly omitted by the critic), and is intended to indicate the direction of the curvature, as is obvious from the succeeding reference to the continuation of the line in the Sea of Japan. In other words, the equivalent of the text is, that the line of no variation stretches from the White Sea to the parallel of 71°, and that the course of the line is circular, with a curvature descending south. Moreover, the identical words which we used occur in Hunt's 'Physics,' p. 319, last London edition; also see 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' last London edition, vol. xiv., p. 49. Will the critic deny that there is such a semicircular line, beginning in the White Sea, curving downward, and then reaching up to latitude 71°? Why the misquotation on the part of the critic?

"The criticism upon the statement on page 428 is founded on an erroneous quotation of part of a sentence dissevered from its conclusion, and entirely altering the meaning of the text, as any reader will perceive by referring to the entire passage. The critic's innuendo is, that the author ignored the fact or degree of the variation of the compass; yet the identical sentence quoted from, while stating the general correctness of the needle for ordinary purposes (distancing wanderers who had lost their way), closes with the caution that 'for more accurate purposes it is necessary to apply a rule of correction.' Moreover, the context for several pages immediately preceding is devoted to the explanation, nature, degree, and rule of variation.

"7. SPHERICAL ABERRATION.—The critic says, 'Mr. W.'s statement respecting spherical aberration shows that he has no clear ideas' on the subject. The 'Philosophy' states that the spherical aberration of a lens is owing to 'a difference in the convergence of the rays coming from the centre and the edges of the lens.' The critic says, 'This is entirely erroneous.' [This is not the statement which the critic pronounced erroneous.—Ed.] Now Brewster's 'Optics,' last London edition, p. 52, defines spherical aberration to be due to the fact that 'the rays nearest the axis (centre) of the lens are refracted to a focus more remote than those which are incident at a distance from the axis' (that is, nearer the edges). Is Sir David Brewster also 'entirely erroneous'? And as to the use of a concave screen as a familiar illustration of a mode of correcting the aberration, we aver that it is not only perfectly legitimate, but often used in lectures; though it is not, nor have we alleged that it is, the ordinary practical way. On the contrary, the text expressly says, in the same connection, that spherical aberrations are practically overcome by a combination of lenses of different refracting powers.

"If the critic should desire to continue the discussion, we will cheerfully take up the other points noticed by him. D. A. W.

"October 27, 1858."

Upon receipt of the preceding communication we again requested the publishers to furnish us a copy of the last edition of Mr. Wells's book, and a copy was immediately sent us. We have compared this copy with the former editions of the same work, and find that the passage on page 61, which we have heretofore criticised, has been changed so as to read as follows: "A pendulum that will vibrate once in nine seconds must have a length of 81 feet greater than one vibrating once in one second." Now a pendulum vibrating once in one second is less than four feet in length. Hence a pendulum vibrating once in nine seconds must be less than 85 feet in length. This result is too small by nearly two hundred feet. We recommend to Mr. W. to "peck his flint and try it again."

Mr. W. has replied to seven of our criticisms, and we will review them in order.

1. HURRICANES.—In our September number we challenged Mr. W. to name a single example of a violent storm in which the general motion of the air was *outward* from the centre of the storm; we did not challenge him to state from what author he borrowed his paragraph. It will be observed that Professor B.'s statement is hypothetical, beginning with an *if*. Mr. W.'s statement is absolute, and omits the "if." The question at issue between Mr. W. and ourselves is a simple question of fact. Does the mass of air which constitutes the body of a violent storm move *outward* from the centre toward the margin? Now numerous observations have been collected respecting a large number of storms, and the direction of the wind at each station has been exhibited by an arrow upon a map, from which we are able to see at a glance whether the air tends outward from the centre. Mr. Espy's Report on Meteorology, in 1843, contains more than twenty such charts, and in nearly all we see a prevalent tendency of the wind *inward*, toward the centre of a violent storm; and in *no case* do we find any general tendency outward. The same tendency is distinctly seen in the storms investigated by Redfield and Reid. Although both of them contend that the air moves in *circles* around the centre of a violent storm, and, therefore, that there is no tendency either outward or inward, yet the observations which they have themselves collected show a prevalent tendency *inward* rather than *outward*; and we have never yet seen observations of a single violent storm which indicated any general movement outward from the point of least barometric pressure.

2. CAPILLARY PHENOMENA.—As Mr. W. appears to be groping sadly in the dark respecting capillary attraction, we will give him the results of Laplace's demonstrations as developed in the "*Mecanique Celeste*," vol. iv., p. 693-4. If the attraction of an open glass tube for a liquid be exactly one half the attraction of the particles of the liquid for each other, the surface of the liquid in the tube will be horizontal. If the attraction of the glass for the liquid be *greater* than half the attraction of the liquid for itself, the liquid will be elevated in the tube, and its surface will be concave; if *less* than half, the liquid will be depressed, and its surface will be convex. The statement which Mr. W. copies from the "*Encyclopedia Britannica*" is in entire accordance with Laplace. If glass had *no* attraction for mercury, the depression would unquestionably be greater than what we now observe; but neither here nor in Laplace will he find any countenance for his doctrine that glass *repels* mercury.

3. COLORS.—In our September number we stated: "At the bottom of page 327 Mr. W. administers a dignified rebuke to Sir Isaac Newton." The following is a simple statement of the facts. Newton, in his "*Optics*," says that by mixing powders of the seven different colors he *has often produced a grayish-white mixture*; and he contends that this was a *true white*, requiring only sufficient illumination to render it as white as a sheet of the whitest paper. Mr. W. says "this is not the fact." We therefore feel that Sir Isaac Newton has been rebuked. If the passage in question were original with Mr. W. we should admire him for his boldness; but it seems, from his own account, that the passage was borrowed.

4. COMPLEMENTARY COLORS.—Mr. W. has contrived to envelop the subject of complementary colors in a fog which we will endeavor to clear up. One color is said to be complementary to another when the two, if combined together, would form white light. Now if we wish to know what color is complementary to a given color (suppose the middle ray of the red part of the solar spectrum), we have but to combine together *all the other rays* of the spectrum; and this may be done by transmitting them through an achromatic lens. We shall find that the rays in question, thus combined, form a *peculiar bluish-green*. The complementary color of red is therefore a peculiar bluish-green; but this color *does not correspond* to that of any single portion of the solar spectrum, although its predominant tint is found in that part of the spectrum which is intermediate between the blue and green. We will then give a categorical answer to Mr. W.'s pointed question. The red of the spectrum, added to that part of the spectrum which is intermediate between the blue and green, and which is distant from the first color by half the length of the spectrum, *will not produce white light*, but the mixture will have a ruddy tint.

There is no discrepancy between our views and those of Brewster. Brewster wrote his "*Optics*" professedly for popular readers; and in the chapter from which Mr. W.'s quotation is made, he was treating of *accidental* colors, which are always extremely faint, and he gives a rule which is sufficiently exact for indicating what color is accidental to any given color; but when we compare together the brilliant tints of the solar spectrum we need a more exact definition of complementary colors, and Mr. W.'s error arose from substituting the word "complementary" where Brewster wrote "accidental." Mr. W.'s statement that "*the complementary color is always half the spectrum*" is ardent nonsense.

5. CONCAVE MIRRORS.—The image formed in the focus of a concave mirror may be less or greater than the object, according to the distance of the object from the mirror. In most cases where a concave mirror is employed in optical instruments, the image is *less* than the object. It is not true that the *general* effect is to produce an image *larger* than the object.

6. VARIATION OF THE COMPASS.—We do not admit that it is in any respect doubtful that the American line of no variation is continuous with the Asiatic line. In the North Atlantic ocean the variation of the needle is westerly; in the North Pacific ocean it is easterly. Suppose, then, a traveler starts from the North Atlantic, and goes by the North Pole into the North Pacific, he goes from a region where the variation is westerly into a region where the variation is easterly; and this can only happen by passing over a line where the variation is *zero*. The American and Asiatic lines of no variation, therefore, certainly form portions of one continuous line surrounding the globe. We do not object to the expressions "American and Asiatic lines of no variation," but we do object to the absurd idea that these lines are distinct and discontinuous.

Mr. W. contends that in his description of the eastern line of no variation, the words "descending south" are to be read parenthetically, and are not to be connected with the words "until it reaches the latitude of 71°," which immediately succeed. We candidly admit that this interpretation never

occurred to us until we read Mr. W.'s reply, and we must regard his language as laboriously obscure. The entire description of the line of no variation is singularly infelicitous, and is none the better because it was borrowed. We would ask for no other test of the obscurity of this description than that a dozen pupils should each be furnished with a map of the world, and be required to trace the lines of no variation from the description here given. We had supposed that our difficulty in understanding this passage arose from some typographical error, and that the error probably consisted in the number 71° . According to the magnetic maps of Barlow and Berghaus the line of no variation north of Japan does not extend as high as latitude 71° .

7. SPHERICAL ABERRATION.—The error in Mr. W.'s book consists in his statement that an image may be rendered perfect—that is, free from spherical aberration—by making the screen concave. We assert not only that this is not the ordinary practical way of correcting spherical aberration, but that, even with a concave screen, the image can not be made perfect; and we consider it sufficient to state that in an astronomical telescope, when the object is a mere point (as in the case of a fixed star), the image, which should be a mere point, is nevertheless rendered indistinct by spherical aberration.

It thus appears that Mr. W. has failed to show the inaccuracy of a single one of the criticisms contained in our September number. In that notice we remarked that, "during a hasty perusal, we had marked over a hundred errors, few of which could be charged to the carelessness of the printer." This statement was not a rhetorical flourish, nor was it made at random. In proof of this we will briefly indicate a few more errors in the "Philosophy," confining ourselves to the *last édition* furnished us by the publishers.

On page 23 Mr. W. says that "steel, India-rubber, and ivory, are specially elastic; while glass and lead are elastic in a limited degree." We will inform Mr. W. that glass approaches nearer to perfect elasticity than steel, ivory, or India-rubber.

On page 58 he informs us that "the escapement-wheel of a clock commonly has 60 *teeth*." We have often examined escapement-wheels, and have never found more than 30 *teeth*.

On page 59 he says, "The sum of the momenta of all the portions of a pendulum rod on each side of the centre of oscillation will be equal;" and on page 65 he informs us in what sense the word momentum is to be taken. Now, not to insist upon the impropriety of employing a scientific principle which is only explained in a subsequent part of the book (a fault which we have repeatedly noticed in this work), we remark that the above statement respecting the centre of oscillation is *entirely erroneous*. The momenta on opposite sides of this point are not equal.

On page 120 he confounds the *springing* of an arch with an *abutment*! On page 123 he states the average depth of the ocean at 3000 feet, or about *half a mile*!

On page 198 he says, "An echo in a building near Milan, Italy, is said to repeat a loud sound audibly." This statement is so incredible as to excite our unqualified amazement!

On page 226 he says, "Air is not heated to any extent by the direct rays of the sun." If Mr. W.

will refer to the Report of the British Scientific Association for 1840, p. 64, he will find proof that more than one fourth of the sun's rays are absorbed by the atmosphere when they traverse it vertically, and a much greater portion when they traverse it obliquely.

On page 228 he says, "Iron wire increases only $\frac{1}{502}$ in bulk when heated from zero of the thermometer up to 212° ." This statement contains at least two errors. Instead of zero it should read 32° ; and instead of *bulk* it should read *length*. The increase in bulk is three times the increase in length.

On page 263 he says, "In summer time, when *no* fire is made in the chimney, the column of air in it is generally at a *higher* temperature than the external air." If this statement is true may we not conclude that in winter, when fire is made in the chimney, the column of air in it should be at a *lower* temperature than the external air?

On page 279 he informs us that "Arabia and Persia lie *west* of the great desert of Africa!"

On page 282 he says, "The *general* direction of the wind is from tracts of ocean toward tracts of land." The direction of the wind is sometimes from ocean to land, and sometimes the reverse. There is no propriety in calling either of them the *general* direction.

On page 290 he says, "The majority of shooting stars appear to emanate from a point in the constellation Leo." This remark is only true of a particular season of the year. At other seasons of the year the majority of shooting stars emanate from a very different part of the heavens.

On page 317 he represents it as *peculiar* to the undulatory theory of light that "refraction is due to an alteration in the velocity with which a ray of light travels." Now it is a fact, conceded by those who reject the undulatory theory of light as well as by those who adopt it, that light experiences a change of velocity in passing from a rarer to a denser medium. This supposition, then, is by no means peculiar to the undulatory theory.

On page 321 he says, "The focal distance of a double convex lens is equal to the radius of the sphere of which the lens is a portion." This is only true of a lens made of a substance whose index of refraction is 1.5, which is *nearly* true of crown glass; but with flint glass or diamond the focal length is very different.

On page 327 he informs us that "rays of light, when once refracted by a prism, are not capable of being refracted again." This doctrine is certainly novel, and we must believe original with the author.

On page 353 he informs us that "convex lenses remedy long-sightedness, by increasing the *convergence* of rays of light passing through them." No distinct image can be formed upon the retina by means of *convergent* rays, even with the assistance of a convex lens.

We have thus devoted to Mr. W.'s book an amount of space to which its importance does not entitle it. Mr. W.'s publishers have advertised that "Professors Bache and Henry have certified to his peculiar qualifications for writing a textbook on Natural Philosophy." If either Professor Bache or Professor Henry will give his opinion that any one of our criticisms is erroneous, we will cheerfully make room for its insertion in our Magazine; otherwise we must decline publishing any thing further on this subject.

Editor's Table.

GLIMPSSES OF THE AMERICAN FUTURE.

Professor Guyot, in his celebrated work entitled "Earth and Man," brings out prominently the great fact that America is destined to be the continent of the future. The geographical march of civilization, according to his view, points to the New World as the scene for the full and final development of humanity. A more beautiful and instructive argument, so far as the science of physical geography is concerned, has never been presented to the public mind. The following paragraph, taken from the closing pages of his volume, will furnish the reader with an idea of his theory, viz.: "Asia, Europe, and North America are the three grand stages of humanity in its march through the ages. Asia is the cradle, where man passed his infancy under the authority of law, and where he learned his dependence upon a sovereign master. Europe is the school where his youth was trained, where he waxed in strength and knowledge, grew to manhood, and learned at once his liberty and his moral responsibility. America is the theatre of his activity during the period of manhood; the land where he applies and practices all he has learned, brings into action all the forces he has acquired, and where he is still to learn that the entire development of his being and his own happiness are possible only by willing obedience to the laws of his Maker." The sound principle is laid down and amply illustrated that "the entire physical creation corresponds to the moral creation, and is only to be explained by it." Agreeably to this law the western continent, "founded on a plan widely departing from Asia-Europe," is characterized by "simplicity and unity," and by "its vast extents, its fruitful plains, its numberless rivers, the prodigious facility of communication, nowhere impeded by serious obstacles, its oceanic position," is pre-eminently fitted to be a "most magnificent theatre" for the consummation of human history.

With these views, so forcibly and eloquently expressed by the learned author, we most heartily sympathize. Coming to us from a science that, a century since, was not known—a science presenting such illustrious men as Humboldt and Maury among its laborers and expounders, they are the more welcome from the fact that they are the independent results of manly thinking, learned from intelligent communion with nature as nature is revealed in the light of God. They serve no artificial theory. They have no taint of partisanship. Statesmanship and diplomacy have not concocted them as expedients to sanction conquest and robbery. But by silent, patient, earnest workers in the vast realms of God's power and wisdom, they have been slowly and carefully wrought out for the thought and hope of humanity. Nor can we withhold the utterance that to us, moving on the busy arena of life, and blessed with few pauses in the struggle and battle of the world, there is something sublime in this deciphering of the prophetic symbols long ago stamped on the mountains and prairies, the forests and mineral beds, of this great continent. Prophets are no more. The last of the inspired race was the Apostle of Love, as if it were needful for us to know that love, in closing the volume of futurity, left us the assurance of a continued watchfulness, an eye of mercy, a hand of pro-

tection over the interests of humanity. But though prophets are no more, the prophecies remain enshrined in iron and marble. Over the length and breadth of continents, and far down in ancient strata, and along the banks of mighty rivers, are they written in a language that was not confused at Babel, and requires no "gift of tongues" to set forth its meaning. Witnesses are they to a divine wisdom and glory still present among the affairs of men, ready to meet them at every step of progress toward the sovereignty of this lower creation, arming them with new vigor for new victory, and assuring them in every doubtful hour of the awaiting certainties of a complete and perfected triumph. Who shall say, then, that science is a secular thing? Who shall say that Newton in the far off regions of the heavens, Davy over his safety-lamp, Watt with his steam-engine, Bowditch among the stars, Owen with his comparative anatomy, Kane among the Polar icebergs, or Maury with the Gulf Stream, are engaged in secular work? The reproach of materialism is always ready with some people for men of science. But in our judgment the ideal of science is as divine as poetry and art. It is doing God's work. It is magnifying God's handiwork. Depreciated as they are, stigmatized with atheism and pantheism, the true men of science are bringing every year the attributes of God, as displayed in the material universe, more vividly and impressively before the human mind. Never have the Psalms of David had such a commentator as Isaac Newton; and sometimes, after reading the Nineteenth Psalm and similar outbursts of poetic praise, it seems to us that we hear Newton, as he returns from a remote excursion amidst those material wonders that lie almost in sight of God's throne, breaking forth, on behalf of science, in response to the hymns of Israel's rapt monarch.

Nor are those prophecies that science finds in the hills and valleys the only exponents of coming ages. The future, if it had no types in the present, would be no future. It is nothing more than the progress of the race according to a preordained plan. The only idea we can form of it is, that the earth will be a nobler abode for man, and man a nobler occupant of earth, while both shall better symbolize the glory of God. A general conception of that future is given to mankind, and, agreeably to the divine scheme, it is a conception steadily enlarging. Outward things are not its exclusive adumbrations. If the future of the world is pictured in the bosom of the globe, it is also indicated in those instincts that lie beneath the surface-mind of men. They are a part—a significant and momentous part—of every truly cultivated human being. Unconscious as we too often are of them, buried under the crust of our worldliness and vanity, they are yet the divine monitors of what we are called to be—the legislators of that higher thought and feeling which belong to the privileged estate of humanity, and which palpable organic law only serves to shadow forth. Every great truth is a prophecy of better days. Every new fact makes a brighter to-morrow. Year after year, as genius or goodness, taught of God, announces some lofty sentiment, or calls to some endeavor more heroic than before attempted, the future opens a broader and more luminous vista. Farther back retreat its clouds, leaving fair forms of stately height, and

serene looks, that answer to ideals, born of imagination in hours when prayer and praise throbbed through it, and yet, in our hesitating faith, not fully trusted until other voices had interpreted their meaning. Ordinary life, as we follow it, seldom calls out these spiritual instincts. We plow, sow, reap, without thinking of them. Trade and commerce occupy the outside man; and the inward, the divine, is left to its solitude and silence. Yet all of us have moments when we see more in wheat and corn than the miller takes knowledge of and ships transport across the waters. Matter, as such, can not satisfy us. The instinct of childhood, by which the boy puts a soul into his hobby-horse, and the girl breathes life into her wax doll, never forsake us. Matter reveals the perfections of God, and men can not be content until it discloses somewhat of themselves. The great instincts of humanity, which carry the future of the race in them, are ever struggling to utter themselves in speech or act. Germs of coming generations are hidden within them. Souls are now living that have vaster empires in their yet unfathomed depths than have hitherto been conceived.

Do not charge such thoughts with phantasy. The degree of one's faith is not enthusiasm; for enthusiasm is not a question of intenseness but of kind, not of the quantity of confidence but of the quality. There is infinitely more of the future in our instincts than we apprehend, and through them, in connection with outward movements, God is striving to show us the approaching ages in a clearer manner than we are wont to believe. It is not his will that realities should suddenly burst upon the world without the preparatory work which anticipation is designed to perform. Humanity is educated, in no small measure, by means of its anticipations. Among all our teachers none are so sublime as foreshadowings of futurity, for they give lessons to the intellect, not through the senses but the heart. They are teachers sent from God. The world can not do without them. Did we trust them as their worth merits, we should have a wisdom better than scholarship, and a power greater than armies or navies. Nor let it be supposed that these prophetic intimations are limited to our private personal interests. National instincts, operating through inward sentiments and outward forms, are constantly indicating the character of the future; and statesmanship is never more sagacious than when by native force of insight rather than by logical methods it seizes the ideas and hopes that represent coming events.

The time has come for a higher order of thought and feeling in regard to the future of our country than has hitherto prevailed. Indeed the great want of the day, so far as American thinkers are concerned, is an American philosophy that shall truthfully embody our relations to the world. By this we do not mean that we should deliberately propose certain definite ends and lay down the means to accomplish them. Too much of that kind of work is already found among men. There is generally a spirit of earthly pride in it, a spirit of self-competency and self-seekingness, a spirit that forgets the Ruler of the Universe and legislates in advance of providential tokens. But we mean that American instincts should be clearly apprehended, our peculiarities of capacity and condition thoroughly understood, and, above all, that our position in the providential economy of the human family should be adequately comprehended.

No doubt the special agents of Divine Providence—men like Columbus and Luther—have clear views of the work assigned them. But nations, in this respect, are unlike individuals. All that they can ordinarily have is the ideal set before them which they are to cultivate and follow. Hence, when we speak of an American philosophy, we wish to convey the idea that we are to encourage such motives, cherish such principles, and pursue such aims as a people intrusted with a grand mission for the benefit of humanity ought to feel and obey.

The modes of thought and opinion current among us are not at all satisfactory. Not that they are inherently defective, but they are too low, too limited, too much occupied with the mere externals of our life. The prominent attributes of American mind, such as shrewdness, sagacity, inventiveness, prudence, a ready facility in the use of means, a sharp eye to circumstances, a wonderful adaptation to contingencies, practical skill, indomitable energy, are dwelt upon and intensified by our thinkers and writers as if they really were the exponents of our intellect and character. But what are these except the surface-marks of American mind; the top-soil, catching the sunshine and producing fruits that husbandmen gather into barns? They are striking and effective peculiarities of our people; but we insist that this is no standard by which to measure the true scope, the genuine depth, the distinctive forces of our mind. What would be thought of a geologist who should confine his investigations to the mere face of the globe, penetrating no lower than a plow-furrow, pulverizing rocks and examining soils that lie before men's eyes? Yet this sort of superficiality has contented American thinking. Our tone of thought has been taken from the merest materialities. We have consented to be known by our axes and rifles, by plows and reapers, by cotton-gins, by steamboats and railroads. Insensibly to ourselves the spirit of thinking derived from these things has extended itself over our whole mind, and depraved us even in the higher departments of thought. The large mass of the American people talk of education as if it had no other aim but to manufacture decent, thriving, respectable men. It is simply a matter of outward citizenship, a badge of gentility. Nor has the sacredness of religion escaped this corrupting virus. Thousands among us emphasize religion because of its essentiality to the republic, and never advance beyond the idea that it is a good substitute for constables and jails. Now, that these moral agencies have a high economic value no man can doubt. Nor ought we to overlook for an instant their relation to the outward welfare of society. But the evil lies in resting on these secondary aspects as if they were the main points for consideration. Viewed in this light, these modes of thought, prevailing more or less among all ranks of our countrymen, have done incalculable harm. They have shamefully lowered the standard of American mind, and unfitted us to form a broad, comprehensive, manly estimate of the true dignity and matchless superiority of our position.

What, then, is the just opinion we should cherish of ourselves? What are the leading elements that should enter into a calm, sober, Christian-like appreciation of our circumstances and character? How should we contemplate the future? How qualify ourselves for those fearful struggles, those internal strifes, that must inevitably tax our statesmanship, our patriotism, our virtue?

Looking to the future of our country, we see that certain great causes now at work must have a prodigious agency in the formation of its character. We are devoted, for instance, to material pursuits. A money-loving, money-getting, money-spending people, we think of the world as a huge work-shop filled with the machinery of labor. Every thing is coined into money. There are more mints than can be counted. Not a year passes that scores of them are not originated and set to coining and stamping. Granite and ice, bones and hoofs, rags and offal, dust of dead men and hearts of living women, are hurried into these mints and converted into wealth. Our resources, in prospect, are fabulous. The possibilities of prosperity dazzle even the imagination. Arithmetical intellect, not unused to great achievements, pauses before its figures and profoundly hopes that some clever genius, equal to the emergency, will invent a calculating machine suited to a world of Californias and Australias. That this state of things is extraordinary can not be doubted. Nor is it surprising that so many thoughtful men should be filled with alarm lest luxury overspread the land and engulf all its fairer forms of virtue and spirituality. Doubtless there is cause for anxiety. Human nature, always frail and feeble, is peculiarly liable to the corruptions of prosperity. Let it not be forgotten, however, that we are now contemplating that nature in one of its aggregated forms. For it is vital to the question to remember that humanity, however exposed to certain evils in its individual attitude, may have safeguards, in its social state and corporate capacity, calculated to preserve it from these dangers. Prosperity, even great and wonderful prosperity, if viewed in connection with masses, does not strike us as a threatening ill. It is precisely what they need; and although numbers may abuse it, yet, on the whole, a high degree of physical and worldly success is no foe to popular virtue. Poverty has done the world more harm than prosperity, and to-day the masses of society, were they in a better external condition, would be much less the prey of ignorance and crime. Diffuse wealth and it ceases to be the glittering badge of a class. Social pride and ambition are not then so likely to be stimulated. Moreover, wealth loses much of its corrupting tendency when it takes its place among the blessings of the multitude. There was a time when learning was the privilege of the few, and it generated a false, pernicious aristocracy. The barriers that shut out the multitude were thrown down; knowledge became the inheritance of the many; and the baleful effects, which resulted from its limitations, were altogether removed. Political power, likewise, in passing from the few to the many has purified itself. Looking to these facts, it would seem to be a social law, that as masses interact among themselves, developing their activity in such forms as balance one another and allowing a free, full, forcible interchange of sentiment and energy, there is a healthful spirit of conservatism, a public virtue created, that unfailingly tends to the welfare of communities. Nor must another thing be forgotten. American wealth, taken as a whole, rests on a broad, substantial basis. It is not a fiction. It is not a false, inflated, unreliable tenure. Industry, toiling in God's own fields, working beneath His sky, and using the means which His wisdom has instituted and His power sanctions, has enriched itself with the conveniences and comforts of bountiful living. If in-

dustry is God's Law—if it is a freely-owed consequence of His government—it is a necessary consequence that the fruits of labor are His providential appointment; and that men, acting in obedience to His statutes, are entitled to enjoy them. Without doubt they are prone to forget Him and abuse His gifts; but it is equally certain that the more natural and simple the methods adopted to secure wealth, the less liability exists that it should prove a curse.

For our part, we view this remarkable prosperity of the American people as a most hopeful sign. We hear much, indeed, of the "Almighty Dollar," of a purse-proud aristocracy, of the enervating luxury of the successful classes, of lordly mansions built by sarsaparilla and pills, and the country teems with invective and denunciations leveled at the sordid spirit of the day. There is confessedly some reason for this exclamatory eloquence, hurling forth its interjections as thickly as barbed arrows. Excesses have been committed. Follies have stalked abroad. But what of it all? The head of the whole nation has not been turned, nor have we played the harlequin on the theatre of a continent. A few, comparatively very few, have made blockheads of themselves, but they have shown such surprising facility in the saturnalia of folly that one rather suspects they were born to it. The true question is, How has this unprecedented degree of prosperity affected the mind of the American people? We deny outright that it has been an evil. We unhesitatingly aver that, on the whole, it has made us a wiser, nobler, better community. Look at the North. Hundreds of men who were once poor apprentice-boys have struggled upward and acquired honest fortunes. Look at the South. Hundreds of men who were formerly overseers have made themselves wealthy. The social status of these men is most honorable. They are among our best citizens, the backbone of our institutions. Trade has no more intelligent and liberal merchants and manufacturers; colleges have no more generous patrons; churches have no purer members; and public spirit has no finer representatives than are they. Men who make money and therewith make the wisdom to use it, are pillars of strength in any land. The main thing is, *how* it is made. With us, labor has been the parent of prosperity. With us, God's soil and sunshine have been converted into charming homes, extensive enterprises, flourishing commerce, and wealthy capital. The laws of Nature have not been violated, the purity of society has not been outraged, as a general thing, in the acquisition of worldly good. And, therefore, we repeat, the tendency of American prosperity is, on the whole, salutary and beneficial. We hope it will continue, we hope it will increase; not the prosperity of lawless speculation and reckless sharpers—not the prosperity of wild enterprises and hap-hazard adventures—not the prosperity that sacrifices the soul to the senses and puts Mammon on the throne of God; for all such prosperity is earthly, sensual, devilish: but the true prosperity of honest, hearty, and hard work—the work that lives and thrives by patience, endurance, steady aims, and steady steps, we profoundly trust that such prosperity will multiply manifold.

How, then, does our prosperity bear on the future prospects of the country? A large number of right-minded persons think that it threatens us with ruin. We take the opposite view. Admit-

ting the extravagance, the fashionable follies, the wasteful expenditures of the day, we must still insist that the great mass of the American people are a sober-minded race, standing firmly on their own good feet, and not to be lifted up and borne aloft by those petty, atmospheric, street-corner whirls in which the light-headed and the empty-hearted so ludicrously gyrate. We are now in the first flush of success. Every year new territories are opening, fields of enterprise enlarging; so that novelty has hardly time to thrill with a suddenly-vivid impression before another startling object presses on its sensitive nerve. But this era of development can not long continue. Business will assume regular channels, and trade adjust itself to regular laws. And as circumstances thus change we may look for less excitement and more power; less of the spasm, and more of uniform and vigorous action. The ratio of prosperous men, so far as our native population is concerned, is evidently increasing, and this must tend to enhance the conservatism of the country. Aside from these facts, it can not be denied that public thought is much more turned to the moral uses of money than ever before. The faithful preaching of the Gospel on this subject is doing incalculable good. Ministers are much more attentive to this branch of Christian morality. A new literature, too, has recently grown up, unfolding this vast topic with an amplitude, a pungency, a close grappling with the souls of men that can not be too highly commended. A few years since how rare were such works as Stowell's *Model for Men of Business*; Budgett's *Life*, by Arthur; and the biographies of Frederick Perthes, Lawrence, Curtis! The idea of business in its moral and religious aspects, the responsibilities of trade and commerce, the vast importance of benevolence as a Christian duty, are not new doctrines. Nevertheless, it is certain that a much greater prominence of late years has been given to them. On these points opinion and practice are still defective. But a great change has been commenced. Men of means can not cushion their slumbering souls quite as softly as hitherto. There are many uneasy stewards who are anxious to make to themselves "*friends of the mammon of unrighteousness*," and, moreover, outside of religious circles, wealth is not as complacently callous as it once was. A simultaneous movement within and without the Church is now in progress. The one is distinctly and definitely marked; the other is not so palpable, and far less trustworthy, even on humanitarian grounds; but the awakening is obvious. A most striking feature in modern society is the wonderful combination of influences that are operating on the cultivated and prosperous classes. All of these are reminding them of their duties to others. Wealth can not insulate itself. It can not darken its windows and bolt its doors. It can not shut its eyes on the outside misery of the world. A thousand avenues are opening into its privacy, and voices, tuned to strains of far-reaching pathos, are trembling all through the air it breathes. The selfish enjoyment of wealth, if men will persist in it, can not longer be undisturbed. Luxury must now pay for its privileges. If it will not give a liberal portion of its means to advance the interests of needy humanity, it must suffer a corresponding diminution of its peace. Few things are clearer to our mind than that the capacity to enjoy wealth as a private, selfish thing—a treasure for individual hoarding and holding—is steadily decreasing.

Setting aside the sentiments of Christianity—never so earnest, never so trumpet-tongued, since the age of the Apostles, in pleading for sympathy, kindly brotherhood, and active charity—dismissing all this from the account, the laws of everyday life are sternly arrayed against heartlessness in wealth. If a rich man is determined, at this day, to devote his opulence to personal gratification, there is but one condition on which it can be done, which is, to commit his soul to the vaults of a bank, and have it put under lock and key, safe from the intrusion of newspapers, literature, and social intercourse. One and all, they are most merciless disturbers of his peace. One and all, they are leagued against the monopoly even of his own estate. What, then, is the conclusion from these facts? Simply and surely this, viz., Wealth is becoming more and more amenable to the usages of society. Public opinion, public feeling, and public morality are acting with augmented potency on its reserve, its seclusiveness, its independence, its isolation, and forcing it to acknowledge an authority greater than itself. And what is yet more vital to the argument, Christianity is forming a conscience of money, and training the sensibilities of its subjects to feel the infinite meaning there is in being intrusted with the riches of the world. Dull are the ears of the multitude, heavy their hearts, beneath the worldliness that bears on them. But the ancient voice of the Psalmist, swelling with the sublimer tones of Christianity, is again pealing forth among the mountains, crowned with their musical forests, and along the valleys, where golden harvests wave beneath the rolling strain, and the burden of the cry is—"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein." It is a cry of joy—a cry of terror. It is the intensest utterance of the Christianity of the nineteenth century. It is the specific revelation to our day of the Revelation of an elder day. Amidst the wonders of the age there is nothing more wonderful than the breadth and closeness of man's contact with material nature. With what kindness she receives him; with what tenderness she takes him to her bosom, as one long lost and late returning to her love! But the power and grandeur of the outward universe are being incorporated more and more into the practical workings of Christianity, and giving a deeper import to the truth that "*The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof*."

Another great element in the civilization of the future is Womanhood. Judging from present indications, we are warranted in concluding that it is destined to perform an important part in the progress of American society. America has often been called the Paradise of Woman—a rhetorical extravagance it is true, but standing for a fact of vast significance. The position of woman in our country is as marked a peculiarity of its domestic life as republicanism is of its political life, nor is it an over-statement of the truth to say that, in its sphere, the influence of the sex is as essential as republicanism itself to the character and power of the nation. American womanhood is a new fact. We are scarcely aware ourselves of the functions it is soon to perform in the history of our progress. Its development has just begun. We see only the infancy of the movement, but it is enough to assure us that womanhood is ordained to fulfill a momentous task in the fortunes of our country. Whether it will demonstrate itself in art, literature, science, is altogether indifferent to the question.

and womanhood the intellectual and social freedom it is entitled to enjoy; give it such scope, means, and opportunities as it requires for the activities of its nature; give it culture and sympathy, and it will instinctively select its own fields of effort, and accomplish its appointed work. The ideal of woman, taken in its social relations, presents her as the natural check on those material pursuits, which, unrestrained, tend to degrade manhood. She is the gentle but powerful antagonist of whatever hardens and brutalizes men; and especially in a commercial age, in a country of business enterprise like ours, her influence is essential to counterbalance the excesses of outward activity. If it were not for the intense love of home-life, which we have inherited with Anglo-Saxon blood, our present system of business, with its engrossing cares, its absorbing claims, its feverish excitements, would soon prove fatal to all real manhood. Woman, in this sphere, is a vast power over our countrymen. But we are not disposed to think that her agency will be limited to its boundaries. Of necessity it must be her greatest and happiest scene of action. It were folly, however, to contend that she has no other work, no other responsibilities, no other connections, save such as belong to the household. The more home-like her spirit, the better are her qualifications for society. If she have cultivated talents or original genius, the domestic beauty of her nature will pre-eminently fit her to render a most invaluable service to the mind of the world. There is nothing to be feared, we think, from womanly activity in the open walks of life, if she have a happy domestic position, an educated mind, and the generous sympathies of men. Secure her these, and you secure the conditions of an ennobling philanthropy, of a wise and truthful devotion to all intellectual and moral interests. Acknowledge her womanhood, and she will never sacrifice its dignity and worth. Believing, then, that the civilization of the future will be characterized by a greater prominence of womanly mind and activity, we hail as a most auspicious omen the high estimate, the warm and even enthusiastic appreciation, that our countrymen cherish for womanhood. No doubt it has its weaknesses and defects. But time and experience may be trusted to correct the errors of a sentiment that, in itself, is truthful and noble. Womanhood always repays our respect and love. No law in all the operations of mind is surer. Womanhood is an axiom in American civilization. It is a first truth that our sentiments and usages take for granted, and ignore all questionings. There is somewhat of an exaggeration about it as it now stands. But it is comfortable to know that what is an exaggeration to-day will be no exaggeration to-morrow. Certain, then, are we of this fact, that American womanhood can and will make good the hopes of American faith in its intellectual, moral, and social capacity, and continue to vitalize our private and public heart with a constantly increasing force of knowledge, beauty, and love.

If the limits of this article permitted we should like to discuss the various relations of trade, commerce, science, education, and religion, to the future of our country. But omitting these in their formal treatment, we proceed to touch a few points and dismiss the subject.

American mind has grown to its present vigor in the midst of circumstances that have been peculiarly calculated to develop not merely fresh-

ness and force, but a breadth of view, a diffuseness of spirit, a resistance to the stringency of local habits, a congeniality with all modes of life, that rarely display themselves in a high state of civilization. Strangely enough, the civilized man of this continent has been brought in contact with circumstances that are just opposite to what civilization usually deals with. Ordinarily, man has been a sort of counterpart to physical nature. Acquiring slowly the command of his faculties, learning step by step the use of means, he has gradually elevated outward things to his own level, and made the material creation subservient to his wants. But here the civilized man has exerted his sovereignty at once, confronted the forest, prairie, and flood, with an instant summons to obedience, demanded submission without delay, and installed his royalty in the plenitude of its prerogatives. Is there no future meaning in all this? Is it a mere fact of the past and present? Has it no bearings on to-morrow? Now, nothing is easier than to generalize one's self into pleasant illusions and very witching absurdities. But it would really appear that American mind had been educated to be the pioneer-mind of the world in coming stages of progress. This looks like bombastic pretension. It smacks of Fourth of July rhetoric. Perhaps it is an extravagance. But, nevertheless, we venture to say that there is truthfulness in our position.

The aim of American institutions is to restore man to his original relations. That idea predominates in the whole structure of American society. There is no law of primogeniture between him and the soil; no nobility, with its immense landed estates. The fields are open to him. If he choose, the wages of a day can purchase a lordship over the soil. Starting with this simple principle, which puts man on fair and easy terms with nature, we have developed a system of industry that makes him a cheerful, willing, prosperous laborer. Nowhere is labor so well rewarded; nowhere is it so generally successful. And, finally, every man is a portion of the government, exercising his sovereignty in its affairs, and contributing to its strength and permanence. Such an organization of society must incorporate the entire mass into an economy of progress. It must form a living, moving, triumphant race—not a few prosperous classes, but a prosperous race. It must make a nation of thinkers and actors. All other countries place a premium on the small minority, and a heavy discount on the vast majority. With us, the whole people constitute the practical nation. Trade and commerce, education and religion, represent the million. The necessary effect of such a state of things is to stimulate and vitalize a vast and aggregated mass of mind to its utmost capacity of action—to impel it to the farthest limit of enterprise. Whenever a channel of activity is opened, it is the recipient of a mighty stream, fed by a thousand tributary rills. The whole nation drives forward every thing. Send a whale-ship to the Pacific, and millions are interested in it, for millions want oil and candles. Invent a sewing-machine, and the buyers are counted by tens of thousands. Pianos sell by the hundred thousand. Publish a popular book, and every family must read it. The whole country is a spectacle of the multitude, conscious of a birth-right exceeding its actual possessions—alive with those everyday instincts that busy themselves with better food and raiment than were en-

joyed on yesterday—eager for prizes, clamorous for what belongs to man as God's freeman, wearing in his bosom the charter of the universe. A foundation for greatness, far superior to nationality, is laid in these facts. Americans are not, like Englishmen, representatives of institutions. The latter personage, built up by the contributions of centuries—a composite of Celt, German, Norman, and, yet more, a product of home-creativity—working him into a type of fixed forms, usages, and traditions, is an artificial wonder—the greatest, as such, that walks the earth. Americans stand for a personality above all their institutions. Pour the hot fluid into your snug, conventional mould, and it overflows outside and describes a new pattern—very offensive sometimes to artistic taste, but, for all that, there is a ring of the true metal about it. The old law-books can not hold their jurisprudence, and much of their politeness is independent of Chesterfield. In certain styles of greatness they have shown few grand thoughts. Their orators knock at the outside door, and seldom present themselves before the portals that open into the deeper recesses of the heart. Their poets sing like musical birds—a momentary strain, and a painful silence to follow—rather than like the angels of song, filling the atmosphere with long-swelling waves of melody. But in other things they are full of clever and striking originalities. The best of their genius—not regardless of art and literature, but postponing these intellectual glories for coming leisure—believes in something to be done; and in this homage to the practical, three-fourths of them would consider Cyrus W. Field, as he lays a path for the lightning beneath the waters of the Atlantic, a greater man than Milton, Shakspeare, or Bacon.

Let it be granted that the present form of American greatness is not, when viewed abstractly, the loftiest kind of greatness. An argument on that point is worth nothing. What we insist on is, that American mind, in its wonderful power and progress, is the mind for the world. It is just such a mind as the advancing civilization of the age demands—the best possible sort of mind to rouse the latent energies of other nations—the best to carry out a system of trade, commerce, international comity, that shall promote peace and brotherhood—the best to upset those manifold sophistries that lead men to trust in patronage, usages, governments, for the encouragement of business, science, and art—the best to divorce men from all fictitious alliances, to break the unholy bonds uniting Church and State, and to unloose those other ties that foster a weak and enervating dependence on legislation and opinion for what brave wills and strong arms ought to do for themselves. This is the extent of our claim for American mind; this is the attitude of that mind—bold, erect, fearless—toward the future. A character in the people higher, nobler, better than nationality—a simplicity of instinct that speaks the vernacular of the heart, and not the dead languages of fossil literature and ancestral traditions—a grasp of means that skill finds or makes plentiful—a heroic will, consulting itself, and not the false oracles of circumstances—a capacity to be and to do much beyond the paltry aid of books and people; these are the tokens which indicate our leadership of the world. What momentous significance this imparts to our position and prospects! A man's soul is never so much his own as when he feels that he holds it in trust for others as well as for himself; and a nation never

really transcends the dignity of a clan or tribe unless it opens its heart to the truth that it lives not merely for its private fortunes, but for the brotherhood of humanity.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE fields are stripped by this time, and the trees stand bare. That rich murmur of a myriad insects is gone, and the silence which distinguishes January from June even more than the heat, falls, the precursor of snow, upon the landscape. But, as if to resist the bitterness and sadness of the failing year, the most genial and kindly of all our festivals occurs at the end of November. Its very name, Thanksgiving, betrays its pious origin—and an origin unmingled with any prior tradition. The great Christian festival of Christmas stretches backward to yule logs and mistletoes, to Scandinavian and Briton heathenry; nor does it lose by the graceful, happy association. But Thanksgiving is purely Puritan. It is the good warm human heart conquering the tough head and ascetic manner of the old pilgrims.

In Elliott's *New England History* you may read that, in 1623, after the harvest, Governor Bradstreet sent out a company to shoot game to furnish a dainty feast of rejoicing after the labors of the colony. Having followed the directions of the Governor, and the principle of the excellent Mrs. Glass, they cooked their game, and invited Massasoit and some ninety other savages, and all fell to and devoured the feast, thanking God "for the good world and the good things in it."

Think of that little shivering band clustered on the bitter edge of the continent, with the future before them almost as dark as the forest behind them, many of them with such long lines of happy memories in Old England flashing across the sea into the gloom of their present position like gleams of ruddy firelight that stream far out of the cheerful chimney into the cold winter night—and think of the same festival now! when twenty Governors invite millions of people to return thanks to the great Giver of harvests, and millions of people, obeying, sacrifice hecatombs of turkeys and pumpkins, and pour out seas of cider and harmless wines.

It might be dangerous to stake one's reputation upon the assertion that Thanksgiving is a strictly religious feast. It is a day of practical rejoicing in the good things of this world, and there may even be people whose mouths are fuller of turkey than their hearts of thanks. But every year the area of the kindly feast enlarges. Every year there are more States which sit down to "groaning board," as reporters so happily express it upon occasions of civic festivity.

Dear old Thanksgiving!—whose arms are a turkey roasted and a pumpkin or—long may his blessed reign continue! Long and long his hospitable table be spread! Long and long may he stand, benignant, at his door, calling in the poor and the weary, the blind and the lame, even as the old Puritans called in Massasoit and ninety other savages! Long and long may he send the young people, smiling and blushing and whispering, into corners and under curtains, where what is said and what is done only the couples themselves know—while the grave elders sit chatting by the fire, and live again their vanished years in the quick young life around them! Rich in blessings and reverend in years, may good old Thanksgiving

last with the continent, knitting closer the ties of family and friendship: its cheerfulness beaming like the smile of a patriarch—its charity burning like a central fire, warming all the year and lighting up every dark day of care and sorrow.

—And now, Biddy, bring in the turkey. Master Joshua, you will content yourself with four plates full of plum-pudding and half a pumpkin pie. My dear, I trust you will see that the fiddler has as much as he wants, for his arms will not be spared to-night; and, cousin Jerusha, the mulled wine will test your skill. Only let there be plenty of it, and remember solemnly to observe the recipe. This is it: One table spoonful of powdered sugar and one egg for every person, carefully beat up together. One wine-glass of wine, and, if the ladies are many, two wine-glasses of water to each person. The liquid to be put in a saucupan with a bag of cinnamon. When the egg and sugar are well beaten the saucupan must be placed upon the fire. The moment it boils take it off, and, with infinite care, O Jerusha! slowly and calmly pour it into the egg and sugar, which must be rapidly and incessantly stirred. Then, my young friends, you will be summoned from your dance; Hebes and Ganymedes shall you be, and in the yellow, creaming, delicious drink, you shall pledge and promise what you will—remembering only that it is Thanksgiving, that it is holy-tide, and that whatever is promised to-night must be performed to the utmost letter.

—What is that you are both saying, you Nathan and you Nancy? You do not answer. But I heard, as if you were following the parson, “I will,” and “I will.”

“NEW ORLEANS.

“DEAR EASY CHAIR,—Will you oblige me by stating which of these two is correct?

“Great wit to madness nearly is allied,”

OR

“Great wits to madmen oft are near allied.”

You have it the latter in your August Number.

“I am with respect,

“Yours very truly, E. A. S.”

In Dryden’s “Absalom and Achitophel” E. A. S. will find the line of which he writes. It is the 163d line of the first part of the poem, in the description of Achitophel, or Lord Shaftesbury:

“Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.”

THACKERAY’S “Virginians” is now about half completed. The Easy Chair has so often and so strongly commended it—not because they appear in the same uniform, but because the story is so intrinsically excellent—that it is not from the desire of saying something new that it speaks of it again.

The singular and profound skill in delineation of character which marks Thackeray always, does not desert him in his new work. It is a perfectly finished and living picture of English society of a century ago. For the details of court and fashionable life which make the substance and the charm of the endless memoirs and letters of that period, no other book is comparable with it in thoroughness and picturesqueness. The Earl of Chesterfield, Lord March, the King, Lady Yarmouth, Dr. Johnson, General Wolfe, and others, move across the scene with vivid reality. We have all had our fight about what he says of the youth of Washington. But none of us can fight about Madame

de Bernstein, the Beatrix Esmond of “Henry Esmond.” She is one of the completest, and, artistically speaking, satisfactory figures in late literature. The dramatic veracity in which Thackeray is superior to Scott and Dickens, in which he may be likened, in a degree, to Shakespeare, and which makes all his characters profoundly consistent, is nowhere displayed more finely than in “The Virginians.”

And in none of his stories is his intellectual independence more apparent. Having strongly defined feelings about life and character, he strongly expresses them. Harry Warrington, like Clive Newcome, does a great many naughty things; but the historian warns off the moralist. He is a young man, with the errors and weaknesses of many young men; but he has a candor of character, a stainlessness of soul, which the novelist will have preferred not only to official gravity, but even to a goodness which, being in a different position, may be less tempted.

Nowhere, also, is the old fling against Thackeray apparently more sustained than in “The Virginians,” and less really confirmed. He always treats us to fools and knaves, we are told. He always introduces us into the worst possible society, and sits sneering in our ears about the very people with whom he has made us acquainted, and whose company he always frequents. Here he has brought us to Tunbridge Wells, and it is a very saturnalia of sin. What men! What women! What does the man mean by such conduct?

Well, now, if he brings us to Lady Yarmouth and her crew, are there not also the Lambert girls? If we have Lord March, have we not also Colonel Lambert? If we have Castlewood, have we not Colonel Wolfe? Besides this, and instead of arranging his scene with all the good people on one side, and the bad on the other—like the division of sexes in a Quaker meeting—he shows us the human traits that reveal themselves in people we can not like, but who are not altogether base—as flowers spring up among desolate fields, as finer veins of ore thread barren earth—not enough to make a nosegay of, not rich enough nor deep enough to work.

Does any reader suppose that Lady Maria has no regard at all for the sweet racy youth of her lover? that she is only devoted to his supposed money? It is clear enough, as now appears, that she will transfer her young affections, and not persist in holding Harry to his vows; but will she relinquish him without an honest regret? Under Madame de Bernstein’s worldliness is there no tender longing, no sweet regret of other years and purer feeling—like a stream winding under a hard volcanic crust? Of course there is. Of course the old age of the Lady Beatrix could not be all hard and wicked. How beautiful this character is, as a whole, in the two books! In the triumph of youth insolent and mercenary; but, after a long life, the deeper and tenderer points appearing—and so much material, so much possibility, always.

In truth, like all novels that are worth reading, because they are the portraits of human characters painted by great literary artists, “The Virginians” should be read, as it is written, from month to month—sitting, if you please, with a friendly circle who began with you, who know all the people in the book—who follow their fortunes as we hang upon the careers of real persons—who speculate, and wonder, and plan—who sympathize,

and regret, and condemn; and who justly take a deeper interest in many of the characters than in many acquaintances, because they know them better—not to say because they are better worth knowing.

The ordinary novel-reader will be impatient at the slow progress of events in "The Virginians." But even he must be charmed with the exquisite facility and felicity of the portraiture in the story.

"SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, Oct., 1858.

"DEAR OLD EASY CHAIR.—I am a schoolmistress out West, and it is a bright day when *Harper* comes. I have raised a little club here, and send you our yearly subscription for nine copies. I could better spare a new collar than the *Monthly*."

And so, with many friends, old and new, commences a new volume of the Magazine. Whoever will turn over the long range of volumes, forming a little library, will see what a miscellany of entertaining literature those years of the *Monthly* have accumulated. There has been no weariness on the part of the Magazine or of its readers. No such work has ever had so generous and continuous a welcome. It is that which stimulates and inspires its conductors to be worthy of its immense public—to tell the pleasantest stories that are told any where, both by the most famous authors and those who are becoming so—to photograph the world, in every aspect, both by the pencil and the pen—to chat cheerfully and seriously of every current topic, grave or gay—to be the friend of old and young—and, while there are a thousand things upon which men and women differ, to entertain the solitary reader and the domestic circle with those things upon which all agree.

The Easy Chair, for its part, as it stumps about upon its four legs, which seem even younger than ever (such are the fond delusions of age!), rejoices to know that every month it speaks to friends of every condition every where, whom it shall never know by name, but whom it feels that it knows by heart.

THE Easy Chair is delighted to make public the following correspondence. The thoughtful humanity, the profound architectural knowledge, and the readiness of resources under difficulties displayed in the letter to the Chair, are beyond its praises. They cover themselves with glory. But as the weighty affair in question most deeply interested the interesting cherub so well and favorably known to the friends of *Harper*, the Easy Chair lost no time in bringing it to the attentive consideration of that ornament of the Magazine. His reply was duly received, and, as is only his duty, the Easy Chair presents it to the public, bows, and wheels itself away:

"MR. E. Z. CHAIR,—*Dear Sir*: I make bold to appeal to six or seven of the finer feelings of your nature in behalf of a young person in 'Harper's' employ, who has long been compelled to remain in a very painful and precarious position. I allude to a poor deformed boy—whom you must have kidnapped from the docks—who, with scarcely a rag to cover himself, has been forced by you to sit on the North Pole and blow soap-bubbles for eight long, weary years.

"What kind of charge am I making?"

"What absurd complaint is this?"

"Turn to the vignette of your title-page and see for yourself!"

"There he straddles, poor fellow! just launching his eighth bubble—frozen to his Arctic seat (or else he would certainly slip off)—heroically faithful to the absurd task

to which you have appointed him. See how he has ruined his nose in his exertions at blowing through that huge pipe, which is nearly as long as his arm! See how the big toe of his right foot has pushed the Equator clear down to Capricorn in its weary attempt to maintain equilibrium! Look at the muscles of his right arm, long since cramped and distorted by holding out that heavy and ungainly goblet, which seems, by-the-way, to contain a brick! Look again, and see how long the nail has grown on the sixth finger of his left hand—the sixth finger, mind you, which is a compensatory addition of nature, making up for his having only four toes on his right foot!"

"Infelicitous boy! Condemned at once to amuse and grieve the million readers of 'Harper's,' fortunate only in his unconsciousness of the fate which awaits him! For the time must come when the Irish boys on either column, weary of scattering meaningless chips on nothing, will take their tired toes away from the ends of the scrawly scrolls which seem to support the egg-shaped sphere, and down will tumble the baseless fabric! Then, whither the boy, ah, whither! Fall he must, through the sharp-angled 'HARPER'S,' the slippery, dripping 'MONTHLY,' the shag-barked, cross-grained 'MAGAZINE,' upon the rough corners of the huge 'half-shell' below!"

"What wreck then, oh E. Z. Chair, of your 'Table' and Contents! The big ink-stand with its huge pen—'mightier than the sword' and about as long—the tottlish piles of badly-bound books, the slipping letters and falling scrolls, the thick palette—made of 'half-inch stuff' at the thinnest—all together, in dire confusion mingling, will be jammed against the bases of the 'morfodite' columns, dislodging and overturning them, and bringing down the other Irish boys and their chip baskets, *ker-flummux*!"

"I began, Mr. Chair, with an appeal to your finer feelings. I did intend to persuade you to act from humane and Christian motives, and take down that poor boy. I hope my remarks may have an influence with you. May I not hope that you will at least give ear to my warnings and to the following suggestions?"

"Unless something be done *immediate*, that boy will fall! I propose, therefore, assisted by hints from an architectural friend who shares my anxious solicitudes:

"1st. That the bunting be stripped from the columns and employed in strengthening their uprightness. By tying this around them just below their tops, and making it fast from one to the other, the strain caused by the impending weight of the globe may be temporarily counteracted. The columns will thus be stripped of their wreaths, but since whatever of architectural meaning there is about them is Egyptian, it will not be at variance with any laws of taste to remove these incongruous surroundings.

"2d. Temporary safety being now secured, that the columns be stayed by 'shores' placed against them to the right of one and left of the other. It will be convenient to have these shores in the form of ladders, so that fresh supplies of chips and soap and water may be sent up to the boys—that is, if you can not be persuaded to take them down. And, in this connection, my friend suggests that a plank be laid from the top of the left-hand column to the equator of the sphere—and stout spikes must immediately be driven into this, below the equator, to keep that important and useful line from slipping any farther down. This plank would make connection between 'Chips' and 'Bubbles,' the latter of whom, it is evident, can not reach across the chasm for 'more soap' without danger of falling.

"3d. That since 'HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE' has no visible means of support, a frame-work be erected like those on which fire-works are displayed; the letters might be fastened upon this with tacks. This frame-work, resting securely on the table, might appecuate at the South Pole of the globe, and aid in supporting it.

"4th. The safety of the whole structure having now been attended to, a few details must be looked after. The boys should be decently and warmly clothed. Winter is at hand, and although you may say that they are 'tough,' having been exposed in this dress for eight winters, yet I can assure you, Sir, that the modesty and hu-

manity of your million of readers can be with impunity be much longer disregarded. Your books should be piled up properly, and some better filed and laid away. If you will remove that immense and meaningless "half-shell"—suggestive only of oyster-suppers, which should never be served in a library—you will have more room on your table, and can dispose of your books and papers more conveniently.

"Oh, my dear Chair, be 'easy' with me! I'm afraid I've spoken too plainly, but I rely so much on your good nature and your good sense that I think you won't be offended. Are you, now?"

"The sweet little cherub that sits up aloft" upon the cover of *Harper* (and he hopes he may be pardoned for calling himself by a name which is precious to him, as having been conferred upon him by his amiable old friend, the Easy Chair) begs to present his compliments to every body, and to avail himself of this opportunity of replying to the utterly uncalled-for, inhuman, unjust, and disagreeable—not to say unpleasant—letter addressed to his kind old friend.

Let the candid reader turn to the cover and find the answer to this insolent communication brightly blazoned there. Behold him (me) clasping the world with kindly legs; with one hand grasping a generous beaker, with the other holding a pipe and blowing rainbow bubbles! What does that picture—in itself so cheerful and exhilarating—suggest? Viewed only as a radiant youth riding a globe it is worth two years' subscription to the Magazine; but to the eyes and minds of thoughtful, poetic, and imaginative people—yes, anonymous author, poetic and imaginative people!—what does it symbolize beyond its merely outward beauty?

Just this: that genius—ever joyous, ever young in the pages of *Harper*—rules the entire world, but by the kindest sway; on the one hand cheering it with the sweet wine of song, on the other illuminating it with the most graceful and perfect creations of fancy, in which every aspect of nature is exquisitely mirrored. Not drugging it with dull polemics—not stinging it with violent debate—but, in soft inebriation, winning the world with rainbow fancies from sorrows and cares. It is the very genius of exhilarating amusement, recreating, while it rules, the world.

And why is the equator somewhat depressed? Simply to show that the same charitable genius conquers the languors of the tropics and extends the temperate zone of rational recreation; that the industry, and intelligence, and calmness which mark the temperate zone of our Magazine, are spread by the Magazine around the world; that no equator is so hot and fixed, no north pole so cold and fatal, that the sweet little cherub of kindly sentiment and story and song may not push aside one barrier with his foot, and sit supreme and unharmed upon the other.

And even if it were true—which, upon the faith of a cherub, I deny—that the hand of which this captious critic complains had six fingers, instead of the usual human allowance of five—what then? What would it symbolically set forth, but only to the imaginative and poetic mind, except that the hands which assisted in the weaving of the sweet spell which delights the world were not liable to the imperfections of ordinary hands, but were unlimited and phenomenal?

Likewise of the foot, equally objurgated, the refined and perceptive mind instantly notices the beautiful significance. Even if there were but four toes

(whatever that rare name, Madame! what could the design delicately insinuate but the fact that, with even less expenditure of force than is ordinarily necessary, all obstacles are overcome, and fall before the all-conquering genius?

Again presenting his compliments to every body, the cherub begs them to remark the inhumanity of the flings against those two estimable and industrious beings who are united with the other (me) in the work of charity and love. What are they doing—what have they done—that they should be so insolently commiserated? Will a kind public attend and give ear?

What are those two youths doing? They are scattering flowers. From baskets, ever full, they throw roses that never wither on both sides of the globe. To the sensitive and refined mind they symbolize the immortal spirit of peace and good-will that drop blossoms so that, whichever way the world rolls, it may roll in beauty and freshness and fragrance. They symbolize the resolution, never slumbering nor sleeping, which takes care that the Magazine shall do its share to make the world's journey pleasant and fair. Like the

"Happy melodists, unwearied,

Forever chanting songs of power now,"

they stand, tireless and cheerful, by night and day, in summer and winter, and foretell the flowery path in which the reader will run. Are they cold and scantily clothed? Ah! dear Public, you know—whatever the knowledge of the author of this anonymous slander may be—that the air of happy occupation is always a summer air—that the sun of hilarity rises with every new number of *Harper*—and that those two charming children live forever in the full light of that luminary. Co-workers with the cherub, they are neither cold nor hungry nor naked. For they are warmed with their constant happy activity; they feed forever upon pleasant thoughts, and they are clad with the grace of generosity.

There is a volley of trumpery advice about changing, and propping, and supporting, and other architectural arrangements. The bunting around the columns is to be removed, and appropriated to some other purpose. Now, dear Public, there is but one other object to which it could be so well devoted as at present, and the achievement of that object would also effect a change in the cover. Every discerning mind sees at once what is meant. It is to take the drapery and hang the pestilent complainer where his head may constantly hit the "sharp-angled *Harper's*," his unavailing hands slip upon "the slippery, dripping *Monthly*;" his legs chafe "the shag-barked, cross-grained *Magazine*;" and his toes be utterly worn away upon "the rough-corners of the huge half shell below."

Then justice will be done. Then peace and harmony will be avenged and satisfied. Then—like the heads upon Temple Bar, grinning and dreadful preachers of the consequences of treason—will the suspended figure of this ill-omened critic show the folly of little minds, and the futility of captious complaints.

But leaving him, be it yours, most sweet Public, to look at the picture in the light I have shed upon it; and it shall be mine to remain the symbol of the hearty desire of providing a monthly and an unfailing pleasure, which animates my anonymous friend the Editor of the *Magazine*.

WE have all been disgraced by the fight near

Buffalo. It is to be expected, of course, that brutal men will behave like brutes, and tear each other's eyes out when they have occasion. It is to be expected, also, that men whose tastes are bestial will support them in so doing. But what has the public, as such, to do with it?

Will you say, "Nothing at all?" Will you say that it is only the bruisers and "the Fancy" who were interested in the contest for the "championship?"

Will you then please to explain the fact that the leading newspapers in New York considered it necessary to have a long and detailed history of the disgusting business, after having printed "Postscripts" and "Extras" to announce the result?

In this country there is no indication of the direction of popular interest so unerring as the newspapers. When they devote several leading columns to any subject, we may be very sure that it is not a matter of private scope, but of wide and general attention. So, with the daily papers in his hand, a man may say with simple truth, we have all been disgraced by the Buffalo fight.

Fighting is always wretched business enough; but although Christ expressly forbade it, and although we all claim lustily to be Christians, a man loses consideration in a Christian community if, under some circumstances, he does not fight. In defense of the life or honor of those dear to us, fighting certainly loses its offensive character. In moments of hot passion, too, the deadly or sudden blow has some kind of extenuation or excuse. But to put the human body into perfect order solely in order that it may be a battering-ram to pound another body in equal order into a jelly, is the most loathsome and sickening of all enterprises. And that this should be a matter of such general sympathy as to justify the publication of elaborate reports is a most humiliating and alarming fact.

There is a great deal said about the manly art of self-defense and physical vigor. But those are excellences that have nothing to do with such brutalities as this fight. It is the disgrace of England that its manners allow a certain toleration of the prize ring. It is covered up under a talk about sinew and muscle and heartiness. But there is nothing so disgusting in a bull-fight as in a prize-fight, nor more inhuman in the old gladiatorial shows than in the spectacle of two human beings deliberately beating each other blind and bloody. And this is to be noticed to our shame, that while in England the thing is hedged with a sort of honor in itself which excludes deadly weapons, and is only stealthily acknowledged as a matter of public concern, and printed in "sporting" papers—yet here the ring is surrounded with revolvers, destroying all chance of "fair play," and the affair is blazoned upon the breakfast-table.

Does any man suppose that the London *Times* would ever publish the details of any contest of this kind, as the New York papers have published them? John Bull may be brutal enough, but he is decent enough to respect times and places. If he has a dirty story to tell, he will not choose a lady's boudoir for the telling; and if he likes to see a brutal set-to, he will steal off and see it, and hold his tongue.

AND that last paragraph leads any well-behaved Easy Chair to ask the question, on what ground the papers justify the publication of such stuff?

There are plenty of fights every day between brutal bullies, which decide the "championship" as much as this Buffalo one; why are they not paraded at great length and with every facility and ornament of type in the newspapers?

The general answer, intended to cover the whole ground, is that a newspaper is a sheet of which the purpose is to circulate the news, to tell whatever has happened, without regard to its character or influence. Hence we have disgusting details of crimes and trials, which, if published as books, would be sued and suppressed as indecent.

Now the argument is very clear that, if the conductor of a newspaper has only to provide news for his readers, and may call any thing of which they have not heard, or with which they are not familiar, news, there is nothing, however salacious, which does not fall strictly within the rubric. There are a thousand details of a thousand places in the city of New York which are just as interesting as the fight near Buffalo. They are no more criminal, they are no more indecent, and they would make the paper sell. If the conductor of a paper abdicates all moral responsibility in his relations with the public, and is only bound to provide something that the public will buy, let him spare the correspondence from Caracas and give us the latest bulletins from the Five Points.

Is it said, that the very fact that there are no bulletins from the Five Points shows that there is a restraining sense?

To this the reply is, that it is a restraint only in degree, not in kind. Twenty-five years ago such a report of the late fight as was given us in the papers would never have been seen, not only because the papers of those days would not have sent competent reporters, but because the good sense and feeling of the readers would not have allowed it. And how long is it likely to be before a public whose taste justifies such reports will not also justify accounts of other matters with which prize-fighting and prize-fighters are intimately connected, and which are really no more unmanly, indecent, and dishonorable?

THE Easy Chair has always claimed that there is no essential relation between Dirt and Democracy, that a man may be a Democrat and yet be a decent gentleman, and that to violate every feeling of propriety is not to prove one's orthodoxy in principle.

The Easy Chair is now prepared to assert that it does not follow that a man is insincere in moral or political effort because he dresses well. "My dear Sir, your coat fits much too well for a philanthropist!" Heavens! then it *is* true that bad habits are essential to good morals.

The Easy Chair was once conversing with a friend enthusiastic about a popular poet. But there was a vein of sadness and regret in all the praise. There was evidently something reserved into which the Chair, at last, delicately inquired.

"Ah! dear Easy," was the reply, "is it not melancholy to reflect that this poet of whose sincerity the heart can no more doubt than the ear of his sweetness, with all his humanity and pathos, and grace and simplicity, wears the best fitting coat in the State!" And it was clear that the coat presented a full faith in the qualities which it was impossible not to perceive and enjoy.

There was a mystic and profound significance in Carlyle's Philosophy of Clothes, and in a very

literal and exact sense. If Carlyle himself should step into the desk, jeweled and ringed, velveted and exquisitely gloved, his wisdom would not seem so wise as if it were uttered in a careless coat, an unanxious cravat, and trowsers bulging at the knees. Yet we figure Pericles* as the glass of fashion and the mould of form; and the great English orators have usually been punctiliously dressed.

Of course the feeling arises from confounding good dressing with careful dressing. But many a man dresses well with less care than many another clumsily and slovenly. It is generally safer to judge every man *not* by the outside, and to measure sentiments by their intrinsic justice, and not by the pantaloons of the orator—just as it is dangerous to suppose, because a man is dirty; that, *therefore*, he is a Democrat or believer in the equal rights of all men.

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR.—I write for information. Is Mr. Van Wartenberger in earnest when he proposes to keep seven servants, horses, and last, but not least, a dear wife, with the moderate sum of ten thousand a year? If he is seriously in earnest, beg of him, if he have any regard for his domestic happiness, to curtail the number of servants. He can not possibly accomplish what he proposes. I tremble at the thought of his fleeting wedded bliss, and am ready to prove to him the impossibility of his scheme, out of regard to his future happiness and that of the inestimable Mrs. Van Wartenberger.

"Now, Mr. Easy Chair, you understand my disinterestedness, and will promise to take my part in case that my husband, Mr. Fitzbubble, should censure me for bringing his affairs before the public. I repeat that I take this step solely for the benefit of the young couple. We, that is Mr. Fitzbubble and myself, reside in a brown stone house, elaborately finished after the Chincherbred style of architecture. I scarcely need to mention this, as the Fitzbubbles have, time out of mind, been noted for their showy residences. By practicing the greatest economy we are enabled to keep a bland cook, not too fat; a genteel and graceful colored boy; a chambermaid, not given to airs; a lady's maid, the spread of whose skirt is less than that of her mistress; and a coachman, of ruby face and proboscis, upon ten thousand a year. Two servants less than Mr. Van W. proposes, and this with the most rigid economy! By rigid economy I mean that Mr. Fitzbubble denies himself all such useless luxuries as fast horses, cigars, dogs, etc.; also such amusements as sporting, boating, and the like. In fact he spends less upon himself than any man that I have ever known. He is conscientious about patronizing extravagant tailors, and never enters the doors of a club-house. Would Mr. Van W. willingly follow in such footsteps? I tremble to think of the consequences should he not. I could shed tears when I reflect upon the loves of shawls and bonnets which she will stand in actual need of (and which need will be the prolific source of many an altercation between her husband and herself), if he persists in keeping seven servants upon only ten thousand dollars a year. I feel a great admiration for Mrs. Van-W., whose amiability is fully manifested by the relinquishment of her preferences, and whose good sense is evident by her approval of the discriminating selection of servants which her husband has made. I see at a glance the difficulties which she will labor under by dispensing with the footman and the housekeeper; but upon ten thousand a year, dear Mr. Easy Chair, she can never keep more than five and do justice to herself.

Respectfully yours,

* FRIVOLE FITZBUBBLE.

* What is fame? A clergyman was about to deliver a lecture upon "the Age of Pericles," and some gentlemen were speaking of it.

SMITH. "Jones, what *are* Pericles?"

JONES. "Well, Smith, I don't exactly know. But it's a kind of shell fish."

SMITH. "Ah! then, of course, 'the age,' has reference to the time they have been out of the water."

P.S. Mr. Fitzbubble has such a funny notion of a chambermaid, I would like to mention to Mr. Van W. near as that he may be prepared for his destiny. But—*Yours who does words and gets bills.* You see, the account my dear "Easy Chair," I am obliged to scribble. Be charitable occasionally."

OUR FRENCHMAN GOSSEP.

It is a blank month for grand news. The *Austria*, carrying down its five hundred, has startled even the Paris world—and, unfortunately, the enrollment of the *Austria*, in popular talk, is among American steamers—another dreadful proof, they say, of the transatlantic waste of life. The story makes a gloomy paragraph; and the fumigating tar of the Hamburg seamen is classed with the bowie-knives of Arkansas, the duels of Mr. Arrow-smith, and the burning of the Quarantine. More and more our home civilization is regarded, by the idle observers of Europe, as a kind of fierce *sauvagerie*, under which cheap meats are eaten half-cooked—a President washes his hands in greasy tavern basins, in his shirt-sleeves—and horse-stealers or abolitionists, when caught, garnish the limbs of wayside trees.

"And do they ever bury these men?" hints an inquiring Frenchman.

The American quidnunc expresses grave doubts.

"But then," says the Frenchman, "don't you fear the effects of putrefaction?"

Quidnunc replies, "We are used to that."

"*Mon Dieu!* but the yellow fever: isn't it a cause, perhaps?"

"Very probably."

And the philosophic Frenchman embraces at once the somewhat gloomy theory that our yellow fever may be traced directly to the miasma arising from the putrefying victims of Lynch law!

A bit of real gloom belonged, a few evenings since, to the quarter of the Madeleine. The Prince Ghika, of the Danubian Principalities, whose interests have so recently engaged the attention of the European Congress, was thrown from his carriage, as he was returning from a drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and died two hours thereafter. He was just about leaving Paris for Wallachia, where he hoped, through French influence and his personal popularity, to secure his election as Hospodar. To this end his horses, of which he had a considerable number, had been advertised for sale. But his reputation as one of the most daring whips of the metropolis made purchasers coy. His teams were restive to a degree that frightened even the jockeys; yet it is worthy of notice that, on the occasion of the accident, he was driving with a well-broken team, belonging to his wife, the Princess.

The coachman, a Wallachian, lost command of them, the Prince stepped forward to assist him, a rein broke, and the poor fellow was thrown to the pavement.

The Princess is represented as a charming person, of French birth, formerly known as a pleasant *feuilletoniste*, and the companion of Balzac, Gautier, Gavarni, and others. A recent pamphlet of hers, calling attention to the condition and attitude of Wallachia, has revived recollection of her old status. The funeral obsequies have crowned the week with a sad pomp of plumes and sable hangings.

The circumstances of the death recall vividly the last hours of the Duke of Orleans; and this memory brings to mind the recently published will

of the Duchess—full of piety, tenderness, and royal resolve. We may venture to cite a portion of it:

"This is my will. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. In dying I commend my soul to God, and in the name of Jesus Christ I implore His infinite mercy, praying him to receive me in the eternal abode, there to reunite me to those for whom I have mourned upon this earth. I leave my maternal blessing to my beloved sons, and pray the Lord to guide them through this life, to give them prosperous days, and to grant them eternal felicity when they shall have nobly fulfilled their destinies here below. I bid them here a last adieu, while thanking them for the happiness they have contributed to my existence. I entreat the Queen to accept the last expression of my respectful gratitude. I bid farewell to my mother, to whom I owe so much; to my brothers and sisters, for whom I have ever felt sincere affection; to my mother's family, whose tender hospitality has lightened the bitterness of exile of my sons and myself; to my friends and servants, whose fidelity in the midst of misfortune has inspired me with grateful attachment; and, finally, I bid farewell to France, which I have loved so much, and where the happiest years of my life have glided away. I recommend my sons never to forget that the fear of God is the beginning of all wisdom, that it is a guide and beacon in prosperity, and a stay amidst misfortune; to remain ever faithful to the precepts of their childhood, and continue steadfast, likewise, in their political faith. May they observe it both by their constancy in adversity and exile, and by their firmness and devoted patriotism when the course of events shall restore them to their country. May France, restored to her dignity and liberty, may constitutional France reckon upon them to defend her honor, her grandeur, and her interests; and may she find once more in them the wisdom of their grandfather and the chivalrous qualities of their father. They should ever bear in mind the political principles which have made the glory of their House, which their grandfather faithfully observed upon the throne, and which their father, as his will and testament bears witness, had ardently adopted. His last directions have been the guiding rule of their education."

And in conclusion she says: "Whatever the place of exile where my days may close, and whatever the tomb I may happen to find, I request my sons, and in their default, my heirs, to have my remains conveyed to France whenever our family may return to it, there to deposit them in the mortuary chapel of Dreux, beside the tomb of my husband. I here close my last will with an assurance of pardon to all such as may have offended or afflicted me, and with an entreaty to all those I may in my turn have offended or pained, not to retain the memory thereof. My last words are for my beloved sons—a prayer and a blessing.

"HELENE, DUCHESSE D'ORLEANS."

We read this will in a Paris paper. Do the censors sleep? Or has the Breton ovation quieted any Imperial distrust?

You have read of that triumphal progress—how Brittany and all La Vendée forgot their traditional loyalty and became Napoleonist. You have read, if you have kept in the track of the Paris correspondents, of the fête days at St. Cloud, at Compiègne, and of the gay bathers and the bull-fights

at Biarritz. You have seen, too, how the long-promised ruin which, in the opinion of some of your overwise journalists, was to overtake the Mobilier and France, and make such financial crash as should carry all despotic Europe with it into bankruptcy, has been staved off, and off, and lingered and retired, till now even shrewd income-seekers are placing faith in French stocks, and the Bourse is all sunshine.

The revival of trade here must be a sad disappointment to those who prophesied with such large and ludicrous persistency the utter hollowness of French credit. Of course a great many fond and amiable old gentlemen must find their political economy theories blighted; it was made so very clear that M. Pereire was another Law, and the Mobilier another South-Sea scheme, and Louis Napoleon a despotic trifler with edge tools. Now we are not going to annoy or provoke good republican susceptibilities with any defense of oath-breaking, or Louis Napoleon's conduct generally; but we do say that he has put a large sagacity and a most unwavering firmness into his pilotage of France through the year past; and though the army and outsiders may have been more struck by his adroitness and shrewd policy during the progress of the Eastern war, yet the wonderful stanchness and far-sightedness of the man have been put to a far more critical test, and won a larger triumph, in combating the threatened monetary crisis of the year past. To call him knave persistently may gratify a certain red zeal for republicanism; to call him simply Mr. Bonaparte, as some comical Democrats religiously do, shows pretty cherishment of crushed hopes; but to call him fool and simpleton implies a besotted ignorance that would be pitiable if it were not malicious.

WE shift the topic. We have a little story to tell of the daughter of a French beggar—showing that beggars are sometimes rich. Every beggar must have his permit in France, and wear his medal, with official stamp, authorizing his vocation. Thus much of preface. The story, which is, after all, only an incident, is magnified as the French only know how to do, and begins in this romantic way:

A *curé* (which means priest) came up one day from his country parish to Paris, weary and foot-worn. He was neither afraid of railways nor had dread of coachmen or steamboats; but he was poor. Yet our priest brought with him fifteen hundred francs in gold. He presided over the little parish church of San Clothilde, and in San Clothilde he trusted; he prayed to San Clothilde; San Clothilde was his saint of saints. He decked her altar as he could; fresh flowers withered before it; cheap tinsel ornaments were lavished on it. But one day, in the little poor-box which one may see iron-bound and iron padlocked in all the country churches of France, the *curé* found a little packet containing fifteen hundred francs in gold pieces, and a line written upon the paper which inclosed it, saying, "For San Clothilde."

So, with this money scrupulously unbroken, the parish priest walked to Paris to purchase a marble statue of his patron saint.

It is a small sum to pay for a marble statue—most of all in Paris. But this the *curé* did not know. He went straight to a young sculptor, who was a son of an old parishioner of his, and told him how the money had come in strangely, and

how much he desired a marble statue of the saint.

The sculptor consented to supply it, and to send one of his pupils down to the village on the Loire (we had forgotten to say the priest came from the Loire banks) to prepare the chapel for its reception.

The good priest went his way gratefully. A month after the pupil of the sculptor came down to prepare the chapel: the statue was to come in a fortnight's time. The young sculptor had wrought the subject before the visit of the *curé*, and availed himself of the occasion to dispose of—lost labor. A Paris sculptor's student would be young, of course, and gallant, of course. So it happened that, "as he worked at the vault of the chapel of San Clothilde, there came there for worship more village maidens than ever before;" but chiefest among them one brown-eyed girl, with more the air of Paris *sansons* about her than of Loire banks, found place in the regard of the young sculptor.

He was awed by the earnestness of her devotions, but he was bewitched by her beauty. From looking he grew to loving; and she from looking to liking.

So the chapel reparations went gayly on: the brown-eyed girl constant at her devotions; the sculptor constant at his work. The statue in due time came down from Paris, and was inaugurated with all the festal attractions which the old priest and his parishioners could plot in aid of the ceremony.

The young sculptor, a looker-on now, saw the brown-eyed girl duly make her appearance, alighting now from a sumptuously-furnished carriage, and attended by a gray-haired old gentleman, who walked with a crutch, and escorted her to the shrine of San Clothilde.

Was this to be the last feasting of the eye upon that fairy figure?

The ceremony ended, he came forward to bid the old priest adieu; that very evening he must turn his back upon the Loire banks, perhaps forever.

The good priest said, not so soon: he must go with him to dine with the excellent M. Marcel, the richest patron of the parish: he must see Mademoiselle, who was another Saint Clothilde. "Hist! there she goes!" and the priest pointed out the brown-eyed fairy who had tempted his stolen glances from the chapel scaffolding.

Of course he staid: admired, of course: trembled, of course—as what should a poor sculptor, not yet established in reputation, have to say with the daughter of a rich *propriétaire* upon the Loire banks?

Yet the glances in the church had paved the way for acquaintance: the good priest engrossed the good Monsieur Marcel: and the lover and the loved—what should they do?

Yet the time for leave-taking came, and the young man had not yet conquered his timidity: she always the heiress; he always the poor sculptor.

How is all this to end?

Fortunio, who writes the *Courrier* in the *Nord* newspaper of Brussels, ends it in this way:

Good Monsieur Marcel takes the young sculptor's arm. "You love my daughter there?"

"Madly."

"You are afraid to speak?"

"She is rich; I am poor."

"This is all your objection?"

"Absolutely?"

"What if she were a beggar's daughter?"

The young sculptor does not lose his self-command, the brown eyes could not. "I would say her name!"

Brown-eyes come nearer.

Monsieur Marcel says, "You can take her; you will see—here is my medal. My name is upon the reverse of the quittance which I received because my fortune has come in this way. The fifteen hundred francs which bought the marble statue of San Clothilde came thus. I could not marry my daughter to a duke, though she is rich enough. There is a prejudice against beggars. You are young, clever; we are both artists—you with the chisel, I with my crutch. Will you marry my daughter?"

The brown eyes fell.

But they lifted again; and the pretty *paroissienne* became a sculptor's wife.

And out of such flimsy material as this our Paris *coiffeurs* will cook a story; and we, for want of better, repeat it.

LET us skip suddenly to England, to Lord Derby and his sale of horses. It is an affair that has made talk. You know, or should know, that Lord Derby is a lover of the turf; that without any triumphant successes he has for nearly a quarter of a century bet largely upon stock of his rearing. Indeed his losses within a twelvemonth past have been put down at an enormous figure. The other day he advertised sale of his stud. We do not recall the particular wording of the announcement, but the understanding seemed general that he was about to retire from the turf, and dispose of his whole stock. Whereupon the *Times* (which is fighting his administration with desperate lunges) moralizes, and preaches (editorially) in this fashion:

"LORD DERBY'S STUD.—See the *Impartialist*."

No inconsiderable portion of the English public will feel sincerely rejoiced to hear that the Prime Minister has determined to quit the turf, and no longer give the sanction of his high office to the very questionable people and transactions whose existence is wrapped up in that simple and rustic monosyllable. We have nothing to do with Lord Derby's private concerns, and if when he quits the Treasury Bench he likes to return to the turf, that is a matter for his own good taste and feeling on which we shall never venture to intrude. But we must say we have felt it as very greatly to be regretted that a nobleman occupying the position of Prime Minister of this country should lend the influence, not only of his high rank, but of his political station, to patronize and promote among the people of this land a taste for an amusement to which is directly traceable more misery, more ruin, and more demoralization than to any other lawful pastime. When the Prime Minister shall have retired from the turf, the apprentice who robs his master's till, the clerk who embezzles his receipts, or the butler who pawns his plate can no longer allege in excuse for their peculation their devotion to a sport which they carry on under the sanction of the name of the Prime Minister of England. Something, therefore, has been gained, on the supposition always that Lord Derby is sincere in his resolution to retire from the turf, at least till the term of his Ministry is expired. We say on the supposition that Lord Derby is sincere, for there are circumstances connected with the sale to

which persons familiarized by some experience with the ways of this wicked world might tend to cast a doubt on the subject. Our readers may remember some time ago a bitter complaint in our columns from a correspondent who seemed to be not without some reason for his exasperation. The complaint of our correspondent was that the possessors of celebrated studs were in the habit of advertising the sale of the whole of them, that by this means a large assembly was collected, and persons were induced to travel long distances to attend the sale, which turned out only to be a means of getting rid of all the inferior stock, every thing that was good being bought in on account of the owner."

It sounds not a little curiously to hear the *Times* newspaper, which devotes annually so much of space and of money to the heralding and illustration of affairs of the turf, taking suddenly this grave, Scotch turn; quite as extraordinary, indeed, as if we were to find one of our own newspapers at home, which had been constant and earnest in its condemnation of a pugilism and dead-rabbitism generally, suddenly illuminating its columns with full telegraphic reports of the last fight between Jem Hyer and Dick Poole.

Yet such things happen. The *Times* has a heart (if it can only be reached) to sigh over the brutalities of horse-racing. Our papers, too, have hearts; at least they say they have. The Palmerston journals all kept alive this sudden morality for a week; the administration organs meantime commending the patriotism of a Peer, who, for the better fulfillment of his ardent public engagements, was willing to forego the ennobling pleasures of the turf. They congratulated the country, while they condoled with "the Derby."

At the end of a week, however, it appeared from actual account of sale, that his lordship had no intention whatever of retiring from the ring, and that all the horses that had any chance at all of securing winnings had been bought in by his lordship, who had succeeded in disposing of his inferior animals at a very handsome figure.

The *Times* has ceased preachments against horse-racing, and the Derby organs are silent.

The whole matter has made very abundant talk in the Jockey Club. This turf talk reminds one that Fox, the rival of Pitt, was as much addicted to sporting as the present Premier; almost as unlucky too; yet it is recorded that, on a famous Newmarket day, in April, 1772, he won something over fifteen thousand guineas. On becoming a member of Lord North's administration, in 1783, Fox, too, advertised the sale of his stud, and professed to retire from the turf. The sale was in his case a *bona fide* one; but only a few months after he purchased a new stud, and appeared again upon the Newmarket course in October of the same year; and here a king's messenger found him to command his presence at court.

Apropos of betting—do you hear (it is true) that one hundred and fifty thousand francs are staked upon the chess match between Morphy and Harrwitz among the denizens of the *Café de la Regence* alone? The last game won by Morphy, being sixth in their order, has particularly delighted Parisian observers. "He electrified," say they, "every one by giving the Prussian checkmate *par une série de coups foudroyants*." Needless to say that the chess *Café* (de la Regence) has been thronged latterly past endurance. The illness of the Prussian player

leaves us, as we write, still in doubt as to the issue of the match.

SHALL we say any thing of the fearful establishment of a Russian force in the near port of Villafranca, upon the Sardinian coast? Essentially a very unimportant business arrangement between the governments of Russia and of Sardinia; but by the noisy hue and cry of the lesser London journals bloated into a transitory importance. A Mediterranean port had been ceded; a new Sebastopol was to be founded; the highway to India cut off; and unceasing gasconade of this sort, until knowledge of the simple facts of the case shamed the alarmists into reason.

The truth is, for the better training of steam commanders, or for damage to Austrian lines, Russia has determined to establish steam communication between Odessa and various ports in the Mediterranean for the transport of mails and passengers. The boats of the line will very naturally stop at Constantinople and the Greek ports, perhaps also at Smyrna; they will thus be thrown into direct competition with the long-established line of the Austrian Lloyds.

An entrepôt for refitment, etc., was needed in the West, and Villafranca, which has a pleasant harbor lying a few miles east of Nice, was solicited for this purpose of the Sardinian Government, and the necessary right secured.

The affair has been the occasion of a good many gallant periods, but has now faded entirely from view.

Now that all is so dull hereabout in the war way, it is pleasant to refresh one's self from time to time with the piquancies of life in India or in China. Just now we have been regaling ourselves with this private letter of an English woman at Hong-Kong.

What a very sorry time her husband must have had of it! She says:

"He has a friend living about one mile and three quarters off, whom he often goes to see before breakfast, and takes a short cut across the hill to his residence; but he always goes armed with his revolver and prepared for emergencies, knowing well the temper of the Chinese just now. Last Tuesday (June 15) he set off for his morning walk, and I was sorry to see it begin pouring with rain soon after he started. Toward nine o'clock I was made aware of his return by our little dog (who had accompanied him) rushing up stairs; and soon after he himself walked in, but such an object that I never can forget—the blood streaming down both sides of his white face, and the color of his hair quite hidden in a mass of blood and dirt, though he had taken the precaution of going to the bathroom first, and changing his clothes and washing himself, so as to frighten me as little as possible. Moreover, he was bent double with pain, and could scarcely move from some extensive injury in his side. I sent for a medical man at once, who came very quickly and examined him; but the side was such a complete smash and so swollen that he could not then tell if any ribs were broken. It seems that three Chinamen suddenly set upon him, though he was in a measure prepared for them too, and even had his hand on his pistol at the time he met them; but, he says, their agility of movement quite astonished him, and, with a most instantaneous spring, the first man was pinioning both his hands by the wrists. But with a strong wrench

he threw him off, and started back a pace or two to fire. His pistol was almost close to the wretch's breast when he pulled the trigger, and the cap missed fire. With a yell of triumph they all rushed toward him, when he sprang down the side of the mountain path to gain time to recock his revolver; and in turning round to fire his revolver a second time, his foot slipped, and he rolled over and over down the side of the ravine into a water-course, all among the bed of rocks, and was completely stunned and wedged in there. One of the gang fell too, and, to make matters worse, came down with his whole weight on his chest. The two other men followed very quickly, and of course he was at their mercy then. The wretches first began pounding his head with stones, and broke it open in several places. Then they put mud in his eyes to prevent his seeing their faces, and so recognizing them afterward, and one—the man at whose breast he had fired—hit him a violent blow with his fist just between his eyes; but, strange to say, he did not lose his consciousness for more than a few seconds, and kept his senses clear to the last. Two men held down his hands, and one knelt on his chest and rifled his person. Of course they took every thing—pistol, watch, ring, even his handkerchief—and I only wonder they left him any clothes, or left him alive to tell the tale; but I suppose they were satisfied with their booty, and so made off before they were surprised. One circumstance seems to me most providential. The Chinaman who fell down the hill, when he got up, had a huge knife handle in his hand, but no blade—that must have been broken off in the tumble—and he spent some time in looking for it among the grass. Had that weapon been whole and sound, he might have cut off my poor husband's head with it, taken it to Canton, and obtained the head-money. Since this attack he has made up his mind to have a good big dog at once from England, to be his walking companion. Fire-arms are not to be depended upon in this damp climate, and if he had only had a faithful dog with him on this occasion, I fancy it would have created a diversion in his favor. So will Mr. — be so good as to be on the look-out for a thorough-bred Newfoundland pup, and by next mail I hope Mr. — will be able to write to him himself about shipping and forwarding it. My mind seems so full of this one subject that I can scarcely think of any thing else; but I can not finish my letter without saying how sincerely I hope you are all well. What nice weather and delicious spring produce you must be having at home now, while we are grilling out here."

It is wrong to smile at such a letter; but really if the poor fellow could take his walk home after the pommeling, and step into the bath-room for a wash and a change of clothes before appearing to his wife, with his head "broken open in several places," we have great hopes of his ultimate recovery.

We trust, at any rate, that the Newfoundland pup may arrive early.

AND while we are upon letters we will give you sight and reading of another in different strain. You have heard of poor British curates; perhaps you have pitied them; but here comes forward a resolute man, who not only refuses our pity, but insists that it would be highly injudicious to raise the pay of curates lest the Church might be overrun with drapers' clerks! Hear him:

"I am, Sir, a curate receiving £130 a year for

taking the sole charge of a parish, the rector of which receives from £800 to £1000 a year, and as it is rent of land, it has increased very considerably of late, and is worth, in the opinion of competent judges, from £1200 to £1400 a year; and for doing the whole duty of that parish, since my rector is an invalid or absent, I receive £130 a year, and yet I consider myself well paid. I am almost in the position of a gentleman having a private fortune of £130 a year; I am my own master; my work is undefined, to be measured solely by my own conscience; and as I have an objection to cross-questioning my parishioners, prying into their affairs, or intruding into the privacy of their homes, it becomes very light indeed—no more than what at college I should have called 'taking a constitutional.' I have, perhaps, a funeral once a week, which takes half an hour at the most, and as I fix the time when it is to be in the churchyard, it need not interfere with any arrangements of mine, or cut up my morning, afternoon, or evening. I can go away for a few days at any time, but must be at home on Sunday, and go to church twice on that day, which if I were not a clergyman I should do, and, when there, it is surely no great hardship to read aloud the prayers, instead of mumbling them, as I should do if I were a layman; and as for the two sermons, if I am able to compose them, it is an agreeable amusement or employment in the evenings, something like writing half a dozen long letters, two sheets crossed; if I am not able to compose them, the copying two out will take perhaps six hours. My work, therefore, resolves itself into my being obliged to be in church punctually to the time appointed twice every Sunday—and for that work I receive £130 a year. If your correspondents can inform me what profession, trade, or labor will, thus, independently of ability, pay its followers more liberally, not only I, but many hundreds of thousands in England will, I am sure, feel obliged. And now, Sir, I don't know whether you are aware that it is possible for almost any man, provided his known character is reputable, whether he be draper's assistant, lawyer's clerk, journeyman tailor, carpenter, butcher, or farm-laborer (I mention these, for I am personally acquainted with such men now in the church—men of no genius, and of still less education and cultivation), to get ordained a minister of the Church of England with no more than a three years' preparation, which preparation need not, I think, cost more than £50 a year. Suppose, therefore, that every curacy was raised, as is proposed by some writers, to an average which would, I believe, make them £250 a year—so that any body, provided he could get ordained, would be certain for life of an annuity of £250—what would be the result in the present pressure of an overcrowding population? Why, such an expedient in fifty years would ruin the kingdom or burst like a bubble; for nowadays, since 'the schoolmaster has been abroad,' every body is a clerk, and to buy such an annuity could easily find three £50 or £150."

We should think this a man not likely to have his forenoons "cut up" by funerals. And if his sermons are "something like two *such* letters crossed," we should fancy them more "agreeable" in the writing than the hearing.

We hope his "known character is reputable," and can entirely agree with him when he says that the work he does "is very light indeed."

YET another letter we have here, of a truly tragic cast. It is from an artist in Algeria, who conceived the strange idea of photographing an execution. It appears that a family of Arabs (one of them a Sheik) had been convicted, and very properly condemned to death, for a most atrocious murder in the vicinity of Algiers.

Our letter-writer says:

"The crowd of men was immense, and as the rays of the rising sun fell upon their upturned swarthy faces it was painful to see the earnest and even frightened expression of their countenances. I had been present not long before at an execution in France, which thousands had assembled to witness; and the recollection of the jests and laughter I had then heard made the dead silence on the present occasion more impressive. I at first thought that this silence was owing to the number about to be executed, yet I could not reconcile this interpretation of it with the reports I had heard of the indifference of the natives to human life. I asked the driver of the wagon if such silence was usual, and learned from him, half a native himself, the reason. The Arabs are followers of Mohammed, and believe that their bodies after death will, by means of the tuft of hair they leave on their otherwise shaven heads, be conveyed by their prophet into paradise. Now the head, which is completely separated from the trunk by the action of the guillotine, can alone, according to their belief, be placed in paradise; and as the body must be left on earth, they conclude (what is perfectly natural, seeing the nature of their paradise) that this arrangement will not contribute much to the owner's gratification. I have since heard that when the native chiefs executed a man by cutting off his head the executioner invariably left it attached to the body by a bit of flesh, with a view to obviating the inconvenience referred to above. . . . The criminals were not brought on the scaffold together, but led up one at a time. The first was the Sheik, who seemed perfectly indifferent to his fate. So rapidly was he bound to the plank and thrust under the axe that I had barely time to insert the plate-holder, and get the instantaneous movement into order before the sharp edge descended and his head rolled into the basket. This picture was quite successful, and so was the second, but the third presented a dim appearance; the fourth was nearly, and the fifth and sixth were wholly invisible. How to account for this I know not, unless the atmosphere around the scaffold became in some way affected by the blood, the odor of which was distinctly perceptible to me."

From this odor of blood let us relieve ourselves by a little sketch, from personal observation, of Mr. Spurgeon, and his preaching. You have heard enough of him, surely, and have enough of curiosity to read our notice kindly:

"In person, Mr. Spurgeon is short and stout; his face is large and soft, well-developed in the lower part, and with an overhanging forehead. His countenance is devoid of color, and he has a quantity of neatly-arranged black hair. His voice is penetrating and powerful, but strongly accented with an English provincial twang, and he uses a profusion of gesture and dramatic action. Lately, Mr. Spurgeon preached without any gown, and was not assisted by notes or MS. Mr. Spurgeon's pulpit style is eminently theatrical. He uses his hands and arms forcibly, frequently alters his po-

sition, addressing himself now to the right hand, now to the left, and occasionally turning almost entirely round in the pulpit. In the colloquial and conversational parts of his sermon—which are of constant recurrence—he changes his voice, and gives the dialogue in varying tone and accent, to suit the circumstances of his *dramatis personee*. The discourse, consequently, becomes more of an oration, or of a lecture illustrated with action, than a sermon. The words are embellished with a profusion of gestures, starts, sudden uprisings; and downward movements, which seem very remarkable to those accustomed to the gravity of demeanor which is generally presented in a Presbyterian pulpit. The introduction of two stanzas of poetry into the prayer was generally remarked as a very singular feature. In the course of his sermon Mr. Spurgeon presented the following picture of the Day of Judgment: "I think I see the judgment-seat and the resurrection-day. A mother with her children are standing there. Three or four of her little babes are saved for endless glory. Their little bodies have put on immortality and life; and where are you who have been permitted to live longer? The stars are falling from heaven, the sun is changed to darkness, and the moon into blood. But, lo! there is silence in heaven, and a voice is heard, 'Gather my elect from the four winds of heaven!' Your mother is about to be taken into the company of the blessed forever. 'Mother!' shrieks the son, 'I can not be separated from you forever. Save me! Oh, save me! make intercession to the Judge for me. He will hear thy cry, though he will not hear mine!' 'My son,' she will reply, 'I directed thy feet to God when thou wast young. On my breast you lay when my prayers went up to God for your soul. I taught you to lisp the name of Jesus, and your lips to utter his precious name. Do you not remember how, when you grew older, I taught you the way to heaven? But the time came when you scorned a father's prayers and mocked a mother's tears. But now your mother says, now, my son, it is changed. I can weep no more now, for I am glorified. I can pray no more for you now, for prayers are useless here. You are justly lost. You are damned, and I must say Amen to your condemnation.'"

THERE has been lately an International Congress at Brussels, to discuss questions relating to literary and artistic property. You know this, of course. You know it has been in no sense governmental; you know its proceedings have carried no more weight with them, legally considered, than if they had been held in the chamber of a private publisher of Edinburgh or of New York.

And yet those proceedings have a weight: they have a weight as embodying masses of opinion, and opinion of those supposed to be best entitled to speak in regard to the subject at issue. These international congresses are, in fact, the committees of nations, made up of those specially informed, and eager to bring to light all that may have a bearing upon the particular object of the assemblage.

It is not a little remarkable that the kingdom of Belgium should have become the arena for these international meetings. Within the past ten years there have assembled within her borders the great Peace Congress, the Statistical Congress, the Health Congress, and now the Literary and Artistic Congress.

It has been alleged that, in sending to be summoned in Brussels this last Congress, Belgium has desired to make honorable amende for her old sins of book piracy; for in this matter you must know that the publishers of Brussels have, in years gone, out-pirated all the publishers of the world. We can recall well the time when, as we journeyed eastward from France, we found in the delightful little capital over which King Leopold presided the last book of Lamartine, or of Dumas, as the case might be, for one fourth or one fifth of its price at Paris. To us, who made no books, it seemed a charming cheapness; but the Didots and the Balzaes were righteously enraged.

Yet Belgium did no worse than the rest of the world, save that she did a bad thing more promptly and better. Surely a nation was never better situated to seize upon and reproduce the literary work of a neighbor. Separation was by an imaginary line; distance was nothing; language was the same. Only across the channel, in England, were half a million of readers at least who desired French books, and who could procure them from Belgium at one fourth the price demanded in France.

Naturally enough the publishers of Belgium, who had invested largely in presses, were startled at the project of an international copyright. But justice prevailed, and French authors were secured their own.

What was the result? Did the trade of Belgium break down? We have a few statistics for answer. In the year 1845, the year of largest business prior to the Copyright Act, the book exportations of Belgium amounted to the value of 1,667,000 francs. In the year 1856, the first after the establishment of an international law upon the subject of literary property, the exportations of Belgium amounted to the value of 1,305,710 francs.

Does any one suppose for a moment that fewer books would be printed in America if British authors were allowed right in their works? Does any one suppose that the profits of publishers would be less?

But we are not going to plunge into any argumentation upon so dry a subject, so far gone as we are with our gossip.

We defer talk till we see the *Compte-rendu* of the Congress; and all further talk till the month to come.

Editor's Drawer.

IN this, the first Number of the new Volume, the Drawer would be pardoned for a brief interview with its troops of contributors and friends. The talking must be, like the handle of a pitcher, all on one side; but if the Drawer understands itself—and, as the Court said, “she thinks she do”—the interview can be made agreeable.

The Drawer is very grateful to its friends all the world over for their favors. The life of it is in the kindness of those who love good things, hear them, tell them, write them, and send them to the Drawer. The source is inexhaustible. Of this we need no better evidence than the increasing supply which pours in with every returning month; so that, from the rich stores that are furnished, the labor is to select those that are the most refreshing to the reader. Some of this abundance overflows into *Harper's Weekly*, a Journal of Civilization, that is fast finding its way into every nook and corner, so that it carries the same cheerful face and sunny

smile, that the Drawer wears and gives. Good-humor is one of the first elements of civilization. The Drawer is therefore a true civilizer, and a better reformer than many who wear the name.

The Drawer has on hand a large number of admirable contributions—capital anecdotal incidents of young and old—from the bench, bar, and pulpit; from senates, fields, and streets; the humors of the day—which will appear as soon as circumstances will admit. In the mean time, send every thing that will make this winter glorious summer; every thing to cheer and not inebriate; every thing to make the heart merry, which the Bible says is good, and we believe it all the way down to the bottom of the Drawer. But send us nothing that will give even a momentary pain to a living soul; nothing to wound the sensibilities of relatives or friends; nothing that will be regretted by-and-by, when old accounts are settled. The Drawer is to gladden, not to grieve. It will not intentionally hold a line that any good man reads with regret. It means to be sunshine in every house it enters; to be welcomed always with a smile. And here it opens itself and another volume.

MR. EDWARD EVERETT was not known as a humorist until he made so many good hits at the Springfield Horse Fair last fall. It is due to the distinguished statesman and orator that at least one of his witticisms should go down to posterity in the Drawer, and we therefore cite the following passage from his speech on that occasion:

“The noble qualities of the horse seem, indeed, to have made an impression upon the most brutalized of our own species. I suppose it is this, if it were worth while to attempt to account for the freaks of a madman, which led the Emperor Caligula to erect a marble stable for his horse, Incitatus, to provide him with an ivory manger, with housings of imperial purple, a breast-plate studded with diamonds and pearls, and then to elevate him to the dignity of the consulship. This seems, to be sure, a mere freak of madness; and yet, I am inclined to think that at that time it was a better choice than could have been made out of the venal courtiers and factious preterians of the imperial court; and I believe, Sir, had it been put to the vote throughout the Roman empire, then coextensive with the civilized world, they would have decided that they had a better consul in the horse than in the Emperor. [Laughter and applause.] Sir, they had been too familiar with the rapacity of the tyrants who chased each other over the stage, dagger in hand, not to be pleased with the elevation of a ruler who took nothing but oats out of the public crib—[Laughter]—a ruler, Sir, who, while the reins were with him, would at least have given them a ‘stable’ administration. [Renewed laughter.]”

A NORTH CAROLINA contributor enters next:

“Hamilton C. Jones, our Supreme Court reporter, is not unknown to the world of humor beyond the borders of the Old North State. His ‘Cousin Sally Dillard’ has been read and enjoyed almost every where, and has outlived numberless imitations. Mr. Jones is now well advanced in years, yet he is an active, laborious man, and as genial a companion as ever. Like all true humorists, he has a keen perception of the genuine arti-

cle, and enjoys the severest joke when made even at his own expense. He tells the following on himself; and although it has suffered in its present hands, I think it worthy of preservation:

"The Calabria settlement in Rowan County, North Carolina—rather contemptuously denominated 'Callobry'—in former days was a wild, helter-skelter, unlettered people, true to their old *Dutch ways*, and true as steel to the candidate of their choice on election-day. Ham had several times been elected to the State Legislature, and always with plumping majorities from 'Callobry.' Presuming upon his personal popularity, in the contest between Judge White and Mr. Van Buren he took the field for White, and *stumped it* through the county. At the latter's shop, the headquarters of Calabria, he addressed a large concourse of the *natives*; and having his whole soul in the business, he laid himself out—told his best jokes, ridiculed the 'little bald-headed magician,' rung the changes upon extravagance and taxation, and played on his harp of a thousand strings to catch the popular ear. But, as he told us himself, he soon found it was *no go*.

"Never was any thing more flat than the Presidential election of 1836. Nowhere could the people be waked up to take an interest in it; and eminently so was it on the occasion to which we refer.

"Finding all efforts vain to get up a breeze, our friend fairly gave up the effort in despair. One of his old friends—a leader and main stake—sympathizing in his friend's evident mortification, and thinking it necessary to make the *amende*, or explanation, beckoned him off, and opened the subject thus:

"'Old hoss! we don't know nothing down here about White and Van Borem, nor we don't care a bit fur 'em; but s'pose you cum out yourself?'

"'What! for President?' said Ham.

"'To be sure,' said his friend; 'why not?'

"Well, Ham said it would never do for *him* to say he was not fit for the office, for his friend would have sworn he knew better than that; and being aware that, in those days, nothing could be done without treating, he replied that he was 'too poor a man.' 'Cris,' says he, 'my money would give out before I had treated half the nation.'

"'Egad,' said Cris, 'I didn't think of that! I s'pose it does take a sight of money to go the rounds in one of these big elections?'

"He looked as if he thought a hopeless darkness was about to settle on the fate of all concerned. At length his face brightened up as a new hope dawned upon his fancy.

"'Egad,' says he, 'Jones, I have it! If you can't come out for President, s'pose you come out for Sheriff!—we'll all go for you down here.'

"Ham didn't canvass much more in that campaign; but it is said he made amends for it in the next. He had lots of fun with Cooney, but whether he was laughing at his comrades or with them never could be determined."

MISSOURI follows with some fine sketches:

"My piscatory friend, Bob, had never been out of sight of our majestic Mississippi River until last fall, when the notion strongly possessed him that a trip through the Atlantic cities would be pleasant and profitable. On reaching New York he straightway put up at Gunter's. Among his friends in St. Louis he had frequently asserted that his principal object in visiting 'the East' was

for the purpose of eating some salt-water fish fresh from the ocean. Accordingly he took the earliest opportunity to enter the restaurant, and, with nervous haste, called for 'fish.'

"'Salt or fresh, Sir?' asked the waiter.

"Bob, imagining that the distinctive terms implied salt-water or fresh-water fish, with some impatience replied,

"'Why, salt, of course!'

"During the waiter's absence to fill this order, Bob smacked his lips with joyful anticipation at the prospect of soon realizing his brightest gastronomical hopes. The dish was speedily prepared and set before him, when, to his utter chagrin and sore disappointment, he recognized the well-known form and snuffed the familiar odor of a dastardly pickled MACKEREL! Fearing (as he honestly alleges) to expose his ignorance, he philosophically swallowed his indignation and the fish, firmly resolving to make up for his mistake at dinner-time. With exemplary patience Bob awaited the arrival of one o'clock, at which hour he seated himself at the same table at which he had taken breakfast, and being waited on by the same waiter—Mike—he called for the same dish:

"'Fish!'

"'Mackerel, Sir?' inquired Mike, innocently enough.

"'No! consarn you! Give me some *fresh* fish!' at the same time inwardly muttering, 'You can't catch this sucker a second time with *that* bait.'

"An enumeration of the various kinds of ocean fish on hand resulted in the choice of halibut. And on nothing but 'halibut' did Bob luxuriate during the balance of his stay in New York. He 'allows' that there is a vast difference between fish fresh from the 'briny deep' and fish fresh from the *brine*.

"THIS affair of Bob's was brought to my mind the other day when I happened to be looking over a parcel of old letters written by a young American friend on his travels in Europe. With your permission, dear Drawer, I append a couple of extracts from his correspondence, showing one of the difficulties to be encountered by tourists who enter *la belle France* without possessing the slightest knowledge of its language:

"On reaching Paris I took up my abode at the Hôtel de Blanque, where a comfortable apartment is furnished me at the cost of several francs per diem. My meals I take at the restaurant that happens to be nearest at hand when I feel hungry. This arrangement works admirably; for I may stroll throughout the city without troubling myself about being home at meal-times, as eating-houses abound. In many of the streets every other house is a restaurant or a *café*. On the second day of my arrival, finding myself in a remote part of the city at my usual dinner-hour, I stepped into one of these establishments, that announced itself, in gilt letters over the door, as the "Restaurant du Cheval." A bill of fare was handed me. I selected a dish styled "*potage de fourrage*," which I found to be excellent; then a "*cheval fricassée*," which was delicious; winding up with a "*pâté de cheval*," which was superb. I retired from the house well pleased with my meal; but for the life of me I couldn't guess whether the dishes I had been devouring with so much gusto were beef, mutton, or pork. To satisfy a natural curiosity, I brought home one of the bills of fare,

and consulted my French and English dictionary on the doubtful points. You may imagine my horror and disgust on discovering, after a careful examination of my lexicon, that I had actually been enjoying an unusually hearty dinner composed entirely of *horse-meat*!

"I assure you that in future I will give the 'Restaurant du Cheval' a wide berth. As a matter of precaution I have purchased a small pocket-dictionary, which I shall hereafter always keep about me. I have already learned to eat *frogs*, and to relish them; but this French fashion of dining on *horses* doesn't exactly suit my ideas of the uses to which that noble animal should be put."

"In a subsequent letter my facetious and unfortunate friend describes his ingenious escape from a similar fate to that above narrated:

"Then toward the north of France by the Brussels Railroad. Took dinner at Amiens. This city is noted for many things, the principal of which are its *pâtés de canards*. On seating myself in the restaurant I called for one of those pies, and was about to dive into it with avidity when the idea struck me that I might as well find out what the word "*canard*" signified. My horse-meat dinner was fresh in my memory, and I had no notion of being caught again in the same way. Accordingly I took the precaution to consult my pocket-dictionary. As sure as I'm a sinner the following definition appeared therein:

"CANARD—A Duck; a *Water-Spaniel*!"

"I congratulated myself upon the foresight that had provided me with so convenient an interpreter as a pocket-dictionary; yet now was in nervous doubt whether in reality a "duck" or a "water-spaniel" lay hidden beneath the crust of the tempting pie under my nose. I naturally hesitated about tasting the dish—my hunger almost overcoming my scruples. Several times I was on the point of digging into the savory mess, *dog or no dog*; but the power of principle invariably overcame the promptings of appetite, and at length I pushed the suspicious *pâté* out of reach of my susceptible olfactories. Vainly I looked around the room in search of somebody to whom I could confide my dilemma, and from whom I could get an answer in plain English as to the materials which composed my intended meal. None but jabbering Frenchmen met my view. I had not eaten a bite since breakfast—it was now three o'clock—and the gnawings of my stomach excited my envy toward the frog-horse-and-dog-eating people that surrounded me. I felt inclined to "lick" some of them on the spot; but, my better judgment intervening, I merely licked my chops instead.

"Necessity is the mother of invention. My ravenous appetite finally suggested to my mind a method of settling my doubts on the point in question. I sagaciously hit upon the original and excellent plan of cutting the pie open in order to discover its contents. I did so. An undeniable "drum-stick" and an unmistakable duck-wing were immediately disclosed. Setting my remarkable reasoning faculties to work upon these facts, I speedily arrived at a triumphantly satisfactory conclusion. As fowl's wings and drum-sticks do not, as a general thing, appertain peculiarly to water-spaniels, I shrewdly decided in my own mind that the dish before me must be—something else.

"Whereupon I demolished the duck-pie, and left upon my plate a monument of bones in com-

memoration of my victorious solution of a very difficult problem."

THE OLD NORTH STATE SINGS AGAIN:

"Governor S—— was a splendid lawyer, and could talk a jury out of their seven senses. He was especially noted for his success in criminal cases, almost always clearing his client. He was once counsel for a man accused of horse-stealing. He made a long, eloquent, and touching speech. The jury retired, but returned in a few moments, and, with tears in their eyes, proclaimed the man not guilty. An old acquaintance stepped up to the prisoner and said:

"Jem, the danger is past; and now, honor bright, didn't you steal that horse?"

"To which Jem replied:

"Well, Tom, I've all along thought I took that horse; but since I've heard the Governor's speech I don't believe I did!"

THE city of Cincinnati is the source of the following, which is as well done as any thing we have had in many a month:

"DEAR DRAWER,—I have been one of your most 'devoted admirers' from the day you commenced *drawing* in the good things from all parts of our 'glorious Union,' *pushing* them to every quarter of the globe, and *leaving* them to make glad the hearts of your millions of readers. I have often noticed that the 'Queen City' was far behind in furnishing contributions for you. I hope you will notice this letter some day (don't care which way), for the express purpose of seeing if your readers in 'Porkopolis' can pen any thing better than pigs. Do urge them to try something besides lard, and if they have not many ribs to attend to they will spare a little time for you, and then smoke hams and Havanas in peace. I have not seen any thing lately in the Drawer about the 'little folks,' and the next time you fill a page or column about them, perhaps you will insert the following:

"Little Johnny was the pride and pet of his parents—a bright, blue-eyed 'six year old.' His father, one morning after reading a chapter in the Bible, asked him what a famine was. His quick reply was: 'A cob without any corn on it.'"

FROM Virginia we have the following:

"At a meeting of our Legislature several years ago, some scheme of internal improvement was under consideration. A member from one of the Valley Counties, who, though an intelligent man, was rather fond of making long speeches, had taken the trouble to write out a speech upon the question, filling thirty or forty pages of foolscap paper, which he proposed to deliver. Unfortunately for him, however, the question was called up one day while he was absent and disposed of. Determined that his labor should not be in vain, and that the public should not lose the benefit of his views, he took occasion a few days afterward, while the House was in Committee of the Whole upon some other measure, to 'deliver himself.' As he proceeded the members, one by one, rose and left the house, until finally there was quite 'a beggarly account of empty boxes.' Some five or six members had remained, and one of them arose to a point of order. At this juncture Mr. N—— arose and remarked: 'I hope the gentleman will not insist upon the point of order, but will permit the gentle-

man from —— to finish his *soliloquy*.' Strange to say, the gentleman from —— did finish his speech.

"A MARRIED woman was brought before one of the justices of the county in which I reside, charged with the larceny of some pewter plates. After hearing the evidence, and deciding that the woman was guilty, he ordered that ten lashes should be inflicted upon her husband, who was then and there present, giving as a reason that the Scriptures declared that man and wife were one flesh, and as the wife was the weaker vessel, it was right that the man should bear the penalty. For the honor of my native county I am glad to be able to say that this happened a long time since; but it undoubtedly did happen, as the records of the county show that a suit was brought by the husband against the justice for damages."

This is from away down South, and is darky all over:

"Some time in the spring of '57 the steamer *St. Nicholas* 'opened' in this city with a caliope—the first one ever heard in these parts—causing the greatest consternation among the servants, most of whom supposed they must now give an account of their sins sure enough. But one of them, a girl, stood and listened for some time, and at last walked into the house and expressed her opinion thus:

"Missus, I don't b'leve dat ar's Gabriel, 'cause I aint 'feard a bit; but if it is him, he's playin' "Wait for the Wagin," sure's you're born!"

AN ODE

ON THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER "MEDORA," WITH THE LOSS OF ALL ON BOARD, FEBRUARY 29, 1836.

Come all kind husbands, now behold
A scene which makes my blood run cold.
All loving wives, pray now appear,
In solemn mourning, drop a tear.

Come, let us weep for those that weep
For their lost friends plunged in the deep;
And let us now all take some part
In grief which breaks the tender heart.

'Tis now these lines I bring to view,
The captain and his vessel's crew,
* * * * *

And how and when they lost their lives.

On Tuesday morning, as we do hear,
The *Medora* from the canal did steer;
'Twas east-northeast they her did steer,
Bound for Oswego, as we do hear.

They had not sail-ed long before
The winds did blow, the sea did roar,
Which caused each heart to lament full sore,
And strive to gain some port on shore.

The winds increased all the night,
Which did the seamen much affright;
The captain says, "With us 'tis o'er:
We never more shall reach the shore!"

Thus one by one on board was lost,
Till eight poor souls were drowned at last;
Were drown-ded, buried in the deep,
Which causes many for to weep.

On Thursday morning 'twas cold and clear,
The 12th of November, as you shall hear,
'Twas early at the dawn of light,
When the *Medora* appeared in sight.

Scarce could one to the *Medora* go,
The billows over her did flow;
Her people plunged in the deep,
Which causes many for to weep.

Her masts were broke, her men were gone,
Her hull was left to face the storm,

The people from the country round
Came flocking to the doleful ground.

The shores were lined both far and near,
To see what they could find and hear;
At last some friends they did appear,
Inquiring for their children dear.

Near little Stony Creek were found
These bodies four, which there were drowned;
Were drown-ded, buried in the lake,
Which causes many a heart to ache.

On Wednesday morning, at break of day,
Two men were found upon the lake,
And from the water we did them take,
And carried them to a solemn place.

Their names we now would here describe,
One Thaddeus Clark we can't deny,
There was Mr. Hezekiah Morse,
Who from the water we took first.

The other names you soon shall hear,
'Twas Charles M'Dade as doth appear,
Lay in the *Medora* all the while,
We searched upon the shore for miles.

There's one more name for to describe,
'Tis Mr. Doozenbury drowned;
He was the last that came on shore,
But yet we looked and searched for more.

And when their bodies we did find,
It was a dreadful solemn time,
To see the people flocking round,
To see the corpses on the ground.

But oh! how dreadful to relate,
There's four more men lays in this lake,
Lays floating this wide lake all o'er!
Which grieves their parents' hearts full sore.

But oh! how dreadful 'tis to hear
The parents mourning far and near,
For their poor children lies in the deep,
Which causes many for to weep.

Altho' these lines which I've enrolled,
'Tis not one tenth that can be told,
Who lost their lives in all that gale,
And found at last a watery grave.

Upon our upper lakes, we hear,
There's many a friend and parent dear
Was swept into the foaming deep,
Which causes many for to weep.

Come all ye seamen far and near,
Come listen to these lives so dear,
Before with you it all is o'er,
You sink at last, to rise no more.

I hope you will in time prepare
To meet your God, where'er you are,
Whether by water or by land,
When he shall give the dread command.

A CALIFORNIA gentleman writes to the Drawer a little one that is very good:

"At a Democratic meeting held here last night, a certain windy orator was introduced to the crowd, and began a speech. A sturdy miner persisted in calling out, at the top of his bent, 'Jones! Jones! Jones!' This was the very man who was speaking, and the President so informed the calling miner, who, with great disgust, replied, 'Oh, git out! He's the same little skeesick that told me to call for Jones!'"

"Jones was not the least disconcerted by this revelation; but, when order was restored, pushed on."

A BOSTON barrister mentions a court incident that will bear repeating here:

"A young lawyer before Judge —— had occasion, in support of a motion that he made, to con-

tend that his client was dead. The Judge asked him what reason he had for believing that his client had deceased. The young limb of the law mentioned several very unsatisfactory reasons, and wound up by saying: 'And furthermore, your honor, I received a letter from him a few days since, in which he stated that he was dead!' The Judge smiled, the bar smiled, and the young lawyer subsided."

THIS is very well for five years old. It comes from Louisiana, where the happy mother writes:

"When Willie was five years old I often amused him by taking from its shelf a 'Pictorial History of America,' showing him the illustrations, and relating the incidents they were designed to represent. One day a quantity of cotton-wool was lying near us. Willie had been busy with the snowy heap, and presently he came to my side, a paper soldier-cap on his head, a wooden sword in his hand, and the bosom of his frock—for he had not yet been advanced to the dignity of 'unmentionables'—filled with cotton.

"Look, sister!" he cried, "I am General Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans!"

"General Jackson!" I exclaimed, laughing at the comical appearance he presented. "How so, Willie?"

"Why," he said, his blue eyes spreading with wonder as he clapped his little hand on his well-wadded chest, "*don't you see my cotton breast-works?*"

"The same dear little fellow said to his sister one night when he saw a mist around the moon: 'Oh, Eee'—a pet name for her—a sadness stealing over the little uplifted face, 'the moon has its crown of thorns on to-night!'"

AND this is good for Charley, a California youngster:

"Winney, the District Attorney, rode up to a tavern at the county town when Court was in session, and Charley was on the piazza ringing a bell right lustily. The lawyer was powerful hungry, and observing that the people did not go in to dinner at the first ringing of the bell, asked Charley if they rung two bells for dinner at that house.

"Charley looked at the bell, and then at the lawyer, and then at the bell again; and with eyes all aglow, answered,

"They ring *this* bell two times."

A VERSION of the following story appeared some years since in the St. Augustine News. It has died with the News. It is "true as holy writ," and too good to be lost in oblivion:

"Some days after the 'corps d'armée,' led by General Gaines from Louisiana to Florida, was relieved from the log-pen in which they had been caged and cribbed by the Seminoles, and was safely encamped at Fort King, while the valiant Captain Thistle—who, at the head of a 'gallant band of heroes bold,' had come all the way from the Opelousas—was taking his matutinal walk in the environs of the encampment, as usual, 'like Turk or Tartar, armed to the teeth,' double-barreled-gun in hand, rifle-carbine slung over his shoulder, a brace of double-barreled pistols (this was before the days of revolvers), bowie-knife and tomahawk in belt, and two small pistols in the breast-pocket of his hunting-shirt, he met with General Clinch.

"'Good-mornin'! good-mornin', General!' says the Captain.

"'Good-morning, Captain!' replied the General. 'Why you are a complete walking armory, Captain!'

"'Yes, General, so they calls me in camp.'

"'Well, Captain,' says the General, 'I should really like to know how you manage to fight all your guns.'

"'General,' answered the Captain, 'you do me proud; I'll exemplify it to you immediately.'

"So, without more ado, he fired his gun right and left, laid it down before him, unslung carbine and fired direct in front, then drew bowie-knife with his right hand, with the left drew a double-barreled pistol, fired to the right, and was in the act of half-facing to the left to fire the other barrel, when the General, almost convulsed with laughter, cried out,

"'Stop, stop, Captain, for Heaven's sake, stop; you'll alarm the camp! I see it now, I see it all; but, Captain, tell me what do you do with the little pistols?'

"'Oh, General,' says the Captain, 'them's for the little Ingins.'

"The redoubtable Captain was subsequently made Uncle Sam's guardian angel of live oak and other ship stuff, in East Florida, and while in that capacity cut such pranks before high heaven as made his brother angels sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.

"He, that is the Captain, '*first invented*' a gun or swivel to be carried on and fired from the back of a horse or mule; and when it was suggested by an artillery officer that the recoil would be distressing to the animal, he answered that 'it would not rekile a bit, or if it did, the rekile would be more for'ards than back'ards.'"

"A GREAT-UNCLE of mine, one of the early graduates of Dartmouth College, used to relate the following:

"In some of the earliest days of the college, during the presidency of one of the venerable Wheelocks, it was frequently unsafe for any one to ride outside the town to any considerable distance on account of the danger of attack from hostile Indians, as well as from wild beasts, as the town was still closely hemmed in by the dense, primitive forest. But one pleasant afternoon in autumn, the venerable President was observed jogging out of the village on his little *poddy* black horse, on one of the thoroughfares leading into the woods; no further notice was taken of the circumstance until just before dark a noise of alarm heard in the street attracted all the citizens to see what was the matter, when, behold, the Doctor hove in sight, bending over his horse's neck, his hat off and his white hair streaming in the wind, and belaboring his horse's sides with a stout cudgel, at the same time shouting at the top of his voice, "*Bear and nine cubs! bear and nine cubs!!*"

"As soon as he could recover his breath he hastily explained to the alarmed by-standers that at the corner of a certain corn-field, but a little distance from the village, they would find the objects of his terror, which had disputed his further progress and for more than an hour kept him *at a stand*, afraid even to turn and fly. The citizens hastily armed themselves and proceeded to the well-known spot to secure the game, and avenge this outrage on the highest dignity of the place. But no bear

was to be seen; the field had been newly cleared up, and the tree tops and limbs burned on the ground; and at the corner indicated by the Doctor stood, in threatening attitude, the blackened stump of a large *white birch*, with those of several smaller ones immediately around it, and which, from one point of view, did indeed *bear* a close resemblance to the varmints in question.

"Thus ended the affright, and, in the multitude of similar alarms at that day, both real and false, the affair was soon forgotten. But the President was, at the time, filling the chair of Professor of Mental Philosophy in the college, and the recitation of the senior class in this department, a few days after the above incident, chanced to be on the *emotions*, the particular topic of the day being the emotion of *terror*. As was his wont in conducting these exercises, the Doctor called upon each member, in due order, to give *extempore* an illustration of the emotion of terror. Accordingly, one named a ship foundered on a lee-shore, the surf beating around her, passengers and crew hanging to the bulwarks and shrieking for help, when no help could be afforded them. Another named a burning house, and a delicate female on the roof with outstretched arms, begging for succor when no ladder could be found to reach her. Some drew their illustration from the bloody scenes of savage warfare so common and so true, too, at that day; and so on, some one thing and some another, to the end of the list, except one, a lazy little wag, the youngest in the class, a mere stripling, who had never made his voice heard in that department of study; but the President, noticing an unwonted look of intelligence in his bright eye, in his very blandest tone of voice, said, "Now, George, can you give us an illustration of this emotion that will compare with those we have just heard?"

"The boy instantly sprang to his feet, and hastily running his fingers through his hair to dishevel it, he bent forward and threw himself into a position, as he well knew how to do, to imitate "old prex," and, with both hands raised and fingers spread, exclaimed, with his eyes and every feature and muscle fixed as in extreme terror, "*A bear and nine cubs! bear and nine cubs!*"

"Even the Doctor was forced to admit that this, manner and matter included, was the best illustration of the emotion that had been given, and the poor boy's standing was not a little elevated by this his first success."

"The same great-uncle, before mentioned, was, in his day, a Baptist clergyman, and was a good deal distinguished for his gift at off-hand or *extempore* sermonizing, which peculiar kind of preaching many of that persuasion, even at the present day, deem the only kind of preaching that *is* preaching. At a meeting of his Association once, in the town of W——, a young and aspiring brother, and not a little conceited withal, had contrived to obtain the appointment as preacher of the annual sermon. Elder M——, as the oldest minister in the Association, was seated in the pulpit and assisted in the preliminary exercises. Soon the time came for the sermon. The youngster arose, opened the Bible, read his text, and, with a great flourish, made a *splurge* to begin his discourse, but, after several trials, became confused and finally broke down entirely, whispering in the ear of the aged elder as he sank back on the sofa beside him, "*You must speak to them, Father M——, I can't say a word.*"

"The old gentleman immediately arose to the desk, and without opening the Bible or naming the chapter and verse of the text, said, 'Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out,' and merely added, 'It isn't necessary to enlarge upon this subject, brethren, the application is obvious.' It was an entire sermon of itself."

OLD JACOB J—— was a shrewd Quaker merchant in Burlington, New Jersey, and, like all shrewd men, was often a little too smart for himself.

An old Quaker lady of Bristol, Pennsylvania, just over the river, bought some goods at Jacob's store, *when he was absent*, and in crossing the river on her way home, she met him aboard the boat, and, as was usual with him upon such occasions, he immediately pitched into her bundle of goods and untied it to see what she had been buying.

"Oh now," says he, "how much a yard did you give for that, and that, and that?" taking up the several pieces of goods. She told him the price without, however, saying where she had got them.

"Oh now," says he, again, "I could have sold you those goods for so much a yard," mentioning a price a great deal lower than she had paid. "You know," says he, "I can undersell every body in the place;" and so he went on criticising and undervaluing the goods till the boat reached Bristol, when he was invited to go to the old lady's store, and when there the goods were spread out on the counter, and Jacob was asked to examine the goods again, and say, in the presence of witnesses, the price he would have sold them at per yard, the old lady, meanwhile, taking a memorandum. She then went to the desk and made out a bill of the difference between what she had paid and the price he told her; then, coming up to him, she said,

"Now, Jacob, thee is sure thee could have sold those goods at the price thee mentioned?"

"Oh now, yes," says he.

"Well, then, thy young man must have made a mistake; for I bought the goods from thy store, and, of course, under the circumstances, thee can have no objection to refund me the difference."

Jacob being thus cornered, could, of course, under the circumstances, have no objection. It is to be presumed that thereafter Jacob's first inquiry must have been, "Oh now, where did you get such and such goods?" instead of "Oh now, how much did you pay?"

THE late General John M'Niel, brother-in-law of President Pierce, formerly surveyor of the port of Boston, talked of for Governor for New Hampshire, a prominent politician, was Major-General of the militia of that State, and a man of high military bearing. In the war with Great Britain he had received an honorable wound in the knee that caused it to be stiff during his life. Like all other war-wounded veterans, he was proud of his scars. At one of his military reviews a distinguished politician, who had recently risen into notice, observing the General's lameness, remarked:

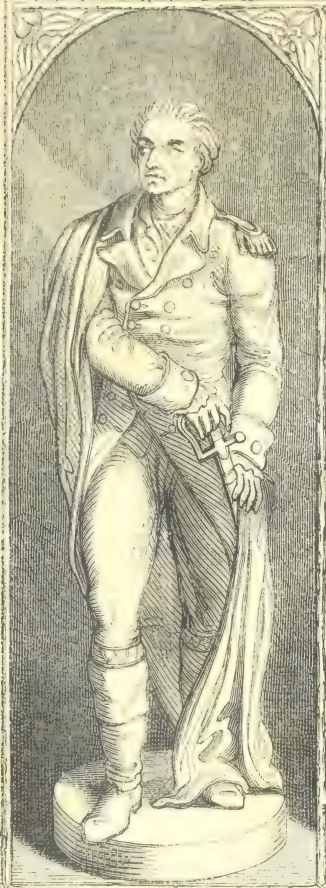
"I perceive you have a stiff knee, General. How did you injure it?"

The General was piqued to think that any body should be ignorant of so memorable an event as his wound, and, looking at him with great contempt, responded:

"Fell off a horse, Sir! You never read the history of your country, did you?"

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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ETHAN ALLEN.



ALLEN'S GRAVE.

ETHAN ALLEN.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

A FEW years ago I was sojourning for a day or two in the beautiful village of Burlington, Vermont, which spreads out so pleasantly over a gentle slope upon the eastern margin of Lake Champlain. I had just come from Ticonderoga and Crown Point, and was on my way toward St. John's, Chamblée, Montreal, and Quebec. It was in sultry August. At early dawn I mounted a horse, and in company with a young lady upon another, rode to a little embowered cemetery within sound of the cascades of the charming Winooski. There sleep several of the patriarchs and some of the heroes of that northern border; and among them reposes the mortality of ETHAN ALLEN, the colossus of the group. We clambered over the stile, and waded through the deep grass, which was sparkling with dew, until we reached the tomb of the hero, encanopied by maples and a drooping willow. It is a tomb appropriate for such a sturdy republican. Upon a granite base rests a plain white marble slab, bearing the following unostentatious inscription:

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Vol. XVII.—No. 102.—Z z

THE
CORPOREAL PART
OF
GENERAL ETHAN ALLEN
RESTS BENEATH THIS STONE,
THE 12TH DAY OF FEBRUARY, 1780,
AGED 59 YEARS.

HIS SPIRIT TRIED THE MERCEIES OF HIS GOD,
IN WHOM ALONE HE BELIEVED AND STRONGLY TRUSTED.

Near this humble monument are the graves of several of his relatives, and that of his brother Ira, the earliest historian of Vermont as a State of our confederation. Their earth-beds were inclosed by a chain, supported by small granite obelisks, and curtained with shrubs of sringo, lilac, and rose. In the branches of the maples the birds, lately so silent, were chanting matin hymns, and the fragrance of flowers went up from the opening petals like sweet incense to the God of the birds and blossoms. There was a charm within that consecrated acre.

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground *God's Acre!* It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own."

LONGFELLOW.

There was a peculiar charm there in that early morning light, in the midst of the birds and blossoms, and the unceasing chorus of the Winoski. History opened wide her wonderful volume, romance delineated its glowing pictures, while patriotism and poetry, uniting loftiest sentiment and sweetest melody, filled the heart with exquisite emotions. Who can stand at the grave of a man whose deeds sparkle like diamonds upon the pages of his country's history and not feel a spirit akin to worship stirring within him? Such a man was the leader of the *Green Mountain Boys* through many trying scenes.

Ethan Allen was not a native of the State in whose historic drama he acted a conspicuous part. He was born in Connecticut in 1739, in the town of Litchfield, it is believed, before his parents left there for a residence in Cornwall. He was not much favored in early life with the schoolmaster's instructions by book and birch. "The critic," he observes, in the introduction to his *Narrative of his Captivity*, "will be pleased to excuse any inaccuracies in the performance itself, as the author has unfortunately missed of a liberal education." That "miss" did not affect his future usefulness. The vigor of his intellect and his physical energy supplied all wants of college learning in fitting him for the peculiar sphere in which he was called to act. He was not the coarse, ignorant, unsocial, and arrogant man whom popular belief is disposed to contemplate in the character of Ethan Allen. He was not polished by the attrition of refinement, nor was he expert in the delicate arts of social communion; for his home was among pioneers in a rude wilderness, whose

chief reliance, in the battle of life, was upon physical strength rather than upon conventional proprieties. He was truly a Boanerges—a son of thunder—among his associates; honest in his intentions, fearless in the performance of his duties, frank in the expression of his opinions, generous toward his enemies and opponents, eminently judicious in council, and a civil and military leader who never disappointed the expectations of his followers. Such was the man—the chief instrument in laying the foundations of one of the sovereign States of our confederacy—whose career we are about to consider. It is to be lamented that a man so conspicuous should have passed from among us without a memento traced by the pencil of art. The true lineaments of his face and person are lost forever.*

Ethan was the eldest of six brothers, four of whom, with himself, emigrated to the fertile territory west of the Green Mountains, which stretches along almost the entire length of Lake Champlain, on its eastern border. Thither they went, among the earlier settlers, disputed the mastery with the beasts of the forest, and opened, with the axe and plow, the generous bosom of mother earth to the blessed sunlight and the fattening rain. The French and Indian war had just ended, and no question of political jurisdiction over that wilderness had yet been raised when the Allens built their first rude cabins there. That question, however, was soon presented to the settlers for a practical decision; and we must briefly survey its history in order to comprehend the dawning of the public life of our hero.

It must be remembered that the western boundaries of provinces in America for which charters were originally obtained from the British monarchs were wholly indefinite, some of them being, by the words of the instrument, on "the South Sea," or Pacific Ocean. The interior of the vast continent and the distance from ocean to ocean were unknown; and the forecast of statesmen did not perceive the probability of the establishment of a series of empires, extending inward, and having, by necessity, fixed boundaries and defined sovereign privileges. Herein was concealed the kernel of many difficulties, especially in connection with the New England colonies.

When Charles the Second of England gave the province of New Netherland (which he did not possess) to his brother, the Duke of York, the eastern boundary was defined by the patent as being on the Connecticut River, while the western boundaries of Massachusetts and Connecticut were, by their charters, upon the "South Sea," or Pacific Ocean. Here was di-

* The portrait of General Ethan Allen was never painted. The picture at the head of this article contains a drawing of an heroic statue of the hero made by the skillful hand of Mr. B. H. Kinney, of Burlington, Vermont, kindly furnished to the writer by the artist. It is an ideal of the celebrated leader. The drawing of the tomb of the patriot was made by the writer at the time of his visit above alluded to.

rect and palpable conflict, which nothing but mutual concessions and compromises could settle. It was an open question when the Duke obtained his new possessions by conquest, and the name of the province was changed to that of New York, one of the proprietor's titles. Commissioners settled it, by agreeing that the boundary line between the New England provinces and New York should be at twenty miles eastward of the Hudson, and running parallel with that river. This line was first established between New York and Connecticut, and, by precedent, some time afterward, between New York and Massachusetts. New Hampshire finally appeared, and, pleading those precedents, asked to have the line of its sister colonies extended northward as its own definite western boundary. New York had already controverted the right of Massachusetts to the northern extension of the Connecticut line; now that province emphatically protested against the new claim. As the country had never been surveyed or settled, the claim and the protest were of little immediate consequence, but of great prospective importance. Thus the matter stood when Benning Wentworth became governor of New Hampshire in 1741.

Wentworth, on receiving his commission, was authorized by the King to issue patents for unimproved lands within the limits of his province. Settlers were then penetrating the wilderness westward of the Connecticut River, and some had gone over the Green Mountains and built their pioneer fires even upon the wooded borders of Lake Champlain. Numerous applications for grants were made, and in 1749, Governor Wentworth gave a patent for a township of land, six miles square, near the north-western angle of Massachusetts, having for its western limit a line parallel with that of the two adjoining provinces, or twenty miles eastward of the Hudson River. In honor of the Governor of New Hampshire the township was called Bennington. That grant first brought the territorial question between New York and New Hampshire to a direct issue.

New York claimed the whole territory north of Massachusetts, as far eastward as the Connecticut River, and, of course, protested against the grants of Governor Wentworth, declaring them illegal and null. The latter disregarded all remonstrances, because he asserted the claims of his province to be just, and at the commencement of the French and Indian war in 1754 he had issued patents for fourteen townships westward of the Connecticut River. That war periled the frontier settlements, for Indian invasions were frequent, and for five years very few men were bold enough to seek a new home in that northern wilderness. But when, in 1759 and 1760, Canada passed from under the French dominion to that of the English, and this border territory became a place of comparative safety, a great number of adventurers sought possessions there. There was a sudden gush of enterprise, and the consideration of applica-

tions for patents composed much of Governor Wentworth's daily business. Within four years he issued grants for one hundred and thirty-eight townships of the size of Bennington; and that territory, comprising a greater portion of the present State of Vermont, was known as the "New Hampshire Grants" from that time until the kindling of the war for Independence.

The original proprietors of the Grants had received their domain from Governor Wentworth on easy terms. The territorial disputes had awakened some doubts in their minds respecting the validity of their titles, and many of them sold their lands in parcels to practical farmers at a large advance. Among these farmers were the Allens and several of their friends from Connecticut, who settled in the township of Bennington at about the year 1763. Emigration flowed in that direction with a continually augmenting stream. All the townships became its receptacles, and were rapidly filling with a hardy, independent resident population, when the authorities of New York perceived the necessity of immediate and efficient interference, before it should be forever too late. Lieutenant-Governor Colden (then acting Governor), accordingly, wrote an energetic letter to Governor Wentworth, protesting against his grants. He also sent a proclamation among the people, declaring the Connecticut River to be the boundary between New York and New Hampshire. Protests and proclamations were alike unheeded by Wentworth and the people, until 1764, when the matter was laid before the King in council for adjudication. It was decided in favor of New York. Bowing to royal authority, Wentworth ceased issuing patents for lands westward of the Connecticut River, and a source of immense wealth for himself was thus suddenly checked. The settlers, regarding the question as one of territorial jurisdiction only, felt very little interest in the decision, for they believed their civil rights and property would be as much respected by the authorities of one colony as another. They were contented. But their pleasant dream of confidence was soon dispelled.

New York acted unwisely if not unjustly. Not content with the award of territorial jurisdiction over the Grants, it was claimed, on the authority of able legal decisions, that that jurisdiction included the right of property in the soil as well as of government. The authorities of New York declared all the patents for lands westward of the Connecticut River, issued by Wentworth, to be void, and proceeded to order the survey and sale of farms in the possession of actual settlers who had bought and paid for them, and in many instances had made great progress in improvements. This oppression was a fatal mistake. It was like sowing dragon's teeth to see them produce a crop of full-armed men. The settlers had been disposed to be quiet, loyal friends of New York; now they were converted into determined, rebellious, and defiant foes. A new and power-

ful element of opposition to the claims of New York was thus evoked. It was no longer the shadowy, unsubstantial *government* of New Hampshire, panoplied in proclamations, that opposed the arrogant pretensions of New York; it was the sinews and muskets of the *people* of the Grants, backed by all New Hampshire—ay, by all New England—who now stood in battle-array against her. She gave them the degrading alternative of leaving their possessions to others, or of repurchasing them—an alternative to which, as freemen conscious of being right, they could not submit. They did not submit, but declared their readiness to defend their soil, hand to hand, against any force the oppressor might send. Foremost among those who counseled resistance, and resolved to fight for vested rights, was Ethan Allen, then in the prime of young manhood.

At length the Governor and Council of New York summoned all the claimants under the New Hampshire Grants to appear before them at Albany, with their deeds and other evidences of claim, within three months, failing in which, the claims of all the delinquents should be rejected. The settlers, governed by the advice of Allen and other leading men, paid no attention to the summons, and their lands were considered forfeited. In the mean time New York speculators had been busy in purchasing large tracts of these menaced estates, and the people of the Grants, foreseeing much trouble from this new element of mischief, sent one of their number to England to lay their case before the King and Council. He obtained an order for the Governor of New York to abstain from issuing any more patents or lands eastward of Lake Champlain. That order was issued in July, 1767. As it was not *ex post facto* in its operation, the New York patentees proceeded to take possession of their grants by writs of ejectment. These were served on the actual occupants of land for which they had paid. Some forcibly resisted the officers sent to serve the writs, but a majority seemed disposed to meet their opponents in the courts. A resident of Shaftesbury was taken to Albany for trial, in a suit of ejectment. A decision in his case would affect all others, and Ethan Allen was employed as general agent of the people of the Grants to attend the trial and defend their claims. He first procured a copy of Wentworth's commission, then employed Mr. Ingersoll, an eminent Connecticut lawyer, as counsel, and in June, 1770, they appeared in court at Albany. The whole proceedings proved to be a solemn farce; many of the judges and lawyers in that province were connected with the speculators, and the case in hand was predetermined before the trial commenced. The verdict was in favor of the New York complainant. Allen was exceedingly indignant, and it was with great difficulty that he could treat Attorney-General Kemp courteously when that officer called upon him the next morning. Kemp tried to flatter the sturdy pioneer, and then ad-

vised him to go home and persuade his Green Mountain friends to make the best terms they could with their new landlords, at the same time reminding him that their case was a desperate one, for "*might often prevails over right.*" The suggestion thoroughly aroused the sleeping lion of Allen's nature, and he vehemently exclaimed, "The gods of the valleys are not the gods of the hills!" The startled Attorney-General asked him to explain his meaning. "Come to Bennington," said Allen, with a frown, "and you shall understand it!"

When Allen reported to his constituents the result of his mission, they perceived the alternative to be slavery or resistance. They did not long hesitate in their choice of evils. The news spread from hill to hill, from valley to valley, and from hamlet to cottage, and the indignant people, as with one voice, expressed their determination to defend their rights at all hazards. They saw the door of justice violently closed against them, and they resolved not to listen longer to fair words from their oppressors. The time for talking about charters, and grants, and jurisdiction, had passed, and the bold mountaineers prepared to fight rather than yield. Suits for ejectment continued to be brought before the courts at Albany, to which the settlers paid no attention. Then sheriffs and civil magistrates were ordered to go into the Grants and execute the mandates of the law.

Now came the crisis. The parties had hitherto waged their contests by words, at a distance; now officers of the law and the people met face to face. Men from New York, already on the Grants under titles from the civil authorities there, beheld the gathering storm and fled for shelter beyond the disputed boundary. The Green Mountain Boys met in council at Bennington, and, by unanimous vote, "Resolved to support their rights and property, which they possessed under the New Hampshire Grants, against the usurpations and unjust claims of the Governor and Council of New York, BY FORCE, AS LAW AND JUSTICE were denied them." This was the gauntlet of defiance which sheriffs and civil magistrates had the temerity to take up.

The sheriffs came with attendants; their opponents always outnumbered them and drove them away. The opponents were indicted as rioters, but the sheriffs found it as hard to catch the bodies of any of the settlers as it was to seize their property. Dunmore, then Governor of New York, a haughty hireling of the Crown, became very indignant. He issued a thundering proclamation, and ordered the sheriffs to call out the *posse comitatus*—the power of the country—to aid them. Sheriff Ten Eyck, of Albany, with seven hundred and fifty New York militia at his back, marched to arrest James Brackenridge. He found eighteen armed men in the house, who defied him. He threatened to break in the door. "Attempt it, and you are a dead man!" exclaimed a burly voice from within. He was on the point of executing the



THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS IN COUNCIL.

threat, when he perceived three hundred armed settlers who had been concealed in ambush around him. A quick but bloodless retreat was effected, and Sheriff Ten Eyck went back to Albany and reported the New Hampshire Grants in a state of rebellion.

Dunmore loved his ease, and of course loved peace. He attempted to gain by strategy what he could not hope to effect by force. Bribes were offered; settlements of new lands in the Grants were promoted, so as to secure for New Yorkers a squatter sovereignty; and measures were taken to sow divisions among the mountaineers. The people had more to dread from these silent measures than from the strong arm of the law. The leaders perceived it, and long before Samuel Adams or Dabney Carr invented that powerful engine of the Revolution, the Committee of Correspondence, the Green Mountain Boys had set the machine in motion. In every township they formed Committees of Safety and Correspondence, and all over the Grants the most subtle vigilance was exercised.

The people also assembled in general convention, and resolved that no man should be taken from the Grants by a New York officer without the permission of some Committee of Safety. They did more. They formed a general military association to assist in maintaining the spirit of that resolve of the Convention. And Ethan Allen was chosen Colonel Commandant by unanimous consent. Seth Warner, Remember Baker, and others of less note in history, were made captains, and under these the people were disciplined in the art of war. The bold hunters also enrolled themselves, and devoted their sure rifles to the service of the people. Civil authority, in relation to intruders, was executed by martial force, and every stray offender from New York caught

upon the disputed domain, was summarily tried by a Committee of Safety, and punished as summarily, not in a way to imperil life or limb, but, as the sentence significantly declared, "chastised with the twigs of the wilderness." Many a poor wight departed the Grants with a receipt in full, thus legibly written upon his back, attesting the payment of the penalty of transgression.

Colonel Allen now became a marked man. The winter and spring of 1772 was a memorable one in his life. He then first wore a sword in defense of right. William Tryon, who had lately come from North Carolina, where he had severely handled the Regulators—the opponents of oppression in that province, was now Governor of New York, and he regarded Allen as a traitor. The people regarded him as a patriot. His relative position to Governor and people made him both, and with energy he performed the acts of both traitor and patriot. With the rigor of martial law he enforced the expressed will of the people, opposing sheriffs here, and driving off New York settlers there. Tryon offered twenty pounds sterling for the apprehension of Allen, and the same for each of his chief associates. They were not apprehended. Then he offered one hundred and fifty pounds for Allen, and fifty for each of his six chief associates. They were not apprehended. They were not even intimidated. They were emboldened, and, with ludicrous pomp, Allen offered a reward of five pounds to any person who would deliver the Attorney-General of New York to any officer of the military association of Green Mountain Boys. These were certainly bold measures, and Colonel Allen frankly confessed that the conduct of himself and associates, interpreted by the laws of New York or of well-ordered society, was certainly riotous.

But he excused it with the plea that the oppressions of the strong, denying undoubted rights to the weak, had forced them to take the only method left them to defend those rights. They stood upon the soil they had purchased with money and improved by labor. They went not upon the domain of that strong oppressor, but stood only on the defensive; and he thought it cruel and unjust for them to be branded as outlaws, and have a price set upon their liberty.

One mild evening toward the close of April, 1772, the people of Bennington were alarmed by intelligence that Governor Tryon was moving up the Hudson River with an army to invade the Grants, chastise offenders, and enforce submission. The news spread rapidly, and soon the leading civilians and military men were assembled in convention. They took grave counsel together; resolved that "it was their duty to oppose Governor Tryon and his troops to the utmost of their power;" dragged two cannons and a mortar from Hoosic fort to Bennington; called out the militia, and made every preparation to give the expected invader a warm reception. But Tryon had no such belligerent intentions. He had heard of the fruitless expedition of sheriff Ten Eyck, and had conceived the idea that the Regulators of the New Hampshire Grants were more formidable than the Regulators of the Haw and Eno. Instead of marching with power into their country, he sent them a mild proclamation, and sweetly proposed a tilt in diplomacy. He promised protection to any deputation they might send to negotiate excepting Ethan Allen and his associate outlaws. The proposition was agreed to. Two delegates went to New York, bearing a letter from the people of the Grants to the Governor and Council, and also a firm but respectful protest, both drawn up by Ethan Allen. These contained a summary of the wrongs which they had suffered, and abounded with much logic respecting the position they had assumed. They contained a noble defense of the Green Mountain Boys, and were highly honorable to the head and heart of our hero. The negotiations were friendly, and the brothers Fay went back to Bennington, at about the middle of July, messengers of precious promises for good. The people gathered there from hill and valley, heard the good news, and shouted lustily. They felt that they had achieved a triumph, and now would come long days of peace. The old Hoosic cannon, and one belonging to Bennington, were brought out and made to thunder applause, and Seth Warner's company of Green Mountain Boys made a grand display, and concluded with a *feu de joie* in the midst of loud huzzas from the excited multitude. That night was one of pleasant dreams all over the Bennington region.

Almost as early as the next day-dawn clouds of difficulty appeared. Even while the Commissioners were in pleasant treaty, or while the Fays were hastening homeward with the good

news, Colonel Allen and his armed Green Mountain Boys were executing the laws of the Convention against an unlucky surveyor and some New York settlers. The former was caught in the wilderness exercising his profession in behalf of over-the-line speculators. They broke his instruments, passed sentence of perpetual banishment against him, and promised him the delights of suffocation by a halter, if they should ever catch him within the domains of the Grants again. Settlers upon Otter Creek were as summarily dealt with at the same time. On the spot where Vergennes now stands, at the Falls of the Otter, a New Hampshire settler, who owned a saw-mill there, had been driven off by tenants of Colonel Reed, a New York speculator. Colonel Allen proceeded to regulate matters there. He gave the invading tenants notice to quit as soon as they could pack up their personal property. He then burned their tenements, destroyed the stones of a grist-mill they had erected by pitching them over the Falls, and restored the saw-mill to its original owner.

The *feu de joie* at Bennington fell sweetly upon the ears of Tryon, but the harmony was soon disturbed by the discordant notes from Otter Creek. His anger was fiercely kindled, and he wrote a sharp letter of rebuke to the inhabitants of the Grants, and peremptorily ordered them to reinstate the New York settlers at the Falls. The people immediately assembled in convention at Manchester, and chose Colonel Allen for their secretary. In their behalf he wrote a firm but respectful answer to Tryon's letter, in which he justified the measures at the Falls, truly represented that the act took place before the return of the Commissioners to Bennington, and then told the Governor plainly that the New York settlers should not be reinstated. He also assured the Governor that if surveyors and settlers were still to be sent to the Grants, then the people of that domain must consider the negotiations of the Commissioners a nullity. Here, then, the old difficulties were fully renewed, and the people further resolved to expel, or otherwise punish, any person within the disputed district who should presume to accept an office, civil or military, under the authority of New York.

Several persons were soon punished under the new regulation. One for accepting office from Tryon, and endeavoring to perform its functions, was "chastised" by a very large hickory "twig of the wilderness," to the amount of two hundred stripes; while a boasting, injudicious physician of Arlington, escaped with a whole skin, but with no less mortification. He had openly ridiculed the Convention and the military force, declared himself a partisan of New York, defied the power of the authorities of the Grants, and armed himself in defense of his defiant position. He was caught at some unguarded hour and conveyed to the Green Mountain Tavern, in Bennington, for trial. In front of the tavern was a sign-post twenty-



ALLEN DISPOSSESSING THE NEW YORK SETTLERS.

five feet in height, on the top of which had been placed the stuffed skin of a huge catamount with its head toward New York. It had glaring glass eyes, and the animal's own teeth grinned terribly toward those who might approach from that direction. The doctor being considered a better subject for jest than for anger, the court sentenced him to be tied in a chair, and hoisted up to the side of the catamount, there to remain for two hours the sport of the merry multitude. No doubt the author of "M'Fingal" remembered this case when he conceived the record of the punishment of the Tory constable:

"Then from the pole's sublimest top
The active crew let down the rope,
At once its other end in haste bind
And make it fast upon his waistband;
Till like the earth, as stretch'd on tenter,
He hung, self-balanced, on his centre.
Then upward, all hands hoisting sail,
They swung him, like a keg of ale,
Till to the pinnacle in height,
He vaulted like balloon or kite."

The authorities of New York were greatly perplexed. They properly regarded Ethan Allen as the chief in both civil and military affairs in the Grants, for his pre-eminent abilities were acknowledged, and he exerted an unbounded influence over the people. To secure his person was a desirable object, and several attempts were made by New Yorkers to win the Governor's offered reward by capturing him. On one occasion two sergeants and ten men came very near effecting that object, while Allen and a single companion were in the neighborhood of the present Burlington. His own sagacious vigilance and the fidelity of a young girl saved him. On another occasion, some people of Dutchess County formed a plan to seize him while he was on a visit to his friends in Salisbury, in Connecticut. They intended to abduct him and carry him to the Poughkeepsie jail. The plot was timely discovered, and the hero was saved for greater deeds at hand.

In the mean time the spirit of hostility in-

creased in intensity, and commotions, riots, and bloodshed became quite common near the border. The Green Mountain Boys, under the judicious guidance of Allen, carefully acted on the defensive, and never pursued aggressors beyond the claimed limits of the Grants. At length, in the spring of 1774, the New York Legislature passed a most despotic law, entitled an Act for preventing tumultuous and riotous assemblies, and for punishing rioters. It empowered the governor and council to order "indicted rioters," as Ethan Allen and other leaders were called, to surrender themselves for trial within seventy days after the date of the order, or to be considered as convicted and sentenced to suffer death—the Supreme Court having power given by the Act to order the execution, whenever the offender should be arrested, the same as if there had been an actual trial and a judicial sentence! This law, instead of intimidating the people of the Grants, united them in closer affiliation; and in a general convention, assembled at Bennington, they resolved to hold themselves in readiness, at a minute's warning, to "defend those who, for their merit in the great and general cause, had been falsely denominated rioters." The proscribed persons also issued a manifesto, drawn up by Ethan Allen and signed by him and his associate "outlaws," which contained a logical defense of themselves, and severe remarks on the course pursued by their oppressors. "Printed sentences of death will not kill us," they said; "and if the executioners approach us, they will be as likely to fall victims to death as we;" for they had fully resolved, that, if any person should attempt to apprehend any of them or their friends, they would kill them on the spot. The people of the Grants then closed the door upon further parley or controversy, and armed themselves to fight for their leaders, their homes, and their vested rights. The quarrel was about to culminate in a bloody crisis.

While on that northern border a little storm of war was rising, the whole political atmosphere of the colonies was becoming black with a gathering tempest. All local troubles soon ceased to have paramount interest, for all eyes were turned anxiously toward the brooding darkness. The low, rumbling thunder, in colonial assemblies and in popular gatherings, became more and more distinct. The lightning first leaped from the clouds at Lexington, and the thunder-peal awoke a continent to arms. It is not our province to detail the opening events of that Revolution, which resulted in the freedom of thirteen Anglo-American colonies and gave birth to a new empire. Our hero was a prominent actor in an important episode in the opening of that great drama, and to that we will turn without preface.

The British Government, perceiving the great importance of preserving Canada as a loyal colony when the inevitable contest should commence, had used the most energetic and extraordinary efforts to accomplish that object. The

great concessions made to the Roman Catholic population, called the *Quebec Act*, and which deeply offended Protestant England, was the first of those efforts. Remarkable vigilance was every where exercised in that province by royal officers; and in order to keep open a free communication between Canada and the interior of the province of New York, the old fortresses of Ticonderoga and Crown Point—the scenes of many struggles between the French and English twenty years earlier—were strengthened and garrisoned. Those far-sighted patriots of Boston, Samuel Adams and Joseph Warren, also appreciated the importance of winning Canada to the Republican cause, or, in the event of a failure to do so, to acquire possession of those strongholds upon Lake Champlain. Accordingly, almost a month before the skirmish at Lexington, they, as members of the Boston Committee of Correspondence, sent a secret agent into Canada to ascertain and report the political feelings of the people. He soon became convinced that fear alone kept the Canadians, and especially those of British extraction, from joining the other colonies in their opposition; and from Montreal he sent urgent advice to his employers to take immediate measures to capture Ticonderoga. On his way north he had consulted with the Allens and other leaders of the people of the Grants, and they had agreed to undertake the enterprise themselves when the proper time should arrive. The whole matter was kept a profound secret, except among a few leading men; and yet, eight days after the affair at Lexington, a circumstance occurred which seemed to indicate a concert of action between the patriots of Massachusetts, Connecticut, and the New Hampshire Grants.

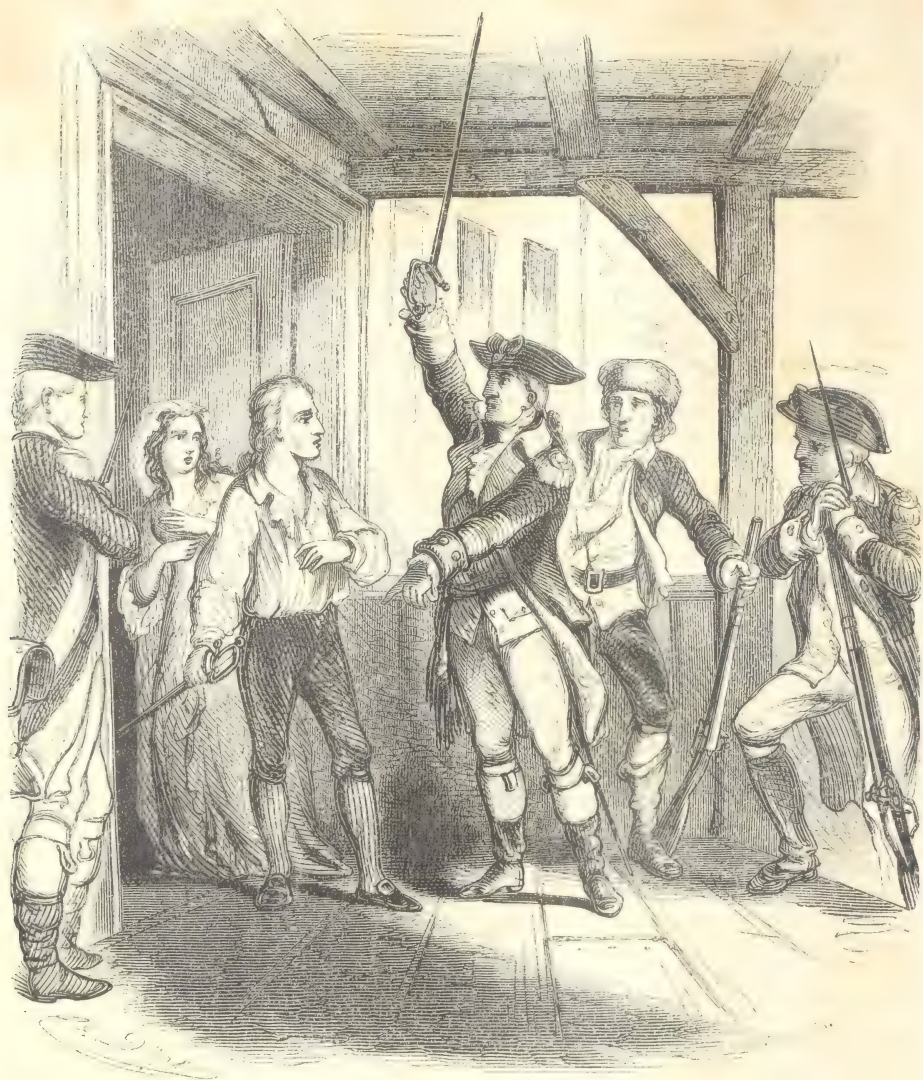
At that time the minute-men of New England, armed and unarmed, were rushing toward Boston to confine the British troops to that peninsula. The Colonial Assembly of Connecticut was in session, and some leading members of that body conceived and concocted a plan for seizing Ticonderoga, and appropriating its cannons and other munitions of war to the use of the gathering army. They acted only as private citizens, but procured a loan of eighteen hundred dollars from the Assembly. They appointed Edward Mott and Noah Phelps a committee to proceed to the frontier towns, ascertain the condition of the fort and the strength of the garrison, and, if possible, induce Colonel Ethan Allen to join the expedition with his Green Mountain Boys. On their way they laid their plans before Colonel Easton and Mr. John Brown, at Pittsfield, in Massachusetts, and these men, afterward leaders of troops, accompanied the committee to Bennington. Easton enlisted about forty volunteers from his regiment of militia on the way, and these reached Bennington the following day. Colonel Allen promptly responded affirmatively, immediately assembled his Green Mountain Boys, and sent detachments to watch the roads northward to prevent intel-

gence being conveyed to the doomed fortresses. At dusk on the 7th of May quite a little army gathered at Castleton, fourteen miles east of Skenesborough (now Whitehall), when Allen was chosen commander-in-chief, with Colonel Easton and Seth Warner for his lieutenants. At the same time a party was sent to Skenesborough to capture Major Skene (a son of the Governor), secure boats, and hasten to join the invaders at Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga. Another party was sent down the lake, beyond Crown Point, to secure boats and bateaux in that direction.

In the mean time another scheme had been formed elsewhere for the same object. When intelligence of the bloodshed at Lexington reached New Haven, Benedict Arnold, captain of an independent company there, marched with them immediately to Cambridge. No doubt he had received some hint of the enterprise against Ticonderoga, for, on his arrival at Cambridge, he went before the Massachusetts Committee of Safety and proposed a similar expedition in the same direction. His representations coinciding with the advice of the secret agent in Canada made the Committee accept his proposition with eagerness. They granted him a colonel's commission, and authorized him to raise a corps of troops not exceeding four hundred in number. Furnished with money and munitions of war, he went into the western counties of Massachusetts to raise his men. At Stockbridge he heard of the expedition under Allen, already on its march. He engaged others to enlist men, while he hastened forward with a single servant, joined the party at Castleton, and with a singular want of courtesy in his manner (for his ambition was really more powerful than his patriotism), he claimed the chief command by virtue of what he called his superior commission. This was objected to, for he came single-handed, without officers or troops; and the soldiers declared they would club their muskets and march homeward rather than serve under any but their chosen leader. Making a virtue of necessity, the ambitious Arnold joined the party as a volunteer, and on the evening of the 9th, after stealthy marches, two hundred and seventy resolute men (of whom two hundred and thirty were Green Mountain Boys) were encamped on the shore of Lake Champlain, opposite Ticonderoga, while the garrison were totally unsuspecting of the presence of an enemy. On the previous day Phelps had gone forward, gained admission into the fort as an awkward inhabitant of the neighborhood who wished to be shaved, and, asking many simple questions, obtained a great amount of necessary information, and then returned to the camp.

The night—clear, starry, and a little frosty—wore away, and yet the boats expected from Skenesborough or below did not arrive. With the few in possession, Allen, with the officers and eighty-three men, crossed the lake and landed beneath the steep shore under the Gren-

adiers' Battery. Nathan Beman, then a shrewd lad, and afterward a famous wolf-hunter in the northern wilderness, consented to be their guide, for he was familiar with every part of the fort, where he played daily with the boys of the garrison. The day had almost dawned, yet the boats had not returned with more troops. Delay would be dangerous, and Allen was about to proceed with the fourscore men, when Arnold declared, with an oath, that he alone would lead the men into the fort. Allen as stoutly swore that he should not. Fortunately the prudence of others put an end to the dispute by a compromise, which allowed Arnold to march by the side of Allen, the latter, however, to be considered the chief commander. Again Arnold was compelled to yield, and just as the east was brightening with the unfolding day, the little band were drawn up, in three ranks, upon the shore, a few rods from the fort. Stealthily but quickly they ascended the eminence to the sally-port. The sentinel snapped his fusée, but it missed fire, and he retreated into the fort along the covered way, followed closely by the Americans, who were thus guided directly to the parade within the area of the barracks. Another sentinel was felled by Allen's sword, and as the invading troops rushed into the parade they gave a tremendous shout. The alarmed soldiers of the garrison leaped from their pallets, seized their arms, and rushed to the parade, but only to be made prisoners by the intrepid New Englanders. At the same moment Colonel Allen, with young Beman at his side, ascended the steps to the door of the quarters of Delaplace, the commandant of the fort, and giving three loud raps with the hilt of his sword, he, with a voice of peculiar power, ordered the captain to appear immediately or the whole garrison should be sacrificed. The commander and his wife both rushed to the door, when, to their astonishment, they saw the face of an old acquaintance, for Allen and Delaplace had long been friends. With a frown, the commander instantly demanded his disturber's errand. Pointing to his armed men, before whom the whole garrison were quailing, Allen sternly replied—"I order you instantly to surrender." "By what authority do you demand it?" said Delaplace. "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress!" thundered Allen, and, raising his sword over the head of the captain, who was about to speak, ordered him to be silent, and to surrender immediately. There was no alternative. Delaplace had about as much respect for the *Continental Congress* as Allen had for *Jehovah*, and they respectively relied upon and feared powder and ball more than either. In fact, the Continental Congress was then but a shadow; for it had no existence until six hours afterward, when it assembled in Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, and its "authority" was hardly acknowledged in prospect, even by the armed patriots in the field. But the order was obeyed, the garrison of forty-eight men were



ALLEN AT TICONDEROGA.

made prisoners of war and sent to Hartford, and more than a hundred iron cannon, with mortars, and swivels, and ammunition, were the spoils of victory. These were afterward taken to Cambridge, and used by the troops under Washington in driving the British from Boston the following spring.

Warner arrived, with the rear division, soon after the surrender of the fort; and forty-eight hours afterward he was in possession of Crown Point. Arnold, ambitious for fame, was like a chafed tiger. He saw the laurels resting solely on the Green Mountain Boys, and for a moment his covetousness rose superior to his generosity. He asserted his right to the chief command of the garrison at Ticonderoga, but the troops disregarded his orders. His anger flashed out in oaths and loud threats when the

Connecticut Committee, clothed in semi-official authority, formally installed Allen in command, and ordered him to keep it until he should receive orders from higher authority. Arnold sent a written protest to the Massachusetts Committee of Safety, but that body confirmed the action of the Connecticut Committee. Arnold yielded, and, like a good patriot and sensible man, he joined Allen in planning other enterprises.

The upper part of Lake Champlain was now in complete possession of the New Englanders. Major Skene and his people at Skenesborough had been captured by the party sent thither from Castleton, and with a schooner and several bateaux they were brought to Ticonderoga. These vessels formed the nucleus of a fleet on the lake, and with these Allen and Arnold pro-

ceeded to capture a British armed schooner and some boats at St. John's on the Sorel. Arnold having been a seaman in his youth, was installed as a sort of commodore on the lake, and departed in the schooner. Allen followed in the bateaux. All were armed and provisioned from the spoils taken at Ticonderoga. The schooner outsailed the rest, and at six o'clock on the morning of the 18th of May the little garrison at St. John's and the British armed schooner there were surrendered to Arnold. Informed that large reinforcements were approaching, Arnold departed with his booty, and in the course of a few hours met the descending bateaux. Allen had with him one hundred Green Mountain Boys, and with these he resolved to proceed to St. John's, garrison the fort, and hold it, if possible, as the key to Canada; for doubtless the idea of an invasion of that province had already assumed a tangible form in his mind. He took possession of the fort, and sent out a detachment to ambuscade the approaching reinforcements, but soon learning the fact that their numbers were great, he prudently crossed to the east side of the river. There he was attacked by a large party the next morning, and being compelled to fly to his bateaux, he hoisted sail and returned to Ticonderoga. Arnold assumed command at Crown Point, and there he fitted out other naval expeditions on the lake during the summer.

These proceedings placed the authorities of Massachusetts and Connecticut in an awkward position. They had connived at these ostensibly private enterprises which had resulted so gloriously; yet, doubtful how the Continental Congress might view the matter, each felt willing to let the other take the responsibility of further aggressive movements. Governor Trumbull of Connecticut was willing to assume that responsibility, and he immediately enlisted four hundred men to garrison Ticonderoga and Crown Point. In the mean time he sent messengers to Philadelphia and New York, to ascertain the feelings of the Continental Congress and of the New York Provincial Convention. The captured forts were within that province, and common courtesy demanded an interchange of sentiments. Congress heartily approved of all that had been done, and requested Governor Trumbull to send troops, and the New York Convention to provision them. All this was done with alacrity, and soon Colonel Hinman was on his march for Ticonderoga with a requisite number of Connecticut soldiers.

Inspired by his successes, and prompted by noble motives, Colonel Allen now gave expression to a scheme for invading Canada, in a letter marked by great ability, written a fortnight before the battle of Bunker Hill, and addressed to the New York Provincial Convention. The current of his own feelings caused him to assume that the feuds that existed between the authorities of New York and the Green Mountain Boys would be forgotten and disappear in the efforts for the general good, and he wrote

to them as brothers and compatriots. After alluding to what had been accomplished, and excusing himself for not sooner conferring with them, on the plea that "common fame reported" that there were "a number of overgrown Tories in the province," whose treachery might have ruined the enterprise, he said—"The key is ours yet, and, provided the colonies would suddenly push an army of two or three thousand men into Canada, they might make a conquest of all that would oppose them in the extensive province of Quebec, unless reinforcements from England should prevent it. Such a division would weaken General Gage or insure us Canada. I would lay my life on it, that with fifteen hundred men I could take Montreal. Provided I could be thus furnished, and an army could take the field, it would be no insuperable difficulty to take Quebec. This object should be pursued, though it should take ten thousand men, for England can not spare but a certain number of her troops; nay, she has but a small number that are disciplined, and it is as long as it is broad, the more that are sent to Quebec the less they can send to Boston, or any part of the continent. And there will be this unspeakable advantage in directing the war into Canada, that, instead of turning the Canadians and Indians against us, as is wrongly suggested by many, it would unavoidably attach and connect them to our interest. Our friends in Canada can never help us until we first help them, except in a passive or inactive manner. There are now about seven hundred regular troops in Canada." Allen then laid before them a plan for such invasion, and concluded with a proposition to raise, himself, a regiment of Rangers, provided the Provincial Convention would agree to commission the officers and put the troops under pay. "Probably," he said, "you may think this an impertinent proposal. It is truly the first favor I ever asked of the Government, and, if granted, I shall be zealously ambitious to conduct for the best good of my country and the honor of the Government."

This was the first public proposition to invade Canada. The Continental Congress chose rather to conciliate than to alarm or irritate the Canadians, and only the day before Allen wrote his letter, that body, by resolution, expressed a decided opinion that no scheme for the invasion of Canada ought to be countenanced. And it did seem "impertinent" for Allen to address such a letter to the authorities of New York. They were the successors of other authorities, which, only the year before, had pronounced him an outlaw, and placed him under legal sentence of death. By the Congress and the Convention his letter was considered a bold and injudicious production of an ambitious and reckless man. But in less than ninety days afterward the Continental Congress authorized an invasion of Canada, and the whole people, from Maine to Georgia, who longed for freedom, approved of the measure. Colonel Allen had the honor of being a pioneer in that important move-

ment, which, if it had been commenced when first proposed by him, before the British Government had concentrated its strength to repel invasion, might have resulted in an easy conquest of Canada, instead of such a disastrous failure as marked the campaign in the winter of 1775-'76.

On the arrival of Colonel Hinman at Ticonderoga, Colonel Allen's command ceased, and most of his men went home. With Seth Warner he immediately went to Philadelphia to ask the Continental Congress to pay the Green Mountain Boys for their military services, and to authorize him to raise a new regiment in the New Hampshire Grants. Their appearance in Philadelphia created a great sensation. Their heroism was known, and their exploits had been duly magnified. Crowds gazed at them as they walked along the streets, and the passage to Carpenter's Hall, where Congress was sitting, was filled with people anxious to get a glimpse of the Goliath of the Green Mountains who had defied the armies of Tryon. They were introduced upon the floor of Congress, and allowed to state their desires verbally. And their wishes were gratified. The soldiers who assisted in capturing the Champlain fortresses were allowed the same pay as those in the Continental army just organized; and Congress asked the Provincial Convention of New York to first consult General Schuyler, and with his approval to authorize the raising of a regiment of Green Mountain Boys, "under such officers as the said Green Mountain Boys should choose." This accomplished, Allen and Warner hastened to New York, and boldly presented themselves at the door of the Convention. The resolve of Congress had already been received, and was then under discussion. The Convention represented the same people who elected the Assembly of the previous year, by whom Allen and Warner were outlawed, and sentenced to be hanged when caught. Could they receive such men? To some it was a perplexing question. Some bowed to the authority of law as supreme, notwithstanding they had repudiated those lawgivers as "enemies of their country." Others could not quiet the suggestions of their consciences that these men were outcasts; but others, forgetting the past, and looking only upon the recent brave and patriotic deeds of these men in the cause of liberty, vehemently asserted the injustice and impolicy of allowing ancient local feuds to divide brothers in a common and holy cause. The debate was suddenly cut short by Isaac Sears—the brave King Sears—the leader of the Sons of Liberty from the Stamp Act times, who moved that Ethan Allen should be admitted to the floor of the House. An overwhelming vote was given in the affirmative, and the same privilege was granted to Seth Warner. They entered, and both addressed the House; and when they had retired, the Convention proceeded to authorize the raising of a regiment. General Schuyler approved of the measure, and Ethan Allen carried the proclamation of that noble patriot to

the Grants, announcing the pleasing fact that five hundred Green Mountain Boys were wanted for the war, and that they might choose their own officers below a colonel.

The regiment was soon raised, and Seth Warner was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel, it being understood, probably, that Allen would receive the appointment of Colonel. A few days after his return he joined General Schuyler as a volunteer, at Ticonderoga, and from thence sent a letter of thanks to the New York Provincial Convention, in which he feelingly alluded to "the friendship and union that had lately taken place" between those who had been unhappily controverting for years. In conclusion he spoke of the fidelity and courage of the Green Mountain Boys, and said, "I will be responsible, that they will reciprocate this favor by boldly hazarding their lives, if need be, in the common cause of America."

General Schuyler's quick perception made him regard Colonel Allen as an exceedingly useful man, if he could be kept in subordination. He accepted him as a volunteer with some reluctance, and he was chiefly employed as a pioneer among the Canadians, with whom he was well acquainted. On arriving with his forces at *Isle Aux Noix*, near the foot of the lake, General Schuyler wrote an address to the people of Canada, especially intended for the French inhabitants, and commissioned Allen to bear it to them, and to use his influence in winning them to the support of the Americans. It told them that the invading army was not directed against them, their religion, or their property, but only against the British; and earnestly exhorted them to make common cause with the Americans in efforts to secure freedom. Allen first went to Chamblée, twelve miles below St. John's, and, mingling with the most intelligent and influential inhabitants there, soon received assurances of their sympathy and aid, if success could be made to appear probable. To show their sincerity, they furnished him with an armed escort through the forests, from place to place, and he every where found the people friendly. He also secured expressions of friendship from the Caughnawaga Indians near Montreal; and after traversing the country between the Sorel and the St. Lawrence for eight days, he returned to the camp and reported to General Schuyler his belief that, should the American army invest St. John's and advance into Canada with a respectable force, the inhabitants would immediately join them. For his prudence, sagacity, industry, and perseverance in this dangerous mission Colonel Allen was highly commended by General Schuyler.

At *Isle Aux Noix* General Schuyler sickened, and was compelled to leave the command of the army with General Montgomery and return to his home at Saratoga. Montgomery was then besieging St. John's, and he immediately sent Colonel Allen into Canada again to unite as many inhabitants as he could in favor of the

Americans, and lead them to the Republican camp. Allen was highly successful. He "preached politics," he said, and succeeded well as "an itinerant." Within a week he had enrolled and armed two hundred and fifty Canadians; and "as I march," he said, "they gather fast." He assured Montgomery that he could raise "one or two thousand in a week;" but that he preferred to assist in the siege, and would be with him "with five hundred or more Canadian volunteers" within three days. With this object he was pressing forward with his recruits along the eastern shore of the St. Lawrence when he met Major Brown, who was out on the same errand, at the head of about two hundred Americans and Canadians. They held a secret conference and formed new plans, the result of which was great disaster. Brown urged Allen to join him in an attempt to take Montreal by surprise, by which they would not only make the conquest of the remainder of the province easy, but would doubtless secure the person of Guy Carleton, the Governor, then in that city, and controlling the movements of the Canadians and Indians in the British interest. The prize was tempting, its acquisition seemed easy, and Allen consented. He was to cross the St. Lawrence from Longueuil, a little below Montreal, and Brown was to cross from La Prairie, a little above the city, and at dawn the following morning they were to attack the town and garrison simultaneously at opposite points.

It was a murky night, the 24th of September, when the enterprise was undertaken. Allen procured some small canoes, and crossed with eighty Canadians and about thirty Americans. The passage was perilous, for the wind was high, the waters were rough, and the vessels were frail. Three times each way these canoes had to pass before all were landed, and then the day dawned. Brown was to give three huzzas as a signal of his landing. The sun came up among the clouds, and yet no huzzas were heard. As yet Allen was undiscovered, except by persons passing to or from the city, and these were detained. To retreat was impossible without discovery, and then only a part could go. At length a man who had escaped alarmed the town and garrison, and soon armed men were seen gathering on the outskirts. Allen determined to fight, and prepared for the conflict. Forty British regulars and two hundred Canadians fell upon the little band of invaders, yet they maintained the conflict almost two hours, fighting and retreating more than a mile. "I expected, in a short time, to try the world of spirits," says Allen; "for I was apprehensive that no quarter would be given to me, and, therefore, had determined to sell my life as dear as I could." Hard pressed by overwhelming numbers, deserted by nearly every Canadian volunteer, and some of his brave Americans being killed and several wounded, he agreed to surrender on honorable terms, which were



THE PRISONERS IN THE "GASPE."

granted. Only thirty-eight of his companions remained, and these became his fellow-prisoners. They were well treated by the British officers on the field; but when Allen was brought before that petty tyrant, General Prescott, who possessed no generous impulses, and that officer learned that his chief prisoner was the victor at Ticonderoga, he exhibited extreme passion, brandished his cane over Allen's head, and threatened to beat him. At the same time he used coarse and unfeeling language, denouncing Allen as a rebel, and promising him death on the gallows at Tyburn. "I told him," says Allen, "he would do well not to cane me, for I was not accustomed to it, and shook my fist at him, telling him that was the beate of mortality for him, if he offered to strike." Prescott was greatly enraged, yet he feared his unarmed captive; so, in violation of all honor and the common rules of war, he ordered his prisoner to be bound hand and foot in irons, and thrust into a confined portion of the *Gaspé* schooner of war. His irons were heavy shackles on wrists and ankles, fastened to a bar eight feet in length. A generous seaman lent him his chest to sit upon, and that was his only seat by day and bed by night, and thus, for five long weeks, was this brave man fettered, and guarded by men with bayonets, while almost hourly he was subjected to coarse jokes or deliberate insults. His companions were fettered in pairs, and suffered in the same way.

In the mean time, though feeble-handed in men and munitions of war, Montgomery pushed forward the siege of St. John's. He also sent a party to attack the garrison at Chamblée, twelve miles below. They were successful. One hundred men became their prisoners, and the spoils of victory were more than a hundred barrels of powder, with military stores and provisions. They also took the standard of the regiment to which the garrison belonged, and this, the first trophy of the kind, was sent to the Continental Congress, and placed conspicuously over the chair of the president of that body. At the same time Carleton was endeavoring to send relief to St. John's. He embarked quite a large number of troops at Montreal, with a view of landing them at Longueuil, and marching to the Sorel. In this he was foiled by Colonel Seth Warner and three hundred Green Mountain Boys, who signally repulsed him. On learning this event, some British troops at the mouth of the Sorel immediately fled to Quebec, and the commander at St. John's, despairing of relief from Carleton, surrendered to Montgomery. Prescott and Carleton now became alarmed for the safety of Montreal, and fearing an attempt to rescue Allen and his fellow-prisoners, they sent them all down to Quebec. There the Colonel was transferred to another vessel, and soon to a third, where he experienced humane treatment and the courtesy due to his rank from Captain Littlejohn. He removed the galling irons from his prisoner, invited him to his own table, and in many ways proved the sincerity

of his declaration that no brave man like Colonel Allen should be ill-used on board of his ship.

The relief was temporary. A few days afterward Colonel Arnold, who had made a perilous journey across the country, by way of the Kennebec and Chaudière, with a body of New England troops, suddenly appeared at Point Levi, opposite Quebec. His apparition shocked the people of that old French city as if a thunder-bolt had fallen from a clear sky. They had already heard of the fall of St. John's and the surrender of Montreal to Montgomery, and many regarded Quebec as in imminent danger. The ship *Adamant* was on the point of sailing for England with dispatches to the Ministry, and Carleton resolved to send his prisoners thither by the same vessel. They were placed in the charge of the notorious spy, Brooke Watson, then a merchant of Montreal and afterward Lord Mayor of London. They were also accompanied by Guy Johnson, Daniel Claus, and about thirty other Loyalists who had been driven from the Mohawk Valley. Under such a man, and in such company, the unhappy prisoners could expect no mercy. They were closely confined in irons in a small, unventilated apartment, where they suffered from sickness and other privations, and were daily annoyed by palpable insults. Yet they were allowed sufficient food, and each a gill of rum a day. Forty days they thus suffered, when the *Adamant* sailed into the harbor of Portsmouth, and there, for the first time, the prisoners were allowed to enjoy the fresh air and the blessed sunlight upon the deck. When intelligence of their arrival spread through the town great multitudes flocked to see them; and as the guard escorted them to Pendennis Castle the streets, windows, and the tops of houses were crowded with people anxious to get a glimpse of the famous leader of the Green Mountain Boys, whose exploits on the shores of Lake Champlain had become known throughout the realm. Allen was, indeed, a rough and curious specimen of a New Englander; for he was dressed in the suit of Canadian clothes in which he was captured, which consisted of a short double-breasted fawn-skin jacket, vest of the same material, breeches of coarse sagathay, worsted stockings, a decent pair of shoes, two plain shirts, and a red worsted cap. His beard and hair had grown long, shaggy, and matted; and he appeared more like a savage Esquimaux than a civilized man of Saxon blood.

Governor Hamilton, of Pendennis Castle, treated the prisoners kindly, and Colonel Allen with distinction. He dared not disobey orders by removing his irons, but he sent a breakfast and dinner every day from his own table, and occasionally a bottle of wine; while another gentleman sent him bountiful suppers. His stomach had never before been served so well; and people of every class, prompted by curiosity, came to see him, for they regarded the captor of the renowned Ticonderoga as no ordinary man. All, however, agreed that he would prob-



THE PRISONERS IN THE STREETS OF PORTSMOUTH.

ably be hanged, and this gave Allen some uneasiness. Yet he maintained his self-possession, and charmed every person who came to see him by his bold and independent carriage, his fluency of language, and his display of strong native talent. He never lowered his high patriotic tone of sentiment when speaking of his country; and, with hands and feet manacled, and high walls and glittering bayonets around him, he boldly proclaimed the determination of his brethren never to cease resistance to oppression until the hand of the oppressor was withdrawn.

Having reason to fear death on the gallows, Colonel Allen concluded to employ stratagem for effect on the policy of the Ministry. He obtained permission to write to Congress. As the letters must be seen by his jailers, it was concluded that he would speak of the hopelessness of the cause, the necessity of submission, flatter the Government by loyal words and acknowledgments of clemency, and that he would advise them to cease rebellion and accept pardon.

They were disappointed. He gave a truthful narrative of his cruel treatment; told how he was kept in irons in England like a felon, instead of being respected as an unfortunate prisoner of war; and requested Congress to refrain from the terrible retaliation in their power to exercise until they should be advised of the final action of the Government toward himself and fellow-prisoners. The letter was addressed in his bold handwriting, to "The Illustrious Continental Congress."

"Do you think we are fools in England," said the officer to whom Allen handed the communication, "and would send your letter to Congress with instructions to retaliate on our own people? I have sent your letter to Lord North." That was precisely what the cunning prisoner desired. "This," says Allen, "gave me inward satisfaction, though I carefully concealed it with a pretended resentment; for I found I had come Yankee over him, and that the letter had gone to the identical person I had designed it for." No doubt that letter had the intended

effect; for it gave the Ministry knowledge of the situation of the prisoners, and the important fact that their countrymen possessed full power to retaliate any acts of violence which might be used against these unfortunate men.

The unjust treatment of these prisoners gave the Opposition in Parliament a powerful weapon, which they used against the Ministry with effect. They argued that they were either rebels and felons or else unfortunate prisoners of war; and added that it was too late, and altogether idle, to talk of rebellion, and propose to quell an insurrection by hanging a few insurgents, when a continent of such rebels was in arms. A rumor also went abroad that a writ of *habeas corpus* was about to be issued to set the prisoners free or to bring them to trial before a proper magistrate. The Ministry became alarmed by the rising clamors of the popular voice, and, yielding to the logic of events, changed their policy. They consented to consider Allen and his companions prisoners of war, and, as such, they were placed on board the *Solebay* frigate, of Sir Peter Parker's fleet, to be conveyed to Halifax. That fleet was then preparing for the expedition against the Carolinas which resulted so disastrously to the British, in the summer of 1776.

Allen was soon made to feel that neither clemency nor civil treatment were to be expected from Symonds, the commander of the *Solebay*. The first salutation which that official gave to the captive Colonel was, "Go below, to the cable-tier, and never again appear on deck, the place where only *gentlemen* may walk!" The indignant Colonel obeyed; but, two days afterward, having shaved and arranged his toilet as well as he could, he boldly appeared on deck. The commander was greatly enraged by this effrontery; nor was his anger abated when the prisoner told him coolly that he was Colonel Allen, and a "gentleman," and had a perfect right to walk the deck. As usual, the cowardice of the petty tyrant compromised the matter, and, with an oath, he ordered the Colonel to be careful not to walk on the same side of the deck with himself and other officers. As an example of obedience to the crew Allen obeyed, and always kept on the leeward side, but paced the planks with as much haughty dignity of demeanor as Symonds himself could possibly assume.

Parker's fleet rendezvoused in the harbor of Cork, from whence it sailed for America toward the middle of February, 1776. While there, the prisoners experienced the proverbial generosity of the Irish people. As soon as it became known that Allen and his fellow-captives were on board the *Solebay*, several gentlemen of Cork combined in presenting each of the common prisoners with a good suit of clothes, an overcoat, and two shirts; and to Allen they gave a sufficient quantity of broadcloth for two suits, also eight shirts and stocks (ready made), several pairs of silk and worsted hose, shoes, and two beaver hats, one of which was richly

trimmed with lace. They also furnished him bountifully with sea-stores, and offered him fifty guineas in gold. He would accept only seven guineas, because, he said, "it might have the appearance of avarice." To the other prisoners they also gave a good supply of tea and sugar. All of these things were taken on board by the second lieutenant during the absence of the commander. Symonds was exceedingly angry when informed of it. He swore that "the American rebels should not be feasted at that rate by the rebels of Ireland;" and then took from Allen all his liquors, and distributed the tea and sugar of the common prisoners among his own crew.

A terrible storm compelled the fleet to return to Cork, where the prisoners were separated, and placed in different vessels. Allen remained in the *Solebay*, and was fortunate enough to be permitted to employ the ship's tailor in making him a fine suit of clothes of his broadcloth. Arrayed in these, with his silk stockings and fine laced hat, his really noble and dignified appearance seemed to inspire Symonds with a sentiment of respect, and he treated his captive with more civility. The voyage was a long one, and they did not reach the American coast, at the mouth of the Cape Fear River, in North Carolina, until early in May. There the prisoners were reunited (except one who had died, and another who had escaped by swimming ashore), and were placed on board the *Mercury*, to be conveyed to Halifax. Montague, the commander, was an ignorant, prejudiced brute, and denied the unfortunate men every comfort. He even forbade the surgeon to attend them in sickness. Allen remonstrated with him, but received in reply the assurance that their treatment was a matter of no moment, as they would all be hanged as soon as they arrived at Halifax, and that General Washington and the Continental Congress would soon share the same fate. "If you wait for that event," said Allen, with a voice and countenance full of severe rebuke, "you'll die of old age."

On the voyage the vessel touched at Sandy Hook, below the outward harbor of New York (Raritan Bay), in which a British fleet, under Admiral Howe, was moored. Washington then had possession of the city of New York, and Governor Tryon and other royal officials were fugitives on board the flag-ship of Lord Howe. Tryon, and the old Attorney-General Kemp, whom Allen had met at Albany during the bitter controversies between New York and the New Hampshire Grants, came on board the *Mercury*. They saw and knew Allen, but did not speak to him. "Tryon," he says, "viewed me with a stern countenance, as I was walking on the leeward side the deck with the midshipmen;" and adds, "What passed between the officers of the ship and these visitors I know not; but this I know, that my treatment from the officers was more severe afterward."

The prisoners arrived at Halifax at about the middle of June; and for six weeks they were



ALLEN REDUCING THE MUTINEERS.

confined on board a sloop, in that harbor, under the immediate command of the brutal Montague. There they were treated with the greatest cruelty. They were half-starved; denied the services of a physician, though many were sick with the scurvy; and, finally, the commander, to whom Allen had addressed several respectful letters, petitioning for some relief, forbade any more letters being brought to him from "the rebel." At length the Colonel found means to communicate with Governor Arbuthnot. The prisoners were immediately placed in Halifax jail, sufficient food given them, and the attendance of a physician allowed. Still they suffered much. At first there were thirty of them crowded in a small room, some sick with the scurvy. Soon some were sent to the hospital, others were sent to labor on the public works, and by the close of August only thirteen of the captives taken with him at Montreal remained with Colonel Allen.

Among the prisoners whom Allen found in Halifax jail was James Lovell, of Boston, who had been carried thither when the British evacuated that city in the preceding spring, because he was an influential patriot. He afterward became a member of the Continental Congress, and active as one of the committee on foreign affairs. Although entitled to a parole, it had been withheld, and, with others who claimed

the same privilege, he was kept in close confinement. When Allen's friends heard of his arrival at Halifax they joined with those of Lovell in Massachusetts, and of others from Connecticut, in efforts to procure their exchange. While these negotiations were going on, and partial arrangements were effected between General Washington and General Howe respecting the exchange of prisoners, Howe ordered those at Halifax to be sent to New York. This order produced a happy change in the condition of the captives, for they were placed on board the *Lark* frigate, which was commanded by a gentleman and humane man, Captain Smith. "When I came on deck," says Allen, "he met me with his hand, welcomed me to his ship, invited me to dine with him that day, and assured me that I should be treated as a gentleman" by himself and his ship's crew. This unexpected kindness made the big tears roll down the hardy hero's cheek, and the emotions of gratitude made him speechless for a moment. As soon as he could command his voice, Colonel Allen assured the Captain that his kindness should be reciprocated, if an opportunity should allow the service. "This is a mutable world," said Captain Smith, "and one gentleman never knows but it may be in his power to help another."

The opportunity was not long delayed, and

the sentiment of the humane commander was signally verified.

There were about thirty American prisoners, besides Allen and Lovell, on board the *Lark*, and among them was one who had recently been commander of an American armed schooner. A few days after leaving Halifax he had succeeded in forming a conspiracy, with part of the prisoners, to kill Captain Smith, seize the vessel, and divide among themselves almost two hundred thousand dollars of hard money, known to be on board. They had also enlisted some of the crew in their scheme. The chief conspirator revealed his designs to Allen and Lovell, and solicited their co-operation in bringing over the remainder of the prisoners. Allen did not allow a thought of the justification of the rules of war for such an infamous act to intrude itself, but immediately and most decidedly condemned the scheme as a base and wicked return for kind treatment. He assured the ringleader that he would peril his own life in defense of that of Captain Smith, and advised him to desist. The conspirators then solicited Allen to remain neutral, and let them proceed in their own way. This concession he peremptorily refused, and promised them pardon and secrecy only on condition that they should solemnly pledge themselves to abandon the design instantly. They cowered beneath the rebuking glance of his stern eye, gladly accepted his terms, and Colonel Allen had the pleasure of thus paying his debt of gratitude to the excellent Captain Smith.

Toward the end of October the *Lark* arrived in the harbor of New York, and the prisoners were placed on board the *Glasgow* transport. Mr. Lovell was soon afterward exchanged and set at liberty, but Colonel Allen was only admitted to parole within the limits of the city. He landed at about the first of December, and a day or two afterward a scene occurred between him and Rivington, the "King's printer," the memory of which undoubted tradition has pre-

served. Allen had been made acquainted with the course pursued by Rivington toward the Whigs, and the harsh manner in which, on several occasions, he had spoken of himself during his long captivity. Being free to act within the limits of his parole, he resolved to chastise the offending printer, and made no secret of his resolution. Rivington was informed of it, and was prepared for the reception of the wrathful Colonel. He saw him one day, just after dinner, come up the street and stop at his door. "I was certain the hour of reckoning had come," says Rivington, in his humorous account of the interview. "There was no retreat. He entered the store and asked of the clerk, 'Does James Rivington live here?' He answered, 'Yes, Sir.' 'Is he at home?' He said he would see, and went up to my room to inquire what should be done. I had made up my mind. I looked at the bottle of Madeira—possibly took a glass. There was a fearful moment of suspense. I heard him on the stairs. In he stalked. 'Is your name James Rivington?' 'It is, Sir, and no man could be more happy than I am to see Colonel Ethan Allen.' 'Sir, I have come—' 'Not another word, my dear Colonel, until you have taken a seat and a glass of old Madeira.' 'But, Sir, I don't think it proper—' 'Not another word, Colonel. Taste this wine; I have had it in glass for ten years. Old wine, you know, unless it is originally sound, never improves by age.' He took the glass, swallowed the wine, smacked his lips, and shook his head approvingly. 'Sir, I come—' 'Not another word until you have taken another glass; and then, my dear Colonel, we will talk of old affairs; and I have some droll events to detail.' In short," says Rivington, "we finished two bottles of Madeira, and parted as good friends as if we never had cause to be otherwise."

The tender heart of Colonel Allen was sorely afflicted by the scenes of suffering which he beheld among the American prisoners in New York. The sugar-houses, the jail, and old



ALLEN AND RIVINGTON.

hulls in the harbor were used as prisons for the captives taken in the recent battles near Brooklyn and Fort Washington. Privation, sickness, and death held high carnival there; and the picture of their sufferings, drawn by the unpolished pen of Colonel Allen, chills the blood and makes the involuntary curse upon the inflictors rise to the lips and plead for utterance. These things are on the records of history; and we will here pass them by with the remark that all that Colonel Allen could do, in his own destitute condition, by his official influence, for the relief of the sufferers, was done by him in full measure during his parole. He also suffered much, for he became destitute of money, and was not allowed communication with his friends in Vermont. Yet his stout heart was not moved by personal troubles, nor his zeal for liberty in the least subdued; and when a British officer of high rank came to him and spoke of his great fidelity, though in a wrong cause, and the desire of General Howe to show him great favors, by appointing him commander of a regiment of Loyalists, and then tried to dazzle him with brilliant prospects of official promotion, and the possession of large sums of money and broad acres of land by the thousand in whichever of the subdued colonies he might choose them, the inflexible patriot indignantly spurned the tempter, saying, in his own recorded language, "That if by faithfulness I had recommended myself to General Howe, I should be loth, by unfaithfulness, to lose the General's good opinion; besides that, I viewed the offer of land to be similar to that which the devil offered to Jesus Christ, to give him all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him, when, at the same time, the damned soul had not one foot of land upon earth. This," says Allen, "closed the conversation, and the gentleman turned from me with an air of dislike, saying I was a bigot." Colonel Allen, with a bigot's tenacity, adhered to that bigotry, which was, properly defined, true patriotism.

The bold and powerful stroke given to British power on the frozen banks of the Delaware, and which put many prisoners into the hands of the Americans, caused a slight lifting of the heel of oppression from the poor captives in New York. Allen was allowed to go to Long Island early in January, 1777, where his condition was quite tolerable, by comparison. There, within prescribed limits, he remained until the following August, when, under the false pretense that he had infringed his parole, he was conducted by a strong guard to New York, and immured in the provost jail. There he lay for three days, without a morsel of food, and exposed to the insults of Keef, the sergeant of the guard, who stood at his door and administered prison law under the brutal provost marshal, Cunningham. At sunset on the third day the sergeant gave him some boiled pork and a biscuit, and a week afterward he was transferred to a more comfortable apartment. There he remained in close confinement until the following May, sometimes

treated to a day in the dungeon below because of his freedom of speech in the presence of Keef. Soon after the capture of Burgoyne the fact became known to one of his fellow-prisoners in a room above. He communicated the news to Colonel Allen by thrusting a little billet through the open floor into his room. The overjoyed patriot could not suppress his emotions, and he shouted from his grated window to some British soldiers in the street, "Burgoyne has marched to Boston to the tune of Yankee Doodle!" For this he spent a night in the damp dungeon, and was menaced with more severe punishment; but the fact which he had proclaimed was so significant of danger to scores of British officers in the power of the Americans that good treatment of Colonel Allen appeared to be wise policy.

Allen's captivity ended on the 3d of May, 1778, when he was taken to Staten Island; and there, two days afterward, he was exchanged for Colonel Archibald Campbell, of the British army, who was brought there by Elias Boudinot, Commissary of Prisoners. Campbell "saluted me," says Allen, "in a very handsome manner, saying that he never was more glad to see any gentleman in his life; and I gave him to understand that I was equally glad to see him, and was apprehensive that it was from the same motive." They all parted with friendly expressions; and Colonel Sheldon, of the Light Horse, immediately escorted Colonel Allen to the head-quarters of the army at Valley Forge. Washington received him most cordially; and Allen poured out the gratitude of his full heart for the interest the Commander-in-Chief had taken in his behalf during his long and cruel captivity of thirty-one months. He obtained permission of Washington to return to his home to recruit his health and strength. He then set off for the North in company with General Gates, who was proceeding to Fishkill, to take command of the army on the Hudson River. Already the Continental Congress, sitting at York, had honored Allen with a brevet commission of colonel in the regular army, and awarded him back pay as lieutenant-colonel during his captivity.

Bearing these testimonials of his country's gratitude, the gallant soldier hastened homeward, every where receiving the most marked attention of people of all classes. Early in the evening of the last day of May he arrived at Bennington. His appearance there was unexpected, for his friends supposed he had gone to Valley Forge to join the army for actual service. The news of his arrival spread from house to house. The people of the neighborhood gathered around him with every expression of joy; and the Green Mountain Boys gave audibility to these expressions among the distant hills by firing canons, and shouting long and loud huzzas. At sunrise the next morning the whole country around was in motion; and Colonel Herrick, who had nobly seconded Stark in the battle near Bennington the previous year,



ALLEN IN THE PROVOST PRISON.

ordered fourteen discharges of cannon—"thirteen for the United States, and one for Young Vermont."

"One for Young Vermont!" In that there was deep significance. During Allen's long captivity the people of the New Hampshire Grants had been making rapid political progress. They had, in convention at Westminster, in January, 1777, declared themselves free and independent of New Hampshire, New York, and all other sovereignties; adopted a State Constitution, and organized a new government, under the title of VERMONT, in allusion to its chief physical feature—the Green Mountains. This movement had awakened the old feud between the inhabitants of that territory and New York. Governor Clinton, and other active men in the latter State, had from the beginning opposed the claims of Vermont to independence; and the new government of New York, established a few months later, reasserted the supremacy of that State over the territory east of Lake Champlain to the Connecticut River. The bloody enactments, and the claims to lands occupied by settlers, promulgated by the Colonial

Assembly, were not revived; and the matter assumed the features of a political question only. In that shape it was sufficiently important to array the Green Mountain Boys against New York; and hence the significance of that "one gun for Vermont."

Colonel Allen soon comprehended the state of affairs. He regarded Vermont as in the right position, and immediately panoplied himself in her defense. The old colonial battleground again felt his tread, and his voice was more potent than ever among his former companions and associates. He counseled great caution, for he saw fatal danger covered by the fair professions of New York; and he resolved to reject every proposal, from whatever quarter, which did not imply the absolute independence of Vermont. He embodied this sentiment and a recapitulation of past grievances in an address which he sent forth to the inhabitants of Vermont. Sagacity, logic, forecast, and patriotism marked that document, and it met a hearty response. It was respectful, but defiant; and closed with the peroration, "What enemy of the State of Vermont, or what New York land-

monopolizer, shall be able to stand before you in the day of your fierce anger!" We can not in the space allotted to this article, detail the progress of that controversy, and the important part which Colonel Allen performed in the drama until its close. It became exceedingly complicated, especially when British interference formed an essential element. We may only touch briefly such more luminous points as serve to exhibit the character of our hero in a proper light.

New Hampshire, from which Vermont had separated, became a party in the quarrel, because several of its western townships had been, at their own request, annexed to the latter State. The Continental Congress had been appealed to, in the summer of 1778, for its adjudication; and the Legislature of Vermont appointed Colonel Allen its agent to go before the Supreme National Council at Philadelphia for the special purpose of ascertaining the views of that body respecting the independency of the new commonwealth. He soon found his mission to be more difficult than he expected. Faction and sectional jealousies were rife in that old Congress. The New England delegates favored Vermont; those of New York, of course, opposed it; those of the Middle and Southern States were indifferent; and some denied the power of Congress to act in the matter at all—affirming, in the excess of their zeal for State Rights, that Vermont, by its own act, was irrevocably independent. Colonel Allen went home a wiser man, yet not with a satisfied spirit. While he felt certain that Congress would not deny the independence of Vermont, he felt quite as certain that the new State, as long as that independence was claimed, would be left exposed to invasions from Canada, without material aid or general sympathy. He immediately advised a settlement of all difficulties with New Hampshire, by giving back her truant townships; and he earnestly urged the inhabitants of the new State to adhere to their Declaration of Independence at all hazards. He also wrote and published, in 1779, a treatise entitled "*A Vindication of the Opposition of the Inhabitants of Vermont to the Government of New York, and of their Right to Form an Independent State.*" Its falchion blows aroused the ire of the people of New York; and John Jay wrote, "There is quaintness, impudence, and art in it." "He might have added," says Sparks, "argument, and the evidences of a good cause."

Colonel Allen was now the great civil and military leader in Vermont. He was appointed general-in-chief of the militia, and was continually engaged in public affairs. The people felt some irritation at the course of Congress; and their leaders, perceiving a disposition on the part of the other colonies to remain apathetic, at least, resolved to take measures for establishing an isolated and wholly independent sovereignty. This disposition was observed by the British authorities in Canada, and it was made a basis for reporting to the British Minis-

try that Vermont, without doubt, might be drawn over to the side of the Crown. Military working for that important end was immediately put in motion. The leaders were to be approached cautiously, and by some one remote from high authority. The duty devolved upon Colonel Beverly Robinson, then commander of a corps of loyalists, and who figured somewhat conspicuously, some months later, in the treason of Arnold. He wrote from New York to Ethan Allen in March, 1780. He alluded to the fact that they were both American; that he lamented the distresses of his native country; that he had been informed that Allen, and other leading men in Vermont, were opposed to the wild scheme of separation from Great Britain promulgated by the Continental Congress; that the people of that commonwealth might enjoy protection and happiness under Great Britain, as a separate province; and asked Allen to communicate freely with him, as all matters between them should be shrouded in the most profound secrecy. The letter was sent by a British soldier, disguised as a farmer, who handed it to Allen in the streets of Arlington. Allen dismissed him with much courtesy, and then laid the document before Governor Chittenden and other friends. Their sagacity perceived in this advance from the enemy a capital opportunity to serve the political interests of Vermont; and they resolved to pass the letter over in silence, but to keep up a show of disaffection by coquetting with the British authorities in Canada. A friendly letter was accordingly dispatched by Governor Chittenden to General Haldimand, in Canada, proposing a cartel for an exchange of prisoners—some scouts from Vermont having been made captive. This proceeding was to cause a delay in any contemplated invasion of the defenseless frontier of Vermont, from the St. Lawrence or the lake. No reply was made; but soon a formidable British force appeared on Lake Champlain. The people were thoroughly alarmed, and seized their arms to repel the invaders. To their surprise no hostilities were attempted. The British commander sent a flag to General Allen, with a letter to Governor Chittenden, assenting to the proposed cartel, and offering a truce with Vermont until the matter should be arranged.

General Allen was appointed to negotiate the preliminaries of the cartel. Wishing to make friends of the New York borderers, he insisted upon extending the truce into that province as far as the shores of Lake Champlain and the Hudson River. The privilege was granted, and the enmity of the people of that region was so completely disarmed that a general desire to have their territory annexed to Vermont was expressed. The negotiations resulted satisfactorily to both parties; and, to the utter surprise of the people, the enemy's fleet moved down the lake, and the Vermont military force was disbanded and sent home at the moment when all expected invasion, and conquest appeared so easy. At that time the British force in Canada was about ten

thousand strong, while the Vermont militia did not exceed seven thousand. The whole secret was known only at that time to General Allen, his brother Ira (then a colonel of militia), and six other judicious friends who controlled the public affairs of the State. The winter soon afterward set in, and nothing more was done until spring. Vermont was saved from invasion, and the enemy rejoiced in the supposed advantage of having detached a discontented province from the others engaged in the revolt.

These movements were carefully reported to the British Ministry, and also gave uneasiness to Congress. Lord George Germain, Colonial Secretary, indulged in many pleasing dreams of the submission of the colonists, while sitting in his easy chair in London; and he wrote a congratulatory letter to Sir Henry Clinton, in New York, on "the happy return of the people of Vermont to their allegiance," at the very time when events were hastily tending toward the discomfiture of Cornwallis and the overthrow of British power within the domain of the revolted colonies. The British officers in New York were also well acquainted with the movements of the Vermont leaders; and Colonel Robinson wondered why his letter had never been answered by General Allen. He finally wrote another in the same strain to that officer; and at about the same time Allen received notice of the appointment of commissioners in Canada to arrange the cartel. Now was an opportunity to work upon the fears of Congress for the benefit of Vermont, and General Allen used it adroitly. He sent to that body the two letters from Robinson, and the notice of Haldimand respecting the commission, together with a letter from himself, in which he explained the mode by which the communications came into his hands, and other matters in relation to the proposed cartel. Then, in the most forcible language, he uttered an eloquent defense of the conduct of the inhabitants of Vermont, reiterated her claims to independent sovereignty, and referred indignantly to the attempt of neighbors to not only abridge her rights, but to destroy her existence. "I am confident," he remarked, "that Congress will not dispute my sincere attachment to the cause of my country, though I do not hesitate to say I am fully grounded in opinion that Vermont has an indubitable right to agree on terms of a cessation of hostilities with Great Britain, provided the United States persist in rejecting her application for a union with them." He concluded his letter with these significant words: "I am as resolutely determined to defend the independence of Vermont as Congress are that of the United States; and, rather than fail, I will retire, with hardy Green Mountain Boys, into the desolate caverns of the mountains, and wage war with human nature at large."

The coquetry with the British authorities in Canada continued during the remainder of the war. A correspondence, carried on chiefly by Ethan and Ira Allen, was kept up, and mes-

sengers from beyond the St. Lawrence came to them secretly, were detained until answers could be prepared, and then as secretly were sent back. Colonel Ira Allen also made friendly visits to General Haldimand. Thus they amused the enemy, kept back invasion, made Congress uneasy, sustained their claims to independence, but were compelled to suffer the effects of suspicion concerning their patriotism. But these were all removed from their fair fame when peace came, and concealment became no longer a necessity, and the escutcheons of Ethan and Ira Allen are as free from the tarnish of wavering patriotism or inconsistency as those of any of the men of the Revolution whom we delight to honor.

Although appointed colonel in the Continental Army, Ethan Allen never entered upon the duties of his office. His time was fully employed with the civil and military affairs of Vermont. Soon after his return from his captivity, in 1778, he was elected to a seat in the State Legislature. How long he occupied that station, or how late in life he retained his military command, we have now no means of ascertaining; for the record, if ever made, has been lost. When rising peace blessed the land with its beams, in 1782, he returned to the pleasant pursuits of the farmer—not, however, among his old friends at Bennington, but in a newer region of his beloved Vermont. For a short time he resided at Arlington, and afterward at Sunderland. At length he settled in the vicinity of Onion River, near the scene of some of his earlier exploits against New York intruders, where, with his brothers, he had purchased large tracts of land. There he remained, in the enjoyment of the quiet of agricultural life, until his death, which occurred very suddenly at Burlington, from the effects of apoplexy, in February, 1789. His funeral was largely attended; and, as we have said at the commencement of this sketch, he was buried within sound of the cascades of the Winooski.

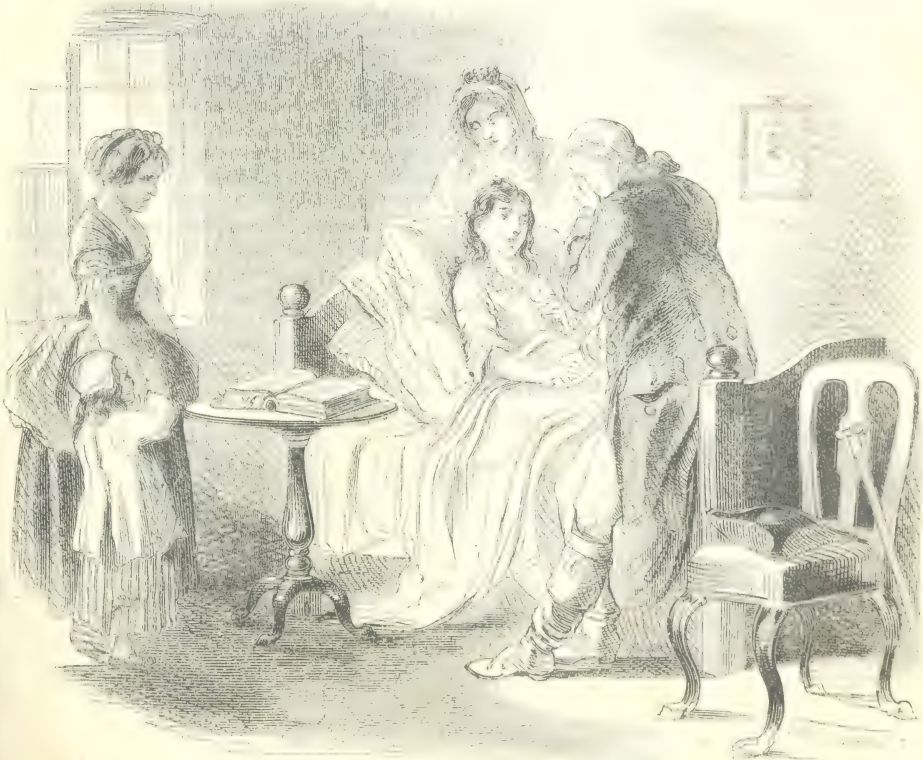
Ethan Allen possessed a vigorous but partially cultivated intellect, and his natural independence of thought often led his mind far away from the beaten tracks of human investigation. In religion he became a free-thinker; and, in 1782, he gave expression to his opinions in a little book, entitled "Reason the only Oracle of Man; or, a Compendious System of Natural Religion." It was published at Bennington two years later, and attracted much attention, especially among the orthodox divines of New England, who severely condemned it. While it possesses many striking and original thoughts, it exhibits remarkable crudity in their development; and the whole work may be regarded as a melancholy picture of the gropings of a benighted yet gifted spirit in the dark valley of human reason, unaided by the light of Divine revelation, and following the will-o'-the-wisp of errant fancy. That his religious opinions were not grounded in absolute conviction, the scene at the death-bed of his beloved

daughter by his first wife, as related by tradition, fully attests. She was a lovely, pious young woman, whose mother, then long in the spirit-land, had instructed her in the truths of the Bible. When she was about to die, she called her father to her bedside, and, turning upon him her pale face, lighted by lustrous blue eyes, she said, with a sweet voice, "Dear father, I am about to cross the cold, dark river. Shall I trust to your opinions, or to the teachings of dear mother?" These words, like a keen arrow, pierced the recesses of his most truthful emotions. "Trust to your mother!" said the champion of infidelity; and, covering his face with his hands, he wept like a child. Thus it is ever. There is a cell in the human soul in which lodges the germs of perennial faith in God and his revelations. When touched by the electric spark of conviction it springs forth into bloom and fruitfulness, defiant alike of the frosts of cold, unbelieving reason, and the scorching heat of human philosophy.

In his private as in his public life Ethan Allen was always consistent, honorable, and inflexibly honest. On one occasion he owed a citizen of Boston about one hundred and fifty dollars, for which he had given his note. It was inconvenient for him to pay it at maturity. It was put in suit, and he employed a lawyer to attend the court and have the matter postponed until he could raise the money. As the readiest way to postpone the matter the lawyer de-

termined to deny the genuineness of the signature, which would compel the holder to send to Boston for a witness. Allen happened to be in a remote part of the court-room when the case was called. He was utterly astonished when he heard the lawyer gravely deny the signature. With long and fierce strides he rushed through the crowd, and, confronting the amazed "limb of the law," he rebuked him in a voice full of wrath. "Mr. —," he exclaimed, "I didn't hire you to come here and lie! That's a true note; I signed it, I'll swear to it, and I'll pay it. I want no shuffling—I want time. What I employed you for was to get this business put over to the next court—not to come here and lie and juggle about it!" The result was that the postponement was effected without farther opposition.

Although prevented by a series of apparently unfortunate circumstances from taking a very active part in the general operations of the war for Independence, yet few men engaged in that struggle will be remembered with more affection and admiration as a patriot and hero than Ethan Allen. In private life he was consistent, kind, placable, but unyielding in his integrity and justice. Under his rough exterior of speech and manner lay the pure diamond of a noble nature. His life and services form a strange and romantic chapter in the annals of his country; and the memory of his deeds will always lend vitality to the patriotism of his people.



ALLEN AT THE DEATH BED OF HIS DAUGHTER.



PAUL'S SHIP ON THE FIFTEENTH DAY.

THE VOYAGE OF PAUL.

THE morning dawned, cold and gray, like the mornings of American northern latitudes. The air was very still, and the sea was as quiet as a mountain lake.

The last watch had been mine. I was on deck from about two o'clock. The breeze, which had been fresh from the westward, died away when the first light stole over the eastern sky, and we were rolling heavily in a flat calm when the sun came up over Mount Carmel. We had made fair time in one night, for we had left Jaffa at sunset of the evening previous, with a dashing breeze, and the *Lotus* had made a glorious run of it.

We had been more than a month among the Greek Islands, and then, with the same party who joined us at Athens, we had run down to

the Syrian coast, and, landing at Jaffa, had passed a fortnight in Jerusalem. Here the ladies left us, and we became again a bachelor party, and now proposed, for want of a plan, and in order to use up a spare month or six weeks, to follow with our boat, as near as might be, the track of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, in his

voyage from the court of Festus to the court of Cæsar.

Jaffa lies on the Syrian coast, a little to the southward of Cæsarea. Its chief inhabitants seem to be dirty women, followed by dirtier children. We ran by the latter port in the night. I should not call it a port, for it is but a wild shore, where no relics remain of the days of Roman power. No coast in all the world is more desolate than that of Syria. There is not on the whole shore of Palestine a solitary port in which a ship may ride at anchor. The Mediterranean rolls and roars over the fallen columns of Askelon. Jaffa is a bold promontory. Tyre and Sidon are the terror instead of the haven of sailors. The identical words of the prophecy of Ezekiel have thus their fulfillment. Acre and Haifa, at the outlet of the plain of Esdraelon, are open sea beaches, where the surf beats heavily under the walls of the cities.

"Where are we, skipper?" demanded S——, as his head emerged from the hatchway, and his sleepy eyes gazed shoreward. "Where is the craft about now? Is that Lebanon?"

"No; but beyond it you see the blue hills of the cedars. That, oh most worthy traveler! is the mountain of Elijah, even Mount Carmel."

"How she pitches! Where's the wind? Can't something be done to keep the ship right side up?"

"No wind this morning, Sir, I think," chimed in the sailing-master; "but I shouldn't be surprised if we have enough of it by night. It looks ugly and dirty on shore; but this is a



queer climate anyhow. A man can't tell ten minutes ahead how the weather's going to be."

We were within four miles of the shore, and obviously it was a good idea to land and visit our old friends the monks of Mount Carmel. A light breath of air for half an hour set us in toward the rocks, and at eight o'clock we were in the small boat pulling toward the foot of the hill.

Ascending by a path much shorter than is usually followed, we arrived at the convent at about the time the monks were making ready their very simple noonday meal, which they invited us to share with them. The bread was none of the best, but we washed it down with a queer-tasting liquor that they called wine, and which was indeed not unpalatable. The country about the plain of Esdraelon produces excellent grapes, and I have heretofore tasted very good wine on the eastern slopes of Lebanon.

From the summit of Mount Carmel the view was sublime and impressive. The great sea rolled to the base of the hill, thundering on the rocky barriers at our feet. To the north the shore stretched off to Tyre and Sidon, and the lofty peaks of Lebanon shone in the noon light with surpassing splendor. Between us and those hills was a broad plain, through which a river, silvery and slow in its flood, found its way to the sea. The plain was Esdraelon, the river was "that mighty river the River Kishon." Turning to the northeast, my eyes sought the familiar spots in which I have heretofore lingered with a holy delight that no words will suffice to convey to others. A solitary white

spot on a hilltop I knew to be the Moslem tomb which stands high up above Nazareth, and I could see in imagination the group of women around the fountain of the Virgin at its foot, and hear their shrill voices, even at twenty miles' distance. Beyond, Tabor rose green and glorious from the plain. How I longed to stand one moment on that hill, and look down into the Sea of Galilee!

The view contained all the spots most familiar to the youth of Christ. I doubted not that there were times when the young son of Joseph wandered across the plain and stood where I was now standing, or sat on the rocks before me and listened to the solemn voice of the sea. The blue sky that afterward received Him out of the sight of His disciples, even then bent over Him with the weight of angels' feet pressing toward Him in all His wanderings. How blue it seemed to me! Was ever sky so glorious, so pure, so deep, yet so translucent, as that sky over the hills of Holy Land?

These are but outlines of the emotions we felt and endeavored to express to each other as we stood on the top of Mount Carmel and looked to the plain and the hills beyond.

I have not described the convent, nor shall I attempt it. The good monks were polite, kind, and accepted our gratuity with becoming humility. That is sufficient to be said at present.

The sky began to look very dirty to the westward, and a breeze was springing up from the north and west. The *Lotus* stood in to the shore, and we left the hill with some reluctance, descended abruptly to the coast, where our boat took us off, and we then pulled lustily



FOUNTAIN NEAR NAZARETH.

for the yacht, which picked us up just before a squall struck her.

The sailing-master had all ready for it, and, when the wind came, the gallant little ship put her head into and shook off the foam from her face as if she loved it. The sun was nearly down. The night promised to be dark, and the tempest increased. We worked into the wind as long as we were able, but now it became prudent to run across the line of the gale and make an offing to the southwest. So we wore ship, and under a double-reefed mainsail and just the head of the jib, we dashed away in the send that flew over us.

In an hour we had run down the coast till we knew that we must be about abreast of Mount Carmel, but it was too dark to see any line of shore. We could hear no breakers, and we judged that we were ten miles off from the land, when, crack! the throat halliards had parted in the block, and down came the mainsail, held only by the peak.

There seems to be a change of wind, or a heavy gust, or something of the sort always on hand for a ship suddenly in trouble. The gale hauled short to the westward as she paid off in spite of her helm, and away she went right for the shore.

"Let go the jib!" shouted the skipper.

There wasn't much of it to let go, but down came what there was, and we rolled heavily shoreward. The idea of climbing that mast to repair damages in such a night and such a sea seemed to be out of the question to a landsman, but one of the men was half-way up the shrouds before the peak was down. Long before he was at the top he had disappeared from our eyes in the intense blackness which now overhung the sea. The mast was swinging back and forth thirty, forty, fifty feet, or even more, and he was up there swinging with it. Two, three, five minutes, and no word. Was he overboard in the darkness? Had he been flung off to leeward, and our eyes failed to see him? No, for there was a steady pull on the halliard which he had fastened round his waist as he went up, and at length down he came by the run, and in a moment more the duck went up again.

But now, clear, loud as thunder, close aboard of us, we heard the breakers. Instead of being ten miles at sea we were on the very edge of breakers, the vessel plunging toward them.

Hard down went the tiller, and as she swept into the wind—"Let go the starboard anchor!" and the sullen plunge in the seething waves was audible, as it went down to find some holding-ground on the bottom of the Mediterranean.

The scene was now not only exciting; it had become perilous. The chances of the anchor bringing her up were very few. The chances of our own safety as few. I do not think we were a particularly fool-hardy or cold-blooded party. But long-continued Eastern travel, and the constant habit of familiarity with danger, had certainly made us less timid

and more cool than a party of ordinary yacht voyagers would be likely to be.

"Skipper John, what insurance did you write home for on this craft?" demanded Hall, the Englishman, as he very quietly took off his coat, loosened his cravat, and made ready for what might come.

"It appears to me, Mr. Hall, that the offices that have risks on your life and mine, if they only knew our present predicament, would be willing to compromise at ninety-nine cents. What's to be done, Peter?"

"Hold on, John! I don't see any thing else. Fire a gun or two to call out the Arabs, so that there may be a chance at least for a decent burial when they find us, and then watch the cable."

"That gun idea is good. We'll throw a rocket too, and burn a blue light. How she plunges! Give her a fathom or two more of that cable."

"All out, Sir."

"All out? all out, eh? 'Out, out, brief candle!'—isn't that Shakspeare?" and the good fellow dove into the cabin, reappeared with a musket and his fire-works, which he touched one by one with a cigar that he had lighted below, and which he smoked very quietly as he now resumed his place with the rest of us about the mainmast.

The gun was a waste of powder. No monk on Carmel would have heard it in the thunder of the tempest that was sweeping over the hill. But some devout worshiper on the convent roof caught sight of the blue light or the rocket, and we now saw lanterns moving down the cliff. Nearer and nearer, fearfully near!

"Holy Mary!" exclaimed Laroche, "are the rocks so close astern of us!"

A pistol-shot from the taffrail—no more—stood some one holding a lantern aloft. Our danger seemed hideous, and now we became calm and serious, as befitted men on the verge of a terrible death. So we stood together for three mortal hours, and then the gale was spent.

As it became manifest that this was the case, one and another drew a long and heavy inspiration.

"It is God who has saved us!" said Laroche: and we were ashamed that the gay Frenchman should be the first to thank Him, as we did then and there together, humbly and heartfully.

Day dawned. In the first cold light we saw a group of Arabs on the rocks watching us with anxious eyes.

"Ah, you vagabonds," shouted John, "you are out of your reckoning this time! I've half a mind to fire a gun into that crowd of robber rascals. Doesn't it remind you of hyenas near a grave-yard, Peter?"

"Be still, John! They may mean you a service. Wait till I hail them. I think one of them is that convent servant that we saw yesterday; and if so, we must be under the very side of Carmel."

For up to this time we were not ourselves aware where we were.

"Ya, Ibrahim?"
 "Ya, Hownjji, Pietro."

So far well. It was certainly Ibrahim, the old convent servant.

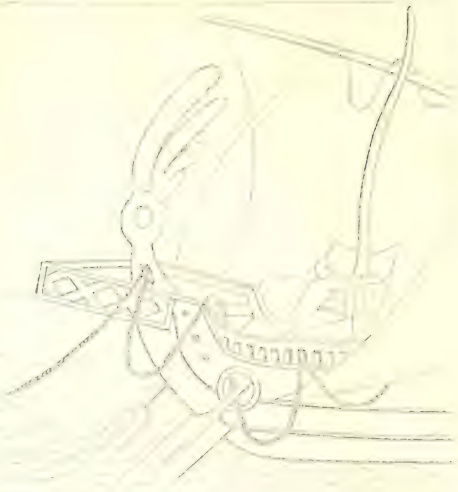
"Where are we, oh Abou Ibrahim?" And he shouted back the information that we lay under the bluff of Carmel—a point that seamen may well dread, wild, fierce, and inhospitable as any rock-bound coast on any sea.

The sun came up and with it a change of wind, drawing gently off the shore. We got up one of the anchors, but the other lies yet among those rocks. It was the loss of that anchor that saved us, for it jammed somewhere among the crevices in the rocky bottom, and held us bravely through the storm.

So we got up the canvas and bade adieu to the mountain of Elijah, which, nevertheless, looked down on us steadfastly for a long forenoon, as we stole away slowly by Haifa and Acre, and along the coasts of Tyre.

We passed Tyre that evening, and Sidon was on the starboard bow when we came on deck the next day. We went ashore here, in pursuance of the plan of our voyage, to touch as far as possible at every point made memorable by Paul's voyages, and especially his last voyage to Rome.

I am very certain that few readers of the Bible have studied the incidents of that last voyage with as much attention as we gave to it during the six weeks which we devoted to going over the same waters. Not a little aid was derived from a recent English book on *The Voyage and Shipwreck of the Apostle*, by James Smith, Esq., who has studied the matter very thoroughly, although he is so enthusiastic on the subject that he is led to many conclusions not justified by the facts known to us. To his book, however, I am indebted for much information, and the illustration of the situ-



ANCIENT SHIP, FROM THE CAESAREA.

ation of Paul's ship on the fifteenth morning is a curious specimen of his laborious investigation. The ship is designed from an outline of the ship of Theseus, found at Herculaneum, a ship on a tomb at Pompeii, and another from a coin of Commodus. The shrouds he copies from an old coin, and the girding around the ship from a naval officer's description, who once saw it done; so that, on the whole, it may be thought a fair representation of the ship in which Paul sailed. In such a vessel as this, and in such a sea as the Mediterranean, his voyage was somewhat different from ours. This was the ship of Alexandria which he took at Myra, not that in which he embarked at Caesarea, and touched next day at Sidon. It must have been something of a run for such a vessel. If I mistake not, it is more than seventy miles from Caesarea to Sidon, and in the Mediterranean seventy miles a day would be a good sail, even in our days, for an Oriental vessel. Here, following the example of Paul, we went ashore to refresh ourselves.

On my word Saida is a poor place to accomplish that same thing. But there is an American mission here, and Dr. Thomson, one of the noblest of Eastern missionaries, here labors and waits. That he will see the result of his work even in his own day I doubt not.

Sidon is now a poor Oriental city, without port or commerce. The miserable bazars are far removed from the ancient glory of the Sidonians, and prophecy has had her perfect accomplishment. An Arab lounging along on a donkey he could better carry, or a woman enveloped in her bundle of silks seated high up on the saddle, or a group of soldiers eating their rations on the shore, these



ANCIENT SHIP, FROM POMPEII.



are the successors of the merchant princes of Sidon.

Laroche, as usual, destroyed the sentiment of our brief visit by one of his absurd blunders. Laroche doesn't yet understand Arabic. He would not understand it if he lived ten years with Arabs; but he might at least know their signs by this time. Now, an Arab, when he would bid you keep your distance, turns the palm of his hand down, and moves it in a beckoning way, as if he was drawing straws toward him with his fingers.

Seeing a portly native in a door-way the Frenchman approached, and was greeted with the usual sign, which was meant to inform him that he should not come that way. Laroche bowed politely and advanced. The Arab backed into the house, continuing the motion more furiously. Laroche followed, heedless of a guttural *usbour* (stop) which the son of Ishmael grunted. We were watching the scene, which was, in fact, not a little amusing, when Pierre entered the door, but the next instant he sprang back astounded at a sweeping blow with a certain steel weapon which the uncivil dog aimed at his head.

Nor was this all. It appeared that there were women in the house, and the unceremonious entrance of the Frenchman had found them unvailed. The offense was heinous, and the Arab proceeded to punish it. Hence a row in the street, the exhibition of two or three revolvers, and an interference of the government in the person of some soldiers. Such was the only incident of this my third visit to Sidon. We retreated ingloriously to the beach, and were soon on shipboard standing away for Cyprus.

Vilest of all seas is this Mediterranean. Since I have learned to know it, I have admired more than ever before the faith and patience of Paul who made so many voyages on it. Some mornings it appears like a mirror—calm, placid, and blue as the sky over it. In an hour it will be an angry, furious sea lashed into foam, churning, plunging, rushing hither and yon—unreasonable, unreasoning, and unmanageable. Laroche was sea-sick two-thirds of the time,

and I was half sick daily during the run from Sidon to Cyprus.

The voyage was mostly along the coast, until we were well up in the northeastern corner of the Mediterranean. One day we had the blue hills of Lebanon on our right, and the next we were within sight of the range that forms the northern barrier of Syria, among which lies Antioch.

Four days from Sidon we dropped the anchor in front of the little town of Mersina, which is the port of Tarsus, now known as Tarsoos. For it was fitting, in a voyage over the route of Paul, that, since it was in our way, we should visit the birth-place of Saul.

Tarsus is an inland town. "The ships of Tarshish" are of the ancient days. None have hailed from there within a thousand years. But in the days of Paul the River Cydnus was navigable for some miles from its mouth, and to a point within at the most three miles of the city. Doubtless its commerce was great. The vast interior tribes, the inhabitants of the rich plains now possessed by the Turcomans, were then rich in all the ordinary possessions of nomadic people, and this was the point at which they sought commerce with the world. Hence the grandeur of Tarsus, which, even at this time, is no inconsiderable place. It is, in fact, the chief city in this part of Asia Minor.

We landed at Mersina in a heavy surf. There is no port, no breakwater, no dock; but there is a stone-pier well fitted to destroy any small boat that approaches it when the sea is running. By a judicious timing of our sweeps we succeeded in doing the thing as it is sometimes done on the south side of Long Island, and the boat was out of the reach of the wave that followed us before it broke.

I bargained for horses while Laroche and Strong got out the saddles from the boat; for we carried our own saddles every where. The appearance of the party when mounted was by no means prepossessing. John S— was the tallest man of the crowd. He had the smallest horse, and such a horse! We had a little gallop along the sand by way of diversion and exhibiting our skill in equitation (isn't that the word?), and the first result was the stumbling of John's horse and his violent and ungraceful plunge over the animal's head. Then Laroche changed with him, and we got away.

It was a wild and beautiful ride. Mount Taurus, bold and magnificent, guiding us toward the old city at its foot, wherein the Apostle was born whose name the world honors and God has written on His very throne.

Now from some lofty hill we looked back at the waves of a stormy sea, and now along the coast that once gleamed with palaces and cities. Anon in some deep glen we wondered whether the boy, who must sometimes have wandered over this path, had any dim idea of the glorious career that awaited him; whether the trees, the stream, the wind, the cloud, the everlasting hills ever whispered to him the secret power that lay in his heart, subject to the call of his

God, who could make him, from a Tarsus tent-maker, a king and a prophet!

So thinking and so talking we rode on till we reached the city, in its valley under the majestic side of Mount Taurus.

"Peter, what did we come back here for?"

"Because these other boys have never seen it, John."

"Pierre Laroche, what did you come here for?"

"Because you said come—so I come."

"Stephen Strong, what brought you to Tarsus?"

"I'll tell you, John. Up in Connecticut, if she isn't up in heaven before this—which God forbid!—there's an old woman well-nigh eighty years gone on the road to the city of Paul and Peter and all the saints and apostles. Well, Sir, the old lady, if she be alive when I go home, will say, 'Stephen were you any where near Tarshish?' And if I say 'Yes,' she will say next, 'And did you see the ships of Tarshish? and did you go there? and did it look like a grand old town? and—' By my faith, John, if I went home without seeing Tarsus, when I was within a hundred miles of it, the old woman couldn't die in peace. Not an inch of the ground I travel over but she will know all about, and talk over and over and over. Do you know that half the pleasure of this Eastern travel is to be in telling her, and such as she, of all that I see and do?"

"I honor your motives, Stephen, but I must say that it don't quite pay. I have been here before; and I can tell you that, for fleas and vermin, it has no equal this side of Jerusalem. What shall it be to-night? A khan or a house-top?"

"A house-top, by all means, if we can effect it."

So, as evening was approaching, we entered the city, and near its outskirts finding a promising-looking house, we threw ourselves on the hospitality of the owner, who proved to be a Turkish gentleman, and gave us the choice of rooms in his residence.

We chose that terrace roof which is invariably found in Oriental houses, and from which the upper apartments generally open. But in this case there were only two rooms opening from the roof, one of which was unoccupied, while the doors of the other remained closed. This arranged, we strolled into the city. I am not disposed to describe it. One Oriental city is like all others. The dark, narrow streets, the roofed bazars, the little shops with patient tradesmen sitting on their benches, the curling smoke ascending from Moslem lips, the clatter in the streets, the camels swinging lazily and groaning as they swing along, the donkeys in sad patience laboring under incredible loads of Arab flesh; these, and the reeking filth and abominations that fill the streets—every street a gutter—are the characteristics of one and of all the cities under the rule of the Prophet's successor.

As the sun lit with indescribable glory the summit of Taurus we sat together on the house-top of our worthy host and talked of the great man of Tarsus. Verily this dust—the dust of his sandals—is sacred. How few great men were born in any low country! Perhaps it is safer to say, how many great men were born and educated among mountains! Who can doubt that this sublime scenery had somewhat to do in moulding the character of Paul? Who can hesitate to think that his firmness, his faith, his grandeur of purpose and action had their origin in these majestic hills that overhung the scenes of his younger years?

But I may not pause to moralize. We slept gloriously that night on the house-top. Once only I woke, and saw a white star right over head looking down on me, as if to know who I was that slept where the star had seen the great Apostle sleeping. But I fell away again into the dreamy sleep that the Eastern traveler delights in, and the stars and the night went on as of old.

The next day but one, with a fresh and glorious breeze, we dashed across the Gulf of Alexandretta, and ran into the port of Seleucia, near the mouth of the Orontes on the Syrian coast.

The reader of the life of Paul, or of Luke's account of his journeyings, will remember that this port is the spot from which the great Apostle commenced his foreign travels and preaching. All these waters must have been more or less familiar to him, especially from his last voyage to Rome over their tempestuous waves.

By-the-way, I remark, in passing, that whether Paul sailed to the north or south of Cyprus on that voyage is a matter of no little dispute among the gentlemen who have studied the subject. The phrase in Luke's account is, "We sailed *under* Cyprus, because the winds were contrary." Whether "*under*" means "*south of*" let those judge who can.

Our plan was to visit Seleucia, then go over to Cyprus and sail to the northward and along the shores of Cilicia and Pamphylia, for the sake of visiting scenes that were probably familiar to him in his boyhood (for, if he was a tent-maker he was a sail-maker, and if a sail-maker he very probably went to sea once in a while on a short cruise in neighboring waters to see how his own sails worked), and scenes that were certainly familiar to him in later years, when, as we read in the 13th chapter of the Acts, he left Antioch and "departed unto Seleucia, and from thence they sailed to Cyprus," and again left Cyprus and came to Perga and Pamphylia.

A glance at the map may be of some use to the reader who wishes to follow our course. Cyprus lies parallel to the coast of Asia Minor, and about eighty miles from it at the nearest point. The intermediate sea should, perhaps, be properly called the Sea of Cilicia—that of Pamphylia lying west of this, as Pamphylia is west of Cilicia on the main land. Following the coast from Seleucia, which is near Antioch



PORT OF SELEUCIA.

on the east coast, up to the Pass of Issus, which is at the extreme northeast corner of the Mediterranean, near to Alexandretta or Iskanderoon, and going westward, we first come to Tarsus, next Soli, or Pompeiopolis, the splendor of whose ruins is visible from the sea as we sail along. Then we reach Kalendria, and now sailing northward, as the Bay of Pamphylia sweeps inland, we came to Alaya, Perga (wholly lost in ruin), and then leaving the bay we round the Island of Castelorizo, which lies a little to the westward of what was once Myra. If the reader bear this in mind, and a glance at the map will fix it there, he will understand the course we now intended pursuing. With a fair breeze, Paul could easily have run over in a day from Seleucia, at the mouth of the Orontes in Syria, to the coast of Cyprus, and another day would take him along its shores to Paphos.

When he stood on this spot ready to embark on his first foreign missionary work, the palaces of Seleucia must have been magnificent indeed. The city was some three or four miles from the coast. But the port was evidently wealthy, and its buildings were imposing. The fragments of piers which remain show many stones of gigantic size, twenty feet or more in length, while the declivities of the hills were evidently covered with magnificent towers, and castles, and palaces. Mount Casius looks down in solemn grandeur on the bay as of old. The sea murmurs among the ruins the same old story that it told the palaces when it laved their foundations. I can not well describe the emotion that I felt in setting foot on that shore, desolate and mournful as it is, and looking up, as I could imagine the great Apostle looked up,

at the glorious summit of Casius, on whose white brow the blue pavement of heaven rested.

His prophetic eye looked beyond the summit, beyond the blue. He saw the white hosts that should gather in heaven, when the end of his apostleship should be accomplished and the Gentiles should be saved. In prayers, and fastings, and tears they had sent him away from Antioch to the work "whereunto the Holy Ghost had called him." A little while ago and he might have come to Selencia as he had gone to Damascus, at the head of a troop of soldiery, to be received with shouts and pomp. Not so now. He came with his companion, Barnabas, two despised preachers of a new and hated creed. No one followed them when they took ship. No crowds attended their embarkation. Alone, humble, with bowed heads but earnest hearts, they walked down the marble pier to the boat that lay tossing on the restless sea.

It seems to me that the echo of that tread shakes the whole earth to-day. It seems to me that no conqueror's foot ever fell on invaded soil with such a ring of triumph. It was the first foreign mission of the Gospel of the Lord. It was the first crossing of the sea of the apostles to the Gentiles.

Ten centuries after that the seas of Pamphylia and Cilicia saw another sight when the nations of the West came pouring along the coasts in resistless floods, and covering the seas with their fleets as they came to battle for the Cross and Tomb. That was the echo of the footstep of Paul on the shore of Seleucia! That footfall sounded in Asia, across the sea to Greece, and further on to Rome, to Gaul, to England.

to the vast hordes that swarmed in the north country of Europe; so that, in less than three centuries, there was no civilized nation on the earth that did not date its hopes of heaven from that same hour when Paul stood on the coast at Seleucia and lifted up his eyes to the mountains that looked down on Tarsus, his birth-place and his earthly home, and saw beyond the mountains the throne of his Master, and the host that no man could number, who should gather around it when his work should be done.

I think I am justified in saying that Seleucia is one of the most interesting spots on the earth's surface.

The old city is somewhat difficult of access. The country is densely overgrown with thickets; and the precipitous ravines which cross it here and there make traveling not a little dangerous.

We went on foot, climbing hill-sides and breaking our shins here and there; but with tolerable success in the end, for we found some fine ruins, and a hill-side perforated with splendid sepulchres, empty all. One of these sepulchres might have been that of a monarch, so elaborate and expensive was its work in the solid rock. But it is nameless; and the bones of him who occupied it have been long ago broken to dust and scattered on land and sea. Perhaps it was he who ruled when "Ptolemy gave the dominion of the cities by the sea unto Seleucia upon the coast," as related in the 13th chapter of 1st Maccabees; or perhaps it was one who heard the voice of Paul.

But it is vain to speculate on the occupant of an ancient tomb. The probabilities are that it had a succession of occupants, and one displaced another as race and dynasty succeeded race and dynasty.

We left Seleucia in the evening, and next morning sailed along the coast of Cyprus and before evening we were at anchor in the harbor of Larnaka, one of the finest ports now on the island.



MODERN SHIP OF THE USSA

As we entered the harbor we observed one of those curious vessels that abound in the Mediterranean, and are never seen elsewhere, standing in ahead of us. Large, open craft, carrying huge lateen sails, and swinging to the breeze, before which they certainly fly swiftly; they are, nevertheless, just such boats as one would not care to trust himself in on a windy day in a sea way. The managers of this vessel were cautious. They began to take in sail long before they reached the anchorage; and by the time they were ready to let the iron go down they were running along under the vast foresail only, and we were close aboard of them.

"Stephen, my boy, that ship's load seems to be women. What do you make them out?"

Strong was looking at them through a whaling glass, and pronounced them a group of very



LARNAKA.

pretty women—not Turkish, because they showed their faces in the presence of the men.

"Doubtless Greek, for the island is inhabited mostly by Greeks."

"I think so; there's a very pretty girl on the starboard side; laughing too. Jove! the vessel is going over!"—and he dashed his glass to the deck and plunged overboard like a madman.

He was right, however. A flaw struck the large sail and laid the craft on her side as suddenly as if the thing had been planned, and the Cypriote girls rent the air with their shrieks as they went into the sea. They were not a hundred yards from us. The *Lotus* had lost her headway entirely. The only chance of helping them was to follow Strong's example, and John and myself went in with a will.

We struck out boldly; but long before we reached the spot those who had not caught floating benches or oars were out of sight, for the vessel had filled and gone down instantly. I dove where I had seen two or three go down together, and caught the loose dress of one of the Greek girls. John found another. These two alone were saved. Three others we could not find.

The scene was over in five minutes, and we were again on the deck of the *Lotus*, our prizes lying motionless, but not dead, and the boat at work picking up the crew and passengers, who were clinging to the spars that drifted shoreward.

It was a somewhat delicate position for a boat-load of bachelor Americans. What was to be done with the women? Should we for once be medical men, and throw all questions of delicacy overboard, while we saved their lives; or should we let them die, for the sake of observing the ordinary rules of conduct?

"Throw cold water over them!" said Hall, in a flurry of excitement.

"You be hanged, Benjamin Hall! Look at their drapery just now, and see what that bright idea is worth."

"Try it warm, Peter."

"None of your joking, John. The girls will do well enough if you'll rub their hands and cheeks a little. They're not drowned, but only scared, and I don't think we need disturb their dresses—"

Any farther discussion of the course to be pursued was made unnecessary by one of them suddenly starting to her feet with a loud cry of surprise, and then, as if the whole story of the scene came over her in an instant, she fell back to the deck and buried her face in her hands. But she remained in this position only a moment. Rising again as suddenly as before, she commenced tearing the clothes from the form of her companion—a process to which I put a stop by lifting the insensible girl and carrying her to the stern of the ship, when we retired to the forward part and watched the process of rescuing the crew. By dint of proper restoratives, which we took care that she found at

hand, she had revived her friend before the boat returned, and before the shore boats, which had put off on seeing the accident, had reached our sides. We had not yet ascertained their names or station, and we now resigned them to the care of the survivors, who seemed to know all about them, and who took them into shore boats and departed, without so much as a "Thank you!" in Greek, Arabic, or English.

"Cool that, isn't it?" said Strong, as the last of them went over the side, perfectly oblivious of our presence or existence.

"Icy. These Cyprian people are of their own sort. But she was a pretty girl, Strong. You were right."

"Wasn't she? I'll know more about her to-morrow, if there's any dog of a dragoman in the town, and I don't die of starvation before to-morrow. Jackson, where's the dinner?"

"Is it the dinner, Mr. Strong? Faith, Sir, those poor fellows with the wet shirts that came down below ate it up; and I thought you sent them down, and I gave them the claret too, Sir, and they drank it."

"Cool that, wasn't it, Stephen?"

"Icelandic!"

And so we rescued the fair Grecians and a dozen Greeks, and lost our dinner. Thus ended the day.

When I came on deck the next morning a boat was lying alongside, and in it sat a fat and respectable-looking gentleman in Frank costume, who, on seeing me appear, sprang on deck, and, in very fair Italian, proceeded to pour out his thanks for the rescue of his daughters. It was, in fact, the father of the two young ladies that we had saved, and the gratitude had been reserved for this day. We had no occasion to think of the ice again. He opened his heart to us; rejoiced above all things to hear that we were American; said that next to the joy he had in receiving his daughters safe and well was the receiving them at American hands; reminded us of all that Americans had done for Greeks and Greece, and especially reminded us of the late brave and gallant defense of Greeks in Egypt by De Leon, the American consul, who protected the Greek merchants against the banishment which Said Pasha had decreed. In fact, he told us that to be a Greek was to love an American, and then he took us on shore, and we had a glorious day of it; and Stephen Strong thought he should live in Cyprus hereafter, and never want to see his venerable aunt, who reads her Bible and will ask him about Tarsus.

I wish this pen of mine were better able to describe the beauty of those Greek girls. The traveler from America wanders over the world, and finds nowhere any female faces that recall the splendor of our own sisters and friends until he reaches the Greek islands. Not even in Athens itself are the women beautiful; but in the Archipelago, at Syra, and Rhodes, and Mitylene, and indeed at Smyrna, where Greek families abound, the faces of the young and middle-



EASTERN LADIES.

aged ladies are of rare and superb mould and expression.

Strong might well desire to live forever in Larnaka, if the face of the Lady Nonai would never change, her form never be less round, and full, and ravishing in its grace. She was not tall, nor yet small, but of that happy mean that is more earthly and embraceable than the Venus of the Tribune. Her face was full of expression, her eye absolutely dazzling. When we saw the two sisters at their home, blushing, full of heartfelt gratitude, which they expressed in every look and accent, it may well be imagined that we thought Cyprus an island of the blessed.

Alas for Cyprus! Once the garden of those seas, it is now comparatively depopulated. Its million and a half of inhabitants have dwindled down to little more than a hundred and fifty thousand, four-fifths of whom are Greeks under the rule of the other fifth, who are Turks, and instead of a Paradise it is a Pandemonium.

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"Why do you live here, Signor Iskander? Why not leave the island and seek some more comfortable and happy residence, where these ladies will be safe from the dangers you apprehend?"

"It is my father's home."

There is something in that, by my faith! And when a Greek says it, on soil where his fathers once ruled, but where he is now worse than a slave, you may depend upon it it means something, that love of fatherland!

We left Larnaka with regret, as may be supposed. A light breeze from the south carried us to the eastward. Rounding the northeastern point of Cyprus, we stood away for the coast of Asia Minor, beating all the next day against light west winds, which baffled us so that it was not till the morning of the second day that we ran into the Bay of Kalendria. This spot is the point at which the ordinary connection is kept up between Cyprus and the main land. It



KALENDRIA.

is a poor little village, yet was once exceedingly powerful, and possesses some interest as the place where Piso withstood Sentius. The castle which the brave Roman occupied is still here, in ruins, or the ruins of a successor mark the spot. Hence to Iconium the road is wild and pleasant. I once traveled it, coming down to the coast from the country, and crossed to Paphos in Cyprus. We had no idea of visiting Paphos, and remained at Kalendria only

long enough to take in a supply of eatables, which the little port furnished us.

That night we went dashing over the sea, close on the wind, with dark clouds overhead and an angry roar from the coast. I was on deck at midnight. The look-out forward was wide awake. The man at the tiller had his eyes open as well. I smoked a pipe as, wrapped close in my cloak, I lay under the weather-rail and dreamed, when there was a quick cry for-



CASTELORIZO.

ward - "Down, down! hard down! Let go the jib sheets! Be quick, men!" And as she went off on the other tack the huge form of a steamer rolled by within a hundred yards of the stern.

"A close shave that, Sir! The cursed Frenchman don't carry any lights. I believe they think these seas is made for them!" said the old Englishman at the tiller.

The next afternoon, just as the sun was going down, we came up to Castelorizo, the strangest island-city in the world, if one may judge by its appearance from the sea, for we did not go on shore, as the wind was fair and we had nothing to detain us. The rich sunset lit the cliffs and towers with an almost supernatural glow, and we lay-to for half an hour to enjoy the scene.

Myra, the port at which Paul changed ships, is now a heap of ruins, some little distance from Castelorizo. We felt no interest in visiting it, and contented ourselves with reading accounts of its amphitheatre and crumbling palaces. The coast is by no means inviting hereabouts. The bluffs are lofty and precipitous. The sea dashes high up on black, fierce-looking rocks. Ports are neither safe nor plenty. Hence, to go to Myra was a greater risk than we cared to encounter, and we ran on to Rhodes, where we intended remaining a week. But as we approached the island the wind changed, a furious northwester came down on us and swept us away to sea, with but little chance of making the Island of the Knights in two or three days again. Accordingly we bore away as well as we could for Crete; and after three days, in a heavy plunging sea, we gladly ran under the lee of Crete, as we had some six weeks before, when driven down there from among the Greek islands.

We longed for a haven as much as did those with Paul. But I confess to some doubts

whether we found the same harbor which he entered, although it is so called by the Greeks, and believed to be such by many intelligent writers on the subject. I have, however, failed to find any convincing proof that the Fair Havens of the modern Greek Church is the Fair Havens of Paul. It is a poor harbor, as we know by experience, for the *Lotus* grounded as we ran in, and lay tight and firm for three days, while we smoked and waited for a wind that should raise the water and float us off.

Meantime we examined the coast, fished a little, shot a few quail, and amused ourselves as we best might; and at length the wind came, and the sea rose six or eight inches, and she floated, and we hauled out of the harbor and left for a safer haven. Such was our experience in the port of Fair Havens, and I believe I have said all that can be said concerning it. It is a very uninteresting bay, nearly landlocked; the shore is uninhabited; the whole appearance of the island desolate and lonesome. If in Paul's day it looked as now, it must have been a dreary stay that they made here.

Already I am aware that my narrative is exceeding the length which the Magazine limits will permit, and we have but followed the great Apostle to the commencement of the most perilous, and perhaps the most interesting, part of his voyage to Rome.

We did not follow the track of his storm-driven ship. Weathering Claudia, the island that lies where it lay in his day, we ran along the coast, and called in a few days afterward at Kanea, where you will remember we made a visit in our cruise among the Greek islands. Thence we went up to Syra, to post letters and to gather up what might be there awaiting our arrival.

And there Stephen Strong heard that his old aunt would not be in the house in Connecticut



FAIR HAVENS.—ISLAND OF CRETE.

to ask him about Paul and Tarsus, for she had gone to the company of all the faithful, old and young, of all ages, who believed in the Saviour of the man of Tarsus, and whose faith was the faith he left Seleucia to preach. And I heard, too, that my old friend was dead—my fellow-traveler in many lands, with whom I climbed the Alps, and afterward tried the snowy sides of Ararat, whose voice I had often heard cheerily across the desert, in our wanderings of old to Sinai and Akabah and along the Tigris; with whom I had lain in starry nights on the Mount of Olives, and heard the song of the morning stars, still clear and glorious as in the morning of creation—as they will verily continue to sing it forever and forever above that hill, and in the heavens when the hill is gone, and Jerusalem shall be but a memory of God's exceeding goodness and glory.

We were coming out from Syra. The wind was light and we had all the canvas on her—top-sails and studding-sails all set—and were forging slowly by the point of the reef, when we saw the French steamer coming in from Constantinople. She was overdue three days, and we had no expectation of seeing her at all; but as it was possible she might bring more letters, we went back, and let go an anchor just abreast of a little tavern which rejoices in the classical name of the *Ξενοδοχείον ὁλῶν τῶν Εθνῶν*, and the steamer swung to her anchor close aboard of us—so close, indeed, that the commander thought proper to abuse us a little over his quarter for anchoring where he intended to, and therefore he received a sound drubbing in words from the skipper, even my friend S—, who intimated very decidedly that he would sink the steamer for the merest trifle. At this the Gaul was astounded. He wondered who commanded the spiteful little craft; but he was prudently silent when he caught sight of the American ensign lying on the companion-way.

Meantime, while S— and the Frenchman were exchanging salutes, the rest of us were eying a group of ladies on the deck of the steamer, who, leaning over the rail, were discussing the merits of the *Lotus*. They had been so looking for some minutes, when one of them shouted,

"Peter! Mother—Mary—it's Peter!"

And Peter looked up under the sun-bonnet and ugly that shaded the prettiest face he had seen in a month, and recognized one of the best of little girls from that village that he calls home. And forthwith, disregarding the yellow flag at the fore which announced that the steamer had not yet received pratique, Peter hoisted himself into the chains and incontinently made his way to the deck and into the arms of the same sweet girl; for if a man may kiss a fair face ever, assuredly it is when he meets one such from a far home suddenly and joyously in a strange land. Kissing her, I considered myself kissing all the old folks and the young folks of that dear village. It was a representative kiss. I kissed her, first, as respectfully as

I would kiss my grandmother's elder sister; and, second, as lovingly as I would kiss my own sister; and, thirdly and fourthly and fifthly and—but never mind the others. It was a glad meeting to all of us. We who had been the inhabitants of a quiet little American village, where there is a saw-mill and an academy with a tinned cupola, and a little old church and grave-yard, and a pond in which the ducks and geese do swim daily, and all that sort of thing, we met on the waters of the *Ægean Sea*, with the waves of a thousand classic and heroic memories rolling around us. They were going to Athens.

"Would they let us take them there?"

"Most gladly."

So we got them down the side and into the cabin of the *Lotus*, and their baggage came over after them, and the breeze which had been waiting for them now rose to drive us westward, and when the sun went down that evening we saw his last rays on the white summit of the Acropolis.

"See, Lucy Gray, that spot yonder, red as crimson, is the Parthenon!"

"Oh, Peter, Philip W— told me so much of the Parthenon the last days that he lived!"

"Philip?—Philip? Is he dead?"

"Yes—did you not know it?"

"Philip—my friend—my brother, dead?"

*Ἐκτορ, ἡμοὶ δὲ μελιστα λελεῖσθαι ἄλγος ἄλγος.
Οὐδ' ἄρ' μοι θυγῶσαι λεχέων ἐκ χερσὶν ἄρεβαν'
Οὐδὲ τι μοι εἴπαι πικρὸν ἔπος, ἦν τε καὶ αἰεὶ
Μεμνημένης τῆς τε καὶ ἡμεῖς διαρχήσομεν.*

I think I may be pardoned that quotation, even though the brown eyes before me looked wonderingly into mine as I recited the melancholy words of the white-armed Andromache. For once, in former years, when we had intelligence of the death of a beloved friend, I had heard him recite them, on the shore of the same sea—a distant shore indeed, and now as I heard of his death, they came to my lips with a force and fervor I could not resist; for I loved him well, as some who will read this know, and his grave is to me most holy. Such are the saddest incidents of foreign and far travel.

Will you believe it—we did not intend to go ashore to see the Parthenon, nor once set foot within the lines of the walls of ancient Athens? Landing our passengers and seeing them safely in a carriage, we returned to the ship and slept that night. When we woke in the morning, Jackson had finished his marketing, and we had supplies in coops and pens for a two weeks' voyage. The wind was fair, and we proposed to sail in the early forenoon; but on reflecting that Athens was not to be revisited every year in one's life, we changed our minds, and rode up the fine avenue from the Piræus, and found our friends at Demetri's. That evening we had a moonlight walk to the Acropolis, and, by dint of silver, we got into the inclosure, and the wooden legged and headed guardian let us sit down an hour in the white ruins of the Parthenon, and after that we saw the ladies safe in their hotel,



STROMBOLI.

and the gentlemen too, though, if I recollect aright, I have not before mentioned them, and then, with pistols loaded and capped, we filled a carriage and drove down to the Piræus and boarded the *Lotus*. The wind blew toward Ægina, and we were away.

And now, as we go driving or drifting down the sea to Malta, will you read your Bible a little and recall the incidents of Paul's shipwreck, that you may save me the necessity of recounting them? There is an incident in the voyage that is specially interesting. I allude to the undergirding of the ship. This is not unknown in modern times. The author I have before referred to gives some instances, but a remarkable one is found in a recent newspaper account of the burning of the *Sarah Sands* steamer on a voyage to India, which is worthy of being preserved in connection with this subject. She sailed from Portsmouth, England, 16th August, 1857, with nearly four hundred passengers on board, chiefly troops, and some women and children. On the 11th November, in the afternoon, she took fire, and burned all night. The scene was sufficiently terrible, but forms no part of my present narrative. I extract the latter portion of the description from an English paper:

"The flames were gradually beaten back, and by daylight was accomplished their entire annihilation. It was not till then that the fearful havoc made by the fire was clearly ascertained. The after-part of the ship was burned out, merely its shell remaining; and now another fate threatened her. The gale still pre-

vailed, and the ship was rolling and pitching in a heavy sea, constantly shipping considerable water at the port quarter, which had been blown out by the explosion. She had fifteen feet of water in her hold, and active steps had to be taken to prevent her foundering. All the men were set to the pumps and bailing water out of the hold. Captain Castle, fearing the stern would fall out, got two hawsers under her bottom and made them taut; the next difficulty was to stop the water which was pouring in through the quarter. Spare sails and blankets were placed over the opening, and the leak was partially stopped. There was no abatement in the gale during the morning, and in every heave of the ship the water tanks in the hold, which had got loose, were dashed from one side to the other. The state of the ship, and the continued severity of the weather, rendered the constant working of the pumps and the bailing imperative. It was not till two o'clock in the afternoon that the boat containing the women and children could be got alongside. They were got on board, and the other boats which had been ordered off during the raging of the fire returned, with the exception of the gig, which had been swamped during the night. The officer in charge of her, however, Mr. Wood, and the hands, were picked up by another boat. During the remainder of the day, the following night, and the succeeding day, the whole of the hands and troops were engaged in working the pumps and clearing the ship of the water. By the evening of the 13th the crew succeeded in securing the stern and getting steerage-way on

the ship. She had then drifted as far as long. 13° 12' S. Captain Castle then set all sail and bore up in the hope of making the Mauritius, and, to the joy of all on board, made that port in eight days, where her arrival and marvelous escape excited considerable sensation."

This account, I think, has peculiar interest in reading the history of the voyage of Paul to Rome. We devoted the most of our time for five days to reading books which gave us some insight into the character of the Apostle. On the sixth we saw *Ætna* in the northern horizon, and reached Malta that night.

It was after midnight, and the moon was shining quietly down in the streets of Valetta as we landed at the foot of the *Nix Mangiari* stairs, and passing through the gateways which opened to our polite requisition, climbed the beggar's ladder to the main street of the city.

We were comfortably housed at the Dunsford in the Strada Reale, and made ourselves at home for a fortnight. The drive out to St. Paul's Bay, of course, occupied a day or two, or three; that is, we drove out several times, and looked over the coast and the spot where the tradition locates the shipwreck. It may be,

or it may not be, the exact point. It answers well enough the account of Luke; and perhaps it is just as well to believe it. But the spot possesses no attractions in itself.

The idea that this Malta was the Malta of St. Paul's shipwreck will always be a subject of some doubt, though certainly the weight of evidence is in its favor. The principal argument against it is contained in the statement that they reached Malta in the fourteenth night, "as we were driven up and down in *Adria*." It is certainly not in the Adriatic Sea; yet it is equally true that some ancient authors did consider the Adriatic as extending nearly over to the African coast. But I shall not pause here to discuss the question.

"Pierre Laroche wants to go home. Shall we ship him by steamer, or take him in the *Lotus*?"

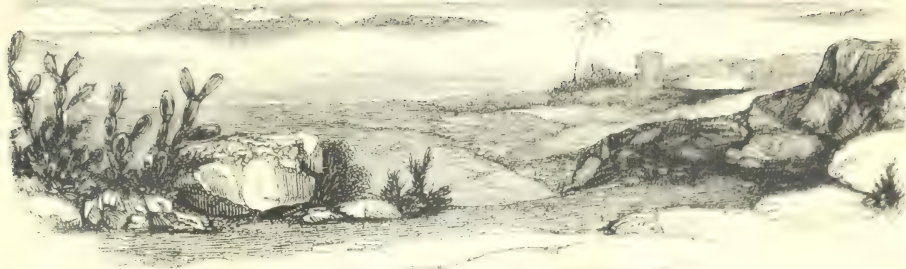
"Let us take him, by all means. We can run across to Naples, and coast along by Civita Vecchia and Leghorn; call on the Venus of the Uffizi, and hear lots of news, and see lots of people; run into Genoa, and, if Pierre don't want to hurry, we'll all go up to the *Isola Bella* together, and cross the Simplon."

So it was decided; and the next day the *Lotus* was dancing gayly along by the south-east mountains of Sicily, and *Ætna* stood up majestically in the sky before us. As the strait narrowed, and we approached Charybdis, we went into the long, landlocked harbor of Messina, and let go an anchor while we went on shore to see the cathedral and the wonders.

It was a wild storm which burst on us as we sailed through the straits of Sylla that afternoon; not the narrow passage that poetry has made it, but a good broad arm of the sea—a mile, perhaps three miles, in width. But the storm was only a passing thunder-cloud. The *Lotus* flew before it like a frightened bird, touching the white foam caps with her snowy breast, and dashing them up in still whiter spray. As the sun went down the last rays shone with a splendor no words can describe on a mass of clouds that gathered



STREET IN VALETTA, MALTA.



ST. PAUL'S BAY.—ISLAND OF MALTA.

in the northwestern horizon; and two hours afterward the clouds went up into the sky, and revealed to our wondering eyes the majestic summit of Stromboli.

The next night after that we dined in sumptuous style at the Victoria in Naples; but—what will you think of us?—though we had

been now more than a month engaged in following the voyages of the Apostle Paul, we had been twice to Pozzuoli before we remembered any one but Virgil! So do ancient legends, stories, and songs overcome in our affections and memories the sublime history of the faith of Paul!



MODERN NAPLES.



THE DEVISA.

STRAIN'S GALLOP ACROSS THE PAMPAS.

MENDOZA—City of the Plain—is so completely hedged in with poplars that it can hardly be seen till one is actually in the streets. Having passed this barrier the traveler finds the suburbs pleasing. Instead of the poor and dilapidated tenements that usually surround a city, pleasant cottages, shaded with trees and encircled by gardens filled with fruit or planted with clover, greet the eye on every side.

Next morning after his arrival, Strain was informed by Frederico and his father-in-law that it would be necessary to visit the police-office, to have his passport *visé*; and, as a preliminary step, he must mount the *devisa* of the Rosas party, which consisted of a red ribbon in the button-hole and on the hat. To this he stoutly objected; but, on being told that without these badges he could not get access to the government-house, he reluctantly consented. Passing through some brigand-looking soldiers called the guard, he reached the Chief of Police, himself a fit person to be their leader, and pre-

sented his passport. He then pointed to his badges, and asked if he was expected to wear them. Being answered in the affirmative he remonstrated, saying that he was an American officer, and to wear the badges of one party made him a partisan, which was contrary to the instructions of his Government. He quoted international law, and tried in every way to induce him to change his determination. Finding that argument and expostulation were alike lost on him, he quietly took the ribbons from his hat and coat and flung them on the floor, saying, at the same time, that he would be obliged to him if he would make out his passport to Valparaiso, whither he would return, and represent, through our *chargé des affaires* there, to Rosas, that an American naval officer was forbidden by him from traveling peacefully through the Argentine provinces. This determination changed the position of affairs, and the Chief of Police said he would not *insist* upon it, but advised him to wear the *devisa* for his own personal safety, as the common people might attack him. Strain replied that he had

no apprehension on that score; and he was allowed to traverse the city, not only without the badges, but with a long beard, which had been proscribed because of its supposed resemblance to the letter U, which stood for the Unitarians, their enemies.

His victory, however, cost him some inconvenience, for without the *devisa* he could not enter a government office, and hence had to resort to a friend to get his letters from the post-office.

He staid a week in Mendoza, waiting for the arrival of a gentleman with whom he had agreed to cross the pampas to Buenos Ayres. He thus had leisure to study the habits of this isolated people. One could hardly be in a civilized city and yet more completely out of the world than in Mendoza. On one side stretches a plain nearly eleven hundred miles in extent, over which roam herds of half-wild cattle or wilder Indians, living on pillage; and blocked on the other by the Andes range, that can be traversed only on the backs of mules, through dangerous passes.

With a mountain and desert on either hand, both equally difficult and dangerous to pass, its inhabitants can engage in but little commerce, and live a listless, lazy life.

Sir Francis Head, in describing them, says: "Provisions are cheap, and the persons who bring them quiet and civil; the climate is exhausting, and the whole population indolent. *Mais que voulez vous?* How can the people of Mendoza be otherwise? Their situation dooms them to inactivity. They are bounded by the Andes and by the pampas, and, with such formidable and relentless barriers around them, what have they to do with the history, or improvements, or the notions of the rest of the world? Their wants are few, and nature readily supplies them. The day is long, and therefore, as soon as they have had their breakfasts, and have made a few arrangements for their supper, it is so very hot that they go to sleep; and what could they do better?"

After dinner the stores and shops are closed, the streets are deserted, no one is moving, and the whole city, men and animals, are asleep, and the place appears like a city of the dead. The habits of the people are filthy, and often disgusting. Into the room in which Strain dined a bedchamber opened, with the bed unmade at meal-time, while dirty children rolled about on the floor among mangy dogs. His bed was not made nor the rooms swept during the whole week he remained there, except by himself. Disgusted with his quarters, he one day went to the Posada and ordered a meal, to see if he could not make a change for the better, but he found it still more repulsive. The room was dirty, while the young guacho who waited on him was loaded with filth. The ragged urchin had, however, on his bare feet, a huge pair of jingling spurs, to show his gentility among the herdsmen of the pampas, and that he was only temporarily there, his proper place

being upon the back of a horse scouring the plains.

The city contains about 12,000 inhabitants, but offers nothing of interest except its Alameda, or public promenade, a mile long, and shaded by several rows of magnificent poplars, and cooled by a murmuring brook that flows along its margin. Formerly it must have been exceedingly beautiful, but it is now much neglected, and left untrimmed. Of a summer evening it is crowded with people, and presents a lively and singular appearance. Benches made of mud are scattered round, on which men and women are sitting, smoking cigars or eating ices. Others are strolling up and down, under the shadow of the poplars, lulled by the murmur of the rivulet and cooled by its freshness, while at intervals a band of music strikes up some favorite air. But the most extraordinary part of this spectacle is presented by the number of women bathing along the margin of this promenade. Women of all ages, stripped naked, tumble about in the water, which is only about knee-deep, with all the freedom and apparently unconsciousness they would in the most secluded retreat. The bent and shriveled figure of an old woman, the full, faultless form of a girl of eighteen, and the plump, chubby child, meet the eye at every step. Shakspeare says that

"The chariest maid is prodigal enough
If she unmask her beauties to the moon."

But Shakspeare was not acquainted with the ladies of Mendoza, nor their amount of prodigality. In broad daylight, morning and evening, men and women, naked, bathe with the coolest indifference together along the public promenade. To a stranger the scene is a most extraordinary one; but the people of Mendoza regard it with the same indifference they would the bathing of so many children. It is their system to enjoy life, and the coolness of this mountain stream offers a strong temptation to them, weary and heated by the summer sun: but one would think they might find other methods of getting its benefits.

Strain's journal of one day will answer for a description of every day he passed in Mendoza. About eight o'clock in the morning, while still in bed, a female servant brought him his tea in a small silver-mounted gourd, which he was expected to drink through a silver tube. He then rose, or took another nap till breakfast at ten. Between that and dinner he passed the time with an Englishman whom he found there, and a Scotch physician. After dinner, of course, the invariable siesta. Having no books to read, and the air without being intensely hot, there was nothing to do but take a nap also.

He says: "After the siesta, and when the declining sun and the afternoon breeze have made the temperature somewhat more bearable, I frequently rode in the suburbs, which are highly cultivated, and, being shaded by trees covered with vegetation, and abounding with vineyards whose vines bent beneath their

luscious loads, were really delightful. In these rides I sometimes called at a country house, where the richer denizens of the city had retired for the summer, and enjoyed the liberal hospitality of the owners, drinking a glass of *caña* with the father, smoking a cigarito with the ancient matrons, whom I astonished by the '*length of my beard and the extent of my travels*,' and listening to the wild, though pleasing and plaintive songs of the señoritas, who, accompanying themselves on the guitar, sung without being pressed, and without the array of maudlin excuses so common in some other countries boasting a higher degree of social refinement, and rightly considering that they were conferring upon me a favor for which I ought not to be expected to importune them. Returning from my ride I visited some families with whom I had become acquainted, and was almost invariably entertained with music, tea, and cigars. No excuse, apology, or invitation is considered necessary should the guest during his visit wish to smoke. He simply takes out his cigarito, and either striking a light with the flint and steel, with which every one is provided, or receiving one at the hands of one of the family, puffs away as if it were a matter of course. The older ladies will frequently join him, or, perhaps, take the initiative; but the younger ones seldom smoke, at least in company with strangers, being aware that it is not considered '*comme il faut*' in all parts of the world. Among the more refined in the city it is necessary to ask for a national song to have it sung, as Italian operas have banished them almost entirely from the drawing-rooms, and I have been surprised to hear *cavatins* and *arias* from even the most recent operas in this remote city, where so few other elements of European refinement have found their way. French and Italian dances and songs are as familiar as household words, where the substantial improvements of the Anglo-Saxon race are considered almost in the light of pleasing pictures. While in the country, the same ladies who would accompany the music of Bellini, Rossini, or Donizetti, on the piano, will take up a guitar and sing their Spanish songs without a special request; thus showing an appropriateness to time and place which does not always distinguish musical amateurs. The Spanish voice I can not consider musical, as there is almost invariably something harsh in its tones—whether due to the character of the indigenous music, or some peculiar construction of the larynx, I am not able to pronounce, though, on account of its universality, I am inclined to the latter opinion. Among the ladies with whom I became acquainted in Mendoza were some fair specimens of the *mezzo-soprano* voice; and one, particularly, sung the beautiful barcarole from *Marino Faliero* with a taste and execution I have seldom heard surpassed. My evenings were generally passed at the house of the ex-Governor, Don Tomas Godoy Cruz, who gives *tertulias* every evening, to which his acquaintances, male or female, come

or not at their discretion, invitations once given being considered as extending '*ad infinitum*'—an arrangement which possesses its peculiar advantages for the few strangers who may find themselves in Mendoza. On Sunday evening the rooms are generally full; while any evening there is enough to get up a quadrille or polka in the drawing-room; while Don Tomas entertains his male guests in his sanctum adjoining with *caña*, cigaritos, and cake."

At length, on the evening of the 12th of March, Strain learned that Señor M——, who was to be his companion across the pampas, had arrived the night before. He immediately called upon him, and, to his surprise, found him entirely changed in his demeanor. He made no apology for not notifying him of his arrival; could not tell when he should be ready to leave; in short, treated the whole matter cavalierly. The same evening Strain met him again at the house of Don Tomas, where he set himself up for an oracle; talked loud and in an overbearing manner, to which the Mendozans present submitted meekly. This puzzled him, and made him not a little anxious to know more of his history before trusting himself in his company in the long journey across the pampas. No one knew where he was born, though he hailed from Buenos Ayres. He was evidently an adventurer, but held in awe by the people of Mendoza, because they suspected him of being a secret agent of Rosas. Having learned thus much, Strain called on him again to ascertain when he proposed to start. The Señor quietly informed him that he had concluded to postpone their departure for some days; kindly promising, however, to give him timely notice. He added, by-the-way, in the most indifferent manner, that he had changed his plan of traveling, and that they would cross the plains in a carriage instead of on horseback; and, without asking him to be seated, remarked that he was then busy, but would be happy to see him at dinner, and dismissed him with a graceful bow.

Strain was so completely taken aback by the coolness and assurance of the whole proceeding that he departed without uttering a word. Arriving at the house of a friend, he asked for pen and paper, and politely informed the Señor that the mode of travel he had selected was different from his own, and that he should have to deprive himself of the pleasure of his society during the transit across the plains in the carriage, as he should start with the Government courier on horseback in the morning.

To carry out this hasty determination required activity. He first saw the courier, who agreed to take him through for forty-five dollars, and pay all charges for horses and food. This was reasonable; for he would have to pay about twenty dollars for post-horses, leaving him only twenty-five to meet the expenses of Strain's food and reimburse himself. Having arranged this satisfactorily, he got new reins for his bridle, a pair of holster-pistols, and a pair of *chifres*, or bullock-horns, in which to carry

water or spirits, as circumstances required. Having completed his preparations, he went to take leave of Don Frederico. He found him quite ill in bed, but not so sick as to be unable to look after his own interests. The fellow made not the slightest allusion to the money he had borrowed, but uttered a casual remark respecting the mules, which he said were several leagues in the country. "Oh yes," replied Strain; "those mules, you will please send them to my friend the doctor." He was caught at last. Having charged Strain fifty dollars for them, when they were worth but thirty, he had sent them into the country out of the way, so that at his departure they would revert to him by default. There was not much affection wasted in this leave-taking. With his pretty little wife, however, Strain parted far more cordially. He esteemed her for her unvarying amiability and gentleness, while he felt a deep sympathy for her in being tied for life to such a selfish, unscrupulous scoundrel as Don Frederico. As he turned away he thought to himself, "Alas! poor girl, you, too, have been dealing in animals; but when you eventually discover the fraud, you will find it more difficult to dispose of your bargain than I do in getting rid of my mules!" It was now between nine and ten o'clock, and he returned to the Doctor's house to take his long-delayed dinner. Before sitting down, however, he gave him a written order for the mules, which the latter had the shrewdness to send round immediately for Don Frederico's acceptance. After dinner the hours passed swiftly in conversation, until, at length, Strain remarked that he must get some rest for the next day's journey. To this the Doctor would not listen; he could not let go of the only link which connected him with his home; and bringing a new supply of cigars, proposed to finish the night. Not many weeks after this the kind Doctor was found murdered in his bed.

At daylight Strain repaired to the place appointed to meet the courier, and found him and the postillion, with the horses saddled and bridled, waiting for him. With an affectionate adieu to his friends he turned away, and, striking into a gallop, soon left the ancient city of Mendoza behind him. The wind blew fresh and free from the plains; and with his blood quickened by the thought that he had entered upon a new existence, he dashed on at a rapid pace.

About nine miles from Mendoza they stopped to obtain regular post-horses. The party consisted of three. The Government courier was a man about fifty, tall and well-made, though heavier than one would expect in a person who for eighteen years had every month rode, at a furious gallop, eleven hundred miles. His dress was a jacket and trowsers, varied occasionally by the *chiripe*—a square piece of red flannel tied around the loins, and worn over white cotton drawers, fringed with lace at the bottom. He wore a Panama hat, while a cartridge belt,

fastened by Mexican dollars for buttons, and ornamented with sixteen more, encircled his waist. A poncho, holster-pistols and a silver-sheathed knife completed his equipment. The dress of the postillion was similar in style, though far inferior in quality. The duty of the latter was to return at each station with the horses, and to carry the mail portmanteau, which in this case contained a handful of letters and all of Strain's spare clothing. The courier had stowed the latter away in the bag for convenience, which made such an extraordinary bulky mail that each postillion in turn expressed his astonishment, and wondered what the Mendoza Government was communicating to Buenos Ayres, which made it the heaviest mail that had traversed the country since the last Unitarian pronunciamiento had carried consternation through the provinces. Strain wore a slouched felt hat, light woolen frock coat, gray lancer trowsers, and carried a poncho and pair of pistols.

After a few hours' ride he and the courier became sworn friends, which desirable state of things was doubtless much facilitated by the gift of a poncho to the latter on starting, with two thick blankets in perspective at the end of the journey. During the morning, having evidently given the important subject due reflection, the courier drew rein for a moment, and, dropping alongside of Strain, gravely defined their respective positions. He said, being a Government officer, he could not call him patron, master, or employer, but would call him *companionero* (companion). Strain was, however, always to have the second best horse, the first cut of the roast, the first drink at the *chifre*, and not be at the trouble of saddling and bridling his animal, which the courier himself would see to. In conclusion, he told him that in case he, Strain, was sick, the mail could not be detained; but gave him to understand that they both, undoubtedly, would be sick or fatigued at the same time. Having arranged these preliminaries to the satisfaction of all parties he gave his horse the spur, and away they went at a tearing gallop. Thus far, the plains were well watered and tilled. A little after noon they arrived at the house of a friend of Don Antonio, the courier, who humanely suggested that, it being the first day, they had better take a siesta, and finish the day's journey in the cool of the evening. Not having slept any the previous night, Strain was very glad to get a little rest, and, throwing himself on a bed, was soon fast asleep—not before, however, he heard Don Antonio say to his friend that he was afraid his *companionero* would not stand the fatigue of the journey. He afterward learned that, while he was asleep, the two friends held a sort of coroner's inquest over his body, and it was decided that it would be impossible to carry him much farther, at the rapid rate Don Antonio was compelled to travel. When they had again mounted, no traveler, with a long and severe journey before him, ever examined more care-

fully the withers and wind of his horse than did Antonio the expression of Strain's countenance, the state of his eyes, and the bend of his back. He seemed surprised at the state of things; and, brightening up at the result, shouted out, "*Pega fuego al campo!*" ("Set fire to the plain!") and, dashing his spurs into his horse, led off on a furious gallop. Past pleasant cottages—past the cultivated fields—over streams and plains gallop, gallop, without drawing rein they kept on, till, at sunset, they dashed into the little village of Retama, where Don Antonio proposed to wait till the moon should rise.

The postmaster was a magistrate, and having some legal case to decide, his court-yard was filled with guachos, who, with their ponchos, long spurs, and dogs, presented a motley and wild appearance. The postmistress, to whom Don Antonio had given a glowing description of Strain's rank and importance, took the latter into a garden and regaled him with fruit and flowers. After he had returned to the house, in passing through one of the rooms to get a light for his cigar, he saw two pretty señoritas, and learned from them that there was to be a fandango in the evening. He resolved to be present; and, by way of preparation, wrapped himself in his serape, and lay down on the piazza for a short nap. He was awakened to consciousness, not by the voices of the fair señoritas, but by the rough call of Don Antonio, who informed him that it was after midnight—that the moon was up, and the horses saddled and ready to start. Strain, whom this first fierce day's ride on the top of a sleepless night had shaken up badly, and who would have given a year of life for every hour of sleep he could have had between that and morning, roused himself with difficulty, and looked out upon the still moonlight, half repenting that he had undertaken such a fatiguing journey. He had lost both his supper and his fandango, neither the music nor the dancing being able to disturb his profound slumber.

Mounting fresh horses, and striking into a gallop, they soon left the sleeping village behind them, and swept on through the open country, the steady stroke of their horses' hoofs being the only sound that broke the stillness of the night. By daylight they had made nearly forty miles. Stopping at Santa Rosa, the next station, they took a cup of mate and a cigar, while the peons were bringing round fresh horses. The one selected for Strain was a noble animal, and in fine condition. Prancing up to the door, he stood stamping and neighing, as if impatient of the bridle and spur, to which he evidently had not been long accustomed. It took two men to hold him while Strain mounted; and when, at Don Antonio's shout, "Fire the plain!" they gave him the rein, he dashed off like a bolt from the string. He was unused to the spur, and so keenly sensitive to the indignity of the whip, that if Strain but lifted his hand to tighten his hat upon his head, he would give a sudden bound that nearly unhorsed his rider.

Generous, full of courage, and with the endurance of an Arab steed of the desert, he flew over the plain, carrying his rider at a bounding gallop forty miles without being touched with whip or spur, without a moment's halt, and full of spirit as at the start. It seems almost incredible that a horse could possess such endurance, but some of these pampa horses have the bottom of a full-blooded Arabian. Strain, who had never seen a horse with such speed, endurance, and withal easiness of gait, felt a warm attachment for him, and would have brought him home had it been possible, if for no other purpose than to save him from the ignoble life to which he was destined. It seemed cruel to permit so generous and noble a spirit to be broken down with overtaking and with the whip and spur. Four dollars would have purchased him, but the attempt to bring him off would have been preposterous.

Arriving at Dormida, they intended to take fresh horses and push on without breakfasting, but were prevented by the arrival of another party from the opposite direction. It was composed of two men, one a German and the other a Yankee. To the latter, Strain, without informing him of his own nationality, addressed a series of questions, which he bore with good grace, replying as well as he could in his broken Spanish. His surprise was unbounded when Strain told him that he was an American and an officer in the navy. Of course they fraternized at once, and having determined to breakfast together, sat down to a cigar and entered into a lively conversation. Strain, who supposed his countryman must of course be some devoted man of science, exploring this almost terra incognita, or an enterprising traveler in search of adventure, was astonished beyond measure when the latter told him that he was a *traveling agent for Brandreth's pills*. He felt for a moment as if he had taken a dose himself, and internally consigned both Brandreth and his pills to a very uncomfortable locality. Once in 1843 and 1844, in Brazil, he had, with immense labor and fatigue, in imminent peril of his life, penetrated the wilderness of Saint Paul far beyond all former travelers and all civilization, and returned to the settlements with the complacency of a man who had performed a great achievement, but learned to his mortification that he had pushed only one hundred and fifty miles beyond Brandreth's pills. And now to find, not merely the pills, but a live agent in the interior of Mendoza, was too sad a disappointment. With fear and trembling he modestly inquired if he knew any country where those pills had not gone, intending to mark it down for his next explorations, but could obtain no satisfactory reply.

Notwithstanding the sudden fall to Strain's expectations they passed a pleasant hour together. To his great regret he saw that the agent was to ride back the noble horse which had carried him so gloriously over the plain, and that, too, in the middle of the day. This

is one of the advantages of traveling with the courier—he is always furnished with fresh horses.

The country through which they rode to-day was covered with low bushes, more broken, and intersected here and there with ravines, which, with the heat of the day, made their progress slower. Still by three o'clock they had rode ninety-six miles. The post of Cero Costo, where they concluded to stop for the night, consisted of three houses built of adobe with clay floors. After supper they made their beds in the cool air of the court-yard, using their saddles for pillows. At half past two, however, the apparently never tired Don Antonio roused Strain with the announcement that the moon was rising. In half an hour they were in the saddle and galloping over the broken country, which had now become sterile and stony, looking as if it might have been the ancient bed of a sea. The morning ride was monotonous and stupid, broken only by the sudden whirr of a pheasant or the rush of an ostrich from his cover, and it was with feelings of relief Strain saw the light of dawn streaking the eastern edge of the plain. At sunrise they crossed the River Disaguadero, the boundary line between San Luis and Mendoza. This stream is narrow but deep, and being the outlet to one of the salt lakes of the interior, its shores are covered with saline incrustations. In a short time they reached the post-house, which was nothing but a miserable hovel built of twigs and covered with clay and roofed with long grass. It contained but one room, and had so many openings to the outer air that all privacy was out of the question. The inmates consisted of an old woman, a ragged, dirty peon, who was to act as postillion the next stage, and a nut-brown girl of some sixteen summers. The latter was one of those examples of the prodigality of nature in lavishing beauty where it is worthless. This young creature, just budding into womanhood, possessed an almost faultless form. The whole contour of person and features was superb. She wore nothing but a sort of chemise which covered scarcely a third of her person. With her brunette complexion, set off by large lustrous eyes, over which drooped long lashes, her regular arched brows, wealth of hair, and perfect teeth, she *was* very beautiful notwithstanding her ragged, dirty garment and dirtier person. Transplant her into civilized life and educate her in its refinements, and before long she would be a reigning belle in any city. The matchless form and beauty for which others would give a fortune is as useless to her as the shoes she discards.

Notwithstanding the poverty-stricken aspect of the place, the courier said the family owned some five thousand head of cattle and eight hundred brood mares.

The breakfast was in keeping with the house, and even the water, to complete the whole establishment and system, was so brackish as to be hardly drinkable. The horses, too, which

were brought out for the next stage, did not disgrace the hovel and fixtures, for they presented a ~~most forlorn and half-starved appearance~~. Strain's spirits fell at the sorry spectacle, but the courier evidently expected it, and without saying a word commenced to saddle up, simply indicating what his feelings were by a prolonged and melancholy whistle. As these animals were scarcely able to carry the riders a spare one was obtained for the mail-bag. They did not start off as usual on a rushing gallop, and the unflinching "Set fire to the plain!" was not heard from Don Antonio. The wind blew in gusts over the sterile plain, and the whole aspect of the region was desolate and dreary. The only relief to the eye was the blue mountain of San Luis, which was now just above the horizon, and which was to be the terminus of the day's journey. They had traversed only some twelve miles of this barren, inhospitable country when the heat became intense, while neither whip nor spur could goad Strain's horse into a gallop. A little farther on and the horse carrying the mail-bag broke down, and was abandoned. During the fore part of the journey occasional habitations were passed, where brackish water, taken from stagnant pools and filled with animalculæ, could be obtained. But for twelve miles toward the latter end it was an arid desert. The sun came down with scorching power at mid-day, and, between the intense heat, the constant use of his spur and whip, Strain became completely exhausted. The plain under the burning rays of the sun seemed, as they viewed it from a gentle swell, like a vast expanse of water. For the first and only time they rode into post on a slow trot, the whole party, men and animals, being dead beat—the poor horses especially—and looking as if they would never post another traveler.

San Luis being only thirty miles distant, with the prospect of good horses the balance of the journey, they, after eating their fill of peaches, indulged in a siesta by stretching themselves on the floor in the midst of a dozen lazy, dirty, reckless, gentlemanly guachos. The reader need not smile at the strange association of the word "*gentlemanly*" here, for there is under all the rough exterior, ignorance of book learning, and of the refined customs of society, a natural politeness, ease, and unassuming independence in these wild herdsmen of the plain that entitle them to the appellation. Darwin, the learned geologist, when in this region, noticed this peculiarity, and says, in his *Journal of a Naturalist*, that, though a guacho may rob you or cut your throat, he always appears to be a gentleman. It must not be inferred from this, however, that they are robbers and cut-throats, for they are neither. In battle they are ferocious, and their cruelty to animals is proverbial, but they are not banditti: on the contrary, life and property are both as safe in their hands as in that of any other class of men. Personal quarrels they always settle with knives, never with the fist. Sir Thomas Head said



THE TIRED HORSES.

he invariably cocked his pistol when he met a guacho; Strain, on the other hand, always unsling his *chifre*, gave him a drink, and chatted on the products and condition of the country.

The number of guachos on the plains is comparatively small, and they are scattered far apart. Nothing can be more independent and wild than the life they lead. Many of them are descended from the noblest families of Spain, and still, by their courtly bearing and high sense of honor, show the old Castilian blood. Their dwellings, however, are mere mud-hovels, which they inhabit, generation after generation, without even thinking of adding any improvement. There is but one room in the guacho's house, which the parents, grown-up young men, and daughters, and children, and dogs, occupy together. There is no such thing as privacy. Being built of mud, low, and thatched with the long yellow grass of the plain, one can distinguish them but a short distance. These are so filled with fleas and bugs that, in the summer, the whole family sleep out of doors. If a traveler arrives at night he unsaddles his horse, and, taking the saddle under his arm, walks among the sleeping forms and stretches himself beside the one he prefers, whether it be an old man, old woman, or a fair young *señorita*. He can ascertain, however, the sex and age only by their feet and ankles—the rest of the body and the face being concealed in the skin and poncho which cover them. For chairs they use the skeleton of a horse's head, though these are mostly kept for guests, the inmates themselves

preferring the mud floor on which, in winter, they lie rolled up in their blankets, looking like so many dark bundles scattered round.

The wild life of the guacho begins with his birth. For the first year he is kept entirely naked, and crawls around in the dirt, or hangs, swung to the roof of the hovel, in a bullock's hide. As soon as he can walk he has a little lasso made of twine, with which he toddles around after the chickens and dogs. By the time he is four years of age he is put on horseback, and makes himself useful in driving the cattle home. As he grows older, he hunts the ostrich, the lion, and the tiger, being often absent several days alone. Living on beef and water, and in the open air, he acquires a constitution tough as the raw hide of his lasso, and a spirit as wild and free as the ostrich he pursues. He never, except by chance, sees a doctor, and a broken bone and an ugly wound has to cure itself as it best may. He regards the back of a horse as the legitimate place of man, and to walk voluntarily any distance degrading. His wants are few and easily supplied, and yet he is not indolent. He is always hospitable, exceedingly polite and courteous to his guest, rising as he enters and offering him the skeleton of a horse's head with the grace, and ease, and *empressement* that he would a throne. They never fail, when entering each other's forlorn hovels, to take off their hats with as much formality as if entering a saloon filled with ladies. The women, on the contrary, are indolent, and they can not be otherwise. They have no house and furniture to take care of, but few garments

to make ; in short, literally have nothing to do. The monotonous plain offers no inducement to walk, while the men do all the riding. They all of them have families whether they are married or not, and often, when the traveler innocently inquires of a young *señorita*, who is the father of the child she is carrying in her arms, he will receive the naïve reply, "Who knows?" At three o'clock, with fresh horses, they started off to the old shout, "Set fire to the plains!" The peak of San Luis, thirty miles distant, was their landmark as they galloped over the sterile plain. The country was generally covered with bushes, and the soil sandy and barren. They saw but two dwellings the whole distance, and these squalid and miserable in the extreme. At one o'clock they stopped and asked for some water, which was handed them, by a young girl, in a cocoa-nut shell : she was extremely beautiful, like the one they had seen in the morning, and like her also, was clad in only one scanty garment and equally dirty. It seemed a pity that so much natural beauty should not be joined to cultivation and refinement.

Just as the sun was setting his rays flashed on the spire of a church of San Luis : it was, however, still some miles distant, and darkness was shrouding the landscape when they galloped through the streets to the *fonda*, having made in all one hundred and five miles. The keeper of the *fonda* was a Frenchman ; and there was an air of neatness and cleanliness about it which furnished a delightful contrast to Strain's experience of the last two weeks. The water, too, was sweet and clear as if drawn from a mountain stream, and was doubly grateful to

them from having subsisted so long on brackish or stagnant water. After a supper of beef and chicken, Strain retired to his room to have a quiet time over his cigar. But he had hardly seated himself before he was interrupted by half a dozen visitors, who, hearing that a traveler had arrived by post, called to pay their compliments. Among them were three foreigners—a German, an Italian, and a Spanish Basque. The German was the chief spokesman, and informed him that he had come out from Europe to superintend glass-works which were to be established in Santiago, but fell through for the want of action on the part of the Chilean Government. He stated also that he had recently visited California, and, not suspecting that Strain had just arrived from there, answered his questions unsuspiciously, giving elaborate descriptions of places which had no existence except in his own imagination. He and the Basque were about to visit Buenos Ayres on the horses of the latter, from whence he had promised to obtain funds to take them both to the land of gold. The next time Strain saw him—some weeks later—he was flying from that same Basque, whom he had cheated of his horses and robbed of his money. Here they were detained three days by the Governor, who was making up dispatches for the Government of Buenos Ayres. The first day being excessively warm, Strain did not venture out till evening. In sauntering through the streets he observed most of the people sitting at their doors enjoying the cool air of the evening. The city is regularly laid out in squares, most of the houses, like those of Mendoza, having a garden attach-



SAN LUIS.—RETURN OF THE VIDETTES.

ed to them surrounded by a sombre gray wall. They are of one story, in some cases tiled and whitewashed, but by far the greater part are thatched, and retain the natural color of the adobe. The floors are of pounded dirt or half-burned tile, which, though cool, are always dirty. The inhabitants number about one thousand, but there is not a doctor among them. They live in the middle of this vast plain almost as secluded as those of Mendoza at the foot of the Andes. Scarcely a person in it has any definite idea of the United States; indeed, the body of the people here in the interior of South America are not aware of the existence of the "model Republic," which, by its example, gave birth to the revolutions that broke the Spanish sway and rendered them free. The few American travelers they see they call English-Americans. A Cordovesian shop-keeper, whose acquaintance Strain made the day after his arrival, called in the evening to introduce him to some of the *haut ton* of San Luis, which are composed entirely of merchants and shop-keepers. The house which they first visited, though occupied by a leading family, was not even comfortably furnished. They were ushered into a large room, with bare walls, the furniture of which consisted of a few dilapidated looking chairs, a small table, with two tallow candles upon it, whose feeble light served scarcely more than to make the darkness visible. Soon after two ladies entered, sisters, who were well dressed, showy, and good-looking. After some little conversation, they and the husband of one of them kindly proposed to call on some other families. At the first house they visited were a recently-married couple on their way from Achiras to Mendoza. In conversing with the bridegroom Strain, to his astonishment, found he was a New Yorker, who, with that recklessness characteristic of the nation, had strayed off into this remote, almost unknown, region. He was a printer by trade, and went in one of our sloops-of-war to the coast of Peru. Leaving the ship, he established a small printing-press. He prospered for a time, but losing his money, eventually drifted over the Andes to Mendoza. Here he adopted that last resort of the Yankee when every thing else fails, and turned schoolmaster. In progress of time, having made himself useful to the authorities as a printer, he again got "ahead," and sent home for some inferior printing-presses, which he disposed of advantageously to the provincial Governments, and was now sufficiently wealthy to indulge in the luxury of a wife. In the next house they visited were two young ladies who sang for them, accompanying themselves on the guitar. Strain jots down: "The songs were all national, and so peculiarly plaintive that I could almost imagine it a dirge over their unfortunate and distracted country. There are no pianos here, and no Italian music. Refinement, in that respect as well as some others, has marched through San Luis, on its way to Mendoza, without halting. The standard cause of complaint

among the ladies here, as elsewhere in the Argentine provinces, is want of *beaux*; war and its attendant proscription, and emigration, having thinned off the young men. On this subject I obtained from my lady friends statistics upon which the reader may confidently rely. In the city of San Luis, containing one thousand inhabitants, there are only ten eligible young men! And ladies '*Oh Dios ay muchas!*' which would certainly make it a somewhat desirable place to hang up one's hat, as political economy teaches that commodities are valued less in proportion to their intrinsic value than their scarcity. At a late hour we returned whence we had started with our lady friends, and, after hearing from them a song or two, I retired to my *fonda* with the pleasing consciousness of being able to number among my acquaintances some of the *haut ton* of San Luis."

The next evening his friend called with an invitation from the ladies they had last visited the evening before, to a *tertulia*. The house was a short distance out of town, and upon their arrival they found some thirty ladies and about half as many men assembled, who, as well as the host and hostess, welcomed them with a cordiality quite refreshing in these days of stiff ceremony. Most of the young men belonged to the National Guard, and were dressed in red jackets and white trowsers, which gave a lively appearance to the room. The women, on the other hand, seemed to have studied how they could dress most unbecomingly and out of all taste. They exhibited the extremely short waists of our grandmothers, with still longer skirts. They also, like more cultivated ladies, had made use of ingenious mechanical contrivances to obtain the precise shape in which they considered nature should have formed them, but evidently had not selected a Venus de Medici for a model. Instead of endeavoring to acquire erectness of figure and fullness of bust, they had with great effort become round-shouldered, and tortured themselves to obtain flat chests, which gave them the appearance of troopers in disguise as they moved about in the dance. Although such an uncouth costume would test any ordinary beauty, they, independent of this, as a body, were exceedingly plain, there being no beauties, and only a few good looking. They were, however, frank, kind, and amiable, and made Strain the lion of the evening; while the men, individually and collectively, insisted on taking *caña*, or Brazilian rum, with him. The music was a guitar, sometimes accompanied by the voice, while the dancers frequently imitated the castanet with their fingers. Between each dance the men took a little rum, which they good-naturedly shared with the outsiders who were assembled to look on. The rum exhilarated them, and late in the evening the men proposed the dance of the *viejas* (the old women), and with a shout each man jumped forward and seized the oldest woman he could find in the room. Although some, especially those that were fat, resisted stoutly for a



DANCE OF THE VILJAS.

while, eventually all were compelled to yield, and amidst peals of laughter the music was called for. Up struck the guitar, and instantaneously all the male voices joined in with a wild "tra la ra," and off went the old ladies, whirled and swung around the room, laughing with the merriest at each other's strange antics. The apartment rung and echoed with the uproarious shouts and almost hysterical mirth of the spectators. This dance, with the jokes that followed, finished the evening's amusements, and the party broke up, the gentlemen accompanying the ladies in a mass to their homes. The next day, March 20, being still delayed by the Governor, Strain kept in his hotel; the ordinary routine of which was broken at dusk by the arrival of a traveler. Curious to know who he might be, he sent for the major-domo, who proved as ignorant as himself, but said he could not be any great things, as he had little baggage, and common mules not much larger than rats.

The next morning he learned that the newcomer was a Pole, and, moreover, a *fire king*, who had come to San Luis for the purpose of giving a performance in that line as well as to exhibit feats of strength. Learning that he spoke English, Strain called on him, and found him like most other adventurers, but felt his heart warm toward him when he ascertained that he had not only passed several years in the United States, but had spent some days in his own little town of Springfield, Ohio. They had not been acquainted an hour when the Pole informed Strain that his finances were at dead low water-mark; in fact, that he had not a single real in the

world, while he owed an ounce to the peon who had brought him and his baggage from San Juan. Strain furnished him with some money, when he went out to make preparations for his performance in the evening. About dusk he again met him, when the latter said that, after making very accurate calculations, he had come to the conclusion that the population of San Luis would not pay the necessary expenses of getting up a performance and leave any thing for himself. Strain then asked him if he was a good rider, and could endure fatigue. He assured him he could ride like a Bedouin, and was as hardy as a *guacho*. Strain then offered to cancel all his liabilities, and take him at his own expense to Buenos Ayres. He was overflowing in his acknowledgments—said that a single performance there would enable him to return the money; in short, he could easily get an advance from the manager of the theatre. Stopping short his protestations of gratitude, Strain took him to the Governor, and asked the latter as a favor to make out his passport for the morning. After some abortive attempts at a joke at the profession of his protégé, he ordered the secretary to make it out. He next visited Don Antonio, and told him that he had taken a new traveling companion whose food and horse-hire he would pay for. The latter yielded with a bad grace and with many significant shrugs and shakes of the head, declaring that he was too kind-hearted and would certainly be imposed upon. His consent, when finally given, was under a formal protest. On settling his bill with the keeper of the *fonda*, Strain found that the latter had charged him a quarter of a dol-

lar a day more than he had the Pole, though they had precisely the same accommodations. On pointing this out to the landlord, he said the charge was conformable—that he could not think of charging a gentleman who traveled post the same price he did a traveling mountebank who rode little rats of mules, and hired at that. Strain, however, persisted in cutting down the account, paying the difference in some very strong Saxon epithets.

After getting through with all the petty annoyances of the day, Strain, at an early hour, retired to get a long night's sleep preparatory to the fatiguing ride of next day, and advised the Pole to do the same.

The next morning he rose at daylight, and just as they were ready to start the Fire King entered with a haggard countenance and a sleepy look. He soon learned that the fellow had spent the night gambling and drinking rum with his peon, convincing him that he had either deceived him respecting the state of his funds, or the peon had cheated him in his statement of the Pole's indebtedness, and the two had shared the difference. This did not look very promising to our philanthropist; but he was "in for it," and would have to make the best of his bargain. Antonio and the postillion saw the state of things, and cast sly and furtive glances, first at the Fire King, and then at Strain, as they rode through the streets of San Luis. Strain avoided them as much as possible, being considerably crest-fallen at the unmistakable evidence that he had been duped and fleeced by a mountebank.

For a mile or two the ground was somewhat broken, and they proceeded slowly; but on crossing a stream of water they emerged on the open plain, and shouting, "Set the plains on fire!" Antonio sent the rowels home, and away they clattered at a terrible pace. It was evident that Antonio was giving the Fire King a taste at the outset of what he might expect, and Strain was not unwilling to ascertain at once whether the fellow had lied about his horsemanship as he had about other matters. They soon left him behind, and about half-way to the next stage they were compelled to stop and await his arrival. When he came up he was pretty well blown—they, however, gave him a little time to rest, and telling him he *must* keep up, set off again at a tearing pace, and on arriving at the next stage found he was out of sight astern. Determining to give him a chance, they ordered breakfast and waited for his arrival. He presented a sorry picture as he rode up, and was nearly dead beat, and cross and capitious at the result of this first attempt to ride post. He first swore at his horse, then at the postillion for giving him such an animal, and then at Antonio for taking this mad ride on purpose to break him down. The latter he had seen did not relish his company, and he cursed him in English, a language he did not understand. He declared he could go no farther, and threw himself doggedly on the floor of the hut.

"Why," said Strain, "you told me you could ride." "So I can," he replied; "but what man in his sober senses ever heard of traveling forty miles at a gallop?" To comfort him still more, Strain told him, if he had taken his advice and gone to bed instead of sitting up and gambling, he would have been in a better condition for traveling. In conclusion, he informed him that he would give him three or four hours' rest—that it was less than thirty miles to the post where they expected to pass the night—and that if he was not ready to travel when they did, he should leave him where he was, and have no farther concern about him. This last threat had its effect, and after four hours' rest, though he refused to take breakfast, he announced in a surly manner that he was ready to start.

Ascending a swell in the pampas they over-looked an apparently level plain, and caught a view of the mountain of San José de Moro, where they were to halt for the night. They were now in that part of the country subject to the forays of the mounted Indians that come down on the traveler and ox-trains, like the Bedouin of the desert on Eastern caravans. It was necessary, therefore, to move cautiously by day, and sleep in the mud forts at night. The courier told Strain that the Indians were in the vicinity of the settlements only two weeks before, and had made a descent in that very neighborhood. He also requested him to keep a sharp look-out, and notify him of any peculiar object which he, with his superior powers of vision, might detect on the horizon. Accordingly, from every little swell over which they bounded his eye swept the plain as it had often before the deep. The courier, as they galloped rapidly on, related several hair-breadth escapes of his own, during the eighteen years he had been on this route. More than once he had been saved by the fleetness of his horse, and at one time the Indians were scarcely more than a lance's length from him when he galloped into a mud fort. "But," said Strain, "what will they do with us if they overtake us?" "If we resist, kill us," replied Antonio. "But if we do not resist, what then?" "Kill us," he answered; "for they never take prisoners except women, whom they carry off." On farther inquiry he learned that it was the universal custom of the people when they found they could not escape by flight, to stop and spend the little time left them in saying their prayers. This was all very well for the Spaniards and their descendants, who stand hanging, shooting, garroting, and having their throats cut, with a resignation exhibited by no other nation. But to a man with Anglo-Saxon blood in his veins, and a naval officer to boot, there was something monstrous in permitting one's self to be thus unresistingly butchered, and Strain looked at the old man in amazement, and finally told him frankly that he should do no such thing, but if overmatched by numbers should sell his life as dearly as possible. He supported

his determinations so eloquently that the courier agreed to stand by him—they would run first, but if overtaken, fight to the last. This compact being made, Antonio, while on a full gallop, stretched out his hand to ratify it. It was not worth while to bring in the postillion, as he would leave them at the next stage. It was then proposed to include the Pole in the arrangement, but on consultation they concluded no dependence could be placed in him, and he was left out. Scrutinizing every moving object they could descry in the distance, they kept on at a swift pace until the evening shadows shut out every thing from view. They were still some nine or ten miles from San José de Moro, where they were to stop for the night, and as the darkness increased they became still more anxious, and listened for every sound. Plying whip and spur they passed over the ground rapidly, and about an hour after dark dashed into the town, which was garrisoned by some two hundred soldiers. The Pole had stood the day's ride better than they expected; and satiating their hunger on some beef hastily roasted on the embers, they spread their beds outside the door, and soon forgot both the Indians and their fatigue in the deep sleep of the weary man.

At an early hour the next morning Antonio roused them from slumber, but still delayed setting out, as he wished to wait until the night patrol of cavalry returned, to ascertain if the Indians were about. Strain, however, prevailed on him to saddle up, and at early daylight, be-

fore the bugles of the garrison had sounded the *réveille*, they were galloping through the gates of the town. The alarms cool, the horses fresh, and they pushed on at a furious pace, meeting no one except occasionally a lancer slowly returning from his post which he had occupied as *vidette* during the night. It was still comparatively early in the morning when they reached Portozueto, twenty-one miles distant. A short distance of stony road, and then they crossed the boundary line of the province, and passed into Cordova, and fifteen miles farther on entered the little mud town of Achicas, where they breakfasted. It was here the American printer whom Strain had met at San Luis married his wife. The latter had the curiosity to visit the house, and as he sat on a seat in one corner of the room, and gazed round on the naked mud walls, mud floor, and dirty, scanty furniture, he could not but think what his Knickerbocker mother would say if she could see the hovel from which her son took his wife.

During this afternoon as they galloped along it became evident that the Pole was giving out. He leaned over his horse's neck, groaning and swearing by turns, and at last, when they reached Rio Cuarto at nine o'clock in the evening, having made a hundred miles, he was so completely knocked up that he could not dismount, and was lifted by Strain and the courier from the saddle. Flinging himself on the floor of the post-house, he gave a groan that sounded like the last effort of a dying man. Such was not his case, however, by any means, for the next



DISMOUNTED



THE PAMPA COACH.

moment he fell to cursing and swearing in all the modern dialects of Europe. After he had exhausted his own and the French and other languages of expletives, he tried the English, fetching in, whenever it appeared to give force to his denunciations, a Polish word. He told the devil, over and over again, that he was perfectly welcome to fly away with him to his own dominions if he ever caught him riding post again with a crazy courier and a hare-brained naval officer, neither of whom had the fear of God or a proper respect for the comfort and safety of their own limbs before their eyes. He kept it up all night, muttering and groaning by turns.

Strain and the courier were quite willing to part company with him, and in the morning, the former having obtained a passage for him in an ox-cart to Cordova, where he might turn his accomplishments to some account, and giving him some money to pay his expenses on the way, bade him adieu. The needy adventurer, however, would insist on Strain taking a receipt of the money he had loaned him. Here they met the Basque whom the German had cheated out of his money and horses, and who, by some private arrangement with Antonio, was to be one of the party during the rest of the journey to Buenos Ayres.

During the day they met the Government courier going west, who informed them that a post-carriage was following after, containing a Brazilian and Frenchman. The name of the Brazilian, he said, was Guimares, and as Strain

had an intimate friend, also an acquaintance, by that name near Rio Janeiro, he thought this gentleman might be one of them. Putting spurs to their horses, they broke from the steady gallop into a run, and at length, far away in the distance, discerned a cloud of dust, the sure precursor of the post-coach, with its four galloping horses. Before they met, however, Strain caught a fall. His horse, stumbling in a hole, made such a desperate leap in recovering himself to escape the cruel rowels which always follow a mishap of this kind, as to leave him behind with his back to the earth. His companions never slackened their speed, nor apparently noticed the accident. Luckily Strain retained the long plaited thong of the bridle in his hand, and thus secured his horse. Not being hurt, and hoping Antonio had not noticed his sudden dismounting, he attempted to remount, but found the saddle was turned. By the time he had regirthed it, the swift riders were miles in advance, and it required severe riding to overtake them. A knowing smile from Antonio, and a sly remark upon his dirty apparel, showed that Strain was discovered. To be thrown from a horse on these plains is to confess to a neglected education.

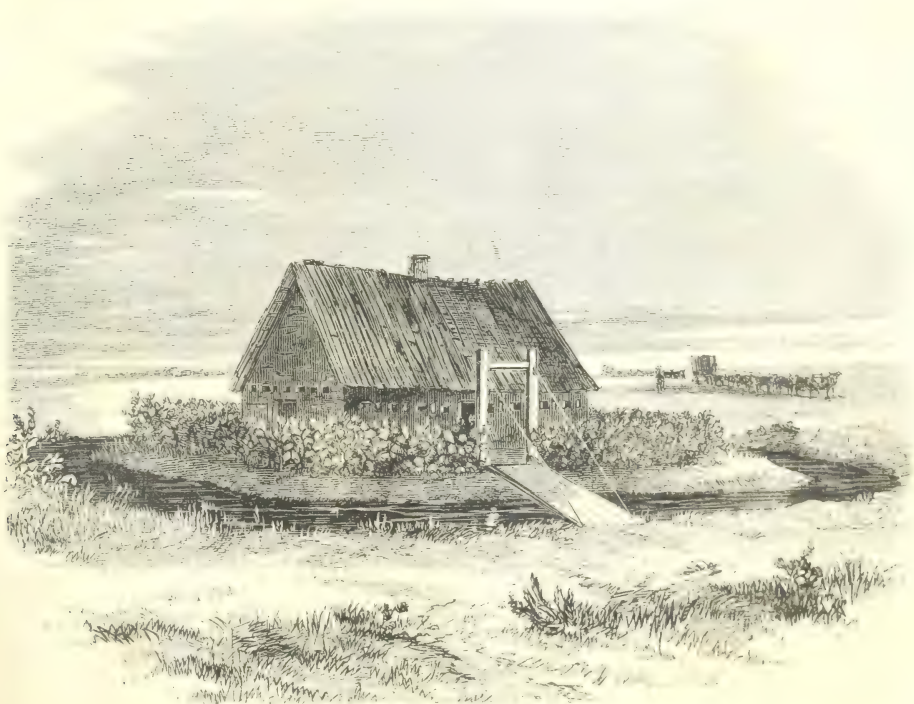
The cloud of dust which, when first seen, was many miles distant, now approached. M. Guimares proved to be neither of Strain's friends, but they soon found they had many acquaintances in common. M. Guimares told him that his friends had been very apprehensive for his safety on account of the Indians, and giving

him an address, requested him to call and say that he had met him beyond the point of greatest danger. The pampa couch is a curiosity in its way. It is a perfect nondescript, and looks as if it might have been Noah's family carriage. The four horses which drew it were attached to it by large straps of green hide fastened in the saddle of the postillion. There were no reins or breast straps. Each horse was ridden by a postillion at a full gallop, which whirled the lumbering vehicle along with astonishing rapidity. This mode of traveling allows one to take along many comforts he can not carry on horse-back; but it is not quite so rapid, and much more dangerous on account of the Indians, for the dust it raises can be seen for many miles, revealing its whereabouts. Travelers on horse-back, when in the vicinity of Indians, avoid the dusty portions of the road, reining out on the plains. Besides it is far more expensive, for four postillions are required instead of one. After exchanging messages to friends, and taking a kindly leave, each started on his way. To the "Set fire to the plain!" of Antonio, Strain and his companions broke into a gallop, and were nearly a mile distant before the heavy post-coach was fairly under way. The uncoupled horses could not pull together, but each jumped as he was spurred by the postillion, expending his strength in every direction but the right one.

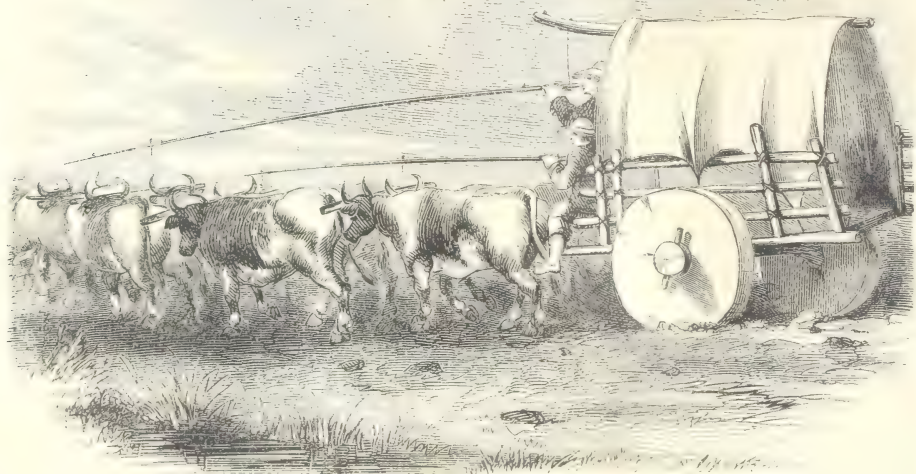
The herds which they had encountered on the way now became more frequent, and often from a slight swell on the plain the eye could see nothing but swarms of cattle, till they

seemed mere specks in the distance. Mile after mile they rode through these herds of cattle and horses, till they seemed innumerable. A Buenos Ayrean once told Strain that ten millions of hides had been exported from Buenos Ayres in one year. Knowing that the census of 1840 gave but fifteen millions in the whole United States, this statement seemed incredible; but after several days' experience in the provinces of Santa Fé and Buenos Ayres, and reflecting that the millions on millions he saw from the road were but a fraction of the vast number scattered over those immense pastures, he could easily believe it.

In passing through this province they had to be more cautious, for it was the favorite roving ground of the Indians. At every point that gave an extended view the plain was scanned with an anxious eye to detect, if possible, among the moving millions of cattle and horses, a group of mounted men. At night they slept in a fortified house. This, like all the rest, was in the centre of a square, and surrounded by a ditch, along the inside of which was planted one, two, and sometimes three rows of cactus, whose thorny, thick leaves will turn a charge of horse like a line of bayonets. With axes and knives the Indians might make an opening through these, but they never dismount to remove any great obstacle. Their home is the back of a horse, and they do not long feel easy on the ground, especially when in the presence of an enemy. The square is approached by a draw-bridge, while the house is pierced with loop-



THE PAMPA FORTRESS.



PAMPA OX-CART.

holes, from which the inmates can fire on their assailants.

The remaining two days were passed without incident. The ox-teams, the ships of the pampas, became more numerous. These, especially those going west, are the especial objects of the Indians' attack, as they are then loaded with merchandise and such articles as they covet. The carts are constructed after the same general fashion as ours, except they are very rude, with little or no iron about them; the bands and tires being made of green hide, which, being put on wet, contracts, and becomes almost as hard and firm as iron. The roof is commonly made of straw or green hide, though sometimes of canvas. Six pairs are attached to each cart, the yokes all being fastened to the heads and horns. A long pole projects from the roof of the cart, at the end of which is a spike, to goad on the leading team, and a second, farther back, for the next team; while, with a hand goad, the driver urges on those nearer him. Twelve teams make a troop; and when it is remembered the drivers never grease their axles, one can imagine the deafening noise they make when in motion. The creaking may be heard for miles, and serves often as a guide to the Indians in their attacks upon them.

The latter portion of the province of Buenos Ayres differs from the rest of the pampas in the natural product of the soil. In Mendoza low trees, shrubs, and a long coarse grass cover the plain. San Luis, Cordova, Santa Fé, and a portion of Buenos Ayres, produce a high grass bet-

ter adapted for pasture; while the most eastern portion yields clover and thistles. In the former provinces the aspect of the plain changes very little with the different seasons of the year, as the trees seldom lose their leaves, and the grass always preserves a dingy green; but here the changes are marvelous. No better description can be given of it than the following, by Sir Francis Head:

"The first region, or that lying nearest the Atlantic," says Head, "varies with the four seasons of the year in a most remarkable manner. In winter the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty on such pasture is very beautiful. In spring the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary; the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to the height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road, or path, is hemmed in on both sides; the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen; and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that, independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be

an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change. The thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another until the violence of the *pampero*, or hurricane, levels them to the ground, whence they rapidly decompose and disappear; the clover rushes up, and the scene is again verdant."

The Indians of the pampas are a singular race, and rove these vast plains as the pirate does the sea. They are exceedingly handsome and finely formed. They wear no covering for either their heads or bodies. Entirely naked they scour the plains by day, and sleep unprotected on the earth by night. When they make a successful descent on a neighborhood, they immediately butcher all the men and old and ugly women. The young and pretty women are placed on horseback, and are compelled to travel with great speed, being fed on mares' flesh on the way, until they reach the remote and secluded home of their captors, who immediately marry them. Handsome and kind, they soon win the attachment of their stolen brides, who, in the few instances where they have had an opportunity to escape, preferred to remain with their husbands and children.

These Indians believe in a future state of happiness, where they will be always drunk and always hunting. Their marriage ceremony is a very simple one. The groom and bride, as soon as the sun sets, are made to lie down together with their heads toward the west; they are then covered with the skin of a horse, and left for the night. As soon as the sun rises at their feet they are considered married.

MY ANGEL.

DEAD! who was dead?

I saw the letter with its black seal, and the mournful faces of our gathering friends; I heard my mother and sisters weeping; but my dulled brain refused to understand the cause of all this trouble. I sat quietly in my chair beside the table, as I had been sitting when a neighbor came in to bring the fatal tidings. Amidst all the confusion I was still and calm, conscious only of a slight feeling of weariness and impatience at the stupidity which could believe such a report. Some one laid a soft hand on my forehead, and looked wistfully into my eyes; another friend held a glass of water to my lips, and said, pitifully, "If she could only weep!"

I put the water away with an apathetic glance. For what should I weep? Who was dead? Surely not George Elliott. He was my lover, almost my husband. The wedding garments were all prepared, and he had promised to re-

turn speedily and take me with him to the beautiful home of which he had told me. Was he not true to me? Had he not lifted me up out of the cold darkness of my former life into the sunshine of a love such as I had dreamed of with hopeless longing, but never thought to win? He, the young, the brave, the noble, could he die? Could he disappoint me—could he bereave me so? Who dared to say that he was dead—drowned on his homeward voyage?

But the sound of weeping and the low lamentations went on. Friendly hands had lifted me from my chair and laid me on the sofa—what ailed me that I had no power to resist them? What was this torturing distress that by its very intensity seemed to dull my brain and to press my heart out of place? Was there then no power in human love, no strength in human will, that he could not live to see me once again? Was there no prescience in an idolatry like mine, that I had been all these days absorbed in delicious dreams of coming joy, while he on whom all was centred, without whom they perished, was drifting about, the sport of ocean surges, or lying deep amidst the hidden wrecks and lost treasures of the pitiless sea?

There could not have been many minutes of this apathy. Our pastor lived near, and had come to us speedily when he heard the news, which had flown like lightning all over the village before it reached our dwelling. The first words that struck my ear distinctly were from his lips. He sat beside me and repeated, "Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he, in heaven and upon earth, in the seas, and in all deep places. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Be merciful to me, O God, for my soul trusteth in thee: yea, in the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge, until these calamities be overpast." At this the great deep of my soul was broken up and the fountains of bitterness overflowed. My whole nature arose in rebellion against the hand which had stricken me, and in that rebellion I first admitted to myself that I had been stricken.

Of the awful hours following I can not speak. None may tread the billows of that deep but those who have faith in One who is able to say even to this storm and to this sea, "Peace, be still!" Such faith I had not. I sank in the dark waters. All the waves and the billows rolled over me.

I was very ill for many days, and slowly, reluctantly, I turned back from the gates of Death to take up again Life's heavy burden. For life was indeed a burden to me, not only because of grief but because of sin. A hand that should have aided me over the rough paths had long been busy in planting thorns there instead of roses. To those who have been equally unfortunate it is enough to say that there was one whose return to us each night was looked for with an unspoken dread, and too often the bloodshot eye, the unsteady step, and the ram-

bling, incoherent speech told of a thirst gratified at the expense of shame and suffering. My mother and elder sisters were of a nature gentler and more submissive than mine, and day after day, year after year, they had borne that which I could only endure because I hoped at length to leave it forever. When the paradise I had so nearly gained was thus in a moment destroyed, I determined no longer to remain at home. I went to visit a friend in the city, and advertised for a situation as teacher either in a family or a school. For some time my application seemed to be unregarded; but at length, when my trunk was packed and my bonnet tied for the homeward journey, a letter was placed in my hands. An elderly gentleman in the country had noticed my advertisement. His family consisted of two besides himself—his mother and an invalid daughter of eighteen, to whom he wished me to be at once teacher and companion. The compensation offered was small; but I could live on it, and any thing seemed better to me than a return to my careworn family with their half-known shame, and to the chamber which, like a tomb, inclosed the garments of a bride who was never to be—a bride who perished ere her marriage-day—dying with one who went down amidst night and storm into the all-devouring sea.

It may show the reckless state of my mind at that time to mention that my decision was made on the instant; and, leaving my friend to inform those who were awaiting me at home, I set out for the place indicated. Twilight had fallen upon the city as we passed the last curve whence its spires could be seen, and night came slowly over the ocean and the low shores on our left hand. Closely veiled and wrapped in my shawl, I sat on the extreme end of the boat, outside the saloon, and watched the gathering gloom. No one there knew me, and thus, lonely and alone, I gave myself up to thought. The momentary glow and excitement of setting forth to seek my fortune subsided as the daylight waned. I had little interest in looking forward—I could not look back. Leaning over the railing I gazed down upon the smooth surface of the ocean, gleaming fitfully through the darkness with a phosphorescent light, and my soul ached with its inexpressible, unappeasable longings for the dead. Oh but to see him once again! to hear his voice! to touch his hand! why was this denied me? Then I could give him up to God and the angels, and be content to live out my appointed time on earth.

Ah! would I? Not so. I would clasp him close, and if any power cruelly and unjustly tore him from my arms, I would with my own hands break through the iron gates so inexorably closed against my prayers, and find him—where?

Thus my wicked and defiant thoughts dashed themselves against the rock whereon I refused to build my hopes, and, absorbed in miserable reflections, I took no heed of time, while twilight settled into night. The wind blew cold, and the passengers had gradually retired into

the saloon; when last I looked around no one was present, and supposing myself still alone, I lifted my head, threw back my veil, and bent my aching eyes upon the scene before me. The seething ocean, with its mysterious depths and the long roll of its resistless billows, was indeed a fit instrument and type of the fate that had passed on and swallowed up my hopes. The stars gemming the sky in myriads, glorious in their inapproachable brightness, awful in their mute grandeur, seemed to me unsympathizing and cold as the heaven that withheld my idol from me. I lifted my clenched hand and cursed aloud the day that gave me birth. A moment after, a deep, full voice at my side said, with slow, deliberate utterance,

"When I consider the heavens, the work of thy hands—what is man, that thou art mindful of him! Shall the clay say unto the potter, why hast thou made me thus? Be still, and know that I am God."

I turned quickly, and the saloon lamps shining out showed me the form of a man wrapped in a cloak; but his head was hidden by the shadow, and I only saw dimly that the face was raised toward the sky. He did not appear to notice me, but stood silently a little while longer, and then walked away. I could not tell whether the quotation was accidental or designed; yet because it was so unexpected, or because of that peculiar and musical voice, the words affected me as nothing had since I was a child, bowing my soul with a gush of penitential feeling, which, when it passed, left me less wretched than before.

My reverie thus broken I became sensible of the lateness of the hour, and withdrew to my state-room. Soon after morning dawned, the boat arrived at her destined port, and taking a carriage, I reached the dépôt in time to find a comfortable seat in the cars, and soon was whirled onward toward the place I sought.

The letter had directed me to leave the cars at a certain way-station, where, if I informed them of my coming, a carriage would wait to take me two miles across the country to their dwelling. As I had not given this information, I did not expect to find any one waiting for me, but I had not considered that in such a place there might be no conveyance obtainable for myself and my baggage; and when the train swept onward, leaving me standing on an open platform, with my box of clothes for my sole companion, I looked around with an expression of hopeless astonishment which would doubtless have been very ludicrous to any one beholding it. However, a Yankee girl, when thrown upon her own resources, is seldom long in finding a way out of difficulty. The preservation of my property was the first object to be obtained, and I pulled the trunks to the ground, and hid them snugly under the steps at one end of the platform. This done, I bent my steps toward a dwelling visible at some distance down the road, which at this point crossed the track.

It proved to be a small farm-house; its ap-

pearance indicated poverty, as did also the patched though cleanly garments of the woman who came to the door in answer to my rapping. I asked to be directed to Mr. Jameson's house. She told me it was more than two miles by the road, but not so far across the fields, and as I seemed to be a stranger, if I liked she would let her Jenny go and show me the way. Moved to confidence by her good nature, I changed from my first design, and mentioned the situation of my luggage. As it might not be convenient to send for it that evening, I asked her to allow a stout boy who was digging potatoes in a field near to go and bring it to her house. She instantly called "Andrew Jackson;" and when the owner of that illustrious name approached with his wheel-barrow, and had received directions from me, I entered the house to await his return. My hostess was loquacious, and when I had frankly satisfied her curiosity concerning myself, was ready to tell me about her family affairs. *He* (meaning her husband) had gone down the bay fishing, for their farm was dreadful poor, and if 'twasn't for selling the fish to the mill-folks at the village, they would nigh about starve. Her eldest daughter had gone to stay with a cousin till she got round; she didn't expect she ever would get round—expected she was in a decline—but Nancy had gone to stay with her till she got round, and nu's her up. She'd been expecting to hear from Nancy for some time. She heard there was a letter to the post-office, but she couldn't send for it till *he* came home; she wished she could; she wanted to get that letter—wanted to see what was inside of it.

"An odd reason for wanting a letter," quoth I; and by a few leading questions I turned the current of this stream to a subject more interesting to me. She knew Mr. Jameson's family well, and gave me information quite valuable to me in my entire ignorance of those among whom I was to dwell. When the boy returned, and the remuneration I offered had been reluctantly accepted, Jenny was told to put away her knitting. The little black-eyed maiden, brown and lithe as any gipsy, donned her limp sun-bonnet, and ran along beside me across the field, casting such sly, bright glances at me that I could not forbear conversing with her. For lack of other question, I asked if she went to school. No, not yet, it was too far, but she went to Sunday-school. Did she like it? No; sometimes she got a book with pictures, and then she liked it, but she had rather play. Did she play Sunday—this little heathen in orthodox New England? Yes; but the minister said it was wicked. What minister, and where did he preach? Mr. Blakesley; he preached in the school-house every month, and then marm made her go. Marm said she liked to hear Mr. Blakesley preach because he always hurt her feelings. He came to the Sunday-school sometimes, and talked to them. What did he say? He told them to be good, and say their prayers every night. Did she

say her prayers? Yes, marm made her say "Our Father;" but when she grew up she didn't mean to, for it wasn't a pretty prayer. She liked "Now I lay me" a great deal better, for if you didn't want to say it, you could sing it.

With prattle like this she beguiled the way, until we came to the brow of a low grassy hill, from whence the house was visible not far distant. From there I preferred to go on alone, and sent Jenny back to her own home.

Near the foot of the hill a cluster of trees were grouped around a spring that gushed from under a flat rock. Here I sat down to think. Since my great sorrow fell upon me I had been self-absorbed, shut out by my own will and the care of pitying friends from contact with any out of my own circle; from any jar or jostle of the world. This was kind, but I could not live so. Now that the hope which lit my life was dead, that life must die too. I must disengage myself from it, must leave it behind me, dead and buried. Some time hence I might perhaps bear to visit its grave and weep there, but now I must shape out for myself a new destiny. I could not endure my anguish, I could not be reconciled to it—there was nothing left for me but to plunge into the world and forget it. As I sat on the stone, looking at the gray house standing lonely amidst the lonely fields, the unrest which had prompted my desire of change returned upon me in full force, and I wondered at the impulse which led me to accept so readily a situation that promised no variety and so little excitement.

The scene before me was simply beautiful, and I knew not then what life was hidden in the stillness, what aspects it could take amidst other conditions of the sky and sea. The house stood in an open recess, too shallow to be called a cove, and yet removed from the monotony of the straight shore. Above the beach the shore arose rocky and bold, and the house had been placed only a few rods from the edge of the cliff. A few gnarled oaks and a group of fir-trees stood near, but the fields stretching to the interior were flat and treeless, except where stunted, sea-blown evergreens supported a miserable life. Looking over these I saw the bay and the ocean sparkling and basking in the serene light of that August afternoon, while to my ear there came only the sound of the insects humming, the low gurgle of a bobolink in the grass, and the cry of a swallow as it passed and repassed, now glancing low, now flashing higher as it flew onward to its nest. I arose and went forward rapidly, lest I should be carried away by my receding courage, and ignominiously retreat. Following a well-trodden path I came to a stile, over which I passed into a lane that led past a large garden behind the house, and on to a little gate admitting me to the inclosure in which the house stood. It was a long narrow wooden structure of two stories, with a deep porch over the front door. In by-gone years some thrifty owner had painted it white, but time and the weather had since succeeded

in toning it down to a dull gray, far more in keeping with the landscape, and a luxuriant woodbine, that covered the porch and ran thence to the roof, gave it its only claim to beauty.

I knocked at the door, and a tidy servant admitted me to a plainly furnished room, where the table was laid for supper. In a few moments a lady entered, whose venerable and placid face at once won my regard. She was Mrs. Jameson, and when I mentioned my name she received me very kindly, expressing regret that I had been obliged to take a long walk. I explained that circumstances made it advisable for me to enter at once upon some sphere of action; and as this opportunity presented itself, I accepted it without waiting for formalities. After some further conversation, she led the way to an apartment on the other side of the front entry, and when the door opened I was surprised at the elegance and taste of its arrangements. The carpet covering the floor looked like a golden brown moss sprinkled with harebells, and the furniture was covered with damask to correspond with these colors. The white muslin curtains were looped with blue cords, and in the windows hung baskets filled with flowers and trailing vines. Two or three fine paintings and some engravings ornamented the walls. One glance showed me this unexpected refinement, and then my eyes were fixed on the idol for whom love had decked this shrine. On the sofa near the front windows—which had been lengthened to the floor for her accommodation—Amy Jameson lay, propped with cushions into a half-sitting posture. She had been told I was there, and her face turned eagerly to the door as I entered. I caught my breath to suppress a cry of admiration. Was she a mortal or an angel, this girl whose perfect head and face were united to a crippled and suffering body? Yet as she reclined, her limbs hidden by her long, full garments, there was no trace of pain or trouble except in the extreme delicacy of her complexion, and the languid, patient expression of her face when at rest. When she spoke this vanished, and her smile was the sweetest I ever saw. She held out her hand to me, and the sleeve falling back revealed an arm and hand so white and perfectly formed no sculptor could hope to equal it.

Sweet Amy Jameson—Aimée, loved!—was it love or was it suffering that had so purified and etherealized her, that there seemed to remain to her no trace of mortal weakness, except her physical infirmity? I asked myself this question many times during the following days, as I studied her transparent nature and learned the history of her life. Her mother had died while she was an infant, but those who remained had supplied to her all a mother's love and care. Her father was a man of education and refinement, and having been unfortunate in mercantile enterprises, had retired with the wreck of his fortune to this farm, Amy's inheritance from her mother. A rheumatic fever, contracted in her childhood, was the be-

ginning of a disease of the nerves and muscles which for some years subjected Amy, at intervals, to months of incessant pain. Gradually these attacks became less frequent, and during the last year had entirely ceased; but her limbs were so twisted and distorted as to make it impossible she should ever walk. Yet this disease had left the vital parts untouched, and now her health was good, and she might look forward to a long life of helplessness.

She was naturally gifted with fine mental powers, and had improved every interval of ease to continue the education so sadly interrupted, and was eager through my aid to acquire the modern languages, and advance more rapidly than she had hitherto been able to do. When I knew all this, I thought how helpless she must always be, how liable to a recurrence of her torturing disease, how isolated from all that makes the joy of youth, how debarred from the hope and the glory of womanhood, and saw that her sensitive and thoughtful nature realized it all, I marveled at the peace and cheerfulness that seemed to pervade her life and envelop her whole being. Her wonderful beauty of person soon appeared to me but a development of her pure and lovely soul. It would have been incongruous to have seen it otherwise manifested than through the motions of those graceful hands; through the tones of that low, tender voice; through the expressions of that face, with its transparent complexion, like rose-tinted alabaster, its large brown eyes that the drooping lashes shaded into blackness, its broad, low brow, over which the parted chestnut hair rippled back in heavy curves that gleamed golden in the sunshine. To my restless and fervid temperament she was, from the first, like moonlight, like dew, like whatever there is in nature to soothe and bless; and I loved her before she had spoken my name, although weeks passed before I understood the secret of that charm.

During the week after my arrival at the farmhouse I often heard the minister, Mr. Blakesley, referred to, and his opinions quoted, as if he was a sort of oracle for these good folk. He had been absent from his parish for a time and his return was daily expected. His church was situated in a small manufacturing village, four miles distant, and Mr. and Mrs. Jameson drove thither every Sabbath morning. Occasionally he preached in the school-house located near, where, by his efforts, a Sunday-school had been gathered. All this would hardly have moved me to conquer the bitter feeling that made any semblance of worship repugnant to me, had not Amy revealed to me her hope that I might be able to take notes of the sermons her father and grandmother praised so much, and yet failed to remember in the preacher's own words. For her sake I accompanied them to church.

The edifice was large though cheaply and plainly built. We were early, and as we waited for the seats to be filled, I let the mourning veil I wore drop over my face, while, suggested

by the time and place, a flood of memories rushed over my soul. Suddenly a voice said, "Let us pray." I started at the tone—at the slow, distinct utterance; and as the invocation went on my eyes were riveted on the speaker, vexing myself to think where I had met him. The face was wholly unfamiliar, but the voice haunted me with an echo from some forgotten time. The prayer and singing ended, he began to read a psalm, and when he reached a certain verse, the truth flashed upon me. He was the person whose voice had arrested me in that hour of desperation and loneliness when it seemed as if I could not live longer and bear my grief.

Impressed by the circumstance, I listened to his sermon attentively. It was instructive and simply framed so as to meet the wants of the ignorant, yet with flashes of power showing a brilliant imagination repressed and curbed, while its closing appeal was forcible and eloquent. Had it been less so, his manner, and his peculiarly deep, rich, flexible voice, that seemed to clothe each shade of thought in a fitting garb, would have compelled the attention of his listeners. I never had occasion to change the opinion I then formed of his genius.

It is difficult to describe a character like that of Lloyd Blakesley, because it was formed of extremes, and description seems like exaggeration. A body of ice and a soul of fire—in one age of the world he would have been an ascetic of the sternest type; in another, he would have been a reformer or a martyr. In the present age he was a faithful and untiring pastor—a preacher who wept in secret over his congregation, but who wreathed no flowers about the sword of the Spirit to dull its edge; a man whose clear intellect pierced through the subtleties and enlightened the shadows in which others wrap themselves to evade the perception of right—whose conscience held him with a grasp of iron to unceasing labor, and in whom the idea of duty awaked an enthusiasm that souls less noble only gain from desire. Though he was not

"That faultless monster whom the world ne'er saw," his faults appeared to grow out of his virtues. He was so stern, so hard toward himself, that he sometimes lacked tenderness for others. He struggled so successfully to overcome the temptations in his own path, that, occasionally, there was a tinge of impatience or pride in his remonstrances to those who yielded. Yet his heart yearned in pity for the world of sinners, and he was eager to labor, and strong in patience when that labor seemed fruitless; and withal he possessed that magnetism whereby some characters control and influence even those with whom they have little sympathy. After the service on this Sabbath Mr. Jameson waited to speak with the minister, and brought him to the carriage to introduce him to me. I thought his glance rested upon me with interest and curiosity, but he spoke only a few words and passed on.

The next evening, and many subsequent

evenings, he spent at our house, in Amy's parlor. I listened to his talk with Mr. Jameson and his daughter, saying little myself, yet sometimes involuntarily drawn into an expression of feeling or opinion; and from all such moments of forgetfulness I was recalled by observing that he was studying me as one revolves an interesting problem. I intended to remain a problem to him, and I was wary; but in such unrestrained social intercourse I could not avoid some degree of friendliness, and by degrees I became in my turn interested in watching him.

Amy did not know she loved; but I soon saw that her whole soul was given to him—that she counted time by the days passed since he left or the hour when he would come again. In studying, she was bent chiefly upon making herself more competent to follow his thought and to understand his allusions. In reading, she betrayed involuntarily the impress of his mind upon her tastes. In her prayers, pure soul! she did not realize her own needs while she supplicated Heaven for health, and strength, and comfort, and reward for him. For sometimes he drooped sorely. The perversity, the sin, which he found in some parts of his parish, the stupidity and carelessness in others, sometimes discouraged, and sometimes heated him to a zeal that did not appear altogether holy.

Then he turned to Amy. No unrest could dwell in her presence. She never reproved, she never argued, she only spoke of forbearance, of pity, of love, and lo! all the world grew bright with a divine presence, and his weakened hands were strong to labor, and his troubled soul was hopeful and calm. In other moods he told her of cases calling for sympathy and counsel; and a word or two in her low, silver tones, suggested the course of action his own mind could not devise. And when he talked, as he often did, with Mr. Jameson, upon topics that interest men of intellect in every grade of life—when he planned large schemes of philanthropy, or discoursed brilliantly upon passing events—his eyes often sought Amy's listening face, and a pertinent remark from her lips gave new vigor to his interest in the theme. To her mind, prone from her situation and her disposition to softness and gentleness and poetic reverie, his strength and even his sternness of thought was a healthful tonic, and she was right in looking up to him as to one whose companionship was of benefit; but in her humility she was unconscious of what she was to him.

And to me also she was the angel of peace. Her gentleness, her unvarying happiness, her patience in spite of that which would have fretted me to madness, the spirit breathing in all she said or thought, prompting all her acts and controlling her desires—these were to me a revelation of a state of serene joy, of ineffable peace, which I had never before supposed a mortal could attain—a state of loving and entire submission to the will of God. And thus that soft hand led me to the mercy-seat, and I learned the blessedness of the worship claimed from us

when our idols are broken before our eyes to show us they are clay.

Thus months passed. Autumn changed the green fields to gold and brown, and left them for bleak December to sere as he trod them hard beneath his feet. Then Winter wrapped them in a pall and hid them away for the resurrection of the coming year. And slowly, imperceptibly, as these changes had been wrought, other changes as great had occurred in the mental states of the group whose centre of union was the sofa where Amy reclined, patient and lovingly as ever, though a shadow had fallen upon her heart.

One afternoon in early spring I returned from a walk with my hands full of violets and Maybuds half opened. Wishing to surprise Amy with a pleasure I knew she longed for, I arranged these flowers in a vase, and, opening the door of her room, softly crept on tip-toe to her sofa to present them suddenly before her. As I advanced I noticed that her head was bowed so that the back of the sofa hid her face, and thinking she might be asleep I paused. A faint sound reached my ear. Was it possible? Was Amy weeping? Again and again it came, suppressed but deep, convulsive, as if it tore her heart open. No physical pain could move her thus. As I paused, uncertain what to do, she moved, half-raised herself, and clasped her hands meekly, and I heard these words breathed softly, as a child might speak to a loving father: "Pity me, make me unselfish; and oh, forgive me that I have loved him too well!"

I could not bear this. How had Lloyd Blakesley dared to hurt my darling?

I set down the flowers and clasped her in my arms. She was startled and confused for a moment; but, all unnerved and trembling, she could not be reserved; and when she had wept her tears out on my bosom, and my heart had melted itself over her grief in love and entreaty, she told me all.

Mr. Blakesley had been there in my absence, and had revealed to her a certain purpose of his, which rudely opened her eyes to see the nature of the affection she had been cherishing for him. It was a love unselfish as were all her emotions; for she had never thought of appropriating him to herself; yet when he asked her advice upon his plans for matrimony—when he praised, in another, excellences of purpose and action which her disease had made impossible to her—when he spoke of the help he needed in his ministerial duties—help she could never give him—ah, then she had been less than a woman if her heart had not arisen in one cry of anguish.

Her confidence once given, she seemed relieved by making a full confession of all she had felt and thought concerning Mr. Blakesley since first he came to that locality; but delicacy and timidity hindered her from asking me what I thought of him. If she had idealized his character, and beheld his excellences glorified in the halo reflected upon them from the

beauty and poetry of her own nature, I would not then tell her he was not the perfect being he appeared to her; but I comforted her with those religious thoughts I knew had strongest power to soothe and gladden her. Then, and afterward, I watched her jealously to see if this unexpected trial—the severest a woman can know—unsettled for a moment her faith in the Infinite love and goodness. Ah no! Her hand, indeed, trembled; but she held the cup without a murmur, and drank the bitter draught. How often, amidst all that defaces the Christian name, have I thanked God for her, sweet Amy! who showed me so clearly the existence of a peace the world gives not and has no power to take away.

Mr. Blakesley had gone away for a fortnight, and I was glad of his absence, as it gave Amy time to recover her usual serenity, and I had opportunity to watch and determine what I should do to promote her happiness.

One afternoon, near the sunset hour, I left her busily engaged over a German lesson, while I went forth on my daily walk. It had been one of those mild, dull days when the quickening earth seems to pause and take breath for the labor before her. A thin haze, through which a dazzling light struggled, had hidden the sun all day; and now, while the light withdrew slowly, the haze remained, and a strong wind coming in from the sea rushed, shrieking, up the precipice, and, with shrill cries, away over the sere fields. I turned toward the ocean and saw that, far in the horizon, the haze dipped down into the water, and I knew the fog would soon come creeping on the land, blotting out sound and sight in one encompassing dead white cloud. But I was accustomed to it now, and, at times, it suited my moods better than sunshine.

I went down a steep path that wound to the foot of the precipice and sat down on a boulder, which, in some former age, the waves had worn into a rude semblance of a chair. I had not been there many minutes, listening what the waves said and gazing dreamily upon the level heaving mass of waters, when a step on the gravel caused me to turn and see Mr. Blakesley approaching. He gave me his hand in friendly greeting and seated himself on the rock near me.

"I inquired for you at the house," he said, "and they told me I should find you here."

"Yes, I often come here; and I made a drawing of the place, that Amy might know how it looks."

"She showed it to me. It is a dreary picture—these scarred gray rocks overhead, the melancholy expanse of ocean, with its white waves breaking on the beach, and one solitary figure crouched here, listening to their monotonous roar. A dreary picture! I doubt if it is good for you to allow yourself the indulgence of such tastes."

"It might not have been at one time; now it does not hurt me."

"Perhaps so. I have marked the change in your feelings since you came here, and have been thankful for it. You were very wretched when you came here."

"How did you know? I never complained."

"No, you shut up your woe like a fire in your own soul; and when it would have vent, you let it flame up against the throne of the Most High in curses."

I gave him one quick glance, and asked, "How did you know that?"

"Because I heard you do it that night upon the sea. Your voice, your face, your figure impressed me too forcibly to be ever forgotten."

"I could not see your face, and I did not think you saw mine."

"You were seated; and thus, when you turned to look at me, the light fell on your face. Perhaps your mourning dress assisted the recognition; but I knew you at once when I saw you in church, and almost forgot what I was about to say. I had thought of you often meanwhile—a poor unhappy soul gone astray in the dark; and I thought God had sent you here that I might be of benefit to you—"

"No," I interrupted; "another hand than yours has led me into peace."

"I have been aware of that, also, and that you were sent here to benefit me."

He paused. I made no reply; and in a moment he went on rapidly, and asked me to be his wife.

"Why do you make me that proposal?" I asked. I was leaning forward, resting my head on one hand, with my eyes fixed on the sea.

"Why!" he repeated, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes—*why*? Be candid with yourself and with me. Examine your motives, and tell me what they are."

He was silent a short time, and I remained motionless, listening to that ceaseless requiem the ocean waves were chanting. At length he answered,

"I will be candid. You merit it from me. I am told by every one that I need a wife—that I could be much more useful with a wife—and my own heart tells me the same story. I need the ties of family to bind me to the great family of man, to unloose my sympathies, to teach me to feel for others by myself experiencing what they feel. More than this; a deep craving of my heart is unsatisfied. I need such a companion and friend as only a wife can be, to make my dwelling-place a home. Such a friend I hoped to find in you. We have feelings and tastes in common; I believe we have equal esteem for each other; I hoped we might have mutual love."

He spoke slowly and painfully, as if conscience was forcing him on, or he would not have owned so much. I breathed more freely. My conjecture was right; he did not love me. I raised myself and looked into his eyes.

"Mr. Blakesley, before you went away you told this to Amy. Why did you do so?"

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He started, and his face, which had been very pale, flushed a deep crimson.

"She told you!" he ejaculated.

"I know it—no matter how. Amy was not in fault. But why did you tell her? You see I am very calm. You know my heart died long ago, and I can never marry simply because I love. Can you supply other motives? Let us discuss this subject fairly, as friends should." I paused, but he made no reply; and I added, "You ask me to be your wife, and yet you hesitate to open your heart to me so much as to answer this one question! Let me help you. You told Amy because you like to consult her upon any project you have in hand. Your thoughts turn naturally to her. Her advice is always pleasing to you."

"Yes, you are right."

"And because you wished particularly to know what she would say, how she would look, when you told her this."

He cast his eyes down as I spoke, and the sweat stood in great drops on his forehead. I knew I tortured him; but it was for Amy's sake, and I turned the rack unrelentingly.

"Yes, Mr. Blakesley; you did not wish her to think you loved her, but you could not resist the craving of your heart to know whether she loved you; and, man-like, you indulged yourself, though to learn it cost you an additional struggle afterward, and hazarded her peace of mind."

"You mistake!" he cried, starting up. "Heaven knows I would sooner die than wound her. Her peace is on a sure foundation, and no human being can disturb it. I may have been misguided, but I thought I was doing what was best. I knew of no woman who so well as yourself could fulfill the duties ordinarily expected of a minister's wife—who could so readily help me in my great work. Ah! the work is indeed great, and my strength is small, and my soul yearns over the people around me. I have watched you. You are strong of will, courageous of purpose, energetic in action, full of health and vigor, and you have determined to dedicate all to the service of God. Why not do so as my companion?"

"As your companion—yes, so long as I remain in this vicinity; as your wife—*no*, a thousand times *no*! Wrong not your own soul so much as to ask it. Desecrate not so utterly that mystical union which God honors by comparing it to His own eternal union of love with His Church. God gives a man a wife for himself, and not for the service of the world; and you—you dare not trust Him, and take the angel he has sent to bless your life."

He grasped my wrist, and muttered, while his eyes seemed to search mine with their fire, "Hush! hush! I dare not think how happy I should be with Amy! I should be absorbed with her; she would draw my heart from the work to which I have dedicated it. I dare not trust myself with so great happiness!"

"Oh! do not so blaspheme God's best gift to

man! He desires not the sacrifice you mean to bring Him. He asks of you no more than you can do with a heart at rest. Do not suffer senseless advice to persuade you otherwise, and lead you to a course that will cripple your feet and paralyze your hands, as it has in the case of hundreds of your fellow-laborers. Do any thing else from a sense of duty, but never marry except from love."

I spoke warmly, energetically, as I felt, for my blood tingled with long repressed excitement. Varying emotions passed over his face as he listened, and now he bent forward, resting his head upon his clasped hands, and remained a long time silent. I, too, was motionless again, turning myself from him, and listening to that voice of the waves which evermore in wailing monotone uttered to my ear those words, "Never, never, forever more!" At length Mr. Blakesley arose, calm and dignified as ever, and held out his hand to me. I gave him mine, for I knew well he would not again ask to keep it.

"Truly you were sent here to do me good," he said. "I believe I was about to commit a great sin. I see the miserable sophistries that were deluding me. Amy will quicken all my energies to labor, although she can not work with me."

"Your eyes are not opened yet," I said. "Never think again that Amy does not work, even more powerfully, more usefully than you. A thousand such as you might better be spared than the influence of her sweet and holy character. You teach Christianity—she illustrates it. Judge if her work be not as acceptable as yours. Without her, I doubt if you will not fail to attain the rarer and higher Christian graces—with her, you can not fail to be doubly useful. You may not be able to win her for your wife, for a thousand scruples will prevent; but her whole life will be brightened by the knowledge that you wished it, and her love will be the greatest blessing you can have in this world. Dear Amy! pure-hearted angel! I almost envy you the love she will give you. Go to her." He held my hand a moment after I ceased to speak, and his eyes scanned my face. Then in a low tone, as if thinking aloud, he said,

"This is a friendship worth having. I thank this girl more than if she had loved me; and with these words he went away.

While we had been talking the fog advanced upon us with the tide, and after I was left alone it deepened and thickened until I could see nothing but the rock frowning behind me, and the sands and gravel for a few rods around; while before me the ocean plunged sullenly from under the heavy mist to break at my feet, with hoarse whispers and wailings, that ran along the beach and lost themselves in a faint continuous undertone which pervaded sea and air as with spirit voices.

My excitement of feeling had died; my cherished purpose was fulfilled. I pictured in

my mind the scene probably then being enacted in the parlor I had left—Amy's sweet tones, tremulous with glad surprise, and the mingled dignity and reverence with which that noble heart (for it was noble) would be laid open before her.

For myself, I had done with love, I had done with hope, for this world; and yet I did not repine as I sat there with the chill dampness touching my lips and cheek, and folding me in a cold embrace that stilled my pulses like the touch of death. Only my thoughts went forward with a prayer, to the time when it might be the will of God that the discipline of this life should end; and backward to dwell upon the joys I had lost, with a mute thankfulness that once I had known a happiness so entire.

Ha! do the dead indeed return! Has the sea brought him to me in this wild night glooming around! Were those weird sounds I listened to indeed voices from the spirit world! It was strange, through all those weary months I had not even dreamed of him, though I had asked that boon of Heaven as its choicest gift. Now he stood there before my waking eyes, just where the surf broke on the shelving beach, face and form distinct, though dimly visible through the curling vapors eddying between us on the wind; stood there and looked around as if he sought me, and passed on silently with his face still turning toward the spot where I sat.

I was mute, spell-bound, cold and pale with the thrill of terror that for a moment possessed me, a moment only. As he went slowly out of sight, fading away phantom-like in the gray mists, an emotion stronger than fear sent the warm blood thrilling through my veins. Had I not longed for this; and now he was going; he had not spoken; perhaps it grieved him that I could fear and shrink; perhaps he would never come to me again, though I should weary Heaven with prayers. With the thought I sprang up, I ran after him, I stretched out my arms to the pale ghost.

"Stay! stay!" I cried; "wait for me, speak to me, this once, once more!"

There was an answering cry, a quick step on the beach. Oh, the strong arms that held me up! Oh, the warm kisses that seemed to draw my soul out through my lips! Oh, the living, beating heart that pressed mine, close, close, as if we could never part again!

Now God be thanked for the mercy which ended, for the blessedness which crowned my year of discipline! It is unnecessary to tell how my lover was preserved, after the accident that threw him overboard in a stormy night in mid ocean; or how the ship that rescued him being bound to the South Seas, it happened that his letters never reached us. When he arrived and found he had been so long supposed dead, he chose to come in person and undeceive me.

As we ascended the path leading to the farmhouse I saw a light from Amy's room gleaming out into the mist. They had forgotten to drop the curtains, and as we passed the windows I

paused and looked in. Mr. Blake lay sat by the sofa holding Amy's hand in his, and she listened to his earnest words with drooping eyelids and a soft glow on her face which expressed ineffable peace and joy. Evidently all was explained, and her loving heart at rest.

"Look, George!" I said; "if I am better than I used to be—if my views of life and duty accord with yours more fully than they used to do—thank Amy for it. She has been my angel!"

OUR WIVES.

GOOD Mother Nature is queen of all rhetoricians, and does not need any lessons from the schools to teach her to put the best foot foremost, and vail all burdensome duties by charming plausibilities. She means, for example, to make of the roguish urchin a hard-working man in spite of himself; and straightway, instead of lecturing him on industry, and setting him to saw wood or pound stone, she sends him into the play-ground, and there, before the little fellow has learned his A B C, or gone from petticoats into his first breeches, she compels him to train, by the very discipline of his merry games, the strength of muscle and the skill of sense that are to be used in his future trade or profession. With equal cunning she wins his gentle little playmate to a different yet equally significant post of care. The girl's doll is that good mother's occult teacher of the solemn meaning of womanhood and maternity; and, before she knows it, the little lassie has been going through, in sport, the serious work of her life. The same veiled purpose runs through the romance of youthful love and courtship. The sweet maiden, who gives her heart to her adoring swain, knows generally little of herself or him, or of the grave cares and troubles that must come with marriage. Moonlight walks and tender epistles begin the fond persuasion that the bridal vail and ring consummate, and the dear romantic young creature is a wife. It is well that it is so, and we do not quarrel with Nature—which, to us, is another name for Providence—for sending merry heralds in the van of her marches, and introducing every summer of care with vernal blossoms of beautiful hope. But let us understand the meaning of the fair illusion, and we shall win from it cheerful wisdom instead of bitter disappointment. Let us believe that our childish play and our young romance are intended to lead us to grave duties that we might else shrink from; and that, if we meet these duties faithfully, our play and romance will come back once more to bless our manly toil and our wedded love with their genial light.

We must expect, however, a season of disappointment between the maiden's romance and the wife's matured experience. The maiden had dreamed a thousand dreams of the future, and of the thousand paths of her cloud-land she must learn to be content to follow in the main but a single path, and this, too, with some abate-

ment of its supposed variety and loveliness. She must be content to find in her husband not always a romantic lover, and be glad to have in him a faithful and honorable partner. She must not expect that he will prolong, through months or years of ordinary cares and satisfactions, the same intensity of solicitude and passion that flashed out in the fears and delights of that first love. As well ask the lightning to be always in play, and forget that its mysterious power, in the harmonized electric current, may work all the more beneficently under the calm sky than in the storm-clouds. God help the young wife in all her trials and duties and blessings! If our poor pen can avail her any thing, these passing words shall be in her interest, and shall try to cheer her heart if they may not enlighten her mind.

That matches are always made in heaven we can not say, for certain terrible misalliances present a most formidable exception; yet we are quite sure that most matches are not made on earth—or, rather, are not made at all—but rather come of themselves out of those strange depths of our being in which love, genius, and enthusiasm take their rise. The parties may be able to name reasons why they should marry, yet the motive that impels them to the union may wholly defy calculation; and, instead of being any definable reason, it may be a mutual fascination, wholly indefinable. A man may be pretty good at argument, and give reasons for his choice of a wife; while the fact generally is that he never made any choice at all, but, before he knew it, and in spite of his logic, he finds that he is gone—without his own act conquered and possessed. Woman is almost always a poor hand at argument, yet she generally tries to prove the wisdom of her consent, while all the while the emotion that fixes her consent is a stubborn fact little within her control. We are talking somewhat sentimentally, perhaps, yet not making fools of ourselves, by taking love and marriage out of the province of reason or conscience. We give reason and conscience a veto power, and urge every woman to avoid taking any step in the face of reason and conscience; while we do not expect or desire to leave to logic or ethics the business of inspiring the tender passion. Our being is full of mysteries; and many as have been the attempts to solve the problem of elective affinities, it remains precisely where it did in the beginning; and we must look to each stubborn experience to decide for each man and each woman whom each loves and whom each wishes to marry.

It is no proof of the merely prudential nature of marriage that woman waits to be asked, and, having no boundless range of preference, must choose between her suitors, whether few or many. The fact that new interest may spring up in her mind toward a suitor upon whom she looked with indifference before he became a suitor, instead of proving the supremacy of prudential calculation may prove the very reverse, by showing that the suit of itself touches

a new spring of emotion, and that the feminine heart, like many other sweet things in nature, needs a little pressing before it can open and show its rarest treasure. Notwithstanding the magic power of such pressure many suitors are unsuccessful; and, if novels and gossips are to be believed, every woman, whether married or single, has rejected one or more applicants. Without arguing the matter theoretically, we submit our philosophy of the affections to the common law of the heart, which all women take for granted, and which needs no codifying, because it is recognized at every tea-table in Christendom. That there is such a thing as love all women believe; and that it is a very mysterious thing, and with a large element of fatality in its composition, a great many women are ready to confess without placing themselves on the list of fools or sentimentalists. What place this said love should have in marriage is another question, and one upon which authorities differ, and women as well as men speculate somewhat boldly.

Our doctrine is a very plain one; and we take our position neither with the sentimentalists, who would have a girl marry the first good-looking fellow who takes her eye—as if the first fancy were a final fate—nor with the utilitarians, who would have her estimate her husband as she estimates her purse—by the amount of money held. We believe in the affections and we believe in the utilities too, and do not see any more incompatibility between a true heart and good sense in marriage than in the spheres of friendship, patriotism, or religion. Grant that a woman's affections are or ought to be the characteristic elements of her nature, do not her affections partake of the quality of her whole culture? She may have a true and loving heart, with a broad and keen understanding, and then she will *feel*, not like a fool, but like a woman of sense, and her feeling will not be blind to reason or conscience; not so blind as to throw herself away upon some scape-grace whose air and mustache may fascinate her girlish whim, and to elope with the man whose interest for her mind and heart might vanish in the acquaintance of a day if not in the duration of a dance. A sensible woman has a nature that can kindle, but it kindles from its pure depths, not from a shallow surface; and she will not mistake the flashy glare of a tinder-box for the steady and sacred light of a rational and persistent affection. All of the emotional parts of our nature stand closely connected with our habitual convictions; and although we may not reason down a foolish passion by logic, the mind habitually trained to be reasonable will be little likely to be the sport of foolish passion. If love is like music, and moves the heart as music moves the ear—we know not how—we must remember that an ear well disciplined is charmed only by good music, and keeps and even quickens its sensibility by the cultivation of just tastes and perceptions. The point here at issue is of vast importance to our young people in these

novel-reading days, when so many girls throw themselves away upon good-for-nothing fellows under the plea of following their heart's destiny; and when so many heartless calculators take these very cases as texts to back up their beggarly worldliness, and to prove that love is all moonshine, and that matrimony is what the desperate old punster called it—merely a matter of money. The true idea of what it is to be a wife, if fully understood, would give both errors a quietus, and bring good sense into closest alliance with the affections in the discipline of our families and the marriage of our sons and daughters.

What is the true idea of a wife? Is she merely a woman who, by legal or ecclesiastical process, is allowed to leave her own home and share her husband's bed and board? She may do this and be at heart no true wife, but according as fortune smiles or frowns she may be the toy of his prosperity or the drudge of his poverty. The true wife is what she is by being one with her husband under God, in a union of mind and heart in view of all the great aims and uses of life. She looks to marriage as the completing of her being, by uniting her womanly affections with his manly strength. The union rests, indeed, upon natural instincts, but quite as truly upon mental and moral affinities; so clear it is that man and woman differ as much in mind and heart as in physical constitution, and each being yearns to integrate itself in the companionship with the other in a tie that is strongest and most blessed after the passions have ceased to heat the blood. Take this idea of marriage as a union for life between persons who are so like each other as to meet upon the same plane of natural, moral, and mental congeniality, yet so unlike as to make up each other's deficiencies in the main points, and we have a good starting-point for our hints upon the conduct and welfare of wives. The idea that we cherish has much to do with the character that we form, and if it were believed throughout America that the due marriage of daughters depended more upon a reasonable notion of what it is to be a wife than upon a smattering of French and a little thrumming upon the piano, there would be such a revolution in our households and boarding-schools as has not been seen within the memory of man. We do not think it uncharitable to say that much of the present method of schooling girls has an eye to their future settlement, and that those schools are looked upon with especial favor that deal most largely in the accomplishments most likely to win ready, if not substantial admiration from men. Now we have no quarrel with accomplishments when made to grace a genuine culture, but when made the end of effort they are a miserable sham, and about as commendable as the barren fig-tree which holy lips pronounced accursed because it had "nothing but leaves." A man who finds that he has married a wardrobe and a piano, and not a living, loving woman, is most egregiously taken in, and the woman who has been

led by this system to seek in her husband only a purse and an equipage, may find herself in a still sadder plight.

We know very well that in this world nothing is perfect, and that we can not have any thing exactly to our mind, and therefore the wife must expect to forgive defects and have her own defects forgiven. Here is precisely our ground for insisting upon congenial marriages; for where there is a sound and reasonable attachment, there will be readiness to forgive and be forgiven, so as to make mutual imperfections incentives toward new perfection by charity and good counsel.

We do not propose giving any infallible rule for the decision that makes of the maiden a wife; but we are content with the principle already indicated. According to this principle, she has the best husband who makes of her the best wife. The relation is mutual, and each is blessed by blessing the other. Hence the frequent folly of the scheming mammas who are always on the look-out for shining fortunes for their daughters, and who take it for granted that men, like fish, are to be caught, not for their own benefit, but solely for the benefit of the catcher. Ill-starred is the marriage that tempts a woman to look upon a husband as a victim to be plucked, or as a piece of property to be used. Ill-starred is any marriage that tempts the woman to claim only indulgence and abjure sacrifice. The wedding lights have a baleful glare and portentous woes numberless to every thoughtful eye, if the lamp of sacrifice does not burn among them and temper by its solemn ray their festive brilliancy. She is no true wife who is not willing to make sacrifices for her husband, and we should consider that marriage as happiest that favors sacrifices that are mutual and reasonable. Noble women may marry men of fortune or fame, and be happy in the enjoyment of a position which they have not helped them win; but as our human nature is, and as God's providence generally rules, we regard her as the happiest wife who can share somewhat in her husband's early limitations and hardships, and rise with him to his well-earned rewards and honors. We do not believe that the best husbands are prizes to be caught, but rather fruits to be cultivated, and that she is the favored wife who finds the good fruit ripening under her kind care. Our American life is constantly showing us how precarious marriages of mere ambition or avarice are, and illustrating the superiority of character over circumstance in the prospects of our young men and their families. Let our daughters marry the young men whom they can love for their genial worth and respect for their intelligence and enterprise; let them be willing to share and lighten the privations and labors of the first years of business or professional life, and we believe that their prospects not only of satisfaction but also of prosperity are far greater than if they insisted upon beginning with a shining fortune without caring much about the man behind it. In the very nature of things, marriage, in our

country, must be a close personal relation, and not a state policy or conventional ceremony. The wife must be her husband's companion for good or ill, and she makes the saddest of mistakes if she enters into the companionship without any genuine attachment to him. With such attachment she can not only cheerfully share his changes of condition, and bear him up in his reverses, but she can mould his character by her influence; for, hard subjects as we men are, there are few things that we refuse to do or to give up for the sake of the loyal wife whose love for us we believe to be as real as her own heart.

Perhaps we are wasting words in urging our mothers and daughters to beware of favoring marriages of mere convenience; and woman may be so confiding and adhesive as readily to give her love after she has given her hand, if not before. But the experiment is a somewhat dangerous one, and our sober America has more than once shown that, if the husband is not the lover, the lover may be sought elsewhere—if not in positive guilt, in a frivolity and latitude that are next door to guilt. French manners are coming among us fast enough with our foreign population, without needing any forcing upon our own soil; and the growth of habits of extravagance among us that makes wealth necessary to a certain social position, has made sad wreck of many a heart and home.

Strong, then, in our conviction that the true wife is she who accepts marriage as her providential sphere, alike for her husband's welfare and her own, by the completion of both natures in affectionate and rational union, we have our point of view for considering the perils and privileges of the relation. Our thoughts must be but passing hints, for we are writing not a book but an essay. We do not shrink from the very obvious remark that, as the relation is entire, and is physical as well as moral and intellectual, it demands careful attention to all physical laws that bear upon domestic welfare. The wife is to be one with her husband, and may reasonably expect to be mother of his children. It is her sacred duty to take care of her health, and to know and follow the laws of her delicate and marvelous organism. We need not repeat the commonplaces of physiology as to the proper care of the maternal system, although we do not believe that half enough has been said upon the subject, or that mothers and daughters look half seriously enough upon the magnificent function of maternity which is bestowed upon woman, and which more than balances the comparative limitation of her genius for creation in art and literature. What would a girl who is a rare pianist or dancer say of the barbarism that would artificially dwarf or crook her hand or foot so as to ruin her beautiful art? Is not maternity a more majestic gift than music or dancing? And what shall we say of the folly that neglects or injures its marvelous functions, thereby entailing weakness, if not deformity, upon innocent offspring. But without pressing this point further, let us urge upon the true

wife the necessity of constant watch over the nerves of her peculiarly sensitive system, from which so large a portion of her moods and dispositions come. The nerves, especially the great sympathetic nerves, have much to do with the welfare of us all; and the man is a novice who has not learned that headache and the blues, instead of originating in the brain, come from the stomach and its net-work of nerves. But with woman the nerves of sympathy are the ruling powers of her being, and within the sympathetic ganglia of her maternal system she seems to have an occult universe of her own, with movements as marvelous as those of the solar and lunar worlds above. Her little and great tempers come mostly from this source, and are often as unforeseen and unexpected by herself as the changes of the sky. It may be that, to a certain extent, nature compels woman to a certain nervous excitability, and that the physiologist, as well as the poet, must call her "*Varium et mutabile semper*." But nature, which imposes liabilities, offers compensations; and no greater mistake can be made than to regard woman's constitution as wholly given over to caprice and excitement merely because it is peculiarly sensitive. If touched to finer issues than ours, her constitution can be touched by more gentle affections, and the nerves themselves have a principle of compensation in their susceptibility to soothing and cheering influences. They feel as quickly comforts as irritations, and woman's life wins at once new calmness and power the moment she learns the secret of curing one emotion by another, and especially the art of checking all excessive nervous sensibility by healthy muscular exercise. A true method of life will make far more, instead of less, of the nervous sensibilities, by giving them all their full and various play, with a fair share of social excitement to keep them awake, and a fair share of out-door activity to keep them composed. The wife who knows this art will not need the fearful old-fashioned specifics for putting the whip and curb to her nerves, for she can be lively enough without green tea, and calm enough without laudanum or paregoric. We urge this point with the greater emphasis because, next to the intemperance of husbands, we believe that the nervous petulance of wives may be named among the sources of domestic discomfort and alienation. The delicate constitution of our American women gives to their nervous sensibility a fearful importance, and the facts that are from time to time made public imply a vast amount of less conspicuous, but perhaps equally desolate, suffering.

The wife's sensitive organization is much enhanced by the nature of American society, which has so little domestic stability, and constantly favors changes of fortune as of locality. We are, as a people, in a continuous revolution, and, in city and country, the man who lives and dies in the old homestead of his fathers is the rare exception. This mutability tells some-

times sadly upon the happiness of women, who are naturally adhesive and conservative, and take ready and deep root in the soil where they are first planted. The ordeal of the first years of married life, which is even to congenial natures not without severe trials before two natures, in some respects different, are assimilated, is all the severer when attended with the frequent changes and startling incongruities of the social position; and the American girl who has been the pet of her father's house may, without falling into unkind hands, have many a misgiving and sinking of heart when she finds herself in a new and strange home, with a husband tried by business cares that never intruded upon the old hours of honeyed courtship, and among neighbors who are strangers to the companions, and perhaps to the associations and refinements, of her youth. Let her lot be of average good fortune, she must find that society, in many respects, is unsatisfactory and aggravating, and she is tempted by the universal emulation to measure her condition by what she desires, not by what she possesses; and, unless she has a better guide than the ruling fashion, she is led to count her competence a disappointment in view of the more brilliant prizes that have fallen into some dashing neighbor's eager hands. This habit of invidious comparison is the fatal bane of American families; and when the wife's envyings happen to cross the husband's ambition, and her social vanity refusing to enter into his business schemings, claims for ostentation the time and substance that he needs to cope with some rival's grasping competition, woe comes to the household, and the good angel veils his face and is ready to depart. Let him not depart; but let the wife, who should know him best, keep the heavenly guest; and if lonely self-discipline or devout sacrifice be too great an effort, let her bring social fellowship to her aid, and comfort herself and her husband by such society as blesses and edifies the home. The wife who will use the good privileges of any village or city, and encourage the presence of the friends whom, though few, she most respects, will find herself mightily strengthened; and a few intimates of true quality will cheer and help her far more than the whole world of frivolous fashionists, who care for her the less after all her attention to them, and not seldom make sport of her best endeavors to entertain them in style. Let the wife know that every associate whom she and her husband both like and respect is a tower of strength and a treasure of comfort to the family, and a few sensible, well-principled, good-hearted, independent men and women may be a match for all the foolery of the town, and create an atmosphere in which every good affection and right purpose thrives. Happy is the wife whose best friends are also her husband's, and who is nearer him and his worthiest purposes by their companionship. Ill fares the wife who takes the other course, and, surrounded by frivolous triflers who despise all serious thought or toil, tempts

her husband to like fully in the opposite extreme, by quitting home to chat forever with the drudges of the market-place, if not to carouse with the revelers of the club and gambling-house.

As human nature is there must be some standard of judgment outside of the house itself; and for good or for ill the wife, as well as the husband, must set the watch by some ruling time-keeper. The greater the need, therefore, of having the true standard of conduct presented in the companionship, as well as the principles, of the family. We remember once asking a most excellent lady, in the midst of winter, in a house scorching with furnace heat, how warm it was by the thermometer, and her reply was that they did not use any thermometer, but regulated the temperature by their own feelings. As their feelings might not be, and were not mine, and as the wife's point of summer heat might not be exactly the same as the husband's, it would surely be better to have some rule to go by. In domestic affairs there is a yearning for such a rule, especially in any conflict of tempers or purposes; and if no higher standard prevails, social cliques and public opinion will have their influence. Thus, in our America, the wife is protected far more by public opinion than by law, and every reputable home in the land is guarded by a power that is as penetrating and effective as the atmosphere itself. American opinion invariably sides with the wife against the husband in every instance of wrong, and tolerates no neglect of her comfort unless her faithlessness has forfeited his protection. In spite of the indignation of the orators of women's rights conventions at the wrongs of women, she has at the bar of public opinion more rights than the husband; and she may, perhaps, with impunity, treat him with an indifference or neglect that would not be tolerated on his part toward her. The statute law may, indeed, in some cases, unjustly restrict her rights of property, but public opinion abates the injustice by insisting upon the most liberal provision for her comfort during the husband's lifetime and after his death. In the favored circles of American society, or above a certain line of limitation and hardship, the wife is almost the queen of the household, and it is taken for granted that the husband's toil and gains are to be tributary to her elegance and comfort. Now, with all the follies of our American lady-worship, we have an idea that a noble conviction is bound up, and will ere long vindicate a fairer future for the wife, by claiming for her a true place in our sacred humanity. There is a certain national sentiment of chivalry that only needs to articulate itself into a principle to make the way clear for her. We ought to expect much smoke before the fire burns clear, and it is, in some respects, quite encouraging that the true place of woman is now so widely and so warmly discussed, and the laws of love and marriage are debated. The American heart, which needs only to codify its own common law

to set the matter right, will be sure to stand by the wife's essential rights, and defend her against the tyrants who deny that she has any will of her own, and the libertines who aim to identify her will with her impulses, and so enslave her to her passions and caprices. It is not easy to say which most insults the wife, the bigot who makes her the minion, or the sentimentalist who makes her the mistress of her husband, with freedom to leave him or to be left by him at pleasure. The free-love doctrine, in its first principle, denies the very essence of the affection that makes the woman the wife. It leaves out the idea of divine law, immutable obligation, which is not only more binding, but more attractive than any impulse, however impassioned. Passion attracts for the hour, but duty attracts for a lifetime, and has the eternity of the God who ordained it. We firmly believe that not only the permanence but even the charm of the marriage relation lies in its inviolableness, and that it would not only be less sacred, but less attractive, if the tie were dissoluble at the pleasure of the parties. There is a solemn fascination in the highest sanctity, and every true woman who takes her marriage vow is won quite as much by the inviolable sacredness of the obligation as by the affectionate confidence of the promise. She does not wish to have any *ifs* or *buts* in her vow or her husband's troth, and the marriage is no marriage, but adultery, the moment the thought is entertained that the union is only one of pleasure, and the children who may be its issue, if a stronger impulse favors, can be virtually orphaned by the recreancy of either or both parents to the sacred covenant.

We suppose that the faults of wives are chiefly one of two classes, according to their temperament and disposition, or according as sensitiveness of feeling or strength of will may be the prevailing characteristic. If the disposition be strong and self-relying, it may make the wife the heroine of the household, the pillar of the husband's hope in the time of disappointment and perplexity. But if this strength of nature is perverted, it may make her the petulant tyrant, the terrible shrew of the household, with a tongue set on fire of hell. If, on the other hand, the prevailing trait be sensibility—however quick or tender—it may, in its true office, make her either the sympathizing comforter of her husband, giving a ready balm for every wound; or, in its inverted form, it may make her the weak sentimentalist or the frivolous flirt, wasting on bad novels and equivocal beaux the affections that belong to her own family. Of the good and bad type of these *hard* and *soft* classes of wives we Americans can furnish notable specimens. We abound in brave heroines and gentle comforters, and are not wholly lacking in fearful shrews and contemptible flirts. We could say something more of flirting married women, and of their ways, especially at hotels and watering-places, when their husbands are at their toil, drudging to find means to supply the conjugal wardrobe, equipage, and table;

but we forbear, content with this passing hint, and not wishing to have our ears pulled by some gentle friends who are just on the borders of the folly without being committed to the sin.

The New Testament gives us all the safeguard that the wife's conscience needs, and the law of the land, if it may not of itself create, should not consent to undo what God hath ordained, or sever those whom he hath joined together. It may be that hereafter Christianity may be found as powerful a sanction in inducing and perpetuating marriage as it once was in inducing celibacy. In the early ages, when self-sacrifice was needed in a peculiar form, and the whole domestic civilization was to be reformed, and home and friends were to be left in order to preach the Gospel to the heathen, or to defend it amidst near enemies, celibacy was the providential vow of the loyal servants of God. In our age, when the Gospel has now a foothold upon the earth, and the problem is not so much to convert the nations to the Gospel as to infuse its spirit into the general life, and organize religion as a family bond, it may be that marriage is the providential vow, while, in strange opposition to the primitive times, celibacy is now the easy choice of worldly indulgence. We are quite firm in the faith that a truer religious purpose would reinaugurate mar-

riage as the decree of God and the blessing of humanity, alike by putting an imperative check upon all licentious indulgence, and moving all men and women who are drawn together by a true congeniality to unite their hearts and homes, under God's blessing, more earnest to follow His will and their own holiest instincts than to wait upon the world's fashions and policy, until the inexorable years shall call them childless, and perhaps heartless, to the grave. Then hotels and monster boarding-houses, filled with celibates who are not always monks or nuns, would dwindle, and true homes of husbands, wives, and children would arise in their place.

We are perhaps writing in a too sober vein, and we might more easily indulge in ready satire over the infirmities of wives and the mishaps of married life. But we are willing to err on the right side, and say our poor word most heartily for the good wife, and for every principle and institution that gives her light to the home and the social circle, and raises up children to call her blessed, and to be themselves a blessing to the nation and the world. Surely, so far as our own America is concerned, the best of all missionaries for our new and old States are good wives, and the homes, affections, and principles that go with them.

NEXT YEAR.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

THE lark is singing gayly in the meadow,
The sun is rising o'er the far blue hills,
But she is gone, the music of whose talking
Was sweeter than the tones of summer rills.
Sometimes I see the blue-bells blooming in the forest,
And think of her blue eyes;
Sometimes I seem to hear the rustle of her garments—
'Tis but the wind's low sighs.

I see the sunbeams trail along the orchard,
And fall, in thought, to tangling up her hair;
And, sometimes, round the sinless lips of childhood,
Breaks forth a smile such as she used to wear.
But never any pleasant thing around, above us,
Seems to me like her love—
More lofty than the skies that bend and brighten o'er us,
More constant than the dove.

She walks no more beside me in the morning,
She meets me not on any summer eve;
But once, at night, I heard a low voice calling,
"Oh, faithful friend, thou hast not long to grieve!"
Next year, when larks are singing gayly in the meadow,
I shall not hear their tone,
But she, in the dim, far-off country of the stranger,
Will walk no more alone.

OUR QUEER PAPA:

A CASE OF ORGANIC AFFECTION.

I.

IT was glorious June at the summer resort of Old Babyland. Bathing the world about that placid place in rose, and gold, and luxurious shadow; thrilling the ear with bee murmurs and the sighs of grain swept by the gales afieid; beaming in the ripples of the close-by lake, with a smile that said, "Come lie on my breast—be kissed by me!" flooding with a peaceful yet earnest sense of delicious life, all men, women, boys, girls, babies, trees—universal being, that dwelt in the fragrant tranquillity of Old Babyland!

"Oh, that was a beautiful place! Good people who go to the springs—surf-floundering public whom I love—ye who do all summer the same things ye have been doing all winter, in hotter places and with less room to do them in, perennial six-times-a-day dressers, bore-martyled, bill-distressed, mosquito-bitten, sulphurdrenched souls—envy me! For Old Babyland is a nook among the mountains, far, far up on the very top of Sullivan County, where fashion cometh not, but home-happiness goeth with you—where nature has never been dethroned, and civilization sits from June to September at her feet, drinking in her eloquent music, learning her wise, sweet lessons with a joyful meekness. To the wide piazzas of the Mansion House, close by the singing ripples and the thickets of laurel-rose, among the highland birches, and beeches, and evergreens, solaced by the birds and the echoes of Kaw-na-ong-ga, "The lake that ever is silver-white," come the fathers, the mothers, the young men and maidens, and the little children, to live their too short three months of hearty simplicity, loving one another, each truthful with each, gathering cheek-roses and eye-dew, and growing strong for the labors that must meet them again on the autumn verge of Old Babyland. To be there, oh my friends, was like taking a run out into Paradise for a short vacation from natural depravity.

Old Babyland was a surprise to me—altogether. All day I had been jolted in an ancient stage over a road described by an Irish friend of mine as being half-way up the second hill before you were down the first—along all sorts of highly dangerous and picturesque precipices—through tan bark peelings, all overflowed by black tarns, where the great dead trees stood like monster, unsheeted ghosts, shivering, ankle deep, in the chill waters of Styx, as they waited for a Charon who would not come. And of a sudden, at sundown, we burst without warning upon Old Babyland; right out of the dense, dark pines, as one might say, pop! or that other word of traditional celerity, the name of the late John Robinson.

It was like feeling in the pocket of a queer, old, cast-off pair of pantaloons, and pulling out a gold eagle. To an author, that would be a delightful surprise; but not so great a one as this exquisite place, with all its specialities of

lake and cloud, beautiful natural women, manly men, wild, little, happy children, and hearty welcome.

On the day after I arrived there, the Old Babylanders had "a celebration." I forget what it was for, but no matter; they had them almost all the time, and on the slightest provocation. Sometimes somebody's birthday was the auspicious occasion; then again it was a new wharf for the pleasure-boats, which, by the unbounded munificence and sleepless industry of somebody else among the gentlemen, had been erected for the Old Babylanders, and must be consecrated with speeches, feasting, and song. The beauty of Old Babyland was this peculiarity—that we all looked through rose-colored, convex spectacles at every little pleasant thing, till it seemed big and beautiful enough to be commemorated by perpetual libations. I verily believe that if Mr. W. Dubbleyew, one of the most distinguished of our community, had bought a new pair of boots without keeping it very private, we should all of us have taken him out with us six miles to a grove behind a potato patch, and made him put them on, in connection with a congratulatory address, an original poem, and six songs composed for the occasion to popular airs. After which, we should probably have had a corn-roast and some lemonade.

The day of this particular celebration opened clear and fair. Kaw-na-ong-ga was more silvery than ever. The breeze was a delicious southeastern. All nature appeared ready for the picnic with us.

That is the difference between town and country happinesses. Be jolly in the woods, and all out-doors will seem going on your good time with you. But who ever expects Stewart's, or Tiffany's, or Haughwout's to show any exhilaration at the fact that he is going to hear Gazzaniga in "Linda," or to Mrs. Feudejoie's grand fancy ball?

Amidst these sympathetic surroundings I frisked along, the gayest of the gay. An author getting up his susceptibility to the picturesque, washing the mussed soul he had worn through all the winter galas of town in the great bath of forest ether, blue-ing it in that sky which is warranted to take out all sallowness.

There were two detachments to our picnic party that day—No. 1, the Oldsters; No. 2, the Youngsters—a state of things which seldom occurred at Old Babyland, where we were all children for the summer, and wrinkles dropped out of their significancy as territorial boundaries of life, becoming only ideal lines of latitude and longitude. But to-day the children took it into their little heads to picnic by themselves—to see how it would seem to have their own particular jollity; and, as an eminent favor, they made me the only exception among the big ones, and took me along because I could tell mouse-stories.

In a little, cramped, baby hand, with the letters snugging up grotesquely against one an-

other like rows of hastily-stacked muskets, the sagest and most executive of my juveniles had prepared the following programme for the day :

PROGRAMME—(A FAC-SIMILE).

1. Getting our things on and Walking there
2. fixing the Table and entertaining each other
3. A Mouse-story, from Mr. Charles Washington Bird.
4. A harty laugh.
5. A song from Mr. C. w. Bird
6. Oats peas beans and Barley grows
- 7th, Getting ready to go home
8. Going Home.

II.

I had finished my mouse-story, and was answering as fast as I could all sorts of questions as to what became of the little fellow afterward, and whether his tail, which had been cut off by the trap, ever grew out again, when I saw a very pretty face peering out with a look of intense interest from a clump of rhododendrons which concealed the rest of its possessor. The children caught a glimpse of it at the same time, and jumped up from their seats on the dead pine-leaves, crying, "Clear out—go away—you're grown up!"

Elsie Landon—that was the interloper's name—emerged from her screen, and lifting her little white hands in pleading gesture, said,

"Please—please—let me stay here with you. I like it so much—and I am not very big."

That last was true. It was equally true that she was not very little. And truer yet, if there can be any comparative of that adjective, that had you been asked whether she was child or woman, you would not have known where to put her. Whether she was a child with one of those wonderful body-outstripping minds, or a woman with a great unsoiled heart that had not forgotten its snatches of cradle talk with the angels, I don't know to this day.

But as she stood there—a visible fact to be disposed of by the rigid youngster-judges—I doubt whether any such philosophic analysis much occupied their minds. She looked so very young just then, as she stood pleading, that the instinct rather than the logic of the children said, "Let her stay!" So she staid.

Her age, as we count years, was eighteen. Her form, the freshly blossomed woman; her height, five feet; her complexion, marble struck through with rose flush. Pygmalion's statue wife wore the same when she first woke in his arms to know she was a woman. Her hair, dark, waving, glossy brown, drooped low behind. Eyes of the same dye, large, long lashed, and thoughtful. Her nose just aquiline enough not to be Grecian; her mouth, rose-buds that kissed each other, but altogether too varying from the unrestrained wood-laugh to the grave look of puzzle when she said, "Why! do you think so?" to be measured like the ruins in a guide-book. I told you of her little white hands—shall I speak of the twinkling wondrous little feet? The ferns that she flitted over were kissed by them and did not tell. Nor will I. Though a little foot, and an ankle that melts into it out of its own smallness, are not the

least gifts of a beautiful girl. And Elsie Landon was beautiful.

Now I hope you will know why I thought, as the girl sat leaning her round, shining little head against the trunk of the birch whose root served her as chair, that she was an object very well worth being looked at.

"What in the world put it in your brain to come here among the babies?" said I. "The grown-up people are all dying to hear you sing; and there are at least six very good-looking young gentlemen among their party, any one of whom would give his best trout rod for the pleasure of showing you some new walk through the woods, or a blossomy bank that was particularly retired and romantic. Yet here you are with the children!"

"I was a child myself not a day ago," answered Elsie Landon; "and, do you know, I believe I never got quite over it. At home, in New York, when they want me to come down stairs and entertain company, just as like as not I will be sailing paper-boats, and making believe the pictures on the bottom of the bowl are a sea-buried city, just like the pretty Norman story. I sometimes blow bubbles too—though you mustn't tell any one. I know it is dreadfully improper."

It was very natural that, under the circumstances, I should have done just as I did. The tremendous yawning chasm between twenty-five and eighteen made me feel very paternal. The children were not noticing they had come to that part of their programme marked as the "harty laugh," and needed no assistance from us; so I took the little white hand in mine as a favorite gray-headed uncle might have done, kept it there, caressing it tenderly, and said,

"Yes, Elsie, you need an older, an experienced person, who has seen a great deal of the world, to advise you, to teach you—somebody like—like me—for instance." Whereupon I felt, and perhaps looked, a hundred years old.

"Oh, that is the very thing!" cried Elsie, clapping her hands; "the very thing I have wanted, oh, so long! And may I always come to you when I don't know what to do? When papa keeps on smoking and says, 'Just as you please, dear,' and mamma never stops knitting endless Shetland shawls, but answers, 'Ask your father'—may I come then?"

Exactly, that was the very time. And I would always tell her the infallibly right thing to do or say. I, the dispassionate and reliable Delphi, aged a quarter of a century. It was settled. And it would be splendid.

Just then all the children got through their hearty laugh and began to cry out, looking over the shoulder of little Julia Post, the infant manager who held the programme, "A song—a song, from Mr. C. Washington Bird!"

I sing a very good baritone—have taken a prominent part in several private operas—why was it, then, that my voice faltered in the cadenzas of the frog that would a wooing go without any regard to the peculiar preferences of his

mother? Probably because I was somewhat oppressed by the responsibility of having become the counselor of Old Babyland's prettiest girl on the first day of my acquaintance with her.

When I had concluded the last trill—dwelling with delightful effect upon the "Hey, says Anthony Roly!"—we all stood up in a ring upon the pine leaves and had "Oats peas beans." Oh, such frank exhibitions of preference! such guileless selections of the best loved, without fear of outsiders! Why in the world must children alone possess this charming gift of genuine loving and free confession? I believe that, when the golden age comes back again, the poor, young, honest book-keeper down town, the author who has only brains, will come up to dance "Oats peas beans" with their best beloved in Madison Square, and manfully call the young ladies into the ring to chant the child-marriage lay together with a maturer meaning; while the retired brokers and brokeresses, who own the maids, now no longer frowning, will gild the choral scene with ratifying smiles. But that is kept for the by-and-by.

At last I found myself standing in the middle—an object to be kissed and wedded. The little girl who had called me in just grazed my lips with her own and then ran away. After which, with one shout, my young Old Babylanders cried that I must call for some one.

"Little Mary Post!" No—Mr. Bird's mustache would scratch her. "Lizzie Lincoln, then!" She had been kissed enough for one day. I declare—it was a regular conspiracy—all the little girls excused themselves, and, before I knew it, I had named the whole ring, clear around to Elsie Landon. As I came to her I stopped and hesitated—she stood there, blushing at the prospective possibility of being kissed, and looked the woman to such a degree that, had her application been made then, the children would have denied her leave to stay, as being utterly too grown up. Really, for a minute I didn't know what to do. But, boys and girls, all the ring down to the tiniest, began to clamor for my choice, crying, "Take her! take her!" and that decided me to regard it as child-play, and do as I would have done fifteen years before. I clasped the timid white hand in my own, and led Elsie into the middle, saying, "Are you willing? It is all play, you know—besides, I am to be your monitor, and it pleases them so."

Pleases *them*!—venerable hypocrite of one score and five! Yet a downright fib would have been hardly too much depravity to risk for such a chance.

"Open the ring

And take her in,

And kiss her when you've got her in!"

So our lips met. Well was it that the children laughed and thought it good sport—well was it that that laughter woke me up from my dream of ravishment—or, so far as Mr. Charles Washington Bird had any thing to say upon the subject, we should have been kissing there even

into this-day—a monument as enduring as Love's wife, and several billion times as pleasant.

For as the honey-bee dallies with the larkspur, and flirts about the spirea, and just bends the tall spear of the golden rod, but, coming to the purple-stamened lily, absolutely lavishes himself thereon, and dies singing within her wondrous sweet abode, with a sense of long-sought fitness found at last, so did I—(who in my wanderings had kissed Illyrian girls under their plane-trees between moonlight and the Adrian Sea, maidens of Madrid through the jealousies whose blissfully tormenting bars let in nothing else but starlight; yea, let me speak the truth though my ears be boxed—one or two of my own sweet countrywomen also)—kiss Elsie Landon. For those lips of hers—I could swear it—were an untasted fountain, kept pure and nectarine for me to come to them; and I had come. My only grief was that I had ever kissed any one before.

Very rosy, and much prettier thereby, Miss Landon stood on the outside of the ring again, and the little holder of the programme declared the fact that the glass of this day's celebration had now been drained to the dregs numbers 7 and 8—"Getting ready to go home" and "Going home"—which performances time accomplished.

That evening I sat on the broad piazza of the Old Babyland Mansion House, smoking my plantation. I was buried in the deepest thought. The laugh of fox-and-geese playing children thrilled at my very elbow—the gay promenaders marched hither and thither behind me, singing as they went. And from far off on the lake came the shrill cry of rowers trying the cove and headland echoes. I noticed none of them. Suddenly came a little footfall close by my chair, and a pathetic young face, half in shadow, half in moonlight, bent over my shoulder,

"Are you sick to-night, Mr. Bird?"

I started, and saw Elsie.

"No, I am not sick, thank you, but asking myself questions. And having been brought up to be dutiful to my superiors, I have the habit of being so to myself, and always listen very profoundly till I have a right to answer. But *this* question I can't answer myself—perhaps you can. Let me get you a chair—here—sit down, please."

"Oh, thank you! Now for your catechism."

"Very well—here it is. I kissed you to-day—you were not angry?"

"No—that is—yes—no—I mean not; but I am afraid papa and mamma would think it was very improper."

"Very well answered for No. 1. Now for No. 2. Were you ever kissed before by any gentleman since you have been a woman?"

"What a funny question on the part of saucy Mr. Bird!"

"Never mind; answer it, unless you have great objections. I ask because I very much want to know."

"I was always as much a woman as I am

now; except, perhaps, that there was a time when it would not have made me blush to be kissed. Since then, nobody ever did it but papa, till you. Does that do?"

"Perfectly; and I am very much obliged to you."

"But why did you want to know?"

"I hope, certainly, to tell you some time. Just now, shall we walk with the rest?"

"If you please, I should like to."

My own questioning was at an end. I knew what I had suspected, and I resolved that, come what might, so far as a kind Providence and Mr. C. W. Bird could co-operate harmoniously, nobody thenceforth but I *should* kiss Elsie Landon. The resolution was quickly taken, and strengthened by an hour's walk thereafter, in which her little soft hand was drawn more closely than utility demanded against the lid of the heart which kept the resolution in.

III.

The father of Elsie Landon was a mighty queer old gentleman. One of those men whose constitution is so mixed with antagonist elements that you wonder how they ever manage to get a unanimous vote of their faculties upon any action of life. He was rich, very rich; such people often are; but how they succeed in business is a problem. His manner was as vacillating as this: He would suddenly snatch up a chair, pound it down in four or five places, look at his watch, whistle, and finally conclude to stand up. Elsie's improprieties he frequently treated by saying, "Horrible! really I seem to be in a bad dream! Well, I shall have to confine you to your room; go, reflect. Why, bless me! here are the horses at the door. Elsie, wouldn't you like to ride 'round the lake, my love?"

So he was in every thing. At that time I used to think, however, that the prevailing tendency of the creature was bad—savage—if any thing prevailing could be asserted of such a character. For he made Elsie cry half a dozen times a day, by blurting out upon her in his fierce way, or thwarting some little child-woman taste of hers, whose delicacy he could not appreciate; and many a time did I wish that Solomon had left some maxim appropriate to the regulation of paternal relations as well as filial, like "Spare the rod, and spoil the papa." In which case I should have liked to be Elsie's proxy.

I was in love with his daughter. I loved her as child—I loved her as woman—and that love was all the broader and deeper for attaching itself to all the multitudinous lights and shades of her nature in both aspects. But then, the old gentleman was worth—nobody knew how much; and I—nobody knew how little. Simply a good-looking gentleman with brains, who had published.

I tell you, the question how I should ever get her was a puzzle. It looked at me at dinner from the Landon family, across the castor; it lay like a handful of toast-crumbs in my bed at night; it accompanied me, like a bad prism,

in the rowing parties at night, and swallowed the moonlight. And still the lips that I had kissed in "oats peas beans"—that in some clime where the stars blessed lovers I would kiss for evermore—seemed growing, day by day, further off from my possession, airier and yet airier possibilities.

I was beginning to think favorably of the bottom of Lake Kaw-na-ong-ga as a permanent residence.

At last something happened. It was about a week after the celebration—the celebration in particular, for the Old Babylanders had got up a dozen since that—that I rowed across the lake, entirely by myself, to a secluded spot among the evergreens of the further bank, known among our pleasantly grandiloquent community as Lion's Den. Had the name been a true indication of its character, I should have hastened there with more cheerful alacrity. I felt as if a large fellow, of the tawny species, who had not been at dinner for three days, would be grateful company in my present state of mind.

One of those many light-draught Old Babyland boats, which a child could manage alone, was there before me, beached on the bright sand under the spruces. And on the stern-seat lay—as our venerable and jolly Old Babyland commodore used to say, in advertising waifs at the breakfast-table—"a splendid lady's gipsy hat, for which an owner was wanted."

I entered Lion's Den. No lion was there—but Elsie Landon, thrown down in abandon among the ferns, and crying bitterly.

For a moment I doubted whether to beat retreat as an intruder, or stay as a comforter. But the young girl heard my step, and as she looked up her face of startled hopelessness decided me. I drew near her, and in a gentle voice said, "Miss Landon—Elsie—have you forgotten the counselor to whom you were to come in trouble?"

Her great brown eyes looked up questioningly through their cloud, and she answered, "I wonder if you *could* help me?"

"To any extent, dear child. Try me and see!"

"Very well, then. *You* are the trouble." I started.

"Yes. The children have been talking all over the house about our—our—"oats peas beans" doings, and they have come to papa's ears. Oh! he went on dreadfully, I can tell you! He said it was the most shockingly improper thing he had ever heard of. In New York State he said that no ceremony was necessary to marry people; the least confession that you took each other was enough; and in this disgraceful country—so he talked—it was whiz! bang! and you were married before your own eyes without knowing it. Then said he, 'Farewell forever—depart, undutiful child—leave my gray hairs in shame, and be his—the penniless one's. You are married to him already!' Oh dear, dear, it is dreadful!" And she wept again as if her heart would break.

"Is it dreadful, dear little Elsie, to be married to me?"

"Yes, indeed, in that way which is so improper, and to any one who don't love you, but was in place. Oh, oh! do you know law? *Am I your wife?*"

"No, you are not now. But if you never are I shall not have any."

"What, Mr. Bird!"

"Only this. That I kissed you last Thursday. It was the first time you had been kissed since—well, since you were less a child than you are now, in some respects. At that time I made myself two promises. One was, that you should never kiss any body else; another was, that I never would kiss any girl but you. If I can't keep the first, then I will the last. Elsie Landon, you are all I have in the world—do you love me? Which promise shall I keep?"

"Keep the first." So faintly and timidly was it spoken, that the words seemed to fall on their very threshold, driven back from a portal closed by my own lips. And the kiss was long—for it was in loneliness, and how sweet those things are!

My inner Daniel was at peace with his lions.

"Let us be married this very day; let us run away to do it; let it be a clandestine match."

These were the very words I spoke, in spite of long precedent, in the teeth of gray authority, and notwithstanding the saw, old as the hills, that runaway matches are unhappy ones; for I never yet saw the man or the woman wretched in such a marriage that would not have been equally so in any; and I have been groomsman at two affairs of that sort which have turned out admirably—deliciously. You may depend upon it, no man ever induces a girl to run away with him unless they both love one another so much that they are, before Heaven, man and wife already—barring the case of some hypocritical he-lover in search of money, when it is the fault of the family that he wasn't kicked out in the earliest stage of the proceedings, before matters became serious.

But I did not mean to preach a sermon. I will only say that, tearfully but not reluctantly, Elsie consented to flee with me from her domineering father and the mother who was his serf. Both loved, but, thank Heaven, not like me!

IV.

Our going was by night. Twelve o'clock saw us behind the bays that for nearly an hour had been waiting us on the hill beyond the Mansion House. A word to the driver, and we were on our way to the railroad—a way twenty-five miles long.

Nestling against the heart for which she had given all things, Elsie rode snugly wrapped in my great traveling cloak, undistinguishable from me, as an emblem of our oneness which was shortly to be. And I called to mind how many times I had stood on station platforms to see the night trains come in, and beholding through the windows strong man-forms, each

with his best loved or deliciously enmeshed in his bosom of protection, had said in bitterness, "When will this be for me? Ah, Heaven! shall I always journey by night and alone?" And now—*thing must unluckily for!*—it was for me.

Do you ask if, through the clatter of fast hurrying hoofs, the forest sighings, and the beating of our close-pressed hearts, something like a cold, sharp voice was not audible, asking that bad question, "How will you live, sweet fools?" Perhaps so, but it was answered reverently and thus: "He who made love will care for the loving." We did not permit that first consciousness of mutual possession to be a thing of pangs.

The sky was on the hither edge of its morning gray when we came to the railroad. There were still two hours before the next train; we devoted them to two of the necessary vital functions, breakfast and getting married. But, for fear of surprise, we did the last first; and astonishing a very worthy country clergyman from his pillow, persuaded him to perform the ceremony, in a state bordering on somnambulism. At six o'clock A.M., while the old Babylanders were still as unconscious, if not as innocent, of marrying and giving in marriage as the angels, my wife, by the sanctities of oats peas beans and our own love, became so by the permission of the Rev. Gideon Plum.

You would have laughed to see the little house we began life in in New York. Just this side of Central Park (I write from Clinton Place) there is a vast territory, you know, which *hant ton* doth not inhabit. Fifth Avenue comes up to it, close by the Reservoir, splendid with freestone and wonderful cornices almost to the very brink, then stops abruptly, scents it with its rose-and-heliotrope-educated nose, and goes no further. Or, if it may be said to go further, it is from that instant a ruined spendthrift and loafer, out at its elbows, *malchoussé*, its last vest of green turf at pawn to the goats, and altogether nasty and melancholy. It is a tract of country to which Civilization has never pushed with her voice of "Get out of that!" to the pigs and the shanties. Don't turn up your nose again, Fifth Avenue!—we didn't live *there*. I was going on to say that three blocks this side of that, and out of its miasma, on the west side of town, there lies a middle land whose beauties as a place of residence, I venture to say, not a dozen of those people know who are waiting in some big house down town, sneered at as not at all "chic," till they can afford to live in a tall narrow one on the Avenue, which is. Willows and elms of age unregistered hang over it; it has a cabinet-picture glimpse of the North River on one side; there is cool grass there that would throw Landon into ecstasies; and though it be not mid-city, it shares meekly the Corporation benedictions of Croton and gas.

It was a little bit of a stone-faced brick house, left ready furnished by a family whose parent had been elevated by a sudden rise in his professional butter and cheese, and who thereupon

moved toward the centre of things to live in style. It was cheap, retired—wore honey-suckles, Wistaria and Madeira vines from the eaves down to the last post of the step-railing—and it was home.

In her blue morning dress, at the head of our first breakfast-table, Elsie was a sight to admire. The nervous, bird-like way in which her little white hand flitted from tea-urn to milk-pitcher—the executive gravity with which she measured lump after lump with the tongs “to make it *just* right”—the matronly air with which she counseled “our girl” to put less soda in the next batch of muffins, were altogether such exhilarating experiences, that I jumped up and kissed her twice when she handed me my tea-cup. I couldn’t make up my mind what it was like that I had seen somewhere until toward the close of breakfast, when she said, “Charlie!”

“Well, dear?”

“Doesn’t this remind you of an old Babylonian celebration?”

V.

All men in New York have to endure, as well as their wives, that marital hiatus called going down town. I especially, for I was a hard-working sub-editor on \$1500 a year. While I was gone Elsie amused herself by studying Mrs. Child’s “Wife’s Kitchen Collaborator,” playing on the piano (fortunately there was one), crotcheting and embroidering rainbow-hued surprises for my birthday, and writing to let me know she was well and lonely, by Boyd’s express. Our choicest books we saved to read together in the evening.

As one of her notes has to do with the story, I publish by permission the following extract from it:

“One of the queerest old organ-grinders I ever saw has just gone away from under the window. I sat behind the blinds for five minutes listening to him play that Neapolitan air of yours that I love so much, ‘Io te voglio ben’ assajo;’ and then I threw the blinds open and told him, in pretty good Italian, to wait till I ran and got my purse. He didn’t seem to understand it at all; but when I came back, what do you think the impudent fellow was doing? He had actually set down his organ, and was standing on top of it looking in at the parlor window and taking a leisurely survey of all the furniture! I can tell you, dear, that I was scared! I said ‘Go away, bad one!’ in all the languages I knew but English, and in a loud, deep voice, but he didn’t budge. Then I said it in English, but it seemed to make him feel so badly that I was sorry I did. A tear rolled down his cheek, he pulled out a very fine cambric handkerchief (do you think he stole it?), but put it back again in a hurry and wiped his eyes with an old Kosuth hat. Then he took a cigar out of his vest, lit it with a match, shouldered his hand-organ, and went away. The children next door wanted him to play, but he wouldn’t. I guess he is crazy.”

I took that view of the subject myself, and did not feel at all of the opinion that he would be there again. But lest he should be troublesome any more, I feed the policeman whose beat was close by to look after him. For an evening or two after that, I heard, on coming home to my little wife, no more complaints of the impertinent music-miller. I believe it was on the third or fourth evening that Elsie told me he had been there again.

“What! passed the policeman?”

“No, he came from the other direction this time. Before I knew it, as I sat sewing, there came a ring at the bell. Joanna was busy down stairs, so I went to the door. There he stood, grizzlier and more ragged than before, and I was so frightened that he only had time to stick this old torn paper in my hand before I locked the door in his face. Here it is, read it.”

On the little dirty scrap were these words:

“Not bi angri, ladi! In mi contri hav littel girl moch same to yeu. I du yeu no bad—let luk at yeu and plai tu yeu—that al I want.”

“Well,” continued Elsie, “what do you think I did?”

“Why, let him stand outside and play, I suppose, love.”

“No, I opened the door—he was still standing there—and told the poor old fellow to come in. He sat here in the parlor and played several tunes for me. It wasn’t a very good organ, but it made him happy to turn it for me, so I let him do it. He looked very tired too, so I had Joanna make him a cup of coffee and a sandwich. I couldn’t help thinking all the time how very improper poor dear papa would have thought it if he had been here. By-the-way, Charlie, love, do you think he and mamma can have got our letter, asking to be forgiven?”

“I don’t know, Elsie dear,” I replied, somewhat sadly; “at any rate, I’m sure they haven’t answered it. But what else about the grinder? I’m afraid you’ve put yourself in danger. Some of those men are great impostors and burglars.”

“I hope not; do you think so? Well, I’ll never do it again then. After he had played out all his airs, he began to cry again; but I said, ‘Don’t—please don’t—poor man!’ and handed him a quarter. Then he stopped crying, and laughed—and, would you believe it?—actually laid the money on his thumb nail, and very quietly filliped it out into the middle of the room. I was puzzled whether to be provoked or to laugh myself. But he must be crazy.”

Just then my eye caught a brown shred lying on the carpet under the sofa.

“Where did he sit, Elsie?”

“Over there—on the sofa—but why do you ask?”

“Because he’s left one of his dirty rags behind him,” said I, getting up and going to remove it on the point of my penknife.

I stooped down, picked up the offending fragment, but before I rang for Joanna to put it in

the fire, was prompted by a morbid impulse to look at it, and see exactly how dingy the organ-grinder really was. I held it up to the gas.

"Why! What—what—really? Bless my soul!"

It was a \$100 bill on the Goodenough Bank!

I looked at my wife, and my wife looked at me. She, with a face of childlike puzzle—I, with one of gathering wrath. At last I broke forth. "Oh, the rascally counterfeiter! Thank Heaven, we found it before he could inform on us—got a policeman to search the house—and divert pursuit from himself to us by laying the crime on our shoulders!"

"But he seemed such a kind-hearted old man; perhaps he dropped it, husband dear, and it may be a great loss to him."

"What! An organ-grinder go around dropping \$100 bills? I rather think not, my precious Elsie! I will tear it up and get danger out of the way."

"Hadn't you better see whether it's good first, Charlie?"

"Dear me, no! But—well, on the whole, yes." So I put it in my pocket, determining to ascertain on the morrow, though I had little doubt as to the character of the note.

Going down town in the morning I found the equivocal paper perfectly genuine, and coming back, left it with my wife to restore to the grinder should he return again, at the same time entreating her under no pretext to let him enter the house. What impostors those Italians were, pretending to be so poor, and having \$100 bills to lose!

VI.

The next pretty event I have to chronicle, is my having come home one night to find one of the parlor window panes smashed. Elsie had been crying. She said the organ man had been there again. She showed him the bill, and signed to him that it was his. He answered, in pretty distinct English, "No such thing!"—then tore off a strip of the lining of his coat—tied up a young paving-stone in it—fired it through the sash, and left her, laughing at his brutal exploit as if it were good fun. Poor little timid wife! she had been so agitated as not to dare venture down stairs till I came.

A sweet state of things met us in the parlor. Broken glass all over the floor—fragments of putty on the chair seats by the window—and that confounded crazy Italian's big sling reposing on the carpet under the chandelier. I picked it up, untied it to throw out the stone, and with that last what do you think tumbled into my hand? "Why, another \$100 bill, very likely."

Wrong for once in your life, dear Sir—a \$500 one.

Words can not measure our stupefaction.

At last I remembered that I was twenty-five and Elsie eighteen, and the revival of that old thought of grave responsibility made me feel that it was my duty to be calm, collected, and to say something.

I drew my little wife upon my knee, and said,

"Darling Elsie, do you recollect how on the night of our drive from Old Babyland to our wedding, I said to you, thinking of the future, 'He who made love will care for the loving!' See how unexpectedly those words are fulfilled! One good, simple-hearted man who did his duty by the brook Cherith had ravens for his marketers. The same goodness blesses us, only changing the fashion of its agents. We did what our hearts told us to do in marrying when we loved. And now, though father and mother have forsaken us—lo, an organ-grinder is our raven!"

I wound up this pretty little sermon by adding,

"But an organ-grinder who throws away \$600 is a very dangerous person to be at large. He is probably an exile—some friend of Mazzini, who has had his fortune saved by friends in Italy—and now that he has come into possession of it, has gone mad with the too sudden favor of fortune. If he comes again, we will have him arrested and take care of him."

Elsie agreed with me, that as he had hitherto observed pretty marked intervals in coming, it would be a good plan for me to get furlough, if I could, from the office of the semi-weekly *Lightning-Rod of Freedom*, and stay at home to watch with her on the following Tuesday, when, if we had calculated our comet's path correctly, he would be around again.

I obtained the leave easily, from the senior editor of that widely-read sheet, and rejoiced in my first week-day at home since marriage.

How sweet do those habitual ten-hours-a-day divorces make the Sunday, the holiday of any kind, to the married man who loves his wife as he did his sweet-heart! I would not, in this world, pass all day with my wife the year round, however independent I might be of labor and down town, for it is necessary to be somewhat with active men to keep robust the manliness that women love. Yet the Sunday—the Christmas—the chance rest once in a while—oh! that has ever been heaven to me for my wife's sake! May it always be!

We spent our hours together precious in planning for the future—getting better acquainted with each other's secret preferences—reading and waiting for the organist. And in the course of that day I discovered the only thing that the childlike heart of my wife had ever kept from me. In spite of all her love to me she had cried (just a little, she said) every day that I had been gone, to think of the father and the mother that were dear to her, in spite of the hard unappreciation of the one, and the weak-minded *laissez-faire* of the other. Besides, she had not received a line in answer to her tender letter of explanation and entreaty; which fact savored somewhat, it must be acknowledged, of parental obduracy.

The day wore on without a sign of our lyrical itinerant. So we gave him up, and at sunset sat

down to tea, in that little doll's dining-room of ours at the end of the hall. The herald-breeze of twilight beginning to hasten from the great unstained sea, ran thrilling freshly through the big willow in front, and we left the street door open to welcome its coming. There was no danger in that, for I could look clear into the court-yard from where I sat, and see any intruder who might enter.

"I am afraid," said Elsie, tenderly, as, after we pushed back our chairs, she came and sat upon my lap, "that you think I am sorry I ran away with you. I ain't—no, not one bit. But it would be so charming if they could come—just as they might in a dream—papa and mamma, and say it was not improper after all."

Then, not the conscience cries, but the woman. All the better; the tears of that fountain are more easily dried. "Let us trust and pray, darling, and hope for the best. Heh! Halloo! Oh, bless my soul! As I live, the organ-grinder! Better late than never!"

Right into my talk with Elsie did he burst with the "Rat-catcher's Daughter." Not outdoors either; for while my wife, sitting on my lap, had shut out the street-view, he had stolen through unperceived, and when I rushed into the parlor, there he stood, impudent varlet! resting his stridulous engine on the piano, and pumping away at it with utter frigidity.

"Out with you, rascal! Quick!" was all I could command myself sufficiently to say in a voice of fierce indignation.

The only reply made by this venerable offender was to deposit his organ on the floor, rush toward my wife, seize her in his ragged arms, and, O Heavens! give her a kiss that resounded like the ventilating of a bottle of Sillery.

For a moment I seemed in a nightmare, and then, quick as thought, I had him by the collar, and was dragging him to the door. He got a purchase on the lintel, whirled himself around on his heel, caught me likewise in his embrace, and buried his apostolic beard in my bosom. Really there was no doing any thing with such an affectionate villain!

For fear of contagion from this lazzarone I disengaged myself, and getting in front of my wife, let him have his own way for a little while, to see how far he would go. The first thing was to kick his organ over on its beam-ends. The next was to plunge his hands into two cavities in his breeches which seemed to extend downward as far as the knee-pans, and return them perfectly splendent with gold and silver coin of all denominations. Then he rained this treasure around profusely—on the pier-table, the carpet, the sofas, the chairs.

"Moonstruck Rothschild! bottomless aureous abyss on a craze! desist instantly, or Bloomington awaits thee!"

No answer again save acts. As one plucks a fowl off came the apostolic beard. Down went the old Kossuth hat upon the carpet. One jerk, and lo, no more mustache!

And lo, yet more, like an erratic beam of

sunlight, dawned upon us—Elsie's father! In another moment she lay upon his breast. And the only words they both spoke were, "Forgive all the past!"

"Children," said the old gentleman, in a broken voice, when he had commanded himself sufficiently to wipe away together the tears and the solution of sienna which italicized him—"Children, I have been a very bad father to Elsie—"

"No, no! Oh, don't talk so, dear papa!"

"Silence! how dare you?—that is to say, you are mistaken, my lamb; I have been very bad—very bad. But I have learned a lesson I shall never forget. Bird, be kinder to her than I have been. Understand her; don't stick your big man-finger into the clock-work of her heart and try to alter the spring. I did—that made her run down, or run away, which is the same thing. Elsie, your mother wants to see you again. You can bring Charles with you if you like. Live with us—solace our declining years. Oh! by-the-way, have you got any thing in the house to eat? That cursed organ makes a man devilish hungry! I'll stay to tea—let me see; no, I won't!—yes, yes, on the whole, I will. Two lumps to the cup, Elsie! Charles, you dog, aren't you ashamed, not to ask me if you might, instead of sneaking off in a two-horse wagon? Aren't we having fine weather, though?"

I recommend that house on the upper west side of town to any who want a home cheap: it is to let, as we live at old Mr. Landon's. That is, except during the summer months, which we always spend at the lake side in Old Babyland. Besides "we," the first person plural, there also now goes with us the third person singular—and a very singular little boy he is, like his grandpa. Though only four years old, he has the most eccentric proclivity toward playing "oats peas beans," and kissing the little girls on more private occasions. Where he gets the propensity I am sure I can't tell.

Finally, I recommend to all my young friends who wish to be well-off in this life, to marry a girl whose papa is likely to have an *organic affection*.

ONE OF MY LOVERS.

I SAT alone in the dining-room. My child was asleep up stairs. It was past six o'clock, and I had been alone since eight in the morning. My husband was away on a party of pleasure, from which his return was uncertain.

The day had promised to be dull; the weather was sultry; one moment the sun blazed in the sky, the next threatened thunder and rain, and the gray sodden clouds came down almost to the tree tops. I did various things to beguile the time. I took my sewing in hand, but my fingers were too languid to ply the needle. Then I tried to read, but, whether it was a history or a poem, by the time I reached the bottom of a page I had forgotten the top, so I gave it up and went up to Johnny's level, and

played with him all day. I told him untruth and marvelous stories, and played soldier and shopman with him, and we passed the time with much riotous laughter and many sweet kisses.

Dinner time came, and I went down stairs to my solitary meal. It was soon finished, and in a contented, dreamy state of mind I began to roll up bread crumbs, when I heard the door bell ring. While vaguely wondering whether it was the postman, or a messenger come to tell me that my husband had been killed on the railroad, Mary, the servant, came in and said a gentleman was waiting in the parlor to see me. I rose from the table and went up stairs, and I met face to face, a man whom I loved ten years ago, and whom I had not seen in that space of time. He had just returned, he said, from several years' travel. He knew that I had been married five years, and he could not resist a philosophical curiosity which forced him to seek an interview. I thanked him for the visit, for I, too, felt the same curiosity, and said I thought it a wise thing to experiment with, and analyze one's feelings. After this moment of supernatural coolness, we gave way to the power of etiquette, which holds its sway under the most trying circumstances, and discussed drawing-room topics—Longfellow and Lowell, steam-boat explosions, hoop petticoats, and the opera. All the while I observed an increasing degree of agitation about him.

He had not changed so much as I. There were a few streaks of gray in his hair, and two or three wrinkles had scratched themselves on his face, but he was as handsome as ever, and his manner was the same. I had grown an oldish woman; I could not help wondering whether he was thinking about it. Then I thought how I looked the night that we parted, of the dress I wore, and the look he gave me, when he took both my hands—a look that will never pass between us again. For a moment I felt sorry to be oldish; but I praise my good sense that the feeling lasted only a moment.

Women have their dream as well as men. Man dreams that he shall one day be rich or famous; we, that we may grow pretty, if we are not so already, or that a certain kind of beauty will take the place of that which is gone, and compensate us for its loss. I never turn to the glass without thinking that I shall look better to-morrow; or that the coming season will restore my strength, or give me bloom. We women have reason for such a hope because we are changeable in looks, either from physical delicacy, or the impressibility of our mental organism. I have seen many a woman who was ugly in the morning turned into a pretty one by night. (I digress, partly to tell a truth, and partly to prove myself philosophical.)

The first time I saw L— was at a picnic held in a pine grove near the sea-shore. I was not over-hilarious at that time. The selfish content of childhood had passed away, and given place to a perplexing doubt as to the value

of the experience I fancied I was beginning to attain. I had likewise an intense determination to drain the cup of life to its dregs, if dregs there were. I would know its mysteries, its surprises, and even its sorrows. These profound speculations gave me a solemn mien; they were ridiculous, no doubt, but they colored my whole life. The time for heroines and saints had gone by; there was no probability that I could ever stand in the world's light in either capacity; I must exert my influence individually. I believed I had power, and I longed to try it, and be tried. To be a poet or an artist never occurred to me. I read poetry and sometimes saw pictures, but I never thought of their creators, nor of the processes of thought by which they were created. It is easy to see I was not a genius.

My father was a plain country gentleman, immersed in affairs of business. There was nothing romantic in the routine of life at home; and the past and present history of my relatives was but a bit of plain prose, neither brilliant nor intellectual. As it was the spring-time with me, when the fancy "lightly turns to thoughts of love," I naturally bent my mind toward making a conquest. Like Cleopatra, I had pearls on hand to dissolve, whenever occasion offered.

So I waited for Fate, and on the day of the picnic it came.

Having declined the honor of being a member of the committee, whose duty it was to arrange the tarts and tongue on the improvised tables, I strolled away under the pines that had showered down their needles to make a silky, noiseless, odorous floor. I did not notice them much. I was not old enough, or was too ignorant then to love trees. I do not expect ever to attain the passion for measuring them which so gracefully possesses our "Autocrat;" but I understand them now. The soft, sighing music which murmured through the branches of the dark trees mingled with the dash of the waves on the beach near the grove, and touched my thoughts with something deeper than the spirit of the picnic. Just then a boat put away from a vessel that swung at anchor in the bay. I watched the rowers as they pulled toward the shore, and saw them land their passengers—three gentlemen, who evidently meant to attend the picnic. They passed by me, and took off their hats with an air which convinced me that they really believed I was a sylvan goddess. One of them looked back; it was L—. An hour or two afterward we were presented in form to each other.

Even now I am inclined to the belief that the few months which followed that day are worth keeping in the dark corners of my memory. The tuberose which I have just taken from a vase is withered; its tender calyx is notched and torn; its pure, waxy leaves are bent and discolored; but its perfume is still strong and delicious. It is unsightly for the vase; but I can put it in some box or drawer,

and when I open it its perfume will remind me of its full beauty.

L—— was an officer attached to the Coast Survey, and his little vessel was ubiquitous that summer. He joined in all our amusements—boating parties, driving parties, picnics in every wood, and relays of balls in the villages on the coast line. Wherever we were, L——'s vessel was sure to be seen at sundown dropping anchor in our neighborhood. It was not pleasure alone that I sought. From the day of my meeting L—— my interest in him deepened, and as it deepened my heart grew feverish and restless, and all my former mental speculations ceased.

Our acquaintance seemed to thrive best in an out-of-doors atmosphere. The excitements of our parties and balls were aids to it; their conventionalisms gave rise to intoxicating meanings and mysteries. The night was favorable to its unreality, when all mechanical business was done with, and the prosy angles of the day were flooded in moonlight. I felt as if my life had been set in a waltz; its bewitching measure, its arbitrary round, its secret melancholy and passion, maddened and inspired me. But I was restrained, and knew not why.

At first I thought I had only to will it, and the transparent veil in which I was muffled would unfold, and all would be clear. I was mistaken. There was an evasive air about L——, and an abstraction in his manner toward me, which I only realized and thought of when I was alone. When we met again, some look, or tone, or attention from him would drive the feeling away. But I began to doubt myself, and my power. My original idea of making Fate merely a sleeping partner, I had reason to suspect might be thwarted. I could not help perceiving that my friends regarded themselves as spectators of a game. I think L—— created a general interest in our set. There was something strange about him; that alone was attractive. Then he was singular-looking. He had a dark, delicately-cut face, and wild blue eyes that always looked beyond one when he talked with one. He wore his hair long and somewhat uncombed, but it was curly. He was tall and slender, and had a way of swaying himself about, and shaking his hair from his face, when he was in earnest, that made him very noticeable.

The long procession of the hours moved on. I was not able to claim one of them as my own; and bright and seductive as the summer had been, I felt no regret at the approach of autumn, and I was glad when it came.

The wind that blew the dead leaves against my window and roughened the sea revived my mental health. Solitude enabled me to regain my self-possession. I was disturbed no more about the consequences of my affair with L——. He was ordered to a more distant part of the coast, where he would remain several months, and then leave the country for good.

When he came to pay me a farewell visit,

I seemed to see him for the first time. He found me at home, alone, by the parlor fireside. The scene was not at all illusory. I wore a purple silk dress trimmed with velvet, and was engaged in netting a crimson purse. The red curtains, the comfortable sofas, the ruddy fire, were all desirable, and pleasant to look at. The wind howled about the house, and gusty rain broke against the walls. We heard the roar of the sea in its rise and fall on the shore. It was a dark wintry night outside; inside all was bright and peaceful. Human nature could not resist its cheerfulness. I had tea served where we were, and there L—— sat, opposite me—a little table between us—enjoying his tea and chat. His strange, energetic face looked better than I had ever before seen it. We were happy and natural while the tea lasted; and then we began to remember ourselves, and each other.

How I loved him! how I admired him! The floating music of the strange waltz began again. He heard it too; his eyes grew desperate; he set his teeth together, and shook his hair away from his forehead. I held my hand over my mouth for fear he would hear my panting breath. The fire flickered and died away, and in the silence of the room we heard the loud boom of the sea, and the increasing wailing of the wind. As I watched the white ashes creeping over the embers I became very sad, and could hardly keep from weeping. L—— looked at me, and I saw then that he knew I loved him. Some terrible anguish possessed him. He rose from his chair, white as death, and walked about the room. I rose from mine, and walked mutely behind him. He faced me.

"I am going," he said; "I must go."

"Good-by," I answered.

"We will write each other?"

"Certainly."

I followed him through the hall, opened the door, and he passed out into the darkness. I stood there a moment; the wind pressed against my face as if it were alive; and the rain fell on it like tears. As I moved back to close the door my hand was caught. L—— was there again. He threw his cloak round me, lifted me in his arms, and carried me out into the wild night. He knelt in the dead wet grass, and sought my lips. We kissed each other as if it were the last earthly kiss; and then he took me back, placed me inside the door, and gently closed it between us. I crept up to bed, with such a numbness at heart that I thought it would be better not to wake in the morning, but be carried through that very door once more, never to be brought back. But morning came. All dark shadows retreated. For a while I was rapt in a dream of feeling. It was better, I thought, "to have loved and lost" than not to possess the passionate remembrances that coiled about my heart. I looked for a letter; and, when one came, how long I held it before opening it! It was strange that he chose to write me; but he did, and I chose to answer him. I

did not understand the spirit of his letters—but then I did not understand him. It suited me to indulge myself to the last, so the correspondence went on, and the time for his final departure drew near. At last it came, and the story was ended.

If I have not spoken very clearly about this matter, it is because there was nothing clear or reasonable in it from beginning to end. I am not sure that there ever is in our emotional episodes. The hand of Experience unravels the web of the past, which we think is to be so firmly set in our future lives; but for a long time afterward I could not have said what I say now, and I still feel, as I go back in thought to that time, agitated, perplexed, and melancholy.

Several times in the two or three years following L——'s departure I heard of him. I happened to meet one of his friends, who told me more of him than I had before known. Indeed L—— never spoke of himself or his family. I accepted his silence as a part of the drama. I was not surprised to hear his friend say that L—— was a Roman Catholic, or that his only sister was a nun. The friend looked at me curiously while telling me these things; but I had long before attained an imperturbable manner, and his curiosity, if he had any, was baffled. His friends, he said, thought L—— much changed; he had become one of the most absent-minded of men. I heard again, and finally, that he had gone abroad. I need not say much about my suffering at that period. I had many apathetic days, and many nights of heartache. I did not suffer because I believed my heart was broken; but I was dull, unoccupied, and bored. I had no material for any other theory of life than the one I had failed in, and that was mere rubbish now. I was disappointed and disgusted. When I talked about a longing to drain the cup to its dregs, I meant no such thing. It was the topmost froth, the sparkling foam, that I wanted, and I had had it. Why should I bemoan because the rich wine beneath had been denied me? I had brushed against the bloom of love with a rude, ignorant, childish will. I had the courage to do that, and no more. None was left me. If any other love ever came to me, I must take it and mingle it with my remembrances. I settled down into the belief that they must be a part of all my life.

Ten years had gone by, an important segment from the circle of my life. For five years I drifted down the stream; catching here and there in an eddy, or lodging in some bend of the current, only delayed my progress toward the goal.

At the end of that period I was married. I was too wise to trifle with the solid happiness the affection of my husband promised. It was the calmest, noblest love in the world which he felt for me. I knew he could supply all my needs. It was natural to associate the duties and obligations of our common life with our love. But I had a ghost. It tormented me

with all manner of sophistries. "Better," it said, "to have realized the passionate ideal of your youth. Truer to yourself are your dreams even." My punishment had come to pass, and the self-government that should have been established years ago I began to practice. I could not do away with what had been. Still I was grateful enough to enjoy a great deal of content, and resolved to shut off the romantic element, as I never could by any possibility call it into play again.

And now, here was this man. He had broken in again upon my life. As the whole past of a drowning man rushes through his brain while his breath bubbles out, so the past crowded through mine while I said and heard the few commonplace words that passed between us. Our desultory conversation died a natural death. L—— was overpowered with emotion.

I was cool enough to see that it was genuine, but I was more interested in the reaction of feeling in myself than in the display of his. I was astonished to find how useless had been my regrets; that the long years of absence, which I spent in garnishing my idol, were just so much time thrown away, just so much treasure of feeling wasted. I went back to the night of the storm—the most memorable one of all our interviews—and I was glad that he went away in silence. How could I have been so foolish, when my husband looked at me with his clear, honest eyes, as to have remembered another pair that never met mine free from the lurid blaze of passion? The finger of Nemesis had touched L——. The only expiation he could make was to tell me that he had long loved me. It is possible that I should not have listened to him, but have ordered him from the apartment with a lofty and indignant mien—and a "Leave me, Sir!" but I did not. I listened to a long history, and I pitied him. I had nothing to forgive, and only my self-indulgence to blame.

The next day, when I mentioned the interview to my husband, he pulled and twisted his mustache uncommonly hard, and his manner, for a day or two, was particularly watchful and tender.

DEADMAN'S CORNER.

"THERE is nothing strictly immortal but immortality," says old Sir Thomas Browne in his "Hydrotaphia." A remark corroborated to a certain extent by a cautious writer in a recent number of this Periodical, who asserts the opinion that "most men are mortal." In truth there is a much greater unanimity of sentiment upon the subject of general mortality than there ever was upon a kindred subject, and one arising directly out of the first, viz., the best way of disposing of the dead. Darius Hystaspes, whom his own inscriptions upon the rock of Behistun, no less than the anecdotes transmitted to us by Herodotus, show to have been possessed of a very philosophical turn of mind, on one occasion asked certain Greeks how large a sum would induce them to eat the bodies of their parents?

When the Greeks had declared themselves incorruptible, the monarch called in some Calatian Indians, and inquired on what terms they would submit the same bodies to the Hellenic rite of cremation? The disgust of the Indians, relates Herodotus, surpassed that of the Greeks, and with tears they begged the king to inform them why they had been thought so deficient in the veneration due to these hallowed remains as to do any thing with them but eat them!

Strange indeed, and most incomprehensible, are the mortuary fancies of many nations. The ancient Balearians chopped up their dead and potted them. The Calatians, it has been seen, ate them. The Bactreans gave them to dogs kept for the purpose—which, indeed, is stated to be the acme of mortuary piety at the present day among the Thibetans, who maintain a sacred race of puppies for the purpose. The Pontines dried the heads of their relations. The Coans pulverized their ashes in a mortar and scattered them in the sea. The Sindians buried with each of their dead warriors as many fishes as he had slain enemies. The Parsees expose their dead to be devoured by birds or beasts of prey, from a superstitious fear of polluting by their contact the three sacred elements, water, earth, and fire. The savages of New Holland hang them in baskets upon trees; the Orinocos suspend them in a running stream till the fishes have picked the bones of their flesh; the skeleton being then interred. The natives of the Lower Murray, in Australia, convert the skulls of their deceased friends into drinking cups. "To burn the bones of the King of Edom for lime seems no irrational ferity; but to drink the ashes of dead relations a passionate prodigality," says Sir Thomas Browne, referring to Artemesia, Queen of Halicarnassus, who is said to have had the ashes of her husband Mausolus mingled with her beverage. So the Tapuyas and some of the Moxa tribes grind the bones of their dead and mix them with their food. The Ichthyophagi, or fish-eating nations about Egypt, "affected the sea for their grave; thereby declining visible corruption, and restoring the debt of their bodies."

Most nations, however savage, pay some kind of honor to the dead. The Caffres of South Africa are the only people who are known to abandon the corpses of their friends to the tender mercies of the wild beasts of the forest. The natives of Otaheite were accustomed, in Captain Cook's day, to cut up the bodies of deceased chiefs, at a public religious assembly, and bury the portions in three different places. This custom, barbarous as it is, prevailed for a long time in Europe. The bowels, tongue, heart, eyes, and brains of Henry I. of France were buried together, and separate from his body. The body of Richard I. of England was buried at Fontevault, his heart at Roan, and his bowels at Chaluz.

All these, however, must be counted mortuary eccentricities. The mass of mankind have been for ages divided between earth-burial and incre-

mation, or burning. "To be gnawed out of our graves," says Sir Thomas Browne, "to have our skulls made drinking-bowls, and our bones turned into pipes, to delight and sport our enemies, are tragickal abominations escaped in burning burials. Urnal interments and burnt relics lie not in fear of worms, or to be an heritage for serpents. In carnal sepulture corruptions seem peculiar unto parts, and some speak of snakes out of the spinal marrow. . . . But who knows the fate of his bones, or how often he is to be buried? Who hath the oracle of his ashes or whither they are to be scattered?"

However they might differ in modes, the best part of mankind have held, from time immemorial, to the importance of paying due honor to the dead body. Ulysses "cared not how meanly he lived, so he might find a noble tomb after death." "Give me possession of a burying-place, that I may bury my dead out of sight," was the earnest entreaty of the great Patriarch to the sons of Heth. The polished Greeks devoted their best art to the ornamentation of funeral urns; and the Egyptians spared not the most precious spices and ointments wherewith to preserve the body from its natural decay, "contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls." Yet all was vanity. "The Egyptian mummies which Cambyzes or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise, Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."

Embalming has been practiced by many nations, ancient and medieval; and all imaginable substances have been used as preservatives, from the myrrh, aloes, and precious spices applied by the Hebrews, according to Scripture, down to the rough rubbing in of common salt in England after the Conquest. Alexander the Great was embalmed in honey, which substance was used by the Spartans and Babylonians. The Ethiopians used a plaster, colored to resemble life; the Persians and Scythians wax; which has also been used in England, Elizabeth Tudor, the second daughter of Henry VIII., having been "cered by the wax-chandler." In the South Sea Islands embrocations of the fragrant cocoa-nut oil are found effective. The Peruvians covered the bodies with snow from the mountains, and afterward applied a bituminous substance as a preservative. In England, the practice was to cut large gashes in the corpse and throw in salt. The body was afterward sewed up in toughest bull's-hide. King John (Lackland), a Countess of Pembroke, and James III. of Scotland, were thus enveloped. The celebrated Hugh Lupus, who died in 1101, was buried in gilded leather, and his ankles were tied together with a string.

The trade in mummy was long important and lucrative, and the belief in its medicinal virtues universal even so late as the seventeenth century. "Mummy," says Lord Bacon, "hath great force in staunching blood, which may be ascribed to the mixture of balsams that are glutinous." This was the opinion of a sensible man; but the popular belief was that "there was more

virtue in the Egyptian than in the spice." It appears to have been the most eminent cure-all of those days, and Avicenna, the greatest physician of his time, recommends it for a catalogue of diseases which reads very much like a modern medical advertisement. Among the ills for which mummy was accounted a specific were abscesses, eruptions and fractures, paralysis and affections of the lungs, epilepsy and bowel complaint, nausea and liver complaint, palpitations of the heart and poisonings.

The Jews, who were the patent medicine men of those days, built up colossal fortunes in the trade, and lived magnificently on the dry bones of Egypt. The supply failing to satisfy the demand, they bought up in secret corpses which had died of leprosy, small-pox, or the plague, executed criminals, etc., filled the heads and trunks with asphaltum, a cheap gum, made incisions into the muscular parts of the limbs, and filled these also with asphaltum; then wrapped the bodies tightly in old cloths, and dried them in the sun. They presently resembled the genuine article, so that one candid Hebrew speculator declared "no one could tell;" but he "marveled how the Christians, so daintily mouthed, could eat of the bodies of the dead."

Burning the dead is a practice of considerable antiquity; and obtained more or less among most of the ancient nations. Not to speak of the Homeric descriptions of the funeral pyres of Hector before the gates of Troy; of Patroclus, and Achilles; or of the solemn burning of Remus; or of the Dictator Sylla, who, having ill-treated the body of his enemy Marius, directed his own to be burned for fear of meeting like ill-treatment at the hands of his enemies—not to speak of these instances, it appears that the practice was in use among the Celts, the Sarmatians, Germans, Gauls, Danes, Swedes, and Norwegians, as well as among some of the aboriginal tribes of America.

The modes of burning have been various; and much ingenuity was exercised by the ancients to devise expedients by which the ashes of the dead might be gathered together, after the burning, without admixture of other matter. How this was managed has not come down to us; except, indeed, that sometimes the bodies of princes were wrapped in cloths of "asbestos, increnable flax, or salamander's wool," whereby their bones and ashes were preserved incommixed. It has been remarked that some bodies burned much faster than others. "Who would expect a quick flame from hydropical Heraclitus?" "The poisoned soldier, when his belly brake, put out two pyres, in Plutarch. But in the plague of Athens one private pyre served two or three intruders; and the Sarcens burnt in large heaps by the King of Castile showed how little fuel sufficeth. Though the funeral pyre of Patroclus took up an hundred foot, a piece of an old boat burned Pompey; and if the burden of Isaac was sufficient for an holocaust, a man may carry his own pyre."

The ancients did not burn toothless children, for fear that their small bones would be consumed and leave no trace. They kindled no fire in their houses for some days after the funeral ceremonies, as not wishing to be reminded by the flame of their loss. There was a beautiful belief that excessive lamentation was not allowable, as tending to disturb the ghosts of the dead. They poured oil upon the pyre to facilitate the burning; and also, they sacrificed to the winds for their aid in the speedy combustion. Among many people sacrifices of cattle, goods, money, and even of human beings, were made at the pyre, originally to supply the needs of the spirit on its entrance to the other world; afterward from custom and superstition. The nations of Africa and some Polynesians still continue this barbarous practice. Among the ancient Gauls and Britons bonds and contracts made with deceased debtors were placed with the ashes of the creditor, that the spirit might collect his dues in the other world. Another superstitious observance was to place at least one woman with eight or ten male bodies, to facilitate the burning. And we read of Periander's wife's complaint, that "wanting her funeral burning, she suffered intolerable cold in hell."

It was a custom to "kindle the pyre aversey," as showing an unwillingness to an act of seeming violence. Also it was a touching custom that "they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapped them in linen and dried them in her bosom;" and that on firing the pile, the assembled spectators turned their eyes toward heaven. The funeral pyre was composed of cypress, fir, yew, or some evergreen wood, as typifying the immortality of the spirit—a practice followed by Christians in decorating the coffin with bays, and in planting the yew-tree in church-yards.

Burial has been, however, the most universally practiced mode of disposing of the dead. "That carnal interment, or burying, was of the elder date, the old examples of Abraham and the Patriarchs are sufficient to illustrate; and were without competition, if it could be made out that Adam was buried near Damascus, or Mount Calvary, according to some tradition. God himself, that buried but one, was pleased to make choice of this way, collectible from Scripture expression, and the hot contest between Satan and the Archangel about discovering the body of Moses." By the Roman law those stricken by lightning were interred where they fell. Among most Christian nations it has been the law to inter none but Christians in consecrated ground, and among Roman Catholic nations this bigoted practice is still carried out in all its ancient rigor, to the great inconvenience of Protestant Christians sojourning in such foreign lands, who, dying, their friends have been forced to inter them in secret and by the way-side, as though they were criminals.

In strewing their tombs the Romans preferred the rose; the Greeks the amaranth and myrtle.

It is noteworthy that the three clods of earth first thrown upon the coffin had their antitype in the thrice-repeated valediction uttered over the Roman corpse. In Peru and other Spanish countries funerals are performed only by night. Christians bear the corpse to its last home feet first, as reversing the natural position of life. The Mohammedans are borne away head first, looking back upon their homes. Most nations lay their dead in a recumbent position; but among some Indian tribes the dead warrior is placed in a sitting posture, and looking toward the east, with his bow and war-club in his hands. Even as we read of a coachman who earnestly craved to be laid as near the high road as might be, that he might hear the carriages passing; of a fox-hunter, who would be buried with a fox-pad in each hand; and of a veteran smoker, who, taking his last puff at the age of one hundred and six years, desired that his pipe might lie beside him in his coffin.

The Hindoo thinks himself happy to be wafted toward heaven on the waves of the sacred Ganges. The Moslem dies willingly at Mecca, as surest there of a speedy passage to Paradise. The Jew turns toward Jerusalem in his last moments, and would depart content could his weary eyes but rest upon the City of Zion; and, happier yet, could his bones be laid there, in the sepulchres of his fathers. And as wealthy Jews, to this day, import soil from the Holy Land wherewith to line their coffins, so, in ancient times, the Pisan crusaders, returning home, brought with them holy earth sufficient to fill the Campo Santo of Pisa. Less pious, but more exclusive, were certain wealthy men of Bristol, Wales, in the last century, who erected for themselves, in the common burying-ground, a separate vault, over whose entrance was written, "QUALITY VAULT." To whom old John Wesley preaching, said, "My heart is much pained for you, and I am earnestly desirous that some *even of you* might enter the kingdom of heaven!"

Not less various are the funeral ceremonies of different people. The Jews rent their garments in token of sadness; but, with characteristic prudence, sometimes saved expense as well as cloth by tearing off but a useless corner. Also they threw dust upon their heads and bottled their tears, both customs in use among many nations of antiquity, lachrymatories (or tear-bottles) being often found at the present day in old Roman tombs. What may be the allowance of tears thus shed and saved we are not informed; but a certain Count Schimmelman was not content with this temporary lachrymation over the tomb of his wife; he erected a marble statue from whose eyes, by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, water was continually dropping. So M. Breuno, a Frenchman, put his park in mourning on the death of his mother, and had barrels of ink emptied into his fountains, that these might appropriately spout in black; an affectation of affection no less touching than that of the child who desired to have her doll put in mourning for the death of the cat.

Of colors, we think black the appropriate semblance of sorrow; but in Sweden black is the bridal color. Plutarch relates that mourning women were dressed in pure white; the Chinese put on a coarse *red* hempen cloth in the extremity of sorrow, white being used as second mourning. The women of Medina outwardly grieve by dyeing their hands with indigo; the Egyptians affect yellow, as expressing best the natural decay which causes their grief; and the Turks blue, as hinting of the sky, the home of the departed.

'Tis an old proverb that "people who cry in velvet always shed rose-water tears." In the fifteenth century, in France, it was no slight labor for the quality folk to be sad; and a "distinguished personage" dying was like to make enemies of his best friends by the trouble he laid upon them, custom requiring that such should lie abed for the entire period of mourning. Thus a Queen of France was prostrated with grief for the space of an entire year after the death of her liege lord. Peeresses were let off cheap, being required to lie in bed only nine days; but for other five weeks these mitigated mourners received company seated in front of their beds "upon pieces of black cloths." The fashions for mourning have changed since then, in France. After the Reign of Terror, with proverbial lack of veneration, the Parisians sold out one of the most crowded burial-places, the leaden coffins were melted down, and, on the spot so recently consecrated to the use of the dead, a speculative *maitre de danse* established a ball-room. Very appropriately, a then just established and highly fashionable dancing club held its réunions here. The club was known as the "Ball of Victims;" the qualification for membership was the having lost some valued relative during the troubles just past; the motto, "We dance amidst tombs;" and, to add to the ghastliness of the affair, the hair and head-dresses of the dancers were so arranged as to resemble the tonsorial preparations made for the guillotine.

"Five languages secured not the epitaph of Gordianus," exclaims Sir Thomas Browne, moralizing on the vanity of mortuary inscriptions. "Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions, to hope for eternity by enigmatical epitaphs, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages. But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and

Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon."

"Ostrich feathers, Genoa velvet, and an unparalleled coffin!" exclaimed Douglas Jerrold, reading from the account of a grand funeral. "Well, when we remember what coffins hold at the best, such a show is rightly named; it is '*lying in state*,' and nothing better." A vast amount of wit is to be gathered from tomb-stones, and mortuary puns have long been famous. The epitaph of the witty divine, Dr. Thomas Fuller, is worthy of himself—simply.

Fuller's earth.

There is a professional point in the epitaph of the eminent barrister, Sir John Strange:

Here lies an honest lawyer—that is *Strange*.

And by what an outrageous quibble has the name of William Button, Esq., been handed down to immortality. The epitaph is to be seen in a church-yard near Salisbury:

O sun, moon, stars, and ye celestial poles!
Are graves, then, dwindled into Button-holes?

There is something quaint and touching in this epitaph of Grimaldi, the distinguished clown:

Here I am.

One of the best of this briefer kind was proposed by Jerrold, whose wit did not always wear so courteous a dress. Charles Knight, the Shakspearian critic, was the subject, and the words:

Good Knight.

Professional rivalry produced this ill-natured inscription for the tomb-stone of a Western editor:

Here *lies* an Editor.

It is added that the injured man recommended the author to use the inscription as a motto for his own journal.

Of histrionic epitaphs the best is this on one of Shakspeare's actors:

Exit Burbage.

In a similar vein a wit gave a couplet to Mrs. Oldfield, the most celebrated actress of her day:

This we must own in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

Something of compliment is here sacrificed to make the point. It is the reverse of Malcolms Eulogy on Cawdor:

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving of it.

The comedian Foote takes his turn, thus:

Foote from his earthly stage, alas! is hurl'd;
Death took him off, who took off all the world.

Westminster Abbey has some notable epitaphs. This, by Samuel Wesley, is on the monument to Butler, the author of *Hudibras*:

When Butler, needy wretch! was still alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give.
See him, when starved to death and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown:
He asked for bread, and he received a stone.

This couplet, on the monument to John Gay,

the poet, Thackeray's "little French Abbé," is hardly suited to a Christian church:

Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought as sleep and now I know it.

And what a defiance there is in this, on the monument of "that gallant soldier, Sir Thomas Vere:"

When Vere sought Death, armed with his sword and
shield.

Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside,
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

The celebrated inscription,

O Rare Ben Jonson,

in the Poets' Corner of the Abbey, which savors both of admiration and familiarity, was accidental in its origin. Aubrey, in his notice of "Mr. Benjamin Jonson," tells that it "was done at the charge of Jack Young (afterward knighted), who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cut it."

Sir Thomas Parkins, the great wrestler, caused a monument to be built for himself, on which was a sculpture, in relief, depicting Death in the act of throwing Sir Thomas. The epitaph, which is in Latin, reads as follows:

Here lies the chief who once threw all,
Thrown by the conqu'ring arms of death,
Who ne'er had given the knight a fall
But that he found him out of breath.
But boast not, Death! with empty pride,
Thy strength: the day will come, when he
Arising, with fresh breath supply'd,
Shall vanquish time, and conquer thee.

Miss Long was a beautiful actress of the last century; so short in stature that she was known as the Pocket Venus. Her epitaph concludes:

Though Long, yet short;
Though short, yet *Pretty* Long.

Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, was a covetous man, and this pasquinading epitaph was put on him:

Here lies his Grace, in cold clay clad,
Who died for want of what he had.

The reverse of this is one on Mr. James Worsdale, a very liberal man:

Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf;
A friend to all mankind, but not himself.

Of punning epitaphs there are many on record so execrable that it were pity to extend their infamy. One we may give here as illustrating that depraved spirit which leads some men to make light of the gravest subject. John Adams, a carrier, or porter, of Southwell (obit. 1807), rests with this mortuary joke upon him:

John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell,
A carrier who carried his can to his mouth well;
He carried so much, and he carried so fast,
He could carry no more—so was carried at last;
For the liquor he drank, being too much for one,
He could not carry off—so he's now *carvion*.

Abusive epitaphs are not uncommon. Schoolmen will remember one by Simonides, thus translated by Merivale:

After much eating, drinking, lying, slandering,
Timocreon of Rhodes here rests from wandering.

Peter Randolph, of Oriel College, Oxford, a great glutton, has gained immortality at the expense of these lines:

Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I entreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you.

John Cole died of a surfeit, and lives again after this fashion:

Here lies Johnny Cole,
Who died, on my soul,
After eating a plentiful dinner;
While chewing his crust,
He was turned into dust,
With his crimes *undigested*, poor sinner.

There are even mortuary bulls, as witness this, in a grave-yard near Plymouth:

Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicols, who died in Philadelphia, March, 1753. *Had he lived he would have been buried here.*

At the Old Men's Hospital, Norwich, England, is found the following unique eulogy:

In Memory of Mrs. Phebe Crewe, who died May 28, 1817, aged 77 years;

who, during forty years'
practice as a midwife
in this city, brought into
the world nine thousand
seven hundred and
thirty children.

Of professional epitaphs there are not a few; but none whose hyperbole is so overpowering as this, on a Spanish singer. It is found in a burying-ground near Saragossa:

Here lies the body of John Quebecca, precentor to my Lord the King. When his spirit shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven, the Almighty will say to the Angelic Choir, "Silence, ye calves! and let me hear John Quebecca, Precentor to my Lord the King."

In the hallowed interior of Chichester Cathedral is found the following, on an aged vendor of that popular English edible, the periwinkle:

Periwinks! periwinkle! was ever her cry;
She labored to live, poor and honest to die.
At the last day, again, how her old eyes will twinkle,
For no more will she cry, Periwinks! periwinkle!
Ye rich, to virtuous want regard pray give;
Ye poor, by her example learn to live.

Died Jan. 1786, aged 77.

This, on a blacksmith, is found on many tombstones in this country as well as England; it is by Hayley, the poet:

My sledge and hammer lie doelin'd,
My bellows, too, have lost their wind;
My fire's extinct, my forge decay'd,
My vice is in the dust now laid;
My coal is spent, my iron gone,
My nails are drove, my work is done.

At Barnwell are found these lines, "on an Inn-keeper:"

Man's life is like a *Winter's Day*,
Some only *Breakfast* & away;
Others to *Dinner* stay & are *full fed*,
The oldest man but *sup's* & goes to bed.
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who goes the soonest: has the least to *pay*;
Death is the *Waiter*, some few run on *Tick*,
And some, alas! must pay the *Bill* to *Nick*!
Though I *owed much*, I hope long *trust* is given,
And truly mean to *pay* all *debts* in Heaven.

In the cathedral yard at Winchester may be seen this, on an unfortunate man of war:

Here rests in peace, a Hampshire grenadier,
Who killed himself by drinking poor small beer.
Soldiers, be warned by his untimely fall,
And when you're hot drink strong, or none at all.

This memorial having fallen into decay, it was restored at the expense of some officers, in 1781, and this couplet added:

An honest soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by musquet or by pot.

The printer also has an epitaph; and all the craft will allow that it is appropriate and professionally correct:

Here lies a *form*—place no *imposing stone*
To mark the *head*, where weary it is lain;
'Tis *matter dead*!—its mission all being done,
To be distributed to dust again;
The *body* is but the *type*, at best, of man,
Whose *impress* is the spirit's deathless *page*;
Worn out, the *type* is thrown to *pi* again,
The *impression* lives through an eternal age.

Authors will steal, even for their tombstones. Various good-natured friends to the memory of Benjamin Franklin have pointed out the originals of his celebrated typographical inscription for his monument:

The Body

of

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,

Printer,

(Like the cover of an old book,

Its contents torn out,

And strip of its lettering and gilding.)

Lies here food for worms.

Yet the work itself shall not be lost,

For it will, as he believed, appear once more,

In a new

And more beautiful edition,

Corrected and amended

by

The Author.

Benjamin had doubtless looked into Mather's *Magnalia*, where he might see something of this notion applied to "the great Cotton" by Mr. Benjamin Woodbridge, the first graduate of Harvard:

A living, breathing Bible; tables where
Both covenants, at large, engraven were;
Gospel and law, in's heart, had each its column;
His head an index to the sacred volume;
His very name a title-page; and next,
His life a commentary on the text.
Oh what a monument of glorious worth,
When, in a new edition, he comes forth,
Without errata, may we think he'll be
In leaves and covers of eternity!

Old Joseph Capen, minister of Topsfield, had also, in 1681, given John Foster, who set up the first printing-press in Boston, the benefit of the idea, *in memoriam*:

Thy body, which no activeness did lack,
Now's laid aside like an old almanac;
But for the present only 's out of date,
'Twill have at length a far more active state.
Yea, though with dust thy body soiled be,
Yet at the resurrection we shall see
A fair edition, and of matchless worth,
Free from *Errata*, new in Heaven set forth;
'Tis but a word from God, the great Creator—
It shall be done when He saith *Imprimatur*.

We close our list with the pathetic inscription placed by an honest Illinois farmer over

the double grave of a span of favorite horses, struck down by lightning, and buried in his front yard :

Lines to their mausoleum !

And can not better conclude this paper than in these wise words of Sir Thomas Browne : "To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their Elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which, being not only an hope, but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St. Innocent's church-yard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing, in the ecstasy of being ever ; and as content with six foot as with the mausoleum of Adrianus."

MARGARET—THE LAY SISTER.

"But the mind of man hath two ports: one always frequented by the entrance of manifold vanities; the other desolate and overgrown with grasse, by which enter our charitable thoughts and divine contemplations."—
SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THERE is a satiric picturesqueness in these words. You see a calm and lightly sketched landscape; the great castle; the two gates—one crowded with fluttering pennons, pomp, luxury, passion, a trampled path; the other hung with ivy and paved with sward, that the light feet of entering nuns never crush or sully.

Harry Stafford read the passage aloud to Margaret Stafford, his father's cousin, as they sat on the door-step of the old farm-house by the sea-side, where the Staffords for years had resorted in the hot months; resolved rather to be plainly comfortable there than fashionably miserable at a watering-place. This year the unwonted heats of June had brought them thither earlier than usual, and it was yet June when the sultry air had driven Harry and Margaret to the porch, and the rest of the family to the beach, all watchful of the magnificent sunset, that fringed the lurid haze of an approaching storm with gold, but did not flush its pearl-lined caps with one tinge of rose, or allay the fierceness of the forked lightning that quivered at intervals through the massive purple clouds like a visible pulse of life.

Margaret Stafford leaned against the brown casement of the door-way; her white dress spread its light folds over both sill and step; her eyes were raised to the storm; and at her feet sat Harry, with the old volume of Raleigh open on his knees, and his eyes raised also, but not stormward.

Harry was rather above the average character of young men in certain respects; his nature was artistic and appreciative, his aims high, his theories noble, his practice—lazy! He was selfish, without fixed principles; but, being handsome, well educated, and intellectual, as well as aristocratic with that most intolerable of aristocracies, the American—a sublime and ever-present consciousness that his great-great-

grandfather was a Dutch trader on the frontier, and had cheated the Indians out of a fortune, which had been increased and exalted by his descendants, till the fourth generation began to use it aesthetically—having, as I say, all these combined attractions, Mr. Harry Stafford had a sufficiently good opinion of himself, and not presumptuously believed the young ladies of his acquaintance agreed with him—an idea that preserved him from any profound passion for any one of them, and might have kept his aristocratic heart safe and sound for a lifetime, had not this same summer brought into the sphere of his knowledge Margaret, the orphan daughter of his father's cousin. Now the aforesaid claims to high birth, on which Mr. Harry Stafford laid such stress in his own case, were still more powerful in Miss Margaret's descent, for her mother—the child of a noted New England family—dated her ancestry quite back of the *Mayflower* even, across the blue sea, into Old England, where Moulthrop Hall still attested, in quaint church and defaced monuments, the Norman lineage of its owners; and even a Dame Margaret Moulthrop lay in sculptured sleep beside the altar, a little stonier and more disagreeable than nature, if the legends of her life were true, and altogether uninterested in her namesake and descendant in the New England she never dreamed of. So Mr. Stafford found his equal, if not his superior, in aristocracy, and somewhat in age, when he discovered this cousin. He had not known her as a child, for his father had been too busy with money-making to cultivate his relations; and though a feeble intercourse had been kept up between the families, it was not till Margaret's orphanage threw her upon the care of her guardian, Mr. Stafford the elder, that the relationship assumed some importance—enough, at least, to afford Margaret a home in her cousin's family till she should have arranged her future plans.

I can not say that Miss Stafford was either plain or beautiful. She had a calm face, pale and expressive; "Decidedly high bred!" was Harry's mute comment. And perhaps it was, if "high bred" means refined, delicate, and noble—traits, we regret to say, we have beheld adorning the wan face of a washer-woman and the wrinkles of an old nurse, but we should not probably acknowledge that in Mr. Stafford's hearing. Besides, Margaret was well educated, and even, in her native phrase, "talented;" and beautiful as blonde and rosy fools may be, there is a spell in a face that a soul transfigures quite another thing from tint, and shape, and coiffure. At least Harry Stafford thought so, as he sat that night at her feet, watching the "dark and intricate eyes" that looked up with such fervent admiration and awe to the gathering strife overhead, while the last level glitter of light struck across her braided hair, and pierced its depths with golden arrows, and lit her transparent cheek with a faint glory that recompensed its want of bloom. She was certainly beautiful then. Harry's artistic eye ap-

preciated it: the simple grace of her attitude, the flowing folds of her white attire, the serene curving lips, the peculiar delicately-moulded hands, whose whiteness shone against a thick cluster of deep blue violets that they grasped, the contrast of her brunette coloring with the snowy dress—all this fascinated him with a subtle charm, no less potent for her perfect unconsciousness.

This entire forgetfulness of both him and herself, that was a trait of Margaret's direct and clear nature, wrought out its own respect in Harry. When his cousin sat, as now, absorbed in a sublime spectacle, or when some ardent enthusiasm fired her eye, and reddened her cheek to more vivid beauty, and carried away her usual quiet in a flow of eloquent earnestness, he involuntarily drew parallels between her and the ladies of his wide city visiting circle, scarce to the advantage of the latter; and where he would have assailed Miss Katrina Van Vleck with voluble compliments, or whispered audaciously to Effie Hogeboom, or squeezed Caroline Wittenhart's dimpled hand, he was silent, shy, distant, and profoundly respectful to Margaret. Her very simple character; her purity, truth, and unselfishness; her eminently New England training, that had set before her, as the end and aim of life, a stern regard for duty, that had been heightened into living and practical enthusiasm by the later influence of a sincere religious experience; her wide knowledge, that was as modest in its manifestations as if it had been ignorance, probably more so. All these things, day by day, won upon Harry's reverence and regard more than he knew himself, and imperceptibly shook his own self-confidence.

To-night Margaret broke the silence.

"What a splendid picture that sentence would make!" said she.

"Is it true, though, Margaret?" replied Harry.

"Why not?"

"Because I scarce think it is universally true. I believe there are some minds that have but one gate."

"A good or bad gate, Harry?"

"Sometimes one, sometimes the other. I think there is only the nun's gate to your mind, Margaret."

"You are altogether mistaken," said she, in the simplest tone. "I have a great many thoughts that are not charitable or divine, cousin Harry. For instance, I am fond of dress."

"You fond of dress, Margaret! You always dress with perfect plainness."

Margaret laughed. "You are a man, Harry. Ask any woman who sees me to give you an opinion on my dress, and you will not quarrel with my words about myself."

"I have seen you wear nothing but white and gray since you came here, Margaret. I should have said you were dressed with strict economy and plainness."

Margaret laughed again. "My white dresses are respectively linen cambric, India muslin, and the most delicate Swiss fabrics; my gray

silk will nearly stand alone; and my gray tissue is silk also, fine and strong."

"All Greek to me."

"I almost wish it were to me; for I begin to see that I am extravagant in dress; that I have no right to lavish on my fastidious tastes money that other people need."

"The money is yours, I am sure."

"No, it is not mine, in one sense. It is a talent for which I must give account. What shall I say at the Judgment if any starved soul lays its want at my door? 'Am I my brother's keeper?' is a cry for Cain, not for me."

Harry Stafford sat silent. These revelations of Margaret's inner life, guided by a strict set of principles that he did not understand, awed him a little. It was as if another world lay all around him, in which he had no place, of which he had no consciousness except such as he gained from these glimpses; and looking up, as he did, to the glorified height of a new life revealed to him through the pure and tender heart of a woman, he took the medium for the object, and passed from awe into adoration; a worship so tempered with passion and ardor that it assumed almost the aspect of a child's love—the last phase of love that a man could successfully lay before a woman: a tacit confession of weakness where there should be an understood assertion of strength even in the very devotion offered. Love-making is the only circumstance that allows of voluntary humility and will-worship; their counterparts are worse than useless here, real though they be. It is shadow that affects the dreamer, not substance; unless, indeed, he take to sleep-walking and run against the bed-post—a significant symbol, which I leave the reader to disinter if he chooses.

Presently the storm blackened overhead, the rain dropped in slow and sullen splashes upon the sea. The rest of the family came from the beach, and Margaret, rising, dropped the soft folds of her dress that she had gathered up from the door-sill, and floated away, like a lady in a reversed lily-bell, to the dark parlor, leaving Harry to meditate on—linen cambric, perhaps.

So the summer passed by. Day by day Harry and Margaret rode, walked, talked together. He read the books she spoke of, and brought home to her from town new volumes, which they read together. Life, which had seemed so vapid and ashen to him in town, where he led the apathetic and languid existence of a *blasé* boy, not because he was *blasé*, but because he thought it knowing to appear so; life assumed new significance; it seemed attractive, interesting, vivid; full of hopes, and fears, and enjoyments; a thing worth having; a new blessing, which he had not even known as a possibility; for there are two regenerations possible to man, one social and one spiritual: and loving works one; Love the other.

Harry Stafford was, socially, a new man. He was not only new to himself, but to others. His business progressed with fresh force; pleasure was once more pleasant; his intellect, fed and

stirred to emulation by Margaret's fine mind, expanded proportionately; and his heart, warming to one, glowed more warmly for all. His sisters began to love him, as the sisters of shad-
 young men are not apt to love their brothers, with something nobler and more complimentary than instinct. The porters and under-clerks of his warehouse no longer slunk into the shadow of some bale or cask to get away from his harsh reproofs or unfeeling jests. His dogs began to fawn on him without the piteous look of apprehension that even a brute can wear after it has been kicked and sworn at long enough. And his mother unconsciously resumed her old phrase of, "My dear boy!"—a phrase Master Stafford had rebelled against once as "too babyish for a grown-up fellow." Margaret was a type of spring. Under her look and smile all sweetness and bloom seemed to bud and flourish. She had one trait of singular strength—a capacity of making herself loved—and not one of the Staffords escaped from its influence. Before the summer began to wane they all loved her so well that even Patsy, the three-years "baby" of the family, clung to her with eager arms, and stopped her speech with kisses if ever she spoke of her approaching return to Maine—a subject equally disagreeable to all the rest.

But even the most charming seasons depart. The summer fields grow dry and arid; innumerable grasshoppers swarm and feed in the rustling grass; crickets, with shrill and apprehensive notes, fill the hot air; and languid Nature drops her blossoms from her hands, and faints on mountain-top and hill-side, a shriveled, tremulous shape; dying, gasping, desperate, fore-conscious of the white shroud and the long sleep relentlessly drawing on.

September came. Melancholy splendors began to adorn the forests. Here and there a golden bough, also here a passport into the place of the departed. More rarely a scarlet branch flickering out of the green gloom like a flame from the burning heart of a huge bonfire, token of sure destruction. One day Margaret and Harry had been to drive, and brought home as trophies the last spikes of the deep yellow orchis that grows by the shore in low meadows of boggy land or blueberry swamps. The wholesome glow of the exercise yet tinged Margaret's face as she came down to their late dinner, with the fringed, orange-colored blossoms twisted into her dark hair and clustered on her breast. The day's excessive and unnatural warmth warranted her favorite dress, the most aerial and transparent white admissible out of a ball-room; and if her mirror praised her aspect, its verdict was repeated by Harry Stafford's charmed eyes. She was lovely that day; no fastidious artist could have denied it; no love-stricken man could resist it; and after dinner Harry tempted his fate.

Again they sat alone upon the door-step and listened to the thousand pensive sounds of autumn, and the light, recurring dash of waves below.

"I must really go next week," said Margaret, speaking to herself, yet aloud.

"Margaret!" said Harry, and then he paused. She looked down at him; his face was eloquent. A sudden shiver of distress shook her, for Harry was her cousin—no more. But she said, lightly,

"Yes, I must go. It is time I had a home."

"Only let me make it for you, Margaret! Only love me, and stay with me."

Her face grew pale and resolute. "No," said she, "this can not be."

It was not in him easily to despair. "Why not, Margaret? I love you as no man loves you. I am not good enough to lie at your feet, I know; but I am plastic in your hands—mould me!"

She smiled, a little bitterly. "It is so rare for men to know that plea and petition never are of use when they are not loved. And yet what woman does not shrink from saying, distinctly, 'I do not love you?' But Margaret did not seem to shrink; with unfaltering eyes she looked at him.

"I do not love you enough, Harry."

"Is that all?—oh, is that all? I do not despair of that. I think you will—you can—you must, Margaret! I love you so that you can not but be moved by it."

The slight glow faded even from her lips. "You are mistaken: a woman's heart does not so deceive her. But if it soothes the abrupt truth which I thought it kindest to offer you, then I give you better reasons—reasons that would avail if I loved you. I could never marry a man without fixed principle—religious principle. I rely on no man unless he be informed by vital aid from without and above himself."

Harry's head drooped. Sentence was passed. The steady voice, the clear tone, the calm eye daunted him; but the devil of jealousy stirred. "You love—"

"Stop there!" said Margaret, with a warning gesture of her little hand. "Do not make me contemptuous. You know what you would say is causeless and unjust; and were it true, you have no right to ask such a question. It would be my secret."

He bent his face upon his hands in a real agony. "Oh! why did you let me love you, Margaret?"

The words came almost unconsciously from his bitten lips. Margaret's eyes were calm no more, tears dripped from the long lashes, and she laid her hand lightly upon Harry's head. Her voice trembled as she spoke.

"Harry, when my mother was ill she knew her hour was near, and two days before she died, heart-wrung to leave me, she gave me such advice as a mother gives the child she leaves alone; and in an anguish for my peace she warned me never to think of any man as a possible lover till, in so many words, he should avow himself; adding, to fasten the thought in my mind, while the last blush of womanly feel-

ing burned on her hollow cheek, that, for want of following that advice, she, as well as thousands of others, had shipwrecked her own heart. I have religiously obeyed her; though in your case I did not need the precept, for I have looked at you simply as a relative—as a substitute for the brother I have never had—have always longed for.”

Harry lifted his head and looked at her.

“But, Margaret, do you think that is just to men—to let them go so far, to give them no sign of your own feeling toward them, till they are hopelessly committed and humiliated?”

Margaret's lip curled. “If any man feels it a humiliation to have offered a woman his heart, and have her just and honest enough to refuse it, because she can not give love for love, then that man is not worth regret; he does not merit his name. And you forget that it is always in a man's power to define and fix his own position; he can ask. But what can that woman do who, in ignorance and simplicity, believing a man's deeds, gives her heart and soul away with pure faith and fervor, and is never ratified in her choice by the seal of a man's words? For you know as well as I do that men will deliberately and consciously lead women on to love them, whom they have not the least idea of marrying.”

“And you justify a woman in doing what you despise in men, simply because a man can shorten his agony by a deadly blow, and a woman must endure in silence?”

“No,” said Margaret, an ironical smile lurking about her lips at the close of his question, subsiding as she spoke. “I justify neither man nor woman in flirting; but I believe that it is safest and best for a woman to treat all men alike, and with a frank indifference, until they declare themselves lovers. You must yourself do me the justice to say that I have treated every gentleman who has visited the Beach this summer with the same cordiality and simplicity that I have shown you. If I admitted you more to my society, it was inevitable; for I was one of your family, and so conducted myself.”

Harry winced; the serene face was fired with truth and pride; those soft eyes flashed with haughty and level rays. He said,

“You speak candidly, Margaret; you are right.”

And she went on: “As for giving men a ‘deadly blow,’ as you say, one might naturally ask if it is not always more merciful to kill than to cripple, even in a fair fight. But I am not afraid of hurting men. One of them—one whose authority you will not oppose—said long ago, that ‘Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love.’ Nor do I think them more fragile since Shakspeare's day. And even if it were common, or possible, what respect or esteem could one have for a man so weak as to die of a disappointed passion? No! he is no man to marry, no man to regret, who dies of love; it is scarce endurable in the frail nature and monomaniac tendency of women. I

speak earnestly, for I feel it. I am myself capable of a profounder love than most women; but could I forgive myself before God if I let fall his gift of life because love left it? Nor have I yet known the man worth dying for, or living for.”

Harry was enraged, and this result Margaret had aimed at in speaking out so much more of her heart than a mere refusal required. She knew him well enough fully to comprehend the good that a burst of genuine indignation would do him, dispersing both sulkiness and sentimentality like the clear blast after a storm. And yet, though she had pulled the puppet-string, she recoiled into a momentary sadness at the result. It offended her taste and grated on her feeling that Harry should rise from the stone at her feet, and, with an air of insulted dignity, withdraw himself, saying as he went,

“If that is your opinion of men, I have less to regret than I thought I had.”

Margaret sat where he left her a long time. The sun went down into the sea, and paved a glittering highway across which went fluttering sails, wing and wing, like storm-weary moths, only none went sunward; but out of shadow into shade. Then the rays ceased to gild the sea, but all the dusky clouds above flushed with rose, and dappled the blue sky, and tinted the bluer sea with delicate reflections; and deep in ocean and in air the cold evening star heralded the moon, that now glided full-orbed from the east, and gave the lovely half tints of the west a chill and dewy aspect, till the purple of profound night enhanced every sparkling constellation, and the earth lay in pensive stillness from sea to shore.

Through all the changes Margaret mused, but still noticed every change; and years after that sweet autumn night returned to her, as if in its procession it had been foreboding; at length she too rose, and went to her room, scarcely to sleep, for she knew that she had hurt a dear heart, and she could not easily wound the meanest that approached her. But to her a sense of duty was ever present, and deeply as she felt for Harry the inevitable voice within uttered, “It is right;” and the stern echo was her best sleep-song.

Early in the morning Harry left for the city, and Margaret did not see him again before she took her own departure for Maine.

It is all very well for us to fancy that we manage our fellow-creatures, and with a certain self-satisfaction regard our power of string-pulling. But it is scarce possible, even with wooden puppets, for any but their maker to so fully understand the springs that no unforeseen or evil results shall arise from the manipulation; and something not unlike remorse darkened Margaret's soul when, three months after, the papers announced to her the marriage of Harry Stafford and Caroline Wittenhart. Though it is not the custom to announce the causes of marriage, as it is of death, in the public record—possibly because the happy or unhappy cou-

ples might not like to own publicly that they were bound together for all time by money, or pride, or idleness, or opportunity, or any other of the thousand Cupids that jostle the real urchin and steal his bow—yet Margaret read, in lines invisible to others, this announcement following her cousin's name: "Married of pique." She knew Miss Wittenhart—a gay, pretty, silly girl, given to dress and dancing. Amiable, because nothing ever interfered with her will; sentimental, commonplace; the direct opposite of herself. And she had driven Harry to this step. Still Margaret consoled herself. She had done what seemed right at the time; and once sure of that, nothing had power to trouble her. She wrote a letter of congratulation to Harry, which his wife answered in a pretty and illegible note; and there for the present their intercourse ceased.

Margaret lived alone and quiet in the little village where her parents had died. The cottage that her father had built, the moderate property he had left, were more than enough for her fastidious wants. The old nurse who was her housekeeper, and the boy who completed the establishment, were deeply attached to their mistress; and all the poor about Milton for miles welcomed the sight of Margaret's gray Canadian pony, and her cheerful face, as a sure relief from loneliness and despondency, as well as from want. So she lived for four years; and if in that time any thing had troubled her quiet she gave no expression to it; and, so far as any of her friends knew, the long period had passed overless.

After repeated refusals to join the Staffords at their home, though they had many times flitted in and out of her tiny dwelling on brief and gay visits, she at length promised to spend a winter in New York with them; and, establishing one of those spinster cousins that are indispensable to life over her domains, one bland November day saw her safely installed in the cheerful house of her guardian. Possibly the sigh that Margaret breathed when the warm welcome was over, and the importunate kisses of the children put an end to, that she might have an hour of rest before dinner, was not only a sigh of content; possibly in that hour she confessed to herself that there are sweeter things than solitude. Yet the sigh was not repeated, and the serene composure of her face was as sweet as ever when she came down.

In the evening Harry came in, without his wife. He was undeniably agitated to see her again, but covered it with a certain jocular manner, as unlike his usual custom as possible. Margaret was cordial and quiet; but through that long evening she caught her cousin's eyes studying her face like a picture, and, for more than one reason, she was embarrassed. Changed indeed she seemed to Harry. The rounded outline of cheek and brow had gone, and the shining bands of dark hair could not hide the angle at her temple, or its drooping braids fill out the wan cheek. Her great dark blue eyes had lost

their fire and frankness; darker they were than ever, and far deeper; unfathomable shadow filled them, and the melancholy lashes that shielded their far-looking gaze drooped upon a cheek colorless as ever, but not now with the fair transparency of health; and her mouth showed other marks of some still suffering. The curved upper lip dominated above the rosy fullness of the under more than nature had moulded it, or than art would have permitted—sure hieroglyph of needed and incessant self-command; and only the rare smiles that curled those lips restored their native beauty of childlike sweetness. Nor did she fail to remark even a sadder change in Harry. Careless, even slovenly, in his dress, he who had been so scrupulous, so finical once; listless in movement; evidently lowered in mind, possibly in morals. Margaret asked herself with dismay if this could be the gay and genial boy she had known. But the next day solved her wonder, when his wife came to call on her, bedizened with all the finery bad taste and money could procure; draped in laces soiled even beyond the legitimate dirtiness of rare lace, and costumed generally in a way only to be attained by a vulgar and unintelligent woman, with no home-love to refine or absorb her (for there were no children there, and the pretense of affection in her husband was long dead), and nothing to do but to adore and adorn her fading self; for Caroline Wittenhart's beauty had been the blonde fragility of an apple-blossom, and in the pale face, unmeaning expression, and small features of Mrs. Stafford, beauty of a subtler nature than tint and outline found no place. Her miserable aspect moved Margaret's heart; she saw the key to Harry's change at once, and in the generous sympathy of her quick and noble nature she resolved to use all her strength to remodel this unhappy household, to infuse life into this image of a home. And to do this, her first step was to gain Caroline's confidence. No very difficult task; for whatever Margaret had lost in outward beauty or in vividness, time had but deepened her attractive power; not the fascination of manner that hides a subtle character, not the indiscriminate use of means to a selfish end—this power was only the fervent overflowing of a true and deep heart; the sympathetic force of genius deepened and softened by a diviner principle, a love that "hopeth all things."

So it came about that, even more shortly than Margaret had hoped, she found a way into Caroline's trust and affection, and gathered a direct influence over her, almost touching in its absolute sway. To her faithful ear Caroline would have recounted even the secretest of her troubles, would Margaret have listened. But fortunately for what little self-respect remained to Mrs. Stafford, her cousin was one of those rare natures who know how to reverence the individuality of another soul, and protect it even against its own indiscretion and impulsiveness. Only from half-framed sentences that she herself curtailed—from minute observations and careless

allusions—did Margaret gather a painful knowledge of the little love that was wasted between Harry and his wife. And even in such measure, little by little, with the most delicate tact and the purest sympathy, drawing out whatever was good and lovely in Caroline, shielding whatever was wrong and false in Harry, did she try to shed peace where there was discord, and beguile affection out of distaste.

But this success was slow. If, at first, it pleased Mr. Stafford to see his cousin with his wife, and awoke in him a feeble glimmer of hope from such companionship, the contrast between their two characters forced itself upon him from day to day with annoying obtrusiveness. If they walked together, Caroline's ill-chosen dress and awkward gait, her thousand deficiencies in air and manner, brought into strong relief the quiet elegance of Margaret's attire, her graceful motion, her thoroughly well-bred aspect. At the breakfast table the loose golden curls and careless coiffure, as well as the tawdry robe and soiled laces of one lady, opposed the glossy braids and trim plain dress of the other unpleasantly enough; and even the shrill and vulgar tones of Mrs. Stafford seemed more sharp than ever responding to the vibrating contralto voice that was one of Margaret's charms.

But the winter wore on, and, by dint of both advice and supervision, Margaret had brought her cousin's wife nearer her own sphere—at least, outwardly. Something like neatness and fitness displaced her usual finery; her assiduous efforts to please him softened Harry's heart, and a certain remorseful sense of shame, as well as a keen pleasure, visited him when, one day in April, returning from the very brink of death with her treasure, Caroline's first whispered word was, "Please to call my baby Margaret?"

And the godmother went her way home almost satisfied with a winter in New York—more than satisfied with the brief lines of a note that followed her homeward, running thus:

"Margaret, the angels in heaven rejoice over a repenting sinner. You, who are an angel on earth, can not do less for me?"

HARRY STAFFORD.

A great many times Margaret's life had appalled her, both with past and future; but only they who have seen their well-beloved sitting clothed and in their right mind at the feet of God know what a thrill of self-forgetful rapture illuminated her whole soul now.

Transient splendor; though enduring peace. Six weeks after, she was recalled to the city at Caroline Stafford's wish. Recalled too late; for the fair, wan face was death-stiffened and the weak heart still when Margaret reached her; and another motherless Margaret wailed in the nursery, unconscious of its loss.

Exhausted with watching and grief, for the new love had deepened till he mourned truly for his wife, Harry Stafford was ordered abroad; and the same hour that the shores of home slowly dropped under the horizon from his listless gaze saw Margaret, with her little name-

sake and its nurse, safely deposited in their Maine home; for Caroline's last words had been a bequest of her child to her cousin.

Two years went fast away. With her new care Margaret found no need to hurry the days by. If ever in her round of active benevolence and industry she had been lonely, that solitary bitterness was gone; and scarce any mother holds her child dearer than she held the little orphan that knew no other mother.

Two years went, and Harry Stafford returned. Strengthened in health, sobered by a quiet grief, with a character that higher principles, tested and found constant, had deepened and refined, he was altogether a nobler man than the Harry Margaret had known. His first aim, of course, was the cottage at Milton. His child and his cousin were almost all that made homecoming dear.

Almost useless seems the obvious result of all this. What sweet blue eyes, that have so far endured these pages, do not now begin to gleam with a lurking smile?

"And she married him? Did she?"

Certain it is that Harry asked her; that the old love returned upon him with irresistible force; that once again, sitting in the door at sunset, he asked her to find her home with him, to return his deep affection. And Margaret answered,

"Harry, I can not."

"Can not love me, Margaret?"

"No; not as you ought to be loved, Harry. I am too old for romance; and even were it to return to me as dreams do sometimes return, I hope, I think, I should resist it. I should not be as happy, were I married, as I am now."

"Why?"

"For many and many a reason. In the first place, I am both sensitive and independent. Ask yourself if those traits are likely to make me a happy or submissive wife. The thousand harsh words, reproving looks, recriminations, and petty irritations, that form the staple of much domestic society, would either kill or craze me. Peace is my element and delight. I could not fling it away in my sober senses. And even if they were to leave me, memory is sure. I could trust my reason, after so many years of trial, to be potent even against passion."

"But, Margaret, all marriage is not without peace and happiness. I grant that there is much to regret in many marriages; but you must own there are some that are better than solitude—even a solitude like yours."

"Perhaps—yes—I believe there are. But I dare not risk it."

"I thought you more unselfish than that," said Harry, after a little pause, with a sigh.

"I thought you were one of those women who could lay aside your own personal enjoyment for the higher blessedness of making others happy."

Margaret's color deepened slowly; not with blushes, but with the stir of a new idea. She looked at him gravely.

"That is a new aspect of the matter, Harry," said she. "I have not, indeed, set it in that light before. To tell the truth, I have not thought of any one's personality in the matter but my own. It never seems to me as if a man could suffer from losing love. I have thought it was a woman's prerogative."

Now Harry colored. But the blush did not speak itself; he only resumed his plea—

"Think of me, then, in that light, Margaret? Let me wait in some glimmer of hope?"

"No," said she, earnestly; "do not hope. I do not love you, Harry, except as a dear friend. And without love marriage is worse than mockery. It is sin."

"But, Margaret, love might come. Such things have been. It is an old, old story."

"Such things have been, I know—might have been with me. There are men, I believe, though I have not known them, with whom years of the calmest friendship might gradually ripen into the noblest love—a love compounded of trust, respect, admiration, and passion; such love as the world rarely sees—such as puts to shame the wild abandonment of girlish love that throws itself blindly on an object that reason and reflection alike despise. But, Harry, I have known you long enough to know that I could never feel so for you. It is not your fault nor mine; it is some vital point of character that abounds or lacks in one or the other of us. I respect you honestly; and if I were obliged to choose, I would infinitely rather marry a man I respected and did not love than one whom I loved and did not respect. That is, I think my chance of happiness would be far greater."

"But, Margaret, your observation of married life must have been one-sided. Who else thinks of it as you do?"

"Hundreds of the married themselves. I have never had but one married woman among all my acquaintance advise me to tempt a like fate. Scores have said to me, 'Margaret, never marry.'"

"Traitors!" said Harry.

Margaret laughed.

"That is true; and I did not respect them at first, till I remembered that a woman's best relief is often in speech; that we say a thousand things about ourselves and our affairs, merely for the relief of expression, that we could kill another for saying of us. And as all the observation I had seconded the advice I received, I did not blame my advisers after all. I held out for them the largest charity."

"Your Charity is a poniard; I should have christened it Contempt! Besides, what good could any legions of opinions do when you see that it is only opinion? Why—if your reasoning and that of your friends is correct—why is it that day after day, and year after year, in a thousand cases that, even to the eye of an unprejudiced spectator, seem at least hazardous, do women get married? If these ideas of yours were prevalent or true, who would marry? What woman would tempt such a fate?"

"That is no argument. Women marry, and will marry till the world's end because they are in love; and it is a fundamental principle in the education of every girl—her outside education, I mean, from books and society—that, if one is in love with a man, one must marry him, whether or no, though he should be a drunkard, or a gambler, a man without honor, or honesty, or religion. Though every law of God and nature warn her of a fatal result to herself and her future, yet this caprice of passion, this irrational impulse, is to supersede all law and all right. To be in love excuses and gilds folly, and sin, and crime! Never will women have their true place in life, never will any social regeneration find a possibility of dawn upon earth, till girls are taught by both precept and example that passion is not an ultimate reason; that if there is a good reason for refusing to marry any man, though it should be merely such unfitness of character as forebodes turmoil in any relation, then this love is to be set bravely aside; this selfish emotion is to stand by and give place to right, to duty, to the good of others, though that good be but a contingent."

"You speak well," said Harry, bitterly.

"He jests at scars that never felt a wound."

Had you ever loved, had that granite nature of yours ever throbbed with a real passion, you would not talk so calmly of its suppression; you would have compassion on a vital force that exceeds even duty sometimes!"

Margaret shuddered, and was still. Harry turned and looked at her. Every line of the expressive face was rigid, and paler than the lily in her hair; her deep eyes were filled with passionate gloom; she cringed and trembled in the grasp of a relentless memory. And though she would have spoken, her white quivering lips refused to frame any word; and the struggling accent choked and panted in her beautiful throat.

"Margaret!" exclaimed he, ignorant what to do or to say.

She reached past him, and pointed to a fresh blown rose blooming beside the door; instinctively he stooped forward and pulled it from the stem. As her fingers received it, their marble touch chilled his own through and through. Hastily stripping the rose-petals she filled her mouth with them, as by a potent act of will. The strong effort of deglutition, the moistening of her parched tongue with their dewy coolness, perhaps the delicate sedative of their perfume, to which her peculiar organization was strangely sensitive, all these restored her shaken self-control. She spoke, and spoke calmly; though her voice vibrated like the jarred chord of a harp, and her eyes retained their indefinable expression of pride and gloomy anguish.

"I should have no right to speak of a possibility I had not tested," said she, coldly. "Look at me, Harry Stafford! Do you find no other handwriting than Time's on my face? Did you discern no strange footprints there when you met me after years of separation, and investi-

gated me so thoroughly, that winter in New York? I do not speak from the spectators. I have been in the arena. I have looked death in the face; but, I thank God who helped me, I saved my soul alive! Looking back to-day on the shadow of Hell where I wrestled, I thank Him with the deepest fervency that I was not left to the desolations of passion; that I had power to refuse the evil, though it was angelically arrayed; that I possess my soul in peace, when I might have been in torment."

Harry was silent; he could not speak. Her words filled him with regret and a certain awe. It is so rare in life that one discovers genuine results of the ascendancy of principle over self-pleasing—so "few there be that walk therein"—that one living martyr strikes us with a reverent astonishment denied to the chronicled feats of fifty traditional ones.

"But Margaret," resumed he, presently, "if you gain something, do you not lose more? Care, protection, position; the thousand sweet-nesses of children's love; of a home and a family—do you despise all these?"

"No, no," she answered, a mournful echo tinging her tones; "but as there is no gain without a loss, so there is no loss without a gain; and the question is for me which gain is the purest and greatest. Besides, reflect that I have loved once. Women of my kind love no more. When the fountain dries no tributary rills can simulate a river-source; and without love, as I said before, neither you nor I could hold it less than sin to marry. I have, indeed, lost that which is the life of most women; but I am peculiarly fitted to live alone. I have resources in myself, in my education, and my pursuits, that are sovereign remedies against solitude. Nor am I without affection. Children love me, and cling to me; the poor around here are my dear and faithful friends; and friends among the higher in station count themselves mine. I believe God has given me, as a compensation for my solitary home, an unusual power of attracting love; and I am not only content but happy. I have neither censure nor petulance to dread when I wake in the morning. I do not need to seek sleep as a refuge from coldness and unkindness. I am not fettered by the idle conventional scruples that are potent with all men. My schemes and theories do not wither in the practical sneers of a lord and master. I lower to no man's level day by day. I feel my heart enlarge and my mind expand in companionship with all that is noblest and best. I am not defiled with the touch of political squabbles, or stung with theological disputations. I am the slave of no man's caprices; the lawful butt of no man's ridicule or anger. I dare be as enthusiastic, as generous, and as peculiar as my nature and my circumstances permit; conscious only of responsibility to God. And this consciousness alone consoles me for all you think I lose. It is true I am far from recommending my position universally. I believe there are many women who can not live alone. I believe

the majority are in that case. You see types of them all about us. Look at Katrina Van Vleck. Handsome, industrious, silly, vain, and amiable, what would she have been unmarried? Her beauty gone, her temper soured, her mind of its own tendencies growing less and less. But marriage saved her; if Mr. Brooks scolds or swears, she is equally unconcerned. Her rosy children, her splendid establishment, are enough to satisfy her. And thousands of her type find other like satisfactions to satisfy them with their lot. Indeed I believe there are some ideal marriages also; some that offer the highest phase of which life is capable; and I know that in losing that highest phase I lose the greatest blessing of a woman's nature: the sweetness of entire dependence and absolute trust; the strength of unshaken affection; the support of a higher nature; the rest of a more stable character; the exalting influence and aid of a lofty and noble intellect; the power to serve with every capacity of existence one human soul infinitely dearer to me than my own; the opportunity to labor, to suffer, to endure for that soul's good or pleasure; the consciousness that I can never be alone, in life or death; that tender hands will guide and guard me; that children's voices will call me blessed; that I shall be loved on earth with the deepest devotion earth can offer, and waited for on the shores of heaven! Do you think I can be a woman and be ignorant or unregretful of all this? But hope of or capacity for such a marriage is lost to me; and I make my best of that which remains for thousands besides as lonely as I. For their sakes also I rejoice to offer in my life a vivid proof that it is not the sole end of a woman's existence to marry; that a single life is not necessarily lonely or miserable. Nay, that it may be far happier, far more useful, than many marriages are."

"Excellently argued," said Harry; "and it may console you, Margaret. But what is to become of me?"

Margaret sighed to herself, but smiled at him.

"Marry somebody else, Harry!"

The garden gate slammed behind him—he was gone. Margaret could prophesy, without doubt. In another year Harry Stafford proved it. The curls and smiles of a Carolinian widow broke down all his defenses. He was again a married man; and, having a retaliative wife, let us hope that neither party suffered passively (if either suffered at all) from their matrimonial tournaments.

The child of Caroline Wittenhart he never reclaimed from Margaret's care. She lived and grew up under that peaceful roof in Maine—even was married there, incredulous reader! with the consent and encouragement of her spinster cousin; and bids fair to have made one among the rare, almost ideal successes of such experiments.

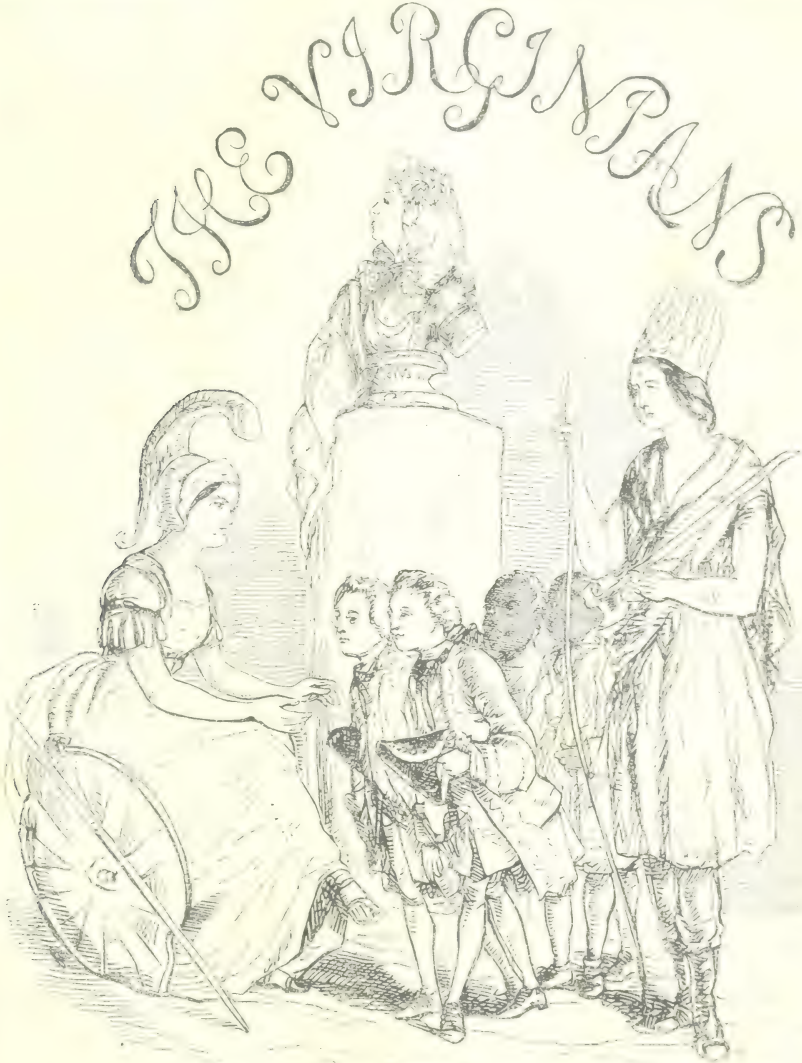
And Margaret still lives. Scarcely has old age, save with pallid kisses, invaded the serene

and spiritual beauty of her face. Her soft hair is as silken in its silver as its chestnut ever shone. Her eyes retain their depth of tint and expression, and their capacity for tears; but there is no gloom now in those clear and lustrous orbits. Her life has been a living sacrifice; her death will be a wide bereavement. Every where she is known hearts silently call her blessed. Loving and loved, full of good works and tender thoughts, the impersonation of charity in its highest sense, never had any

soul a truer or a better friend than she. Never had any child a fonder mother than Margaret Wittenhart Stafford found in the old maid. Now, at least, the words of Raleigh cease to be true of the lay sister; for there is but one gate to her heart, "wherein enter her charitable thoughts and divine contemplations;" and the nun yet lives outside the cloister to

"Show us how divine a thing
A woman may be made!"

—even a single woman!



CHAPTER XLV.

IN WHICH HARRY FINDS TWO UNCLES.

WE have all of us, no doubt, had a fine experience of the world, and a vast variety of characters have passed under our eyes; but

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there is one sort of men—not an uncommon object of satire in novels and plays—of whom I confess to have met with scarce any specimens at all in my intercourse with this sinful mankind. I mean, mere religious hypocrites, preaching forever, and not believing a word of their



own sermons; infidels in broad brims and sables, expounding, exhorting, comminating, blessing, without any faith in their own paradise, or fear about their pandemonium. Look at those candid troops of hobnails clumping to church on a Sunday evening; those rustling maid-servants in their ribbons whom the young apprentices follow; those little regiments of school-boys; those trim young maidens, and staid matrons, marching with their glistening prayer-books, as the chapel bell chinks yonder (passing Ebenezer, very likely, where the congregation of umbrellas, great bonnets, and patens, is by this time assembled under the flaring gas-lamps). Look at those! How many of them are hypocrites, think you? Very likely the maid-servant is thinking of her sweet-heart: the grocer is casting about how he can buy that parcel of sugar, and whether the County Bank will take any more of his paper: the head-school-boy is conning Latin verses for Monday's exercise: the young scape-grace remembers that after this service and sermon there will be papa's exposition at home, but that there will be pie for supper: the clerk who calls out the psalm has his daughter in trouble, and drones through his responses scarcely aware of their meaning: the very moment the parson hides his face on his cushion he may be thinking of that bill which is coming due on Monday. These people are not heavenly-minded; they are of the world, worldly, and have not yet got their feet off of it; but they are not hypocrites, look you. Folks have their religion in some handy mental lock-up, as it were—a valuable medicine, to be taken in ill-health; and a man administers his nostrum to his neighbor, and recommends his private cure for the other's complaint. "My dear madam, you have spasms? You will find these drops infallible!" "You have been taking too much wine, my good Sir?

By this pill you may defy any evil consequences from too much wine, and take your bottle of port daily." Of spiritual and bodily physic who are more fond and eager dispensers than women? And we know that, especially a hundred years ago, every lady in the country had her still-room, and her medicine-chest, her pills, powders, potions, for all the village round.

My Lady Warrington took charge of the consciences and the digestions of her husband's tenants and family. She had the faith and health of the servants'-hall in keeping. Heaven can tell whether she knew how to doctor them rightly; but, was it pill or doctrine, she administered one or the other with equal belief in her own authority, and her disciples swallowed both obediently. She believed herself to be one of the most virtuous, self-denying, wise, learned women in the world; and, dining this opinion perpetually into the ears of all round about her, succeeded in bringing not a few persons to join in her persuasion.

At Sir Miles's dinner there was so fine a side-board of plate, and such a number of men in livery, that it required some presence of mind to perceive that the beer was of the smallest which the butler brought round in the splendid tankard, and that there was but one joint of mutton on the grand silver dish. When Sir Miles called the King's health, and smacked his jolly lips over his wine, he eyed it and the company as if the liquor was ambrosia. He asked Harry Warrington whether they had port like that in Virginia? He said that was nothing to the wine Harry should taste in Norfolk. He praised the wine so, that Harry almost believed that it was good, and winked into his own glass, trying to see some of the merits which his uncle perceived in the ruby nectar.

Just as we see in many a well-regulated family of this present century, the Warringtons had their two paragons. Of the two grown daughters, the one was the greatest beauty, the other the greatest genius and angel of any young lady then alive, as Lady Warrington told Harry. The eldest, the Beauty, was engaged to dear Tom Claypool, the fond mother informed her Cousin Harry in confidence. But the second daughter, the Genius and Angel was forever set upon our young friend to improve his wits and morals. She sang to him at the harpsichord—rather out of tune for an angel, Harry thought; she was ready with advice, instruction, conversation—with almost too much instruction and advice, thought Harry, who would have far preferred the society of the little cousin who reminded him of Fanny Mountain at home. But the last-mentioned young maiden, after dinner retired to her nursery commonly. Beauty went off on her own avocations: Mamma had to attend to her poor or write her voluminous letters; Papa dozed in his arm-chair; and the Genius remained to keep her young cousin company.

The calm of the house somehow pleased the young man, and he liked to take refuge there

away from the riot and dissipation in which he ordinarily lived. Certainly no welcome could be kinder than that which he got. The doors were opened to him at all hours. If Flora was not at home, Dora was ready to receive him. Ere many days' acquaintance, he and his little Cousin Miles had been to have a galloping-match in the Park, and Harry, who was kind and generous to every man alive who came near him, had in view the purchase of a little horse for his cousin, far better than that which the boy rode, when the circumstances occurred which brought all our poor Harry's coaches and horses to a sudden break-down.

Though Sir Miles Warrington had imagined Virginia to be an island, the ladies were much better instructed in geography, and anxious to hear from Harry all about his home and his native country. He, on his part, was not averse to talk about it. He described to them the length and breadth of his estate; the rivers which it coasted; the produce which it bore. He had had with a friend a little practice of surveying in his boyhood. He made a map of his county, with some fine towns here and there, which, in truth, were but log-huts (but, for the honor of his country, he was desirous that they should wear as handsome a look as possible). Here was Potomac; here was James River; here were the wharves whence his mother's ships and tobacco were brought to the sea. In truth, the estate was as large as a county. He did not brag about the place overmuch. To see the handsome young fellow, in a fine suit of velvet and silver-lace, making his draught, pointing out this hill and that forest or town, you might have imagined him a traveling prince describing the realms of the queen his mother. He almost fancied himself to be so at times. He had miles where gentlemen in England had acres. Not only Dora listened, but the beautiful Flora bowed her fair head and heard him with attention. Why, what was young Tom Claypool, their brother baronet's son in Norfolk, with his great boots, his great voice, and his heirdom to a poor five thousand acres, compared to this young American prince and charming stranger? Angel as she was, Dora began to lose her angelic temper and to twit Flora for a flirt. Claypool, in his red waistcoat, would sit dumb before the splendid Harry in his ruffles and laces, talking of March and Chesterfield, Selwyn and Bolingbroke, and the whole company of Macaronis. Mamma began to love Harry more and more as a son. She was anxious about the spiritual welfare of those poor Indians, of those poor negroes in Virginia. What could she do to help dear Madam Esmond (a precious woman, she knew!) in the good work? She had a serious butler and housekeeper: they were delighted with the spiritual behavior and sweet musical gifts of Gumbo.

"Ah! Harry, Harry! you have been a sad wild boy! Why did you not come sooner to us, Sir, and not lose your time among the spend-

thrifts and the vain world? But 'tis not yet too late. We must reclaim thee, dear Harry! Mustn't we, Sir Miles? Mustn't we, Dora? Mustn't we, Flora?"

The three ladies all look up to the ceiling. They *will* reclaim the dear prodigal. It is which shall reclaim him most. Dora sits by and watches Flora. As for mamma, when the girls are away, she talks to him more and more seriously, more and more tenderly. She will be a mother to him in the absence of his own admirable parent. She gives him a hymn-book. She kisses him on the forehead. She is actuated by the purest love, tenderness, religious regard, toward her dear, wayward, wild, amiable nephew.

While these sentimentalities were going on, it is to be presumed that Mr. Warrington kept his own counsel about his affairs out-of-doors, which we have seen were in the very worst condition. He who had been favored by fortune for so many weeks was suddenly deserted by her, and a few days had served to kick down all his heap of winnings. Do we say that my Lord Castlewood, his own kinsman, had dealt unfairly by the young Virginian, and in the course of a couple of afternoons' closet practice had robbed him? We would insinuate nothing so disrespectful to his lordship's character; but he had won from Harry every shilling which properly belonged to him, and would have played him for his reversions but that the young man flung up his hands when he saw himself so far beaten, and declared that he must continue the battle no more. Remembering that there still remained a spar out of the wreck, as it were—that portion which he had set aside for poor Sampson—Harry ventured it at the gaming-table; but that last resource went down along with the rest of Harry's possessions, and Fortune fluttered off in the storm, leaving the luckless adventurer almost naked on the shore.

When a man is young and generous and hearty the loss of money scarce afflicts him. Harry would sell his horses and carriages, and diminish his *train* of life. If he wanted immediate supplies of money, would not his Aunt Bernstein be his banker, or his kinsman who had won so much from him, or his kind Uncle Warrington and Lady Warrington, who were always talking virtue and benevolence, and declaring that they loved him as a son? He would call upon these, or any one of them whom he might choose to favor, at his leisure; meanwhile, Sampson's story of his landlord's distress touched the young gentleman, and, in order to raise a hasty supply for the clergyman, he carried off all his trinkets to a certain pawnbroker's shop in St. Martin's Lane.

Now this broker was a relative or partner of that very Mr. Sparks of Tavistock Street from whom Harry had purchased—purchased, did we say?—no; taken the trinkets which he had intended to present to his Oakhurst friends; and it chanced that Mr. Sparks came to visit his brother tradesman very soon after Mr. Warring-

ton had disposed of his goods. Recognizing immediately the little enameled diamond-handled repeater which he had sold to the Fortunate Youth, the jeweler broke out into expressions regarding Harry which I will not mention here, being already accused of speaking much too plainly. A gentleman who is acquainted with a pawnbroker, we may be sure, has a bailiff or two among his acquaintances; and those bailiffs have followers who, at the bidding of the impartial Law, will touch with equal hand the fiercest captain's epaulet or the finest Macaroni's shoulder. The very gentlemen who had seized upon Lady Maria at Tunbridge were set upon her cousin in London. They easily learned from the garrulous Gumbo that his honor was at Sir Miles Warrington's house in Hill Street, and while the black was courting Mrs. Lambert's maid at the adjoining mansion, Mr. Costigan and his assistant lay in wait for poor Harry, who was enjoying the delights of intercourse with a virtuous family circle assembled round his aunt's table. Never had Uncle Miles been more cordial, never had Aunt Warrington been more gracious, gentle, and affectionate; Flora looked unusually lovely, Dora had been more than ordinarily amiable. At parting my lady gave him both her hands, and called benedictions from the ceiling down upon him. Papa had said in his most jovial manner, "Hang it, nephew! when I was thy age I should have kissed two such fine girls as Do and Flo ere this, and my own flesh and blood too! Don't tell me! I *should*, my Lady Warrington! Odds-fish! 'tis the boy blushes, and not the girls, I think—I suppose they are used to it. He! he!"

"Papa!" cry the virgins.

"Sir Miles!" says the august mother at the same instant.

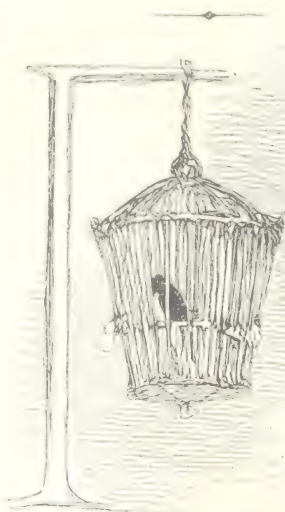
"There, there," says papa; "a kiss won't do no harm, and won't tell no tales: will it, nephew Harry?" I suppose, during the utterance of the above three brief phrases, the harmless little osculatory operation has taken place, and blushing Cousin Harry has touched the damask cheek of Cousin Flora and Cousin Dora.

As he goes down stairs with his uncle, mamma makes a speech to the girls, looking, as usual, up to the ceiling, and saying, "What precious qualities your poor dear cousin has! What shrewdness mingled with his simplicity, and what a fine genteel manner—though upon mere worldly elegance I set little store. What a dreadful pity to think that such a vessel should ever be lost! We must rescue him, my loves. We must take him away from those wicked companions, and those horrible Castlewoods—not that I would speak ill of my neighbors. But I shall hope, I shall pray that he may be rescued from his evil courses!" and again Lady Warrington eyes the cornice in a most determined manner, as the girls wistfully look toward the door behind which their interesting cousin has just vanished.

His uncle will go down stairs with him.

He calls "God bless you, my boy!" most affectionately; he presses Harry's hand, and repeats his valuable benediction at the door. As it closes, the light from the hall within having sufficiently illuminated Mr. Warrington's face and figure, two gentlemen, who have been standing on the opposite side of the way, advance rapidly, and one of them takes a strip of paper out of his pocket, and, putting his hand upon Mr. Warrington's shoulder, declares him his prisoner. A hackney-coach is in attendance, and poor Harry goes to sleep in Chancery Lane.

Oh, to think that a Virginian prince's back should be slapped by a ragged bailiff's follower! that Madam Esmond's son should be in a sponging-house in Cursitor Street! I do not envy our young prodigal his rest on that dismal night. Let us hit him now he is down, my beloved young friends. Let us imagine the stings of remorse keeping him wakeful on his dingy pillow; the horrid jollifications of other hardened inmates of the place ringing in his ears from the room hard by, where they sit boozing; the rage and shame and discomfiture. No pity on him, I say, my honest young gentlemen, for *you*, of course, have never indulged in extravagance or folly, or paid the reckoning of remorse.



CHAPTER XLVI.

CHAINS AND SLAVERY.

REMORSE for past misdeeds and follies Harry sincerely felt, when he found himself a prisoner in that dismal lock-up house, and wrath and annoyance at the idea of being subjected to the indignity of arrest; but the present unpleasantness he felt sure could only be momentary. He had twenty friends who would release him from his confinement: to which of them should he apply, was the question. Mr. Draper, the man of business, who had been so obsequious to him: his kind uncle, the baronet, who had offered to make his house Harry's home, who loved him as a son: his Cousin Castlewood, who had won

such large sums from him: his noble friends at the Chocolate House, his good Aunt Bernstein—any one of these Harry felt sure would give him a help in his trouble, though some of the relatives, perhaps, might administer to him a little scolding for his imprudence. The main point was, that the matter should be transacted quietly, for Mr. Warrington was anxious that as few as possible of the public should know how a gentleman of his prodigious importance had been subject to such a vulgar process as an arrest. As if the public does not end by knowing every thing it cares to know. As if the dinner I shall have to day, and the hole in the stocking which I wear at this present writing, can be kept a secret from some enemy or other who has a mind to pry it out—though my boots are on, and my door was locked when I dressed myself! I mention that hole in the stocking for sake of example merely. The world can pry out every thing about us which it has a mind to know. But then there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care. Consider the amount of scandal it has been forced to hear in its time, and how weary and *blasé* it must be of that kind of intelligence. You are taken to prison, and fancy yourself indelibly disgraced? You are bankrupt under odd circumstances? You drive a queer bargain with your friends and are found out, and imagine the world will punish you? Pshaw! Your shame is only vanity. Go and talk to the world as if nothing had happened, and nothing *has* happened. Tumble down; brush the mud off your clothes; appear with a smiling countenance, and nobody cares. Do you suppose Society is going to take out its pocket-handkerchief and be inconsolable when you die? Why should it care very much, then, whether your worship graces yourself or disgraces yourself? Whatever happens it talks, meets, jokes, yawns, has its dinner pretty much as before. Therefore don't be so conceited about yourself as to fancy your private affairs of so much importance, *mi fili*. Whereas Mr. Harry Warrington chafed and fumed as though all the world was tingling with the touch of that hand which had been laid on his sublime shoulder.

"A pretty sensation my arrest must have created at the club!" thought Harry. "I suppose that Mr. Selwyn will be cutting all sorts of jokes about my misfortune, plague take him! Every body round the table will have heard of it. March will tremble about the bet I have with him; and, faith, 'twill be difficult to pay him when I lose. They will all be setting up a whoop of congratulation at the Savage, as they call me, being taken prisoner. How shall I ever be able to appear in the world again? Whom shall I ask to come to my help? No," thought he, with his mingled acuteness and simplicity, "I will not send, in the first instance, to any of my relations or my noble friends at White's. I will have Sampson's counsel. He has often been in a similar predicament, and will know how to advise me." Accordingly, as

soon as the light of dawn appeared, after an almost intolerable delay—for it seemed to Harry as if the sun had forgotten to visit Cursitor Street in his rounds that morning—and as soon as the inmates of the house of bondage were stirring, Mr. Warrington dispatched a messenger to his friend in Long Acre, acquainting the Chaplain with the calamity just befallen him, and beseeching his reverence to give him the benefit of his advice and consolation.

Mr. Warrington did not know, to be sure, that to send such a message to the parson was as if he said, "I am fallen among the lions. Come down, my dear friend, into the pit with me." Harry very likely thought Sampson's difficulties were over; or, more likely still, was so much engrossed with his own affairs and perplexities as to bestow little thought upon his neighbor's. Having sent off his missive the captive's mind was somewhat more at ease, and he condescended to call for breakfast, which was brought to him presently. The attendant, who served him with his morning repast, asked him whether he would order dinner, or take his meal at Mrs. Bailiff's table with some other gentlemen? No. Mr. Warrington would not order dinner. He should quit the place before dinner-time, he informed the chamberlain who waited on him in that grim tavern. The man went away, thinking, no doubt, that this was not the first young gentleman who had announced that he was going away ere two hours were over. "Well, if your honor *does* stay, there is good beef and carrot at two o'clock," says the skeptic, and closes the door on Mr. Harry and his solitary meditations.

Harry's messenger to Mr. Sampson brought back a message from that gentleman to say that he would be with his patron as soon as might be: but ten o'clock came, eleven o'clock, noon, and no Sampson. No Sampson arrived, but about twelve Gumbo, with a portmanteau of his master's clothes, who flung himself, roaring with grief, at Harry's feet: and with a thousand vows of fidelity, expressed himself ready to die, to sell himself into slavery over again, to do any thing to rescue his beloved Master Harry from this calamitous position. Harry was touched with the lad's expressions of affection, and told him to get up from the ground where he was groveling on his knees, embracing his master's. "All you have to do, Sir, is to give me my clothes to dress, and to hold your tongue about this business. Mind you, not a word, Sir, about it to any body!" says Mr. Warrington, severely.

"Oh no, Sir, never to nobody!" says Gumbo, looking most solemnly, and proceeded to dress his master carefully, who had need of a change and a toilet after his yesterday's sudden capture, and night's dismal rest. Accordingly Gumbo flung a dash of powder in Harry's hair, and arrayed his master carefully and elegantly, so that he made Mr. Warrington look as fine and splendid as if he had been stepping into his chair to go to St. James's.

Indeed all that love and servility could do Mr. Gumbo faithfully did for his master, for whom he had an extreme regard and attachment. But there were certain things beyond Gumbo's power. He could not undo things which were done already; and he could not help lying and excusing himself when pressed upon points disagreeable to himself. The language of slaves is lies (I mean black slaves and white). The creature slinks away and hides with subterfuges, as a hunted animal runs to his covert at the sight of man, the tyrant and pursuer. Strange relics of feudality and consequence of our ever-so-old social life! Our domestics (are they not men, too, and brethren?) are all hypocrites before us. They never speak naturally to us, or the whole truth. We should be indignant; we should say, confound their impudence; we should turn them out of doors if they did. But *quo me rapis?* Oh, my unbridled hobby?

Well, the truth is, that as for swearing not to say a word about his master's arrest—such an oath as that was impossible to keep; for, with a heart full of grief indeed, but with a tongue that never could cease wagging, bragging, joking, and lying, Mr. Gumbo had announced the woeful circumstance to a prodigious number of his acquaintances already, chiefly gentlemen of the shoulder-knot and worsted-lace. We have seen how he carried the news to Colonel Lambert's and Lord Wrotham's servants: he had proclaimed it at the footman's club, to which he belonged, and which was frequented by the gentlemen of some of the first nobility. He had subsequently condescended to partake of a mug of ale in Sir Miles Warrington's butler's room, and there had repeated and embellished the story. Then he had gone off to Madame Bernstein's people, with some of whom he was on terms of affectionate intercourse, and had informed that domestic circle of his grief: and, his master being captured, and there being no earthly call for his personal services that evening, Gumbo had stepped up to Lord Castlewood's, and informed the gentry there of the incident which had just come to pass. So when, laying his hand on his heart, and with gushing floods of tears, Gumbo says, in reply to his master's injunction, "Oh no, master, nebber to nobody!" we are in a condition to judge of the degree of credibility which ought to be given to the lad's statement.

The black had long completed his master's toilet; the dreary breakfast was over; slow as the hours went to the prisoner, still they were passing, one after another, but no Sampson came in accordance with the promise sent in the morning. At length, some time after noon, there arrived, not Sampson, but a billet from him, sealed with a moist wafer, and with the ink almost yet wet. The unlucky divine's letter ran as follows:

Oh, Sir, dear Sir, I have done all that a man can at the command, and in the behalf of his

patron! You did not know, Sir, to what you were subjecting me, did you? Else, if I was to go to prison, why did I not share yours, and why am I in a lock-up house three doors off?

Yes. Such is the fact. As I was hastening to you, knowing full well the danger to which I was subject—but what danger will I not affront at the call of such a benefactor as Mr. Warrington hath been to me?—I was seized by two villains who had a writ against me, and who have lodged me at Naboth's, hard by, and so close to your honor that we could almost hear each other across the garden walls of the respective houses where we are confined.

I had much and of importance to say, which I do not care to write down on paper, regarding your affairs. May they mend! May my cursed fortunes, too, better themselves, is the prayer of

Your honor's afflicted Chaplain in Ordinary,
J. S.

And now, as Mr. Sampson refuses to speak, it will be our duty to acquaint the reader with those matters whereof the poor Chaplain did not care to discourse on paper.

Gumbo's loquacity had not reached so far as Long Acre, and Mr. Sampson was ignorant of the extent of his patron's calamity until he received Harry's letter and messenger from Chancery Lane. The divine was still ardent with gratitude for the service Mr. Warrington had just conferred on him, and eager to find some means to succor his distressed patron. He knew what a large sum Lord Castlewood had won from his cousin, had dined in company with his lordship on the day before, and now ran to Lord Castlewood's house with a hope of arousing him to some pity for Mr. Warrington. Sampson made a very eloquent and touching speech to Lord Castlewood about his kinsman's misfortune, and spoke with a real kindness and sympathy, which, however, failed to touch the nobleman to whom he addressed himself.

My lord peevishly and curtly put a stop to the Chaplain's passionate pleading. "Did I not tell you, two days since, when you came for money, that I was as poor as a beggar, Sampson," said his lordship, "and has any body left me a fortune since? The little sum I won from my cousin was swallowed up by others. I not only can't help Mr. Warrington, but, as I pledge you my word, not being in the least aware of his calamity, I had positively written to him this morning to ask him to help *me*?" And a letter to this effect did actually reach Mr. Warrington from his lodgings, whither it had been dispatched by the penny-post.

"I must get him money, my lord. I know he had scarcely any thing left in his pocket after relieving me. Were I to pawn my cassock and bands, he must have money," cried the Chaplain.

"Amen. Go and pawn your bands, your cassock, any thing you please. Your enthusiasm does you credit," said my lord, and resumed the

reading of his paper—while, in the deepest despondency, poor Sampson left him.

My Lady Maria meanwhile had heard that the Chaplain was with her brother, and conjectured what might be the subject on which they had been talking. She seized upon the parson as he issued from out his fruitless interview with my lord. She drew him into the dining-room; the strongest marks of grief and sympathy were in her countenance. "Tell me, what is this has happened to Mr. Warrington?" she asked.

"Your ladyship, then, knows?" asked the Chaplain.

"Have I not been in mortal anxiety ever since his servant brought the dreadful news last night?" asked my lady. "We had it as we came from the Opera—from my Lady Yarmouth's box—my lord, my Lady Castlewood, and I."

"His lordship, then, *did* know?" continued Sampson.

"Benson told the news when we came from the play-house to our tea," repeats Lady Maria.

The Chaplain lost all patience and temper at such duplicity. "This is too bad," he said, with an oath; and he told Lady Maria of the conversation which he had just had with Lord Castlewood, and of the latter's refusal to succor his cousin, after winning great sums of money from him, and with much eloquence and feeling of Mr. Warrington's most generous behavior to himself.

Then my Lady Maria broke out with a series of remarks regarding her own family, which were by no means complimentary to her own kith and kin. Although not accustomed to tell truth commonly, yet, when certain families fall out, it is wonderful what a number of truths they will tell about one another. With tears, imprecations, I do not like to think how much stronger language, Lady Maria burst into a furious and impassioned tirade, in which she touched upon the history of almost all her noble family. She complimented the men and the ladies alike; she shrieked out interrogatories to Heaven, inquiring why it had made such—(never mind what names she called her brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, parents); and, emboldened with wrath, she dashed at her brother's library-door, so shrill in her outcries, so furious in her demeanor, that the alarmed Chaplain, fearing the scene which might ensue, made for the street.

My lord, looking up from the book or other occupation which engaged him, regarded the furious woman with some surprise, and selected a good strong oath to fling at her, as it were, and check her onset.

But, when roused, we have seen how courageous Maria could be. Afraid as she was ordinarily of her brother, she was not in a mood to be frightened now by any language of abuse or sarcasm at his command.

"So, my lord!" she called out; "you sit down with him in private to cards, and pigeon him! You get the poor boy's last shilling, and

you won't give him a guinea out of his own winnings now he is penniless!"

"So that infernal Chaplain has been telling tales!" says my lord.

"Dismiss him: do! Pay him his wages, and let him go—he will be glad enough!" cries Maria.

"I keep him to marry one of my sisters, in case he is wanted," says Castlewood, glaring at her.

"What can the women be in a family where there are such men?" says the lady.

"*Effectivement!*" says my lord, with a shrug of his shoulder.

"What can we be, when our fathers and brothers are what they are? We are bad enough, but what are you? I say, you neither have courage—no, nor honor, nor common feeling. As your equals won't play with you, my Lord Castlewood, you must take this poor lad out of Virginia, your own kinsman, and pigeon him! Oh, it's a shame—a shame!"

"We are all playing our own game, I suppose. Haven't you played and won one, Maria? Is it you that are squeamish all of a sudden about the poor lad from Virginia? Has Mr. Harry cried off, or has your ladyship got a better offer?" cried my lord. "If you won't have him, one of the Warrington girls will, I promise you; and the old Methodist woman in Hill Street will give him the choice of either. Are you a fool, Maria Esmond? A greater fool, I mean, than in common?"

"I should be a fool if I thought that either of my brothers could act like an honest man. Eugene!" said Maria. "I am a fool to expect that you will be other than you are; that if you find any relative in distress, you will help him; that if you can meet with a victim you won't fleece him."

"Fleece him! Pshaw! What folly are you talking! Have you not seen, from the course which the lad has been running for months past, how he would end? If I had not won his money some other would. I never grudged thee thy little plans regarding him. Why shouldst thou fly in a passion because I have just put out my hand to take what he was offering to all the world? I reason with you, I don't know why, Maria. You should be old enough to understand reason, at any rate. You think this money belonged of right to Lady Maria Warrington and her children? I tell you that in three months more every shilling would have found its way to White's macco-table, and that it is much better spent in paying my debts. So much for your ladyship's anger, and tears, and menaces, and naughty language. See! I am a good brother, and repay them with reason and kind words."

"My good brother might have given a little more than kind words to the lad from whom he has just taken hundreds," interposed the sister of this affectionate brother.

"Great Heavens, Maria! Don't you see that even out of this affair, unpleasant as it seems, a clever woman may make her advantage,"

cries my lord. Maria said she failed to comprehend.

"As thus. I name no names; I meddle in no person's business, having quite enough to do to manage my own cursed affairs. But suppose I happen to know of a case in another family which may be applicable to ours. It is this. A green young lad, of tolerable expectations, comes up from the country to his friends in town—never mind from what country: never mind to what town. An elderly female relative, who has been dragging her spinsterhood about these how many years shall we say? extorts a promise of marriage from my young gentleman, never mind on what conditions."

"My lord, do you want to insult your sister as well as to injure your cousin?" asks Maria.

"My good child, did I say a single word about fleecing, or cheating, or pigeoning, or did I fly into a passion when you insulted *me*? I know the allowance that must be made for your temper and the natural folly of your sex. I say, I treated you with soft words—I go on with my story. The elderly relative extracts a promise of marriage from the young lad, which my gentleman is quite unwilling to keep. No, he won't keep it. He is utterly tired of his elderly relative: he will plead his mother's refusal; he will do any thing to get out of his promise."

"Yes; if he was one of us Esmonds, my Lord Castlewood. But this is a man of honor we are speaking of," cried Maria, who, I suppose, admired truth in others, however little she saw it in her own family.

"I do not contradict either of my dear sister's remarks. One of us would fling the promise to the winds, especially as it does not exist in writing."

"My lord!" gasps out Maria.

"Bah! I know all. That little *coup* of Tunbridge was played by the Aunt Bernstein with excellent skill. The old woman is the best man of our family. While you were arrested, your boxes were searched for the Mohock's letters to you. When you were let loose, the letters had disappeared, and you said nothing, like a wise woman, as you are sometimes. You still hanker after your Cherokee. *Soit*. A woman of your mature experience knows the value of a husband. What is this little loss of two or three hundred pounds?"

"Not more than three hundred, my lord?" interposes Maria.

"Eh! never mind a hundred or two, more or less. What is this loss at cards? A mere bagatelle! You are playing for a principality. You want your kingdom in Virginia; and if you listen to my opinion, the little misfortune which has happened to your swain is a piece of great good fortune to you."

"I don't understand you, my lord."

"*C'est possible*; but sit down, and I will explain what I mean in a manner suited to your capacity." And so Maria Esmond, who had advanced to her brother like a raging lion, now sate down at his feet like a gentle lamb.

Madame de Bernstein was not a little moved at the news of her nephew's arrest, which Mr. Gumbo brought to Clarges Street on the night of the calamity. She would have cross-examined the black, and had further particulars respecting Harry's mishap; but Mr. Gumbo, anxious to carry his intelligence to other quarters, had vanished when her ladyship sent for him. Her temper was not improved by the news, or by the sleepless night which she spent. I do not envy the *dame de compagnie* who played cards with her, or the servant who had to lie in her chamber. An arrest was an everyday occurrence, as she knew very well as a woman of the world. Into what difficulties had her scape-grace of a nephew fallen? How much money should she be called upon to pay to release him? And had he run through all his own? Provided he had not committed himself very deeply, she was quite disposed to aid him. She liked even his extravagances and follies. He was the only being in the world on whom, for long, long years, that weary woman had been able to bestow a little natural affection. So, on their different beds, she and Harry were lying wakeful together; and quite early in the morning the messengers which each sent forth on the same business may have crossed each other.

Madame Bernstein's messenger was dispatched to the chambers of her man of business, Mr. Draper, with an order that Mr. D. should ascertain for what sums Mr. Warrington had been arrested, and forthwith repair to the Baroness. Draper's emissaries speedily found out that Mr. Warrington was locked up close beside them, and the amount of detainers against him so far. Were there other creditors, as no doubt there were, they would certainly close upon him when they were made acquainted with his imprisonment.

To Mr. Sparks, the jeweler, for those unlucky presents, so much; to the landlord in Bond Street, for board, fire, lodging, so much; these were at present the only claims against Mr. Warrington Mr. Draper found. He was ready at a signal from her ladyship to settle them at a moment. The jeweler's account ought especially to be paid, for Mr. Harry had acted most imprudently in taking goods from Mr. Sparks on credit, and pledging them with a pawnbroker. He must have been under some immediate pressure for money; intended to redeem the goods immediately, meant nothing but what was honorable of course; but the affair would have an ugly look, if made public, and had better be settled out of hand. "There can not be the least difficulty regarding a thousand pounds more or less, for a gentleman of Mr. Warrington's rank and expectations," said Madame de Bernstein. Not the least: her ladyship knew very well that there were funds belonging to Mr. Warrington, on which money could be at once raised with her ladyship's guarantee.

Should he go that instant and settle the mat-

ter with Messrs. Amos? Mr. Harry might be back to dine with her at two, and to confound the people at the clubs, who are no doubt rejoicing over his misfortunes, said the compassionate Mr. Draper.

But the Baroness had other views. "I think, my good Mr. Draper," she said, "that my young gentleman has sown wild oats enough; and when he comes out of prison, I should like him to come out clear, and without any liabilities at all. You are not aware of all his."

"No gentleman ever does tell all his debts, madame," says Mr. Draper; "no one I ever had to deal with."

"There is one which the silly boy has contracted, and from which he ought to be released, Mr. Draper. You remember a little circumstance which occurred at Tunbridge Wells in the autumn? About which I sent up my man Case to you?"

"When your ladyship pleases to recall it, I remember it—not otherwise," says Mr. Draper, with a bow. "A lawyer should be like a Popish confessor—what is told him is a secret forever, and for every body." So we must not whisper Madame Bernstein's secret to Mr. Draper; but the reader may perhaps guess it from the lawyer's conduct subsequently.

The lawyer felt pretty certain that ere long he would receive a summons from the poor young prisoner in Cursitor Street, and waited for that invitation before he visited Mr. Warrington. Six-and-thirty hours passed ere the invitation came, during which period Harry passed the dreariest two days which he ever remembered to have spent.

There was no want of company in the lock-up house, the bailiff's rooms were nearly always full; but Harry preferred the dingy solitude of his own room to the society round his landlady's table, and it was only on the second day of his arrest, and when his purse was emptied by the heavy charges of the place, that he made up his mind to apply to Mr. Draper. He dispatched a letter then to the lawyer at the Temple, informing him of his plight, and desiring him, in an emphatic postscript, not to say one word about the matter to his aunt Madame de Bernstein.

He had made up his mind not to apply to the old lady except at the very last extremity. She had treated him with so much kindness that he revolted from the notion of trespassing on her bounty, and for a while tried to please himself with the idea that he might get out of durance without her even knowing that any misfortune at all had befallen him. There seemed to him something humiliating in petitioning a woman for money. No! He would apply first to his male friends, all of whom might help him if they would. It had been his intention to send Sampson to one or other of them as a negotiator, had not the poor fellow been captured on his way to succor his friend.

Sampson gone, Harry was obliged to have recourse to his own negro servant, who was

kept on the trot all day between Temple Bar and the Court end of the town with letters from his unlucky master. Firstly, then, Harry sent off a most private and confidential letter to his kinsman, the Right Honorable the Earl of Castlewood, saying how he had been cast into prison, and begging Castlewood to lend him the amount of the debt. "Please to keep my application, and the cause of it, a profound secret from the dear ladies," wrote poor Harry.

"Was ever any thing so unfortunate?" wrote back Lord Castlewood, in reply. "I suppose you have not got my note of yesterday? It must be lying at your lodgings, where—I hope in Heaven!—you will soon be too. My dear Mr. Warrington, thinking you were as rich as Cæsus—otherwise I never should have sate down to cards with you—I wrote to you yesterday, begging you to lend *me* some money to appease some hungry duns whom I don't know how else to pacify. My poor fellow! every shilling of your money went to them, and but for my peer's privilege I might be hob-and-nob with you now in your dungeon. May you soon escape from it, is the prayer of your sincere Castlewood."

This was the result of application number one: and we may imagine that Mr. Harry read the reply to his petition with rather a blank face. Never mind! There was kind, jolly Uncle Warrington. Only last night his aunt had kissed him and loved him like a son. His uncle had called down blessings on his head, and professed quite a paternal regard for him. With a feeling of shyness and modesty in presence of those virtuous parents and family, Harry had never said a word about his wild doings, or his horse-racings, or his gamblings, or his extravagances. It must all out now. He must confess himself a Prodigal and a Sinner, and ask for their forgiveness and aid. So Prodigal sate down and composed a penitent letter to Uncle Warrington, and exposed his sad case, and besought him to come to the rescue. Was not that a bitter nut to crack for our haughty young Virginian? Hours of mortification and profound thought as to the pathos of the composition did Harry pass over that letter; sheet after sheet of Mr. Amos's sixpence a sheet letter-paper did he tear up before the missive was complete, with which poor blubbering Gumbo (much vilified by the bailiff's followers and parasites, whom he was robbing, as they conceived, of their perquisites) went his way.

At evening the faithful negro brought back a thick letter in his aunt's handwriting. Harry opened the letter with a trembling hand. He thought it was full of bank-notes. Ah, me! it contained a sermon (Daniel in the Lion's Den) by Mr. Whitfield, and a letter from Lady Warrington, saying that, in Sir Miles's absence from London, she was in the habit of opening his letters, and hence, perforce, was become acquainted with a fact which she *deplored from her inmost soul* to learn, namely, that her nephew Warrington had been *extravagant and was in debt*. Of course, in the absence of Sir Miles,

she could not hope to have at command such a sum as that for which Mr. Warrington wrote, but she sent him her *heartfelt prayers*, her *deepest commiseration*, and a discourse by dear Mr. Whitfield, which would comfort him in his present (alas! she feared not undeserved!) calamity. She added profuse references to particular Scriptural chapters which would do him good. If she might speak of things worldly, she said, at *such a moment*, she would hint to Mr. Warrington that his epistolary orthography was any thing but correct. She would not fail for her part to comply with his express desire that his *dear cousins* should know nothing of this most *painful circumstance*, and with every wish for his welfare here and elsewhere, she subscribed herself his loving aunt,

MARGARET WARRINGTON.

Poor Harry hid his face between his hands, and sate for a while with elbows on the greasy table, blankly staring into the candle before him. The bailiff's servant, who was touched by his handsome face, suggested a mug of beer for his honor, but Harry could not drink nor eat the meat that was placed before him. Gumbo, however, could, whose grief did not deprive him of appetite, and who, blubbing the while, finished all the beer, and all the bread and the meat. Meanwhile, Harry had finished another letter, with which Gumbo was commissioned to start again, and away the faithful creature ran upon his errand.

Gumbo ran as far as White's Club, to which house he was ordered, in the first instance, to carry the letter, and where he found the person to whom it was addressed. Even the prisoner, for whom time passed so slowly, was surprised at the celerity with which his negro had performed his errand.

At least the letter which Harry expected had not taken long to write. "My lord wrote it at the hall-porter's desk, while I stood there then with Mr. Morris," said Gumbo, and the letter was to this effect:

DEAR SIR,—I am sorry I can not comply with your wish, as I'm short of money at present, having paid large sums to you as well as to other gentlemen. Yours obediently,

MARCH and R.

Henry Warrington, Esq.

"Did Lord March say any thing?" asked Mr. Warrington, looking very pale.

"He say it was the coolest thing he ever knew. So did Mr. Morris. He showed him your letter, Master Harry. Yes, and Mr. Morris say, 'Dam his impudence!'" added Gumbo.

Harry burst into such a yell of laughter that his landlord thought he had good news, and ran in in alarm lest he was about to lose his tenant. But by this time poor Harry's laughter was over, and he was flung down in his chair gazing dismally in the fire.

"I—I should like to smoke a pipe of Virginia," he groaned.

Gumbo burst into tears: he flung himself at Harry's knees. He kissed his knees and his hands. "Oh, master, my dear master, what will they say at home?" he sobbed out.

The jailer was touched at the sight of the black's grief and fidelity, and at Harry's pale face as he sank back in his chair, quite overcome and beaten by his calamity.

"Your honor ain't eat any thing these two days," the man said, in a voice of rough pity. "Pluck up a little, Sir. You aren't the first gentleman who has been in and out of grief before this. Let me go down and get you a glass of punch and a little supper."

"My good friend," said Harry, a sickly smile playing over his white face, "you pay ready money for every thing in this house, don't you? I must tell you that I haven't a shilling left to buy a dish of meat. All the money I have I want for letter-paper."

"Oh, master, my master!" roared out Gumbo. "Look here, my dear Master Harry! Here's plenty of money—here's twenty-three five-guineas. Here's gold moldore from Virginia—here—no, not that—that's keepsakes the girls gave me. Take every thing—every thing. I go sell myself to-morrow morning; but here's plenty for to-night, master!"

"God bless you, Gumbo!" Harry said, laying his hand on the lad's woolly head. "You are free if I am not, and Heaven forbid I should not take the offered help of such a friend as you. Bring me some supper; but the pipe too, mind—the pipe too!" And Harry ate his supper with a relish; and even the turnkeys and bailiff's followers, when Gumbo went out of the house that night, shook hands with him, and ever after treated him well.

CHAPTER XLVII.

VISITORS IN TROUBLE.

MR. GUMBO'S generous and feeling conduct soothed and softened the angry heart of his master, and Harry's second night in the sponging-house was passed more pleasantly than the first. Somebody, at least, there was to help and compassionate with him. Still, though softened in that one particular spot, Harry's heart was hard and proud toward almost all the rest of the world. They were selfish and ungenerous, he thought. His pious aunt Warrington, his lordly friend March, his cynical cousin Castlewood—all had been tried, and were found wanting. Not to avoid twenty years of prison would he stoop to ask a favor of one of them again. Fool that he had been to believe in their promises and confide in their friendship! There was no friendship in this cursed, cold, selfish country. He would leave it. He would trust no Englishman, great or small. He would go to Germany, and make a campaign with the king; or he would go home to Virginia, bury himself in the woods there, and hunt all day; become his mother's factor and land-steward; marry Polly



Broadbent or Fanny Mountain; turn regular tobacco-grower and farmer; do any thing, rather than remain among these English fine gentlemen. So he arose with an outwardly cheerful countenance, but an angry spirit; and at an early hour in the morning the faithful Gumbo was in attendance in his master's chamber, having come from Bond Street, and brought Mr. Harry's letters thence. "I wanted to bring some more clothes," honest Gumbo said; "but Mr. Ruff, the landlord, he wouldn't let me bring no more."

Harry did not care to look at the letters: he opened one, two, three; they were all bills. He opened a fourth; it was from the landlord, to say that he would allow no more of Mr. Warrington's things to go out of the house—that unless his bill was paid he should sell Mr. W.'s goods and pay himself; and that his black man must go and sleep elsewhere. He would hardly let Gumbo take his own clothes and portmanteau away. The black said he had found refuge elsewhere—with some friends at Lord Wrotham's house. "With Colonel Lambert's people," says Mr. Gumbo, looking very hard at his master. "And Miss Hetty she fall down in a faint when she hear you taken up; and Mr. Lambert, he very good man, and he say to me this morning, he say, 'Gumbo, you tell your master if he want me he send to me, and I come to him.'"

Harry was touched when he heard that Hetty had been afflicted by his misfortune. He did not believe Gumbo's story about her fainting; he was accustomed to translate his black's language, and to allow for exaggeration. But when Gumbo spoke of the Colonel the young Virginian's spirit was darkened again. "I send to Lambert," he thought, grinding his teeth, "the

man who insulted me, and flung my presents back in my face! If I were starving I would not ask him for a crust!" And presently, being dressed, Mr. Warrington called for his breakfast, and dispatched Gumbo with a brief note to Mr. Draper, in the Temple, requiring that gentleman's attendance.

"The note was as haughty as if he was writing to one of his negroes, and not to a free-born English gentleman," Draper said; whom, indeed, Harry had always treated with insufferable condescension. "It's all very well for a fine gentleman to give himself airs; but for a fellow in a sponging-house! Hang him!" says Draper, "I've a great mind not to go!" Nevertheless Mr. Draper did go, and found Mr. Warrington in his misfortune even more arrogant than he had ever been in the days of his utmost prosperity. Mr. W. sat on his bed, like a lord, in a splendid gown, with his hair dressed. He motioned his black man to fetch him a chair.

"Excuse me, madam, but such haughtiness and airs I ain't accustomed to!" said the outraged attorney.

"Take a chair and go on with your story, my good Mr. Draper," said Madame de Bernstein, smiling, to whom he went to report proceedings. She was amused at the lawyer's anger. She liked her nephew for being insolent in adversity.

The course which Draper was to pursue in his interview with Harry had been arranged between the Baroness and her man of business on the previous day. Draper was an able man, and likely in most cases to do a client good service; he failed in the present instance because he was piqued and angry, or, more likely still, because he could not understand the gentleman with whom he had to deal. I presume that he who casts his eye on the present page is the most gentle of readers. Gentleman, as you unquestionably are then, my dear Sir, have you not remarked in your dealings with people who are no gentlemen that you offend them, not knowing the how or the why? So the man who is no gentleman offends you in a thousand ways of which the poor creature has no idea himself. He does or says something which provokes your scorn. He perceives that scorn (being always on the watch, and uneasy about himself, his manners and behavior), and he rages. You speak to him naturally, and he fancies still that you are sneering at him. You have indifference toward him, but he hates *you*, and hates you the worse because you don't care. "Gumbo, a chair to Mr. Draper!" says Mr. Warrington, folding his brocaded dressing-gown round his legs as he sits on the dingy bed. "Sit down, if you please, and let us talk my business over. Much obliged to you for coming so soon in reply to my message. Had you heard of this piece of ill luck before?"

Mr. Draper had heard of the circumstance. "Bad news travel quick, Mr. Warrington," he said; "and I was eager to offer my humble

services as soon as ever you should require them. Your friends, your family, will be much pained that a gentleman of your rank should be in such a position."

"I have been very imprudent, Mr. Draper. I have lived beyond my means" (Mr. Draper bowed), "I played in company with gentlemen who were much richer than myself, and a cursed run of ill-luck has carried away all my ready money, leaving me with liabilities to the amount of five hundred pounds, and more."

"Five hundred now in the office?" says Mr. Draper.

"Well, this is such a trifle that I thought by sending to one or two friends, yesterday, I could have paid my debt and gone home without farther to do. I have been mistaken; and will thank you to have the kindness to put me in the way of raising the money, as soon as may be."

Mr. Draper said "Hm!" and pulled a very grave and long face.

"Why, Sir, it can be done?" says Mr. Warrington, staring at the lawyer.

It not only could be done, but Mr. Draper had proposed to Madame Bernstein on the day before, instantly to pay the money, and release Mr. Warrington. That lady had declared she intended to make the young gentleman her heir. In common with the rest of the world, Draper believed Harry's hereditary property in Virginia to be as great in money-value as in extent. He had notes in his pocket, and Madame Bernstein's order to pay them under certain conditions: nevertheless, when Harry said, "It can be done?" Draper pulled his long face, and said, "It can be done in time, Sir; but it will require a considerable time. To touch the property in England which is yours on Mr. George Warrington's death, we must have the event proved, the trustees released, and who is to do either? Lady Esmond Warrington, in Virginia, of course, will not allow her son to remain in prison, but we must wait six months before we hear from her. Has your Bristol agent any authority to honor your drafts?"

"He is only authorized to pay me two hundred pounds a year," says Mr. Warrington. "I suppose I have no resource, then, but to apply to my aunt, Madame de Bernstein. She will be my security."

"Her ladyship will do any thing for you, Sir; she has said so to me, often and often," said the lawyer; "and, if she gives the word, at that moment you can walk out of this place."

"Go to her, then, from me, Mr. Draper. I did not want to have troubled my relations; but rather than continue in this horrible needless imprisonment, I must speak to her. Say where I am, and what has befallen me. Disguise nothing! And tell her that I confide in her affection and kindness for me to release me from this—this disgrace," and Mr. Warrington's voice shook a little, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

"Sir," says Mr. Draper, eying the young

man, "I was with her ladyship yesterday, when we talked over the whole of this here most unpleasant—I won't say as you do, disgraceful business."

"What do you mean, Sir? Does Madame de Bernstein know of my misfortune?" asked Harry.

"Every circumstance, Sir; the pawning the watches, and all."

Harry turned burning red. "It is an unfortunate business, the pawning them watches and things which you had never paid for," continued the lawyer. The young man started up from the bed, looking so fierce that Draper felt a little alarmed.

"It may lead to litigation and unpleasant remarks being made in court, Sir. Them barristers respect nothing; and when they get a feller in the box . . ."

"Great Heaven, Sir, you don't suppose a gentleman of my rank can't take a watch upon credit without intending to cheat the tradesman?" cried Harry, in the greatest agitation.

"Of course you meant every thing that's honorable; only, you see, the law mayn't happen to think so," says Mr. Draper, winking his eye. "(Hang the supercilious beast; I touch him there!)" Your aunt says it's the most imprudent thing ever she heard of—to call it by no worse name."

"You call it by no worse name yourself, Mr. Draper?" says Harry, speaking each word very slow, and evidently trying to keep a command of himself.

Draper did not like his looks. "Heaven forbid that I should say any thing as between gentleman and gentleman—but between me and my client, it's my duty to say, 'Sir, you are in a very unpleasant scrape,' just as a doctor would have to tell his patient, 'Sir, you are very ill.'"

"And you can't help me to pay this debt off—and you have come only to tell me that I may be accused of roguery?" says Harry.

"Of obtaining goods under false pretenses? Most undoubtedly, yes. I can't help it, Sir. Don't look as if you would knock me down. (Curse him, I am making him wince, though.) A young gentleman, who has only two hundred a year from his ma', orders diamonds and watches, and takes 'em to a pawnbroker. You ask me what people will think of such behavior, and I tell you honestly. Don't be angry with me, Mr. Warrington."

"Go on, Sir!" says Harry, with a groan.

The lawyer thought the day was his own. "But you ask if I can't help to pay this debt off? And I say Yes—and that here is the money in my pocket to do it now, if you like—not mine, Sir—my honored client's, your aunt, Lady Bernstein. But she has a right to impose her conditions, and I've brought 'em with me."

"Tell them, Sir," says Mr. Harry.

"They are not hard. They are only for your own good: and if you say Yes, we can

call a hackney-coach, and go to Clarges Street together, which I have promised to go there, whether you will or no. Mr. Warrington, I name no names, but there was a question of marriage between you and a certain party."

"Ah!" said Harry; and his countenance looked more cheerful than it had yet done.

"To that marriage my noble client, the Baroness, is most averse—having other views for you, and thinking it will be your ruin to marry a party, of noble birth and title it is true, but, excuse me, not of first-rate character, and so much older than yourself. You had given an imprudent promise to that party."

"Yes; and she has it still," says Mr. Warrington.

"It has been recovered. She dropped it, by an accident at Tunbridge," says Mr. Draper, "so my client informed me; indeed her ladyship showed it me, for the matter of that. It was wrote in bl—"

"Never mind, Sir!" cries Harry, turning almost as red as the ink which he had used to write his absurd promise, of which the madness and folly had smote him with shame a thousand times over.

"At the same time letters, wrote to you, and compromising a noble family, were recovered," continues the lawyer. "You had lost 'em. It was no fault of yours. You were away when they were found again. You may say that that noble family, that you yourself, have a friend such as few young men have. Well, Sir, there's no earthly promise to bind you—only so many idle words said over a bottle, which very likely any gentleman may forget. Say you won't go on with this marriage—give me and my noble friend your word of honor. Cry off, I say, Mr. W. Don't be such a d— fool, saving your presence, as to marry an old woman who has jilted scores of men in her time. Say the word, and I step down stairs: pay every shilling against you in the office, and put you down in my coach, either at your aunt's, or at White's Club, if you like, with a couple of hundred in your pocket. Say yes; and give us your hand. There's no use in sitting grinning behind these bars all day!"

So far Mr. Draper had had the best of the talk. Harry only longed himself to be rid of the engagement from which his aunt wanted to free him. His foolish flame for Maria Esmond had died out long since. If she would release him, how thankful would he be! "Come! give us your hand, and say done!" says the lawyer, with a knowing wink. "Don't stand shilly-shallying, Sir. Law bless you, Mr. W., if I had married every body I promised I should be like the grand Turk, or Captain Macheath in the play!"

The lawyer's familiarity disgusted Harry, who shrank from Draper, scarcely knowing that he did so. He folded his dressing-gown round him, and stepped back from the other's proffered hand. "Give me a little time to think of the matter, if you please, Mr. Draper," he said,

"and have the goodness to come to me again in an hour."

"Very good, Sir, very good, Sir!" says the lawyer, biting his lips, and, as he seized up his hat, turning very red. "Most parties would not want an hour to consider about such an offer as I make you: but I suppose my time must be yours, and I'll come again, and see whether you are to go or to stay. Good-morning, Sir, good-morning!" and he went his way, growling curses down the stairs. "Won't take my hand, won't he? Will tell me in an hour's time! Hang his impudence! I'll show him what an hour is!"

Mr. Draper went to his chambers in dudgeon then; but bullied his clerks all round, sent off a messenger to the Baroness, to say that he had waited on the young gentleman, who had demanded a little time for consideration, which was for form's sake, as he had no doubt; the lawyer then saw clients, transacted business, went out to his dinner in the most leisurely manner; and then finally turned his steps toward the neighboring Cursitor Street. "He'll be at home when I call, the haughty beast!" says Draper, with a sneer. "The Fortunate Youth in his room?" the lawyer asked of the sheriff's officer's aid-de-camp who came to open the double doors.

"Mr. Warrington is in his apartment," said the gentleman, "but—" and here the gentleman winked at Mr. Draper, and laid his hand on his nose.

"But what? Mr. Paddy from Cork!" said the lawyer.

"My name is Costigan; me familee is noble, and me neevie place is the Irish methrawpolis. Mr. Six-and-eightpence!" said the Janitor, scowling at Draper. A rich odor of spirituous liquors filled the little space between the double doors, where he held the attorney in conversation.

"Confound you, Sir, let me pass!" bawled out Mr. Draper.

"I can hear you perfectly well, Six-and-eightpence, except your h's, which you dthrop out of your conversation. I'll thank ye not to call neems, me good friend, or me fingers and your nose will have to make an intimate hie-quaintance. Walk in, Sir! Be polite for the future to your shuparioris in birth and manners, though they me be your infariors in temporary station. Confound the kay! Walk in, Sir! I say!—Madam, I have the honor of saluting ye most respectfully!"

A lady, with her face covered with a capuchin, and further hidden by her handkerchief, uttered a little exclamation as of alarm as she came down the stairs at this instant and hurried past the lawyer. He was pressing forward to look at her—for Mr. Draper was very cavalier in his manners to women—but the bailiff's follower thrust his leg between Draper and the retreating lady, crying, "Keep your own distance, if you please! This way, madam! I at once recognized your ladysh—" Here he closed the

door on Draper's nose, and left that attorney to find his own way to his client up stairs.

At six o'clock that evening the old Baroness de Bernstein was pacing up and down her drawing crutch, and forever running to the window when the noise of a coach was heard passing in Clarges Street. She had delayed her dinner from hour to hour: she who scolded so fiercely, on ordinary occasions, if her cook was five minutes after his time. She had ordered two covers to be laid, plate to be set out, and some extra dishes to be prepared as if for a little *fête*. Four—five o'clock passed, and at six she looked from the window, and a coach actually stopped at her door.

"Mr. Draper" was announced, and entered, bowing profoundly.

The old lady trembled on her stick. "Where is the boy?" she said, quickly. "I told you to bring him, Sir! How dare you come without him?"

"It is not my fault, madam, that Mr. Warrington refuses to come." And Draper gave his version of the interview which had just taken place between himself and the young Virginian.



CHAPTER XLVIII

AN APPARITION.

GOING off in his wrath from his morning's conversation with Harry, Mr. Draper thought he heard the young prisoner speak behind him; and, indeed, Harry had risen, and uttered a half-exclamation to call the lawyer back. But he was proud, and the other offended: Harry checked his words, and Draper did not choose to stop. It wounded Harry's pride to be obliged to humble himself before the lawyer, and to have to yield from mere lack and desire of money. "An hour hence will do as well," thought Harry, and lapsed sulkily on to the bed again. No, he did not care for Maria Esmond. No; he was ashamed of the way in which he had been entrapped into that engagement. A wily and experienced woman, she had cheated his boyish ardor. She had taken unfair advantage

of him, as her brother had at play. They were his own flesh and blood, and they ought to have spared him. Instead, one and the other had made a prey of him, and had used him for their selfish ends. He thought how they had betrayed the rights of hospitality: how they had made a victim of the young kinsman who came confiding within their gates. His heart was sore wounded: his head sank back on his pillow: bitter tears wetted it. "Had they come to Virginia," he thought, "I had given them a different welcome!"

He was roused from this mood of despondency by Gumbo's grinning face at his door, who said a lady was come to see Master Harry, and behind the lad came the lady in the capuchin, of whom we have just made mention. Harry sat up, pale and haggard, on his bed. The lady, with a sob, and almost ere the servant-man withdrew, ran toward the young prisoner, put her arms round his neck with real emotion and a maternal tenderness, sobbed over his pale cheek and kissed it in the midst of plentiful tears, and cried out—

"Oh, my Harry! Did I ever, ever think to see thee here?"

He started back, scared as it seemed at her presence, but she sank down at the bedside, and seized his feverish hand, and embraced his knees. She had a real regard and tenderness for him. The wretched place in which she found him, his wretched look, filled her heart with a sincere love and pity.

"I—I thought none of you would come!" said poor Harry, with a groan.

More tears, more kisses of the hot young hand, more clasps and pressure with hers, were the lady's reply for a moment or two.

"Oh, my dear! my dear. I can not bear to think of thee in misery!" she sobbed out.

Hardened though it might be, that heart was not all marble—that dreary life not all desert. Harry's mother could not have been fonder, nor her tones more tender than those of his kinswoman now kneeling at his feet.

"Some of the debts, I fear, were owing to my extravagance!" she said (and this was true). "You bought trinkets and jewels in order to give me pleasure. Oh, how I hate them now! I little thought I ever could! I have brought them all with me, and more trinkets—here! and here! and all the money I have in the world!"

And she poured brooches, rings, a watch, and a score or so of guineas into Harry's lap. The sight of which strangely agitated and immensely touched the young man.

"Dearest, kindest cousin!" he sobbed out.

His lips found no more words to utter, but yet, no doubt, they served to express his gratitude, his affection, his emotion.

He became quite gay presently, and smiled as he put away some of the trinkets, his presents to Maria, and told her into what danger he had fallen by selling other goods which he had purchased on credit; and how a lawyer had in-

suited him just now upon this very point. He would not have his dear Maria's money—he had enough, quite enough for the present; but he valued her twenty guineas as much as if they had been twenty thousand. He would never forget her love and kindness; no, by all that was sacred he would not! His mother should know of all her goodness. It had cheered him when he was just on the point of breaking down under his disgrace and misery. Might Heaven bless her for it! There is no need to pursue beyond this the cousins' conversation. The dark day seemed brighter to Harry after Maria's visit; the imprisonment not so hard to bear. The world was not all selfish and cold. Here was a fond creature who really and truly loved him. Even Castlewood was not so bad as he had thought. He had expressed the deepest grief at not being able to assist his kinsman. He was hopelessly in debt. Every shilling he had won from Harry he had lost on the next day to others. Any thing that lay in his power he would do. He would come soon and see Mr. Warrington; he was in waiting to-day, and as much a prisoner as Harry himself. So the pair talked on cheerfully and affectionately until the darkness began to close in, when Maria, with a sigh, bade Harry farewell.

The door scarcely closed upon her when it opened to admit Draper.

"Your humble servant, Sir," says the attorney. His voice jarred upon Harry's ear, and his presence offended the young man.

"I had expected you some hours ago, Sir," he curtly said.

"A lawyer's time is not always his own, Sir," said Mr. Draper, who had just been in consultation with a bottle of port at the Grecian. "Never mind; I'm at your orders now. Presume it's all right, Mr. Warrington. Packed your trunk? Why, now, there you are in your bed-gown still. Let me go down and settle while you call in your black man and titivate a bit. I've a coach at the door, and we'll be off and dine with the old lady."

"Are you going to dine with the Baroness de Bernstein, pray?"

"Not me—no such honor. Had my dinner already. It's you are a-going to dine with your aunt, I suppose?"

"Mr. Draper, you suppose a great deal more than you know," says Mr. Warrington, looking very fierce and tall, as he folds his brocade dressing-gown round him.

"Great goodness, Sir! what do you mean?" asks Draper.

"I mean, Sir, that I have considered, and that, having given my word to a faithful and honorable lady, it does not become me to withdraw it."

"Confound it, Sir!" shrieks the lawyer, "I tell you she has lost the paper. There's nothing to bind you—nothing. Why, she's old enough to be—"

"Enough, Sir!" says Mr. Warrington, with a stamp of his foot. "You seem to think you

are talking to some other pettifogger. I take it, Mr. Draper, you are not accustomed to have dealings with men of honor."

"Pettifogger, indeed!" cries Draper, in a fury. "Men of honor, indeed! I'd have you to know, Mr. Warrington, that I'm as good a man of honor as you. I don't know so many gamblers and horse-jockeys, perhaps. I haven't gambled away my patrimony, and lived as if I was a nobleman on two hundred a year. I haven't bought watches on credit, and pawned—touch me if you dare, Sir!" and the lawyer sprang to the door.

"That is the way out, Sir. You can't go through the window, because it is barred," said Mr. Warrington.

"And the answer I take to my client is No, then!" screamed out Draper.

Harry stepped forward, with his two hands clenched. "If you utter another word," he said, "I'll—" The door was shut rapidly—the sentence was never finished; and Draper went away furious to Madame de Bernstein, from whom, though he gave her the best version of his story, he got still fiercer language than he had received from Mr. Warrington himself.

"What! Shall she trust me, and I desert her?" says Harry, stalking up and down his room, in his flowing, rustling brocade. "Dear, faithful, generous woman! If I lie in prison for years, I'll be true to her!"

Her lawyer dismissed after a stormy interview, the desolate old woman was fain to sit down to the meal which she had hoped to share with her nephew. The chair was before her which he was to have filled, the glasses shining by the silver. One dish after another was laid before her by the silent major-domo, and tasted and pushed away. The man pressed his mistress at last. "It is eight o'clock," he said. "You have had nothing all day. It is good for you to eat." She could not eat. She would have her coffee. Let Case go get her her coffee. The lackeys bore the dishes off the table, leaving their mistress sitting at it before the vacant chair.

Presently the old servant re-entered the room without his lady's coffee and with a strange scared face, and said, "Mr. WARRINGTON!"

The old woman uttered an exclamation, got up from her arm-chair, but sank back in it trembling very much. "So you are come, Sir, are you?" she said, with a fond shaking voice. "Bring back the— Ah!" here she screamed, "Gracious God, who is it?" Her eyes stared wildly: her white face looked ghastly through her rouge. She clung to the arms of her chair for support, as the visitor approached her.

A gentleman whose face and figure exactly resembled Harry Warrington, and whose voice, when he spoke, had tones strangely similar, had followed the servant into the room. He bowed low toward the Baroness.

"You expected my brother, madam?" he



AN APPARITION.

said. "I am but now arrived in London. I went to his house. I met his servant at your door, who was bearing this letter for you. I thought I would bring it to your ladyship before going to him," and the stranger laid down a letter before Madame Bernstein.

"Are you"—gasped out the Baroness—"are you my nephew that we supposed was—"

"Was killed—and is alive! I am George Warrington, madam, and I ask his kinsfolk, what have you done with my brother?"

"Look, George!" said the bewildered old lady. "I expected him here to-night—that chair was set for him—I have been waiting for him, Sir, till now—till I am quite faint—I don't like—I don't like being alone. Do stay and sup with me!"

"Pardon me, madam. Please God, my supper will be with Harry to-night!"

"Bring him back. Bring him back here on any conditions. It is but five hundred pounds! Here is the money, Sir, if you need it!"

"I have no want, madam. I have money with me that can't be better employed than in my brother's service."

"And you will bring him to me, Sir! Say you will bring him to me!"

Mr. Warrington made a very stately bow for answer, and quitted the room, passing by the amazed domestics, and calling with an air of authority to Gumbo to follow him.

Had Mr. Harry received no letters from home? Master Harry had not opened all his

letters the last day or two. Had he received no letter announcing his brother's escape from the French settlements and return to Virginia? Oh no! No such letter had come, else Master

Harry certainly tell Gumbo. Quick, horses! Quick by Strand to Temple Bar! Here is the house of Captivity and the Deliverer come to the re-scue!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE anticipations of the success of the Atlantic telegraph, which were apparently justified by the laying of the cable, and the subsequent transmission of intelligible messages, have not been realized. It now appears that, within a few days after the cable was laid, there were indications that the insulation was defective. These grew more decided every day, and it was only with great delay, and by constant repetitions, that the congratulatory messages were transmitted. On the 1st of September a dispatch was received at Trinity Bay from Valentia; since which time only faint electrical currents, at irregular intervals, have been perceived at the Newfoundland station. The currents from Trinity Bay to Valentia appear to be considerably stronger than those in the contrary direction. There is much diversity of opinion among electricians as to the nature of the difficulty; the prevalent supposition is, that at a point some three hundred miles from the Irish coast, the cable has been subjected to a strain which has caused the gutta-percha sheathing to open, enabling the water to reach the conducting wire, allowing a large part of the electrical current to escape. Still, the fact that any currents are transmitted proves that the cable has not parted.

The iron steamer *Austria*, plying between New York and Hamburg, was burned at sea on the 13th of September. She left Hamburg on the 2d, with 533 souls on board, of whom 425 were passengers, the remainder being officers and crew. It is said that the additional passengers taken on board at Southampton raised the whole number to nearly 600. On the afternoon of the 13th, when within three or four days of port, the boatswain was ordered to fumigate the steerage by immersing a hot iron in a bucket of tar. The tar became ignited, and the flames spread with great rapidity, running through the gangways and hatchways at the entrance of the cabins, cutting off all retreat to those below. No attempt appears to have been made to extinguish the fire. Most of those who succeeded in gaining the deck were on the after-part of the vessel, and her head being to the wind, the flames were driven back upon them, compelling them to leap overboard. Attempts were made to launch the boats, but of those that were loosed all except one were swamped. As the engines ceased working the vessel's head swung round, and the flames were driven forward, forcing the people out upon the bowsprit, from which many flung themselves into the sea; some of whom sank, while others supported themselves upon fragments of the ship. Two vessels were just in sight when the fire took place. One of these, the French fishing bark *Maurice*, of Nantes, came up about five o'clock, and succeeded in saving sixty-seven persons, partly from the burning *Austria*, and partly from the water. The other vessel, the Norwegian ship *Catarina*, came up during the night, and saved from the wreck twenty-two persons. These ninety-nine are, in all probability, the only persons saved.

The Paraguay Expedition is about to be dispatched. The origin of the difficulty with Paraguay is as follows: In 1852 the United States steamer *Water Witch*, Lieutenant Page commander, was sent out to make an exploration of the River Plata and its tributaries. The expedition was undertaken and prosecuted with the concurrence of Brazil, the Argentine Confederation, and Paraguay—the States bordering upon these waters. Every thing proceeded satisfactorily until September, 1854, when a slight difficulty occurred between a Paraguayan citizen and Mr. Hopkins, the American consul at Asuncion, who was also the general agent of an American mercantile company. The Paraguayan Government took up the quarrel; a sharp correspondence ensued, which was ended by the withdrawal of the *exequatur* of the consul and the suspension of the business of the company, the members of which left the country on board of the American steamer. Shortly afterward President Lopez issued a decree prohibiting foreign vessels of war from navigating the rivers of Paraguay. On the 1st of February of the next year the *Water Witch*, while ascending the River Parana, which forms the boundary between Paraguay and Corrientes, one of the States of the Argentine Confederation, was fired upon from the Paraguayan fort Itapiru. The man at the helm was killed, and the vessel was slightly injured. The steamer was at the time under the command of Lieutenant Jeffers, Lieutenant Page and most of the officers being absent on an exploring expedition in another quarter. It was subsequently asserted by Lopez that the *Water Witch* had left the "common channel," and was actually within the waters of Paraguay; and he furnished a chart of the river and the position of the steamer to corroborate the assertion. This chart was altogether erroneous. The steamer was in the channel common to Paraguay and Corrientes, as is shown by accurate charts prepared by the expedition; and even had she been in the waters of Paraguay, the fact that she was not properly a vessel of war, but a small steamer engaged in a scientific enterprise, should have exempted her from the operation of the decree of Lopez. Reparation having been vainly demanded, the present expedition—the most imposing ever fitted out by our Government—has been fitted out. It consists of the following vessels, under command of Commo-

	Officers.	Men.	Guns.
Frigate <i>St. Lawrence</i>	40	500	50
Sloop-of-war <i>Falmouth</i>	20	275	20
Brig-of-war <i>Perry</i>	10	80	6
Frigate <i>Saline</i>	45	600	50
Brig-of-war <i>Rainbridge</i>	10	100	10
Brig-of-war <i>Dolphin</i>	10	80	6
Sloop-of-war <i>Proble</i>	20	150	16
Steamer-of-war <i>Fulton</i>	12	180	6
Steamer-of-war <i>Water Witch</i> ..	10	140	4
Steamer <i>Harriet Lane</i>	10	80	2
Steamer <i>Memphis</i>	10	60	5
Steamer <i>Atalanta</i>	10	60	2
Steamer <i>Calcedonia</i>	10	60	4
Steamer <i>Westernport</i>	10	60	4
Steamer <i>Southern Star</i>	10	60	4
Storeship <i>Supply</i>	15	50	1

Hon. J. B. Bowlin accompanies the fleet as Commissioner, with full powers to negotiate. Commander Page, whose valuable narrative of the previous expedition will soon be published, acts as "Captain of the Fleet," or chief executive officer. It is understood that a single vessel, bearing the Commissioner, will proceed up the river to Asuncion, the remainder of the fleet lying below, to act in case of necessity.

The October elections have generally resulted unfavorably to the Administration. In *Vermont* Mr. Hall, the Republican candidate for Governor, was elected by a majority of more than 16,000; the same party electing all their Congressmen by large majorities.—In *Maine* Mr. Morell, Republican, received about 12,000 majority for Governor; the Opposition claim all the Members of Congress, but the vote in two districts is so close that the result is undecided.—In *Pennsylvania* the Opposition candidates for State officers succeeded by decided majorities; the combined Opposition have probably 20 of the 25 Members of Congress, and a majority in the State Legislature.—In *Ohio*, *Iowa*, and *Indiana*, the result is decidedly in favor of the Opposition.—In *California* and *Florida* the elections have gone in favor of the Administration.

"The Crystal Palace" in New York, built in 1853, for the "Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations," was burned on the afternoon of October 5. The Exhibition, it will be remembered, proved a pecuniary failure, the stockholders losing their entire investment. The Fair of the American Institute had just been opened in the Palace, which was filled with objects for exhibition, some of which were of considerable value. Many works of Art, sent to the Exhibition of 1853, still remained in the Palace. The principal of these were Thorwaldsen's colossal group of "Christ and the Apostles," and Kiss's "Amazon and Tiger." These were consumed with the building. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, and a reward of \$3000 has been offered for his apprehension. The entire loss is estimated at fully half a million of dollars, besides the value of the building, which cost \$635,000, and might probably have been sold for a quarter of that sum.

The steamer *Niagara* sailed from Charleston on the 22d of September for Liberia, having on board the negroes taken from the slaver *Putnam*; they numbered only 271 at the time of sailing, 47 having died since the capture of the slaver.—The steam-frigate *Great Admiral*, built in New York for the Emperor of Russia, was launched on the 21st of September. She is the largest wooden ship in the world, being 325 feet long, 55 broad, and 34 deep. Her armament is to consist of 40 shell guns of large calibre on the gun-deck, and two pivot guns on the spar-deck. She is propelled by engines of 2000 actual horse-power, and is as fully rigged as though no steam was to be employed.—The first mail brought overland from California reached St. Louis on the 9th of October, having been conveyed from San Francisco in twenty-three days and four hours.—Gold has been discovered at Pike's Mountain, in Kansas Territory, and considerable numbers of miners have gone there. Some accounts represent the diggings equal to those of California; but at present the reports are contradictory and unreliable.—From Frazer's River, also, the last accounts are far from encouraging, the waters not having fallen sufficiently to render the bars generally accessible.—In *Oregon*

and *Washington* Territories the Indians manifest an unfriendly spirit, and several hostile encounters, with loss of life, have taken place.

EUROPE.

The British revenue for the last quarter shows a decrease equivalent to £5,000,000 for the year. This diminution is more than accounted for by a reduction in the income tax amounting to £7,900,000. Money is so abundant that the Bank of England contemplates reducing the rate of interest to 2 per cent.; last year at this time it was raised to 10 per cent.—The *Great Eastern* steamer lies useless, the Company which built it not having funds to complete it. A project is on foot to organize a new Company to purchase the vessel at a large discount from its cost. It is also said that the Emperor Napoleon has made overtures for its purchase, with the intention of converting it into a floating battery.—Mr. Paul Morphy, the American chess-player, is attracting much attention. Having vanquished all competitors in America, he went to Europe for the purpose of challenging Mr. Staunton, the first English player. He has not yet met this antagonist; but a match for £500 has been arranged. In the mean while, he has beaten with ease most of the foremost English players. In a match for £100 between him and Mr. Löwenthal, Morphy won nine games, Löwenthal three, and three were drawn. He subsequently offered to play eight games simultaneously, without seeing the boards, against the eight victors in the Birmingham Chess Tournament. Of these games he won six, lost one, one being drawn. Proceeding to Paris, he met Mr. Harrwitz, esteemed the best player in Europe, beat him in a short match, and then repeated his Birmingham exploit of playing eight games simultaneously without seeing the board; of these he won six, two being drawn.—The King of Prussia, who has been in infirm health, bodily and mental, for many months, has resigned the government, appointing his brother Regent of the kingdom.—Alexander von Humboldt completed his 90th year on the 14th of September. The occasion was celebrated with great honor. The veteran *savant* is engaged in writing the concluding volume of his great work, "Cosmos."—It is announced that a telegraph is to be constructed from the Chinese frontier of Russia to St. Petersburg; by which means intelligence can be received from Peking within ten days.

THE EAST.

The treaties negotiated with *China* by France, England, Russia, and the United States, have not been officially published. According to apparently reliable information, they embody the following points: France and England are to be indemnified—the former in the sum of \$3,000,000, the latter in \$6,000,000—for the expenses of the war; each power is to have a representative at Tien-sin, who shall be allowed to visit Peking; the whole empire to be open to foreigners, under a passport system; Christianity to be tolerated; additional ports to be opened to foreign commerce; the Chinese to be assisted in the efforts to suppress piracy. Russia gains some very important territorial concessions on the Amoor River. The treaty with the United States contains a comprehensive general article, in addition to special stipulations, providing that all rights, privileges, and powers granted to any nation, its merchants or subjects, whether political, mercantile, or otherwise, and not conferred by the treaty on the United States, shall at once inure to

the benefit of the United States, its peculiar functionaries, merchants, or citizens.—Though the war in the north has thus terminated, the condition of the allies in Canton is represented as unpleasant. The city is nearly deserted, and business is at a stand-still. The Chinese lose no opportunity to assassinate the foreigners. Fearful revenge is taken by the English and French. Two Sepoys were killed, and the street where the deed was committed was leveled to the ground. An English officer was fired at, and the building from which the shot proceeded was blown down by a cannon; rockets were discharged into the commissariat stores, and an order was given that all the houses in the neighborhood should be razed. "House destruction," says an English correspondent, "is the order of the day." Four sailors who had landed from a French boat were set upon by a band of "braves;" three of them escaped, but the fourth was killed, and his body was mutilated. The naval commander landed a body of troops, marched to the street where the murder was committed, measured off a hundred paces, and ordered every male Chinese found in the houses within that space

to be seized, killed, and left to swelter in the sun. The allies are, in fact, virtually in a state of siege at Canton.—From *India* we learn of additional successes gained over the insurgents, of whom at present there appears to be no considerable force on foot in any quarter.—The condition of *Turkey* is in every way critical. The finances of the country are at the lowest ebb, and the Sultan has made an effort at retrenchment by diminishing the expenses of his harem, and by putting a stop to his extensive building projects. There are rumors of a plot to depose the Sultan and place his brother Abdul-Aziz on the throne. It is reported that the majority of the foreign ministers had found it necessary to intimate to the leading conspirators that if the brother came to the throne by violent means he would not be recognized by the foreign powers. From various parts of the empire there are accounts of outrages committed by the Mohammedans against their Christian neighbors.—From *Africa* we have intelligence of the safe arrival of Dr. Livingstone at the Zambesi, and of his successful attempts to advance up that river toward the interior.

Literary Notices.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, by ELIAS LOOMIS, LL.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Few writers in this country have furnished more substantial aid to the cause of popular education than the author of this new volume of a course of elementary mathematical study. Professor Loomis is well known for his previous admirable productions in this department. They occupy a place of their own, to which their just claims, we believe, have never been called in question. They are indebted for their eminent position to the firmness of grasp with which the author seizes the topics of science, to the comprehensiveness and lucidity of his own views, and the sagacity with which he unfolds their essential elements to the student, free from all extraneous and irrelevant matter. Dr. Loomis is no compiler from the text-books of other writers. His works have the merit of originality, so far as that quality can be predicated of the statements of an exact and universal science. Every thing which he puts on paper has first passed through the alembic of his own mind. Hence his scientific writings, with all the clearness that makes them useful to the novice, possess a certain freshness and vitality that also challenge the interest of the adept. While they never sacrifice any thing of precision and accuracy for the sake of popular adaptation, they are singularly free from superfluous technics, and rarely send away a reader who consults them on some difficult point without a satisfactory elucidation. On this account they are more valuable for the purpose of common reference than more elaborate treatises, and are no less adapted to the library than the class-room. If a difficulty occurs in the course of reading or conversation in regard to any point of mathematical science, we know no such certain method of readily clearing it up as to refer to their concise and luminous explanations. In the volume now issued Professor Loomis has met with his usual success in giving a popular form and expression to the principles of natural philosophy. It in no respect falls short of the high standard of

excellence attained by the preceding volumes of the series. The topics of which it treats are, in many cases, of general and current interest. In this age of material development, the remark of Dr. Johnson that "we are geometricians and hydrostaticians only by chance" has by no means the same application as when it was uttered. Nowadays every man must be more or less of a natural philosopher if he would comprehend the movements by which he is daily surrounded. He is oftener called on for knowledge in regard to the forces of steam, of electricity, of animal and vegetable life, and of mineral combinations, than for the analysis of the faculties of the mind or the springs of morality. The general reader will accordingly find in this volume many points of interest which he would scarcely look for in an elementary manual. Among other topics, it treats of the propelling of ships, the raising of weights, the construction of arches and domes, the flight of cannon-balls, the gyroscope, the lifting of water, the diving-bell, the barometer, the thermometer, the steam-engine, the telescope, and the magnetic telegraph. A good index at the close of the volume gives a complete clew to its contents, and enables every reader to find what he is in pursuit of without embarrassment.

Lectures to Children, Second Series, by Rev. JOHN TODD, D.D. (Published by Hopkins, Bridgman, and Co.) The intention of these lectures is to furnish a series of familiar illustrations of the most important truths of religion, in a form adapted to the comprehension of the youngest members of a Christian family. The author has a wide fame for the vivacity, tenderness, and unction with which he addresses his young audiences by the pen. It is now almost a quarter of a century since the publication of his first series of lectures to children. Within that time nearly a thousand copies annually have been sold; it has passed through a great number of editions in this country and in England; has been translated into French, German, Greek, and several other languages; and is now succeed-

ject of ridicule himself. The reader will not be apt to place much reliance on his disclaimers; after he finds out the author's mania for vivacity and point; but, taken as traveling romances, he may, no doubt, gain not a little entertainment from their perusal. Among the long stretches of glittering sand we sometimes come upon a passage of pleasant narrative, and at least find a striking picture, if not a veracious statement. The best portions of the book are devoted to an account of Russian country life. The natives are certainly not drawn in rose-color; indeed, if the portraits here given are like, they must be inexorably hideous. Their dwellings, though not poverty-stricken, are disgusting. There is but one room on the ground-floor—a vast apartment, with walls and ceiling of rough logs, and not a glimpse of white-washing, painting, or paper-hanging to be seen. There is no special dirt where all is dirt—no conspicuous litter in the universal chaos. A good thorough scrubbing would send the shanty tumbling about the owner's ears. The room has two windows—one for show, a large aperture, fitted with a peculiar dull and dingy glass, uniformly covered with dirt; the other, on a much smaller scale, high up in the wall, of no particular shape, and stuffed with some nondescript material, certainly not glass—perhaps rags, or dried fish-skins. Big black spiders and other villainous insects crawl over its yellow surface. One end of the apartment is partitioned off by a raw wooden screen; but whether for the family bedchamber or the family pig-sty the author could not determine. With the exception of a few coarse daubs of pictures of saints, every article of furniture is of the most barbarous description. The rotten door swings on leathern hinges or strips of raw hide. There is a table, formed of two long fir planks resting upon massive tressels, and bearing a most hideous resemblance to the high bench platform in a parish dead-house. Around the room runs a low, wide bench, on which the surplus members of the family, who have no accommodations in the family-vault bed, lounge by day and sleep by night. A rickety old chair and an enormous chest complete the inventory. To sum up the attractions of a Russian peasant's house by a description given to the author soon after his arrival in St. Petersburg by a certain young Russian: "A moujik's house is dark and made of wood; the floor is gray, the walls are gray, and the roof is gray; you can cut the smell of oily fish and cabbage soup with a hatchet; and at night you can hear the bugs bark."

There are no shops in a Russian village. There are some houses where bread is sold, and the inevitable quota of government dram-shops; but for every other article of merchandise you must go to a wretched, seedy, rag-shoppish institution dignified with the title of a bazar. Most of the poor food which the peasants eat they produce themselves. The coarse grain which serves as fodder, equally for themselves and their cattle is garnered in their own bins behind their own hovels, or drawn from the common granary. For raiment, the women weave some coarse fabric for common wear, and spin some sailcloth-like linen. The chief prop of the municipal authority is the Holy Stick. Of this the happy villagers get an intolerable amount from every petty official. The young men of the villages, the young maidens, the children, and even the idiots and sick people, can be lashed like hounds at the word of command from the tubercular

The author has long since ceased to cherish any romantic illusions about the beauty and picturesque-ness of pastoral life. But he was hardly prepared to find such a lack of both among the Russian peasant women. The Russian peasant, male or female, is, when sober, always mournful, dejected, doleful. All the songs he sings are monotonous complaints, drawing, pining, and despairing. He has upon him a perpetual homesickness: but it is a sickness not for, but of his home. He is sick of his life and of himself. Only when drunk does he light up into a feeble corpse-candle sort of gaiety; but it is temporary and transient, and he solters himself in sackcloth and ashes. Here is a Baba, or peasant girl, sitting listlessly on a rough hewn bench at the door of one of the hovels. Of middle size, her face and arms are tanned to a most disagreeable tawny, tan brown, the color of the pigskin of a second-hand saddle. Her forehead is low and receding. The roots of the hair of a dirty straw color, growing in frightfully close proximity to the eyebrows. Set very closely together in this brown face, are two eyes, light blue in color, without brightness or intelligence, and producing a very weird, not to say horrifying effect. The nose is broad, thick, and unshapely. The mouth is not bad, lips red enough, teeth remarkably sound and white, and the entire features would be pleasant but that the corners of the mouth are drawn down, and the upper lip pendulous, not sensually, but sensitively. The neck is short, clumsy, and thick-set, of the unmitigated bull pattern; the shoulders broad and rounded on the back, which is well accustomed to carrying burdens; the feet are large, long, and flat, and the swollen veins of the hands showing unmistakably hard usage.

Such, on a very reduced scale, relieved of its wishy-washy diffuseness and forlorn attempts at humor, is one of the most interesting sketches of this would-be jocose northern tourist. In a similar vein are his accounts of other salient features of Russian life, and they may afford amusement to the good-natured reader, if not by the liveliness of the description, by the absurdity of the author.

WELLS'S *Natural Philosophy*. In our September Number we gave a brief notice of this volume, and specified several passages which justified the unfavorable opinion which we then expressed. We have since received a note from the Publishers of the work, complaining of that notice as unjust, and asking the insertion of a reply from the author. This request was cheerfully granted, and the following note has been handed to us:

"To the Editor of *Harper's Magazine* :

"In the review of 'Wells's Natural Philosophy,' contained in your September Number the writer has fallen into sundry scientific and other errors, of which we trust you will admit a brief notice. The reviewer evidently had before him an early impression of the work, in which (as was almost unavoidable in a book crowded with facts, and printed in the absence of the author) several errors, typographical and otherwise, occurred. These were corrected, so far as discovered, in the subsequent editions, which if the reviewer had seen, he would have had no occasion to cite the errors on pp. 61, 196, 335, and 367, which had been corrected before the publication of the criticism.

"With regard to the remaining criticisms (with the exception of those relating to pp. 84 and 113, which are noticed below), the author maintains that the text is, in every particular, identical with the original manuscript, and if room could be had for the demonstration, it could be shown, by reference to the latest and most decisive au-

thorities, that the scientific error in the premises *lies with the critic, and not with the author*: e. g., where the critic corrects the text, p. 144, that 'glass *repels* mercury,' by the strange assertion that 'the attraction of glass for mercury is *far stronger* than its attraction for water'—the critic's error will be apparent to any body who will plunge a piece of glass successively in mercury and in water, and observe that while the water is sufficiently attracted to adhere to and moisten the glass, the mercury leaves it perfectly dry.

"The critic's assertion that the book 'administers a grave rebuke to Sir Isaac Newton' on p. 327, is invidious as well as erroneous: since the name of the great philosopher is not once alluded to in the connection; nor has the author any proof that Sir Isaac ever asserted that 'by mixing powders of the seven different colors a [grayish] white is produced.' That the text is right, and the critic wrong in impliedly contradicting it, any one can be assured who will try the experiment: the compound will not be white, but a dirty brown.

"So, also, the rebuke administered in the criticism respecting the 'magnifying power of lenses' falls not only upon the author of this work, but, among others, upon Professor Draper, whose statement, on p. 194 of his 'Philosophy,' is identical with that objected to.

"In reference to the error on p. 84, it is literally true, as alleged by the critic, that only bodies at the equator would be entirely deprived of weight by accelerating the earth's motion 17 times. But the value of the criticism will appear when it is considered that the difference in effect upon a body at the equator and at New York, for example, would only be $\frac{4}{1000}$. Since the book was merely stating a general principle, it was deemed allowable to use the round number instead of the fraction.

"On p. 115, in speaking of the resisting force of a beam, the text should have said 'when strained' instead of 'compressed.' This, the only valid correction in the entire list, is frankly acknowledged; every other (except the fraction) will be satisfactorily demonstrated to be erroneous, if desired."

In reply to the preceding we remark that, on the 17th of June, 1858, we procured a copy of "Wells's Natural Philosophy" direct from the publishers; and this copy was believed to be similar to those with which the publishers were then supplying the market. The book was examined and the criticism written within the ensuing fortnight. The article was then too late for insertion in the August Number, and was accordingly deferred to September. After the receipt of the author's note given above (*viz.*, on the 14th of September), we requested the publisher to furnish us with a copy of the *last edition* of Mr. Wells's book, and a copy was immediately sent us. We have compared this copy with the one obtained June 17, and propose now to state how far our former criticisms are applicable to the new edition. For convenience, we will consider the errors before indicated in their order.

Error 1, page 61.—The justice of this criticism is conceded by Mr. Wells; but, to our surprise, the error remains uncorrected in the copy furnished us by the publishers, September 14. We conclude, then, that although this error may have been corrected in the electrotype plates, it was still contained in the edition with which the publishers were then supplying the public.

Error 2, page 84.—Mr. W. admits that here is a *little error*, but claims that, for the latitude of New York, the error amounts to only the $\frac{4}{1000}$ part. This is one of those cases which show that Mr. W.'s scientific attainments do not qualify him to write a book on this subject. It requires no great amount of science to perceive that a body at the pole will sustain *no loss* of weight in consequence of centrifugal force; and the loss of weight in the

latitude of New York would be but little over *one half* what it is at the equator; while according to Mr. W. a body would in each case lose sensibly *all its weight*. If Mr. W. will read Lardner's *Astronomy*, p. 138, he will probably admit the truth of our statement.

Error 3, page 115.—The justice of this criticism is fully admitted by Mr. W.; but it is not claimed that the correction has yet been made.

Error 4, page 144.—The justice of this criticism is entirely denied by Mr. W.; and he proceeds, with an air of triumph, to demonstrate the critic's error. But this again shows the incompetency of Mr. W. to prepare a correct book on Natural Philosophy. The proof that glass attracts mercury is derived from experiment. If a glass plate be suspended in a horizontal position from one arm of a balance, and be brought in contact with the surface of water, it will be attracted, and the amount of this attraction may be measured by placing weights in the opposite scale. We thus discover that the attraction of glass for water is about 50 grains for each square inch of surface. In the same manner we find that the attraction of glass for mercury is about 175 grains for each square inch of surface. Mr. W. has not yet discovered why the surface of mercury is depressed by the action of a small glass tube. If he will read the works of Laplace and Poisson, he may obtain some light on the subject.

Error 5, page 196.—The justice of this criticism is admitted by Mr. W.; but he claims that the error has been corrected in the last edition. On referring to our last edition, we find that he has substituted for "two octaves higher," the words "proportionally higher." Our objection to this phraseology is that it is indefinite. The author has substituted for a *definite error* an *indefinite truth*.

Error 6, page 286.—This criticism is not specifically noticed by Mr. W., but is covered by the broad assertion that "the text is literally and undeniably correct," and he can show that "the scientific error lies with the critic, and not with the author." We challenge Mr. W. to make good his assertion.

Error 7, page 309.—Mr. W. says, "The general effect of concave mirrors is to produce an *image larger than the object*." Concave mirrors have been used for telescopes perhaps more extensively than for any other purpose; and here, when the object is a planet or the sun, *several thousand miles* in diameter, the diameter of the image is only a *fraction of an inch*.

Error 8, page 321.—Mr. Wells defines "the optical centre of a lens" to be "the centre of the surface of a lens." Now this is so far from being true that, in a meniscus, the optical centre is *without the lens, and on the convex side*, and the curvature of the two surfaces may be so chosen that the distance of the optical centre from the centre of the surface *may be increased to any required extent*. Mr. W. has totally misconceived the meaning of the term "optical centre." For information on this subject we will refer him to Herschel's *Treatise on Light*, Art. 323.

Error 9, page 324.—Mr. W. here attempts to shield himself by pleading that he has fallen into good company, and that he has only copied the statement of another author. Dr. Draper does, indeed, say that "the magnifying power of lenses is not, as is often popularly supposed, due to the peculiar nature of the glass of which they are made,

but to the figure of their surfaces." But this remark is directed against the vulgar error that magnifying glasses are made of a certain kind of substance having a peculiar quality, and diminishing glasses of a substance with an opposite quality. Mr. W.'s statement is, however, prefaced by the question, "Upon what does the magnifying power of lenses depend?" and he replies, "It is *not* due to the peculiar nature of the glass of which they are made, but to the figure of their surfaces." We reply that the magnifying power of a lens "depends" both upon the curvature of its surfaces and upon the material of which it is made. If we have several lenses, one of crown glass, another of the densest flint glass, and a third of diamond, and all have identically the same curvature, then if the magnifying power of the first be represented by 10, that of the second will be about 20, and that of the third nearly 30. These numbers indicate how far the magnifying power of a lens depends upon the nature of the material. Any one may satisfy himself of the accuracy of the preceding numbers, by computing the focal lengths according to the principles explained in Herschel's *Treatise on Light*.

Error 10, page 327.—Mr. W. says, "It is very common to find it stated in books of science that by mixing powders of the seven different colors together, a white, or grayish-white compound may be produced. This, however, is *not the fact*." Mr. W. seems not to be aware that the statement here referred to is derived from the writings of Sir Isaac Newton. We will therefore transcribe a few sentences from Newton's *Optics*. Newton says, "By mixing colored powders we are not to expect a strong and full white, such as that of paper, but some dusky, obscure one, such as might arise from a mixture of white and black. And such a dark white I have often produced by mixing colored powders. Now considering that these gray colors may be also produced by mixing white and black, and by consequence differ from perfect white only in degree of luminousness, it is manifest that there is nothing more requisite to make them perfectly white than to increase their light sufficiently. And this I tried as follows: I took a quantity of the above-mentioned gray mixture and rubbed it thickly upon the floor of my room, when the sun shone upon it through the opened casement, and by it, in the shadow, I laid a piece of white paper of the same bigness. Then going from them to the distance of 12 or 18 feet, the powder appeared intensely white, so as to transcend even the paper itself in whiteness."—*Vide Newtoni Opera*. Ed. Horsley, tom. iv., p. 95, 96. An abridged notice of the same experiments may be found in the *Library of Useful Knowledge*, under Newton's *Optics*, p. 36.

Error 11, page 329.—Mr. W.'s statement respecting spherical aberration shows that he has no clear idea of the source of this imperfection, or the mode of obviating it, for he says that "the image may be rendered perfect by making the screen *concave*." That this statement is entirely erroneous, is shown by the fact that when the object is a mere point (as in the case of a fixed star), the image, which should be a mere point, is nevertheless rendered indistinct by spherical aberration.

Error 12, page 331.—Mr. W. says, "The complementary color is always half the spectrum. Thus if we take half the length of a spectrum by a pair of compasses, and fix one leg on any color, the other leg will fall upon its complementary color, or upon the one which, added to the first, will pro-

duce white light." In other words, by combining any color of the spectrum with some other color of the spectrum, white light may be produced. But according to Sir Isaac Newton, *no* two colors of the spectrum combined will form white light, and *no* scientific optician since the days of Newton has dissented from this opinion.

Error 13, page 335.—The paragraph here criticised, and which is contained in the edition of June 17, has been canceled from the edition of September 14, and another has been substituted in its place; but it is questionable whether the pupil will be able to derive from it any other idea than this—that *the rainbow is circular because it is essential*.

Error 14, page 367.—Mr. W. admits the justice of this criticism; but the error remains uncorrected in the edition of September 14.

Error 15, page 426.—The errors on this page are not simply one or two, but many. Mr. W. asks, "What are the lines of variation?" but he evidently means, What are the lines of *no variation*? He says "there are two lines of no variation," and "the western line of no variation begins in latitude 60°." Now these two lines of no variation unquestionably form *one continuous line* surrounding the globe. It is true that, in the neighborhood of either pole, this line has not hitherto been traced, but it has been traced to within less than 20 degrees from the North Pole. He also says, "the eastern line of no variation begins in the White Sea, descending south until it reaches the latitude of 71°." Now according to our maps no part of the White Sea extends so far north as 69°. Will Mr. W. explain to us *how far south one must travel from 69° N. latitude before he reaches 71° N. latitude*?

Error 16, page 427.—Mr. W. says, "It is generally considered that there are two magnetic poles, or two points of greatest magnetic intensity in each hemisphere." He also says, "the north magnetic pole is about 19° from the north pole of the earth." This shows that by magnetic pole he means the point of 90° dip, and his language implies that the point of 90° dip is identical with the point of greatest magnetic intensity. Now these two points in the northern hemisphere are distant from each other about *twelve hundred miles*, a circumstance probably "not considered essential in an elementary work." Mr. W. appears to be profoundly ignorant of the results of the great magnetic crusade which was undertaken about twenty years ago.

Error 17, page 428.—Mr. W. says, "For all the ordinary purposes of the wanderer upon the ocean, the magnetic needle may be considered as *free from error*." On the usual route of the steamers between New York and Liverpool the variation of the needle at one part of the track exceeds 30 degrees, and throughout more than half the track the variation is *never less than 25 degrees*. Do commercial men regard 25 degrees as unimportant?

In our September Number we stated that, "during a hasty perusal of this book, we have marked over a hundred errors, few of which can be charged to the carelessness of the printer." We had proposed to make further extracts from this list of errors, but the length of this article forbids our saying more in the present Number, and we close with repeating the conclusion of our former notice, that "Mr. Wells's book is altogether an unsuitable one to put into the hands of students from which to acquire a knowledge of the principles of Natural Philosophy."

Editor's Table.

LIFE IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—Life never had the fullness of meaning that it has now. The present century, and especially its last twenty years, have given to life an enlargement, a scope, an intenseness that have imparted a new and deeper significance to manhood. Talk as we may of the past, it was never so great a thing to be a man as it is in this age. Over the centuries gone there is cast a soft, mystical vail that pleases the fancy while it obscures the reason, and therefore it is easy for our romantic sentiments to find in them the high-seasoned food on which their spice-loving nature delights to feed. The best features, too, of the past are only preserved; for poets and historians are not much inclined to take the materials of their arts from the revolting aspects of humanity. The past is like our own childhood; we see it in ideal splendors. Time is a merciful friend, and is very considerate of our stern, common-sense faculties. It graciously hides much from our eyes, leaving, for the most part, only such objects as tend to awaken the glow of imagination and inspire the fervors of generous enthusiasm. Despite of all this veneration for the past, it is very clear to any thinking mind that the present century has been a most munificent benefactor to the human family, surpassing far all its predecessors in width and depth of influence, stirring the hearts of men with a new and perplexing consciousness of an amazing destiny, and impelling them forward on a pathway where every step is an ascension toward a more commanding height of greatness.

There is a childish cant abroad—and sanctioned, too, by some respectable names—that pretends to find fault with any thing like warmth and earnestness in the appreciation of the wonders of the day. We call it childish, and childish it certainly is, for there is nothing man-like in that stolid insensibility to the present, and that overweening partiality for the past, which reverse outright every just standard of judgment, and deprive us, with an ill-concealed vindictiveness, of our foothold among the stable facts of the age. No wise man reflects the least credit on himself, or honors the scheme of providential progress as it evolves its mystery and magnificence from generation to generation, by undervaluing to-day and reserving his heartiest plaudits for yesterday. So far from this being the genuine outworking of nature, it is a false and corroding morbidness that betrays its birth in a cynical contempt for what is truly grand and noble. Such a spirit does violence to all our better instincts. To-day is God's dispensation to our needs. It is His embodiment to us of divine purposes and aims—His offering to our hopes—His invocation to our activity and ambition—His great ensign, hung out from the overlooking heavens for us to watch and follow. The past was His appeal to other minds and other hearts; and although it were a grave error to suppose that we are to turn our eyes away from His former manifestations, yet it is the plainest dictate both of philosophy and faith to believe that the present is a divine gift to us in a much more impressive sense than the past. For the present is a specific providential adaptation to us. It is the correlative of our tastes, sentiments, and capacity—the prophecy of the Infinite to us, and, primarily, to us alone. We are in close,

immediate contact with its objects; and on us, as means of discipline, direction, and exaltation, their agency is to be exerted, or utterly fail of their main end. Nothing, then, in the past can be on the same level in interest and momentousness with the present; nothing can have a tithe of the same value; for nothing that the world has hitherto seen can come recommended to our acceptance with such tokens of the Almighty's direct presence.

But apart from this general aspect of the present, as connected with the principles and pursuits of life, there is the additional motive, already intimated, of the high and intrinsic worth of this age, taken in relation to the developments of intellectual, moral, social manhood. Allow a liberal drawback on the age for its folly, extravagance, and irrational, often impious, thinking, and still it is true—forcibly true—that manhood never stood at the altitude it now stands; never had such an investiture of rights, privileges, and possibilities; never had such openings into the wealth of the universe. Nor is this sudden enhancement of human power to be attributed to a happy coincidence of favorable circumstances; and, moreover, it is but in an inconsiderable degree the fruit of the past. Admit, as we gladly may, our obligations to other generations, it is nevertheless a fact that this age occupies its own independent ground, and enjoys its own distinctive honors. Not only has it greatly extended the preoccupied realms of thought, but it has entered on territories, vast and wonderful, of its own, and annexed them as sure possessions of princely value to the *terra cognita* of an older date. It has established, and well-nigh perfected, some of the elder sciences; while it has been equally successful in laying the foundations and raising the massive superstructure of sciences for which the vocabulary of our ancestors had not even names. In the inventions that multiply and facilitate labor; in those applications of skill and ingenuity that tend to give us mastery over the physical forces of nature; in better modes of intercourse; in the practical unfolding, through commerce and international law, of the ennobling idea of human brotherhood; and above all, because holier than all, in those selector forms of thought that lift man above himself, and introduce him to the fellowship of the Infinite, the present century is without a rival. Whether we look, therefore, at the actual discoveries of the age, or at the great leading sentiments that pervade all active and far-reaching minds, or at the fresh, buoyant, humanizing spirit all abroad in the hearts of men, the day in which we live is full of most striking significance. It is a day to be thankful for—a day to bless with such thanksgivings as only rise from our nature when it is conscious of a birth into a larger freedom of thought and action—a day that brings the resources of humanity within its grasp, and attests, even to the senses, a glory within reach of realization.

One of the distinctive features of life in the nineteenth century is found in the fact that the domain of action and enjoyment has been greatly widened. Without supposing that any faculties of activity and happiness have been created, we may assert that the multiplication of objects to call forth the energies of our nature has intensified the mind in a remarkable degree. Indeed, it is practically the

conferment of a new power. Shut up the human intellect, with its supplementary forces of motive, sensibility, and passion—confine it within a narrow range, and its faculties are feeble and inoperative. Its mighty instincts lie dormant. A stranger to itself, it is a stranger also to the world without; for if it know not its own being, how can it have the key to those hieroglyphics that are recorded over the face of creation? But give it freedom and strength follows. It springs into life, and finds life in every thing. Outward objects crowd into its inner chambers and fill them with the presence of fellowship and joy. A new feeling of oneness with the universe pervades the spirit; and thought, no longer restrained within its prison, experiences a bliss like friendship in the communion of the open world. Now it can not be doubted that the present century has placed man on far better terms with visible nature than he has ever been before. If he has not a profound insight into the great system with which he is so intimately identified, he is steadily moving in that direction. The steps already taken have been neither few nor inconsiderable, and the ground made good by the certainties of science is vantage-ground for farther and more rapid progress. Man's sphere of activity has been much enlarged. Franklin walks out into the fields, and, by means of a boy's kite, establishes the identity of lightning and electricity. Here is a valuable truth for science, but not for science only. It is a new truth for men's homes and business. If not at once, yet subsequently, his discovery becomes a large and lucrative branch of trade; capital and labor are associated with it; and in our day the itinerating "lightning-rod wagon" is as common a sight as the peddler's pack was to our forefathers. Davy takes the galvanic-battery and commences a new era in practical chemistry; but the wonder is scarcely heralded in the gratulations of scientific men before chemistry introduces a new department in manufactures, and hundreds earn their daily bread through the thought of one sagacious mind. Daguerre throws the sun's light on a silvered plate, and henceforth the million have a cheap artist, a world-wide branch of industry and taste is created, and thousands draw their sustenance from it. Baron Liebig elaborates a few ideas on agricultural chemistry, and the trade in guano diverts wealth, shipping, merchants into its service. Science has proved one of the main sources of modern industry, and perhaps no feature of the times is more striking than this constant and stimulating action of the scientific intellect on almost every department of mechanics and manufactures. We may say, indeed, that cultivated mind underlies the whole system of trade and commerce. The earnest student of nature, pursuing some solitary path of investigation, is subserving the interests of the humblest artisan. The greatest are the helpers of the lowliest. A profound mind, charmed with a magnificent conception, follows its development until it has led into remote regions of thought; but on returning to the practical world it finds itself at the side of the day-laborer, with a fresh incitement for the weary muscle of toil.

Men of this day have measurably lost their sensibility to surprise. Novelty is a commonplace affair. But if one were to draw out a catalogue of those staple articles that have been recently added to the materials of domestic and foreign commerce, it would astonish him to see how largely industry has been a gainer by the progress of this

century. Who would have thought, a few years since, that immense rafts of lumber would be seen floating down our northern rivers to supply wood for the insignificant match? What credulity would have believed that the waste of our houses, the refuse of hotels, the offal of the streets, would have been economized into the service of the chemist and agriculturist? Who would have dreamed that ice, India rubber, gutta percha, would have contributed so much to our activity and wealth? Who would have conjectured that steam-engines would give us cheap newspapers and books, or that electricity would employ a class of men in transmitting hourly intelligence? Nor should we omit to notice the new uses to which substances long known have been put. Animal bones, instead of being left to bleach in the open air, are converted into manure for the soil. Wood, stone, iron, are wrought into a multitude of shapes to gratify the convenience and luxury of man. Within a few years salt has been applied to new purposes in art, while chlorine, iodine, and various other chemical agents, have greatly extended the domain of practical science. Sulphuric acid serves the husbandman, and copper gives permanence to the types of the printer. Not long since steam seemed to be the boundary of human power, and the steam-engine was the symbol of this progressive age. Who can forget the eloquent things that were uttered about it when such men as Lardner, Everett, and Webster described the wonders of its service? It really appeared that it would half monopolize the labor of the world. Men viewed it as the final embodiment of mechanical genius—the Samson of civilization—that would perfect the authority of mind over matter, and restore to humanity the universal sovereignty of the earth. Nor was the language, at that day, extravagant. But one form of power soon educates us into a necessity for another and higher form. The age of steam prepared the way for the age of telegraphs; and now men justly speak of the Atlantic Telegraph as the greatest event in the history of the world since Columbus discovered the Western Continent. If the introduction of steam has vastly enhanced the mining, mechanical, and manufacturing power of men, no limits can be set to the utility of the telegraph as an ally of mind, as an instrument of intellectual and social action, as a bond of peaceful and assimilating brotherhood. The hearts of two mighty nations have throbbed aloud over the consummation of this magnificent work. None but a soulless cynic could regard the exultation as a jubilee of Mammon. Nor is the popular feeling a mere tribute to the wisdom and skill of science. No, it is a far deeper and nobler sentiment. A true instinct has been appealed to, a profound and generous impulse has been lodged in the bosoms of Anglo-Saxon brethren, and men have felt that a prophecy has gone over the waters, speaking of better days and encouraging loftier hopes. The great achievement takes its place as the last and grandest link in that chain of wonders which connects man, not with fortunate accidents and lucky circumstances, but with a system of progress. It is another revelation of Providence. It is a fresh summons to the soul of the nineteenth century to put forth its renewed energies—to believe anew in its capacity, under God, to subdue the earth, and make it a habitation of blessedness.

Looking, then, at the development of recent industry, it is not too much to say that within a few

years past there have been opened new sources of wealth sufficient, of themselves, to give the means of subsistence, and even of luxury, to a great nation. On this subject we can not have satisfactory statistics; but judging from the lucrativeness of certain branches of trade that have just sprung into existence, we can be at no loss to conjecture the general result. One who takes this thought with him, and walks through the streets of a great city, will have ample illustrations of the fact above stated. Take Broadway in New York. One can not pass along a block of stores without being reminded of the immense expansion of business in consequence of the introduction of new elements into trade. Here is a huge clock establishment that advertises business on a grand scale, manufactures clocks for the humblest families of the land, and has its traveling agents in Europe. Not long ago a clock was the next thing to a luxury; poor people had to depend on the City Hall steeple, or tell the time by the state of their stomachs. But now this useful instrument is within the reach of the most limited means, and the cook considers it a part of kitchen furniture. Next door, sewing machines are clicking at their work, and pressing their merits on your attention. A step beyond, if you have gray hair, there is a big window full of consolation for your sensitiveness. Farther on, a great building reminds you that you are in bad health, and that this is the armory where the weapons are to be had that fight disease. You can hardly believe it, but the thought is forced on you that patent medicines rival wheat and cotton in the markets of the world. Not far off, you have a novelty in the way of a burning fluid safer than camphene and as brilliant as gas; and close by, another comforter of the night, in the shape of a spring bedstead that gives you a most pleasant sense of friendship for your thinly-covered bones, and restores you to the day, a rejuvenated man in your joints and muscles. Walk on, and cheap ambrotypes tempt your vanity. Then comes a palace of art, and imperial photographs charm your elegant tastes. But the practical soon salutes you with a return call to everyday life. A large show-window offers you a bed-bug exterminator, and assures you of "death to rats." Breathe a moment and examine the iron furniture, the marbled iron, the wire-work patterns for verandas and summer-houses; and then, a few paces on, call and see the process of silver-plating by galvanism; and yet, again, the agricultural warehouse, with its new implements of husbandry, that have gladdened the farmers of both hemispheres. What a medley follows! A fly-catcher, self-sealing cans, newly-patented stoves, ranges, boilers; steam-heating apparatus; India rubber goods; rare articles from China and Japan; and countless other novelties that are candidates for the favor of your purse. But all this would be a very incomplete view of the new era of inventive industry. Go, then, into a first-class Broadway hotel, and that will epitomize the new arts of life for you. Architecture is an ancient art, called, in one form, by Coleridge, "a petrified religion," and designated by Goethe and De Staël as "frozen music." Neither of the finely-tuned phrases applies to hotel architecture, for it is the ideality of the street in aristocratic stone—the grandeur of everyday business, in its most showy costume. It is an eloquent acknowledgment of the democratic fact that the public is a royal personage, and is entitled to entertainment

in kingly style. But this is just what Scott and Dickens have admitted in writing great fictions for the public; while Wordsworth, in poetry, and Macaulay, in history, have exemplified the same truth. In brief, the public is the monopolist of regard, genius, and practical art, vying in efforts to do it honor. For this reason, we repeat, look at the modern American hotel. Under all that extravagance, and, as you call it, folly, there is a significant fact, full of meaning to one who interprets it. You see modern industry here in a galaxy of glory. Of the past it preserves scarcely a relic; but as the exponent of the present, it stands proudly, rather too proudly, forth and challenges admiration. It is an illustration of the point we have been considering, viz., the *Originality of Modern Industry*. And perhaps no better type of it could be selected. Modern activity is based on an acute perception of the wants, tastes, habits, and growing power of the public. With it, caste and class are secondary considerations. It seeks custom and patronage at the hands of the masses. Its first and last care is to please them—ranging through their variety, holding fast to their unity, and striving to suit their many-sidedness by every form of ingenious adaptation and studied skillfulness. Viewed in this sense, the modern hotel is an exponent of the times. It is a palace for the public; and on that idea—the inherent superiority of the public—all our system of industry proceeds. This truth, although often exaggerated, is nevertheless a recognition of a grand fact. It has made modern activity creative, given it expansiveness, stimulated its utmost strength, and stamped it as the miracle of the century.

A panoramic view of modern activity, if adequately conceived and represented, would exhibit an impressive picture. What distant extremes, and yet how near together! What vast dissimilarity, but what suggestive unity! How various the means all tending to a common end! How numerous the circles, some greater, others smaller, but all surrounded by the same horizon! Here is a man who bends over the spade or follows the plow, and on yonder hill is an observatory, where, night after night, an astronomer is fixing his searching eye on the remote heavens. Here is a blacksmith at the anvil, and there is one who sits beside a microscope and finds the Infinite in a minute atom. Here is one engaged in teaching a child its alphabet, and close at hand, among those great hills, is a geologist tracing the elder records of the globe in the strata beneath him. We see these inequalities every where. One makes a bare subsistence, another acquires millions. One is too poor to own the water he drinks, while another has the revenue of an empire. The same inequality runs through all the aspects of our intellectual and social condition; so that while, in some, mind appears to be little else than the creature of the senses, in others, it reveals godlike attributes. It would seem, at first sight, that the extremes of society, if taken in all their connections, are wider apart than ever before. Select any of the best specimens of the civilized races of this century, men of the highest position in all respects, and place in contrast the most abject and illiterate of the same races, and it would appear that the effect of modern civilization had been to throw the extremes of society farther from each other than at any former period. With proper qualification, this is true. But how has it been brought about? All classes of society have

moved forward, but not at the same rate of progress. The peasantry of Europe are far superior to the "*villians*" of the Feudal ages, and, even within a hundred years, the laboring population of Great Britain have greatly advanced. Oaten bread has been superseded by corn and wheat, and, since 1820, the consumption of tea and coffee has much increased. The poorer classes are far more healthy, the average continuance of life is longer, the proportion of marriages is larger, licentiousness has diminished, and the number of births has been augmented. At the same time it must be admitted that the intellectual, refined, wealthier portions of society have made a more striking advancement. The benefits of modern civilization have inured more to them than to the poorer classes, but this can not be considered as a law of the social state, nor is it any thing else than a temporary and incidental result. Inequalities must continue. Men are differently constituted; temperaments, capacity, and habits are dissimilar; like opportunities instantly become unlike when they pass into their hands; and hence, uniformity of condition and progress is impossible. Nevertheless, men gravitate toward the same centre, and although disturbing causes in the moral, as in the physical world, may modify the action of gravity, yet the tendency is alike in kind, if not in degree, in all instances.

We have remarked that the benefits of modern progress have not been distributed with absolute equality; and furthermore, that we can not expect uniformity in social circumstances. A Christian civilization does not require all to occupy the same level. But it does require that every man shall have the use of his faculties and means to the utmost possible extent, and that all classes shall have freedom of opportunity to make the best of their position. Manhood is God's creature in God's world. It is here to be cultivated, not to be stunted in growth. It is here to be developed to the full measure of earthly excellence, not to be cramped and restrained. Modern activity is contributing to this end. One of the agencies of Providence to quicken and invigorate mind, to arouse consciousness and enlarge the sphere of life, it is slowly effecting a vast change in the character and prospects of the laboring classes. Its two main characteristics—first, the impulse communicated to intellect, and, secondly, the broad surface over which it is extending, must diffuse its influence, and carry all parts of society forward together. Industry has too generally been synonymous with beast-like drudgery. But this degradation can not continue. Labor has not been as promptly affected by the spirit of the age as other social interests. Nor is this surprising. It was isolated from the great controlling forces of the world. It stood apart by itself, and participated no more than machinery in the ongoings of society. It was not a living part of the determinative will of the public mind. Prejudices scowled on it. Selfishness abused it, and rejoiced in the abuse. It was under a double curse—the curse of the Adamic transgression, and the worse curse of human heartlessness. Owing to these causes labor was not as quickly reached by the redeeming spirit of the century as, under more auspicious circumstances, it would have been; but, notwithstanding the delay, certain it is that a liberating power has begun to act on its interests. In our own country industry has been the first to feel the awakening genius of the age. The structure of American so-

cietly being simple, the fields of enterprise open, every man both his own fortune-teller and fortune-maker, nothing external was a barrier in the way of prosperity. Whether our political institutions will be imitated in other sections of the world may admit of great doubt. But the spirit of industry as developed here—its intelligent freedom, earnest strength, and heroic boldness—must penetrate the heart of the world; and if we were asked to point out the noblest service that our country has rendered to humanity, we should select the spectacle of its rejoicing and triumphant activity. The moral of American liberty is in our fields, in our workshops, and along our crowded thoroughfares. Newfoundland Fishing Banks, Peruvian Islands, Northwestern wilds, Texan prairies, and Pacific slopes have exemplified the meaning of our independence. There is a great soul in American industry, and it is doing a vast work, not only for us but for the world.

Allusion has already been made to inventions and discoveries in their bearing on human activity. Inventions, especially such as have signalized this practical age, are benefactions to the world. So far as their economic value is concerned they can scarcely be computed. Take the simpler forms of machinery, and their productive power is amazing. By the aid of machinery one man is able in stone-dressing to perform as much work as twenty men by hand, while in cotton-spinning one intelligent American operative is equal to three thousand of the most expert spinners in Hindostan. But it is not in this view that we wish to contemplate them. They have a far higher value. Inventions are the counterparts of those great works that immortalize the literature of a people, and act as the sources of inspiration to all ages. Homer, Plato, Shakspeare, Milton—such men are the crowned monarchs of mind, swaying sceptres that none dispute. But man is also a creature of the physical world, and if he need genius to serve him in intellectual tastes and enjoyments, he equally needs it to promote his earthly well-being. The few must elevate the many. Such is the decree of Heaven every where, in every thing. One ocean feeds many clouds, one sun illumines many stars, one genius blesses many generations. Nor let it be supposed that genius has its chief sphere in the production of poetry and philosophy, as if this were the main work God had appointed it to execute. In any estimate of life intellectual and spiritual interests must always take precedence, but it were folly to deny that a great thought embodied in an invention should not be appreciated as an invaluable contribution to the treasures of mankind. Inventive genius operates through matter—stern and stubborn matter—that will not change its nature, nor abate its forces, nor alter its laws. If that genius investigates its properties, seizes its strength, and brings its very magnificence into the service of its race, it performs a majestic office, and enrolls itself among the dignitaries of mind. Men look on the earth as a mere dwelling-place, a transient home, a cradle, and a grave. These are unworthy ideas—unworthy because of their limitation. They are not the Divine ideas of the material universe. Open the Bible and read of the earth, "*It is his footstool*;" and then consider that man is the appointed and endowed agent to adorn and beautify this footstool. Sent into the world to do this work as well as to prepare for a future being, man finds

matter a discipline, a test of his intelligence and skill, a theatre for expansive and extensive effort. Inventive genius is the highest expression of his complete sympathy with nature. It is a sacramental fellowship with her grandeur, a token of the restoration of that beautiful intercourse which sin interrupted. Is there, then, no moral power in a great invention? Is the inventive spirit of the age bringing nothing to humanity but piston-rods, cranks, and complicated wheels? The first thing that God did in the history of the world was to prepare a perfect home for a perfect humanity; and now, for redeemed man, the work of refitting the earth to be a suitable habitation is in progress. This thought gives significance to inventive genius in its relations to modern activity. Certain it is that an improving race needs an improving world; sure are we that they act and interact on each other; and hence the tremendous impulse that has been communicated to mechanical genius and active industry is a token of a holier morality, a more gentle and tender brotherhood, a purer spirituality in the ages awaiting humanity.

Nor must we omit to notice the educative power of inventions and discoveries. If these are the products of quickened thought, in turn they impart new life to mind. Men who can not appreciate Plato and Milton can comprehend a steam-engine, a galvanic battery, a telegraph, and, whether critics smile or scoff, they can feel the presence of the human soul in them. Then, too, as it respects the magnificent discoveries in science that have recently been made, what an impetus have they given to the intellect of the day! Inductive science is the great strength of this age, and to what do we owe its efficiency as a means of culture but to those vast discoveries of modern times that have opened the secrets of the universe to our inspection, and imparted a meaning to our admiration of its wonders that was never felt before? It has been about two centuries and a half since the philosopher of St. Albans saw that men were unconscious of the inheritance of knowledge provided by the bounty of Nature for them. The title-deed to this more than imperial wealth had been lost, and none knew save he where it was to be found. False to man, he was true to nature. The impulses that moved Bacon to study the principles of a rational system of philosophy were as pure and fresh as the beatings of childhood's heart. Nature was not to him a dumb and senseless thing, but full of life, instinct with inspiration, and offering a glad companionship to those who sought, in a right spirit, her ancient and abiding wisdom. Poets have taught men to look on her for beauty, and to draw a solace for troubled hours from her calm landscapes and silent skies. In her works, rising from the minute to the magnificent, and presenting every form, hue, and aspect that infinite variety could make palpable to the eye, they have found symbols for truths else unexpressed. The mysteries of the soul have gone to her for sympathy and support, and not gone in vain. Sublimity and grandeur, dwelling in men's minds but enfeebled in utterance, have learned her majestic language and represented their selectest thoughts. But no poet ever brought man so near to nature as Lord Bacon. Shakspeare, Milton, Wordsworth caught only her outward expression and employed it to embellish their own sentiments. Nor can it be otherwise with poetry in its relations to the visible universe. A glance, intense and rapturous it may be, but

only a glance, is all that it can bestow ordinarily on the face of nature; and even in those more protracted communings, in which it seeks its poems in the material world rather than create them out of its own emotional thoughts, poetry merely contemplates natural phenomena as they address the imagination. Nature mainly exists to the poet for the sake of illustration. She is not primarily his teacher; but when he repairs to her presence, never unwelcome, never unrefreshing, it is that he may enter on her pictorial galleries crowded with images in unison with his sentiments and feelings. Bacon went to Nature for other ends. The practical, the useful, the philanthropic, the progressive, these were the principles he sought for in her works. Instead of thinking with Seneca that philosophy has nothing to do with utilitarian objects, he conceived that it was wisely employed if engaged in promoting the present good of human kind. The acute insight of Bacon saw that nature was a vast storehouse of resources, an immense arsenal whence men might draw the weapons needed in the warfare with ignorance, poverty, and feebleness.

Bacon taught the seventeenth century the science of thought; Newton listened to the authoritative critic and imbibed his spirit. Bacon showed where men had erred; Newton kept his eye on the beacon-light, and never lost for an instant its warning radiance. Bacon declared how Nature ought to be approached—the childlike temper, the reverent docility, the simple trustingness, the waiting humility, the persevering energy, the invincible hopefulness were the attributes that he commended in one who should inquire in Nature's temple; Newton answered to the splendid ideal. His philosophy was religion in everyday apparel. If, in seasons of enrapturing revelations, it put on its worshiping robes and lifted high its psalm-like praise, it quickly returned to the attitude of a disciple seated at Nature's feet, and breathlessly holding, as one awe-struck, the sublime thoughts that the wonders of creation awakened within him. Bacon stated the language in which the oracles of Nature were to be questioned; Newton adopted it, and was answered. Bacon enunciated the cardinal maxims of modern science; Newton took the axioms and based on them his demonstrations. What a glorious fellowship! How mighty the summons, how majestic the response! Both were giants of thought; how like; and yet how unlike! The one was the most magnificent of theorists; the other was the gigantic genius of reality. If the former laid the sure foundations and erected the massive superstructure of the temple of modern science, the latter opened its portals that the glory of the universe might enter and abide, for all time, above its dedicated shrine.

Both these illustrious men were discoverers. Bacon was a discoverer of thoughts, and Newton of facts. Bacon worked within; Newton without. More perfect parallelisms never existed. Acting in completest harmony, they have prospectively secured the material universe to the human mind. They were the founders of the empire of man over nature. Since their day the history of intellect has been a history of progressive growth, of fertile activity, of broad enlargement. This is not surprising. Periods of great discoveries have always been followed by intense and wide-spread intellectual excitement. Men start into new life. They have another consciousness

of power. They think higher thoughts and are ready for greater achievements. Proclaim an authenticated truth, and the winds can not bear it fast and far enough. The waters hasten with it as precious freightage. All nature is in commotion to help it. We never know, except at such times, what a ministry truth has in its service. The firmament is written all over with fiery symbols. The lost Pleiad returns to its forsaken orbit and Orion flames with new splendor. Hidden eloquence in men finds free utterance. Dead Plato and dead Cicero live again in the philosophy and sentiment of the current day. Mind responds to mind. All hearts are put in sudden communication and the electric thrill throbs through them.

It is apparent, we trust, that discoveries and inventions have a higher value than stock-jobbers and mercenary calculators assign to them. They rise above the financial lore of political economy. No less a position belongs to them than of most important agencies in the progress of human kind. It is easy to see this truth when, as in the discovery of the New World by Columbus, it is illustrated on a grand scale. All know how that event gave the thoughts of men a new direction, how it infused vitality into trade and commerce, how it called the vagrant imaginations of busy dreamers to realities more exciting than fiction, how it stirred the hearts of the hopeful and the brave with strange emotions. But in some degree, this is what occurs whenever mind makes a signal conquest and adds a new realm to its dominions. The geometrical discoveries of his age furnished Plato with the means of reforming the intellectual culture of Greece. Jurisprudence imparted a similar impulse to Roman mind. In modern times great discoveries have fixed new points of departure for the race. If we take the additions to human knowledge that have been made by astronomy, chemistry, and geology, we may, indeed, map off the vast space which they occupy in the positive science of the day. But who can measure the prodigious influence over mind which they have exerted? Viewed in one aspect only, *viz., the development of the sense of the infinite*, no one can form even an approximate idea of their invaluable utility. The practical uses of these sciences in the civilization of the age are too palpable to require notice. Deprive us of them, and it would be a catastrophe almost equivalent to a lapse into barbarism. But they have rendered a far higher and nobler service than the senses or the understanding can appreciate. To estimate their true worth we must follow them in their magnificent demonstrations of the boundlessness and glory of that inheritance, which they have certified, on grounds independent of religion, as the property and theatre of the human mind. They have appealed to the sense of the infinite within by methods altogether their own. They have cultivated our sublimest instincts, not by imitating the art of poetry or following the lead of intuitional philosophers, but by the slow and sure proofs of science, by a series of discoveries in the material universe that have brought us into close contact with the infinite. This is the great service which modern science is performing for man. It speaks to the soul. It speaks a language that is as ancient as the heavens of God. And although it has illustrated and confirmed the external evidences of the Scriptures, yet we can not hold its office, in this particular, to be comparable with the spiritual glory which it

has shed over the hopes and aspirations of our religious nature. Man needs nothing so much as great thoughts and sublime yearnings. He was created to feel the supernatural within and without him, and he can not be a man if this sense of the supernatural be dead or dormant in his bosom. Science now befriends him in the holiest interests of his being. It dignifies and ennobles his aims. It calls out with intense fervency his best feelings. Nor is this all. The science of the nineteenth century holds firmly in its hand the magic wand of the imagination. Truth is indeed stranger than fiction. New worlds are grander things than new poems. Within a few years the "number of known members of the planetary system," says Professor Loomis, "has been more than doubled. A planet of vast dimensions has been added to our system; thirty-six new asteroids have been discovered; four new satellites have been detected; and a new ring has been added to Saturn." Add to these astronomical results the recent discoveries of other sciences, and then turn to such magnificent trains of thought as Professor Babbage elaborates in the moral of the mechanical principle of action and reaction; turn to that ingenious and profound tractate, "The Stars and the Earth;" to the "Telegraphic System of the Universe" as presented by President Hitchcock in his "Religion of Geology;" and tell us if science is not expanding and cultivating the imagination far more than poetry or the fine arts? Take the grandest passage in the grandest poem of the world—Paradise Lost. Follow Milton in his flight through the universe; stand with Uriel in the sun and from his lofty watchtower look over creation; pursue the track of the Arch-Fiend as the air sinks oppressed with its ponderous burden, and the stars pale their light beneath the shadows of his dusky hue, and you have an impression of sublimity that poetry only in its highest moods is capable of creating. Fresh from this wonderful excursion of genius, visit an astronomical observatory and look through a first-class telescope. If your mind is thoroughly informed with astronomical knowledge, if you have profound sensibilities, a quick instinct for grandeur, a sensitive and glowing imagination, how your soul is moved as literature never moved it, at this vast spectacle of silent and overwhelming majesty! Such depth of quietude—such a fathomless hush as if the departed Sabbaths of earth had gathered here their solemn peacefulness—such subdued and mystic glory as if escaped from the veiled splendors of Godhead—who ever felt elsewhere so close an environment of the infinite?

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE splendid summer was loth to go. It lingered and lingered, spending profusely the most golden days to secure a longer life. But no sun is rich enough to buy more than twelve months in the year, and spring and winter and autumn have their rights no less than summer. Yet even into late September how soft the air was, how green the fields; how the earth seemed to enjoy its redundant life, and to roll languidly over in the great blue starry spaces! The harvest moon hung calm and benignant in a dewy sky, and the comet whizzed away from the legs of the Bear, silent and remote, but with an aspect of resistless motion. In the trees and the grass, and along the edges of brooks, the crickets and katydids and their insect kin filled

the still air with a multitudinous murmur, a sense of infinite life pervading all nature, while long and bright on the burnished western horizon the yellow twilight stained the sky. To raise the window in the morning and look out, to step into the garden and feel the early sun, to walk in the woods where the rustling of the leaves had the fatal dry rattle of decay, yet which clung gallantly still, and with gathering hectic defied death with the too vivid complexion of life; to stroll by the shore and watch the peaceful green meadows beyond stretching toward a park-like grove, or to look seaward over a plain descending so gradually as to seem entirely level, and yet enough to reveal all its tranquil, pastoral, poetic charms; to hear the squirrels and the later birds, and to feel every where the genial, gracious, benevolent autumnal sun; this was to have a shock of new life, so deep and sweet that the sadness of the season was almost entirely overborne, and the consciousness of gathered harvests filled the soul with peace.

It is not long since we were speaking together of the coming of spring. The sap in the wood of the old Chair leaps when it stirs in the trees; but also the contented croning of the autumn landscape—for the song of the September and October insects seems to be a song of satisfaction in rich results—hums and drowns about it. What a dark day it is when any human Easy Chair—a stick of any sort or shape—loses its original sympathy with nature! Like the Connecticut stone, which, when buried in the floors of cellars, does not forego its peculiarity, but sweats at the coming on of thunder-storms; so, however buried in routine and lost in clouds of care, should the fellow-feeling between men and nature be preserved. Men are sometimes startled by a sudden raising of blood—by a sudden weakness which portends decay; but if a man found that he could look upon a lovely child unmoved—that he could see the renewing moon without a thrill of delight—that he could behold a fresh summer garlanding the globe with roses, and not feel the rose of joy blooming again in his heart—should he not be startled by the fear that the life of his life, that the heart of his heart, were touched and tainted?

The poets are the men who are strung in the finest sympathy with the variations of nature; and yet mainly in modern times, as we saw last spring. And yet two hundred years ago dear old Andrew Marvell, poet, patriot, and statesman—for the better the man the better the law—could scarcely write without scenting his verses with his garden. Marvell's is one of the loveliest characters in English history. He had that union of simplicity and geniality and enthusiasm, with inflexible integrity and common-sense, which makes the noblest man. Sir William Temple was a statesman too, and loved gardens. But he was always a statesman in the garden, not a man. That is to say, he smacked of society and courts while he was plucking roses. But hear Marvell!—the first man in Paradise might have sung with this simplicity and zest:

"What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head,
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine,
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons as I pass,
Insnares with flowers, I fall on grass."

Wouldn't you be sure of the honesty and justice of such a man's mind and heart? And his humor was not less, nor his gravity. It is a large, racy, sweet humor; and we will have a bit of it, though it have no special relation to any particular time of year. He is reasoning with "His Coy Mistress":

"Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were no crime.
We would sit down, and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou, by the Indian Ganges' side
Shouldst rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the flood;
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires, and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze:
Two hundred to adore each breast;
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part;
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state;
Nor would I love at lower rate."

Cowley, too, was quaint and stately in the garden. But none of the older poets, not even the greater ones, had a livelier and fresher, or more genuine delight, in the pure charms of the garden than Marvell. And how pleasant it is to think of a statesman in the stormy revolutionary days of England, perfectly true to the popular cause, even to that degree that Andrew Marvell may almost be called the father of the doctrine of the right of instruction—and faithful, all the more, to the quiet love of fruits and flowers. It is like the proverbial simplicity of the old Roman republicans—of Cincinnatus upon his four acres—of Curius Dentatus cooking his own vegetables for dinner—and how much simpler and more majestic in its private and secluded character than the pompous preference of Dioclesian, of which Cowley tells the story—Dioclesian, one of the vulgar and malignant emperors of decaying Rome:

"Methinks I see great Dioclesian walk
In the Salonian garden's noble shade,
Which by his own imperial hands was made.
I see him smile, methinks, as he does talk
With the ambassadors, who come in vain
T' entice him to a throne again.
'If I, my friends,' said he, 'should to you show
All the delights which in these gardens grow,
'Tis likelier, much, that you should with me stay,
Than 'tis that you should carry me away;
And trust me not, my friends, if every day
I walk not here with more delight
Than ever, after the most happy sight,
In triumph to the capitol I rode
To thank the Gods, and to be thought myself almost
a God."

"Great Dioclesian" was a common soldier, who was made emperor and persecuted the Christians; and it would be a dangerous inquiry how much of the Salonian garden his own imperial hands made.

The Easy Chair can not catalogue the singers who have praised the autumn and its harvests, nor follow our own poets who have not been silent while the eloquent glory of the season burns in all the woods and fields. The sad sobriety of Bryant's genius has been touched into some of its most characteristic strains by the "Fall." He it is who

says, "The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year;" and he, too, who pleads, with pensive longing:

"Oft, Autumn, why to soon
Depart the hues that make thy forests glad,
Thy gentle wind, and thy fair sunny noon.
And leave thee wild and sad!

"Ah, 'twere a lot too blest
Forever in thy colored shades to stray;
Amid the tresses of the soft southwest,
To rove and dream for aye:

"And leave the vain low strife
That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,
The passions and the cares that wither life,
And waste its little hour!"

BUT while the poets do not forget the autumn, there is one class whose especial festival is decorated with the splendors that stream over the landscape in September and October. Autumn is the farmer's festival. The fruit of his fields makes a part of the expression of Nature's face at this season. The huge yellow pumpkins and the robust lazy squashes turning their "fair round bellies" to the sun and spreading their indolent chubby arms upon the ground—whether they glisten among the uncut stalks, heavy with golden corn, or lie, like crude ingots, among the harvested wealth of stooks—these lend that air of ample maturity and full fruition which lies, sleek and satisfied, upon the landscape, and shows us how sincerely the earth is our mother.

And if we needed any proof that men are all her children, and therefore brothers, we should have it in the fact that the feast of Demeter, or Ceres, is held still in the valleys and on the hill-sides of America as it used to be in the beginning of history three thousand years ago in Greece, whither tradition, which makes Greece to have been settled from Egypt, brought it from the banks of the Nile.

The feasts of Bacchus and of Ceres—of corn and wine—have been celebrated in almost every county of every American State during the months that are just passed. Sister of Jupiter and mother of Proserpine, Ceres had all the majesty of Juno, with a deeper sweetness. Mild and matronly, she was the mother of men by being the goddess of Agriculture. The Greeks called her Demeter, and the Romans, Ceres; but although it is not easy to relinquish a name of pleasant association, yet as the Romans were merely successors, imitators, and corrupters of the pure Greek mythology, let us rather return, as all the modern historians and scholars are returning, and call her, in large phrase of dignity, Demeter.

It is curious and interesting to follow the ingenious speculations of those scholars in the explanation of the old mythology. They are determined to find an allegory in every thing, to "spy a great peard under her muffler," wherever the affluent genius of man has incarnated his love, and hope, and gratitude. Thus the lovely legend of the Rape of Proserpine—or as, in obedience to the scholars, we must henceforth say, Persephone—is treated as a myth, merely. The old story is ever new, ever beautiful.

Persephone was on the Nysian plain with the ocean nymphs plucking flowers. She gathered the rose, the violet, the crocus, the hyacinth, and suddenly beheld a narcissus of rare size and alluring beauty. Stretching her hand she picked the

flower, when the earth opened, and Pluto, or Aidoneus, arose in his golden chariot, seized her, and bore her away. Her mother hears her cries, but knows not who has stolen her, nor whither he has fled. But Helios betrays the secret, and tells her that Zeus had permitted the rape. Then Demeter, disgusted, deserted heaven, and dwelt among men. But she would not allow the corn to sprout; and, threatened with the destruction of his subjects on the earth, Zeus beseeches Demeter to return to heaven. She will consent upon one sole condition—that her daughter is restored. And the king of heaven and of men is obliged to submit, and order Aidoneus to allow the return of Persephone. She comes to her mother, but not until she has eaten a pomegranate seed which Aidoneus had given her; and for that reason she was compelled to return and pass a third part of the year with her infernal husband—for Aidoneus dwelt in Hades.

This is one of the legends which the poets are never weary of repeating. Milton touches it, in passing, with solemn grace, and one of our own younger poets, Stoddard, has set the story to most modern music. It needs no other explanation than every exquisite invention needs. It appeals to the natural, human sympathies, as every legend does. It gratifies the love of wonder, and the fine taste for fable in which the human mind delights. It needs no other key than Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" or Tennyson's "Lady of Shallott." But it has been opened by those who insist that every flower, however fair, and every fruit, however sweet, contains a seed which is the final cause of its existence—that beauty and flavor are but episodes and accidents.

They go too far who say that. Every step in nature is intrinsically as important as the result. The flower may be only the sheath of seed, fruit may be only a pericarp; but the seed itself is only a step toward other flowers and other fruit.

And so the wise men have decreed that Persephone is only seed-corn, which, being cast into the ground, remains hidden there until it reappears upon the surface; and although the seed-corn does not delay to sprout for a third of the year, yet it is about that time from the sowing of the grain to its ripened fullness in the ear.

But when,

"In summer when the days were long,"

the Easy Chair journeyed through the soft land of Sicily, and saw, beneath the Sicilian sun, the long olive-silvered hill-sides that slope to the lovely vale of Enna; when, journeying toward the land whose best life remains in its mythology—in the poetry which celebrates it, and the art which sprang from it—the Easy Chair came upon the enchanted domain of legend and renown, it was not seed-corn cast into the ground and allegorized that he thought of, but of the virgin troop prattling and plucking flowers along that very vale—of the benignant mother whose ample presence fills with yellow light the waning of the year—and of "herself, a fairer flower," whom the gloomy God bore off.

It is this identity of sentiment with all times and all countries that makes the agricultural fairs so significant and interesting. The meeting of farmers in any village, hanging up the pictures, and the counterpanes, and the blankets—the shawls, and mats, and sheets which have grown under the busy fingers of their families; or piling the vegetables, and fruits, and flowers which have grown under the skillful shining of the sun; or ranging

their labor-saving implements together which have grown under a kindly civilization—all this is part of the old, old worship; a worship coeval with man, and founded in his first necessities.

The last man, like the first, is still, by distinction, the farmer. Adam would find more buildings and machines upon his real estate, but the crops would be familiar still, and, if he had to work harder, perhaps he would worship more to the purpose; while our dear deluded grandma Eve, had she only had something to do, would never have listened to the charmer.

THIS year, in the golden middle of September, the Easy Chair went to one of these genuine harvest homes. It was a congress of the county; not of the tongue men, the lawyers and politicians; nor of the sharp, shrewd men, the traders; not of these only or chiefly, but mainly of what is called the bone and sinew, the muscle and brawn of the county; the men who tame the earth and send corn to the mill; the men whose interest is deepest and strongest in the soil, consequently, in peace, order, and law.

They came together with specimens of their year's work in their hands. From every corner of the county noble cattle; sheep that were mere walking clouds of wool; porkers, sleek and sumptuous; horses, that seem so near and are so dear to man; all the dependent and subservient animals moved along the roads, with wagons laden with miraculous turnips and marvelous cabbages; with colossal squashes and glistening tomatoes, like Yankee pomegranates; with baskets heaped with apples, pears, and peaches, which to name is to use pulpy, and delicious, and suggestive words; with these, piles of domestic manufactures, useful household articles—recalling not only the days when the farmer's wife spans the farmer's clothes, but also the laughs, tears, blushes, smiles, surprises, all the intermittent light and shadow of a year's life, which had been unconsciously woven and worked into these demure and unreporting blankets and coverlets—all these moved along the hills and valleys, by the winding streams and the wooded ways of the county, gorgeous as an army with banners. Yes, and it was an army—the army of civilization, and the banners of peace.

And upon the spacious Fair grounds this army had encamped. Upon every side were the tents of plenty—the sleek herds—the horses—the great vegetables—golden fruit—beautiful implements. Among them moved the thousands of farmers, and farmers' wives and daughters, curiously surveying the domestic tapestries that hung in the chief hall, and the myriad substantial products of fireside industry. Outside, shrewd eyes were contemplating improvements in machines—comparing the new with the old—measuring experience, each man with his neighbor, from every part of the county—talking about crops and methods, about seeds and roots, about stock and poultry; and the conversation was quite as sensible and useful as most of the talking that is done in this world.

Then came the next day, which repeated the story of the first; and then the third, on which it unhappily rained. It was no shower, it was a beating storm. The wind blew and the torrents streamed. Not more effectually does a fire-engine disperse a mob than a storm scatters a crowd. The grounds were deserted. A few pertinacious people clung to dripping umbrellas, and splashed and

waded in the mud. But the Fair grounds were as melancholy as a drenched barn-yard. The stock was gone, and every thing that could be removed was safely under cover. About one o'clock in the afternoon, in the midst of the hardest shower, a few people gathered about the platform in the large building of the Fair to hear the annual address. The Easy Chair desires to be just to the orator, but finds it very hard. It was close to him and heard every word, and knew it, in fact, before it was out of his mouth. But when we can not praise, silence is charity. The audience listened kindly until the speaker sat down. It even applauded him warmly, and asked for his address to print it. The Easy Chair blushed for him, and left the hall with him, and the Fair.

At the same time all over the country similar meetings were held. They ought to be the most important of all meetings, for they are the fêtes of the great producing interest, and of two-thirds of the mass of the people.

But let an old Easy Chair say frankly to any farmer who is reading these lines, that education is the grand means of increasing the dignity and the profit of agriculture. The farmers, as a class, are not the cultivated men they ought to be. As a class they are less well instructed in their own pursuits than any other class, and there is no calling in which intelligent instruction is of more direct value. They are foolishly jealous of books and of book-farming, declaring that a farmer must learn by experience. They might as wisely say that a doctor, or a surgeon, or a lawyer, or a chemist must learn by experience. So must they all—but how? By learning the laws established by the experience of others, so that their own experience may be of some use. Would any farmer who laughs at "learning" how to be a farmer, except by doing as his great-grandfather's great-grandfather did, submit himself, when he was stricken suddenly ill, to a green youth who had never "studied" medicine, but was going to learn how by practicing? The farmer would naturally cry out, "No, thank you—I don't want any body learning how on me!" And so might the outraged earth say to the farmer who proposed to farm without learning how, "No, thank you—I don't want any body learning how on me!"

And these Fairs are, or ought to be, of the greatest service in this very direction. By bringing men together, that they may compare their practice and their theories, their machines and their results, they are doing just what books do, at which they laugh so sneeringly; and wherever the Fair languishes, there farming will be most likely to languish. Let the farmers show that they are not contented with any less intelligent cultivation in their own art and upon general subjects than any other class, and agriculture will become a fine art, honored and honoring.

BUT while the Harvest-home was celebrated in so many regions, under the yellow autumn sun, there was another assembly in the same beautiful days, also in the country, also of farmers, mechanics, merchants, and men of every profession. The Easy Chair stumps about, seeing the world, hearing it too; and, led by the peculiarity of this assembly, it jogged along the beautiful road among the harvest fields, on the loveliest day of all the year as it seemed, to hear and see the world of Richmond County, in the State of New York (for

every county in every State is the diocese of the Easy Chair).

You know, of course, how that county has been excited about the Quarantine, and the consequent yellow fever and mortality upon the island; and you have all read, kind friends, with more or less shuddering, the story of the burning in the calm moonlight of the 1st of September.

The meeting was a striking spectacle on that soft September afternoon. It had been called by the great mass of intelligent and respectable residents and citizens of the island, and the population came from every part of the county (the island is the county), from the silent meadows on the western kills toward Jersey, from the pretty banks of the Kill Van Kull upon the north, from the swarming shores of Southfield, including the towns about the late Quarantine, and from the broad fields that look over the lower bay, and see the ocean flashing against the horizon. They came as New England country people come to an ordination or a militia muster, and as all Americans come to a political mass meeting, in every kind of carriage, on horses, and on foot. Clouds of dust rising over every road veiled the straggling procession, as it poured into the county town—part village and mostly green fields, as country county towns are wont to be—toward the court-house. Under every tree, at every post and rail, to every fence, horses were hitched, sometimes unharnessed, or quietly standing with the carriage. At the tavern doors and in the tavern yards the arrival of wagons was constant, and while the horses were taken into the stable for something to eat, the drivers sauntered into the tavern for something to—swallow. The little quiet town hummed with the eager voices of greeting and expectation, but no kind of unseemly revelry, no intoxication, no angry swearing or quarreling, were seen or heard. The thin spire of St. Andrew's Church, a hundred and fifty years old, rose among the trees on the hill beside it, above the week-day bustle; and as the loiterer stole away from the centre of the village and leaned over the church-yard wall, his thoughts were soothed by the grassy grave-yard, and his mind allured to peace by the long, sloping, green meadow-land that stretched away to the water beyond.

Richmond County never before saw such a sight, and few counties in any of our States have ever seen it. The aspect of the crowd was grave and quiet. They seemed to be men who had an earnest purpose, and who understood it and themselves. Gradually the throng upon the steps of the court-house increased. The people constantly arrived, and while in the lower rooms and hall of the building and in the street in front knots of men stood together warmly conversing, in the court-room above sat the committee gravely whispering and awaiting the hour of meeting.

At length it came. The crowd was now at least fifteen hundred persons. There was no room large enough to hold them, and they poured along the road for a little distance, until they reached a gentle green slope, at the bottom of which was a carriage-maker's shop with a large, high, broad platform, that was already covered with a group of the most respected citizens of the island; and when the meeting was organized by the appointment of a venerable man—himself an old Quarantine physician—as president, the carriage-maker's surpassed the Philadelphia, and Cincinnati, and Buffalo, and Binghamton, and Syracuse, and all other plat-

forms ever heard of in the swift history of our politics—for it was a platform upon which men of every shade of opinion in every possible political party stood side by side.

Perhaps you have read the papers, and know what was done and what was said. But as the Easy Chair surveyed that great meeting, and felt the heartiness of the responses, and the universal and sincere sympathy with every thing that occurred, he knew that no account could ever reproduce it; that the aspect of a great popular emotion in the moment of its power is beyond the poet even, as it is beyond the reporter, to describe. And being neither poet nor reporter, the Easy Chair can only be glad that it saw with its eyes and heard with its ears.

It is not worth while, even if it were quite proper, to discuss the question of the Quarantine here, although it makes, and has for so long time made, so much of the staple of conversation around the Chair. The question itself is, essentially, first legal, and then revolutionary. A nuisance may be abated by any body peaceably, and at the risk of a suit for trespass if it prove not to be a nuisance. Whatever the law may be as to the impossibility of a State's erecting a nuisance, that law, if it be such, was expressly excepted in this case. The buildings had been denounced by all the proper authorities as a dangerous nuisance, and in pursuance of the law which authorizes the peaceable abatement of nuisance, this one was peaceably abated. There was no noise, no riot, no injury to persons, nor to other property. So far as the statement at the meeting showed, the proceeding was covered by the law.

But there is another view.

Granting that when a law had been passed, in pursuance of the earnest wishes of the county and the conviction of the State, for the removal of so dangerous a nuisance as a Quarantine, the people of the neighborhood, quiet citizens at their work, ought to await the action of that law—how long ought they to wait? How many scores of them must be destroyed by pestilence before they are justified in being tired of waiting? Does it follow that, if they are so perishing, the removal will soon take place? Unfortunately the facts are too strong for the supposition. History shows that there are always agencies, even in republican governments, sufficiently powerful to thwart the operation of the laws.

The people of the neighborhood considered that the law had failed to help them. They had given it every chance. It was foolish to say it would probably help them next year. The same thing was said the year before; and a dozen more honest, innocent, hard-working citizens had died in the interim, stricken at their own hearths. What is a Quarantine for? To spread death, or to save health?

The people of the neighborhood decided that they could not afford to lose any more lives in waiting, and to assert the original human right to life, which is anterior to law, and which law exists to protect. Of course it was a revolutionary act, and as such it must be judged. It was revolutionary, in the same sense that the Battle of Bunker Hill and the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco were revolutionary. The question is, Have any body of people, under any circumstances, the right forcibly to protect themselves? If they have, then they are the judges when they must have recourse to that right, and they take it at their own peril.

This was the undertone of all the speeches that pleasant afternoon. The Easy Chair confesses that it kindled with them in the warm sun. Dear to every American heart is the doctrine of the original right of the people. In a law-fearing land like ours there is little danger in preaching its eternal truth and justice. The danger is in corrupting the moral sense of the people by declaring that when every peaceable, legal, patient, and persistent effort has been made to procure the repeal of an oppressive law in vain, then it is wicked to resist it forcibly. To assert that is to tear our Declaration, and to spit in the face of Human Liberty and Civilization.

The Easy Chair begs to stand on its own four legs, and to commit nobody. But in the spectacle of the people of that rural county, calmly asserting, in the bright autumn afternoon, the grand, cardinal principles upon which all our institutions are planted—of course asserting them at their own risk—there was an inspiration and satisfaction which no other mass meeting ever afforded to this stumpy old stick.

SOME friend sends to the Easy Chair the following:

* FAMILY PRIDE.—The English family Vere, Earls of Oxford, pretended to deduce its pedigree from the Roman emperor Lucius Verus. Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads inscribed, *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope*. The French family of the Duke de Levis have a picture in their chateau in which Noah is represented going into the ark, and carrying under his arm a small trunk on which is written, '*Papers belonging to the Levis family!*'"

It is certainly amusing to observe how far our cousin John Bull carries his respect for ancestry. To have an ancestor—good, bad, or indifferent—seems to be the great point. To be named among the Norman barbarians—to be enrolled, by name, upon the list of Battle Abbey—confers upon our cousin a satisfaction which seems incredible to people who care more for the character of an ancestor than for the fact of having had one. In truth, it might strike a thoughtful man that he may assume the existence of his ancestors as far back as any body's. He may not know about them, but there they are. And it is a great deal better not to know about them unless you can know something to their advantage. That your ancestor in the tenth century was a king of pirates, who murdered your neighbor Jones's ancestor of the same period, who was a high private of pirates, is neither a very illustrious nor consoling scrap of information.

"But would you not, O Easy Chair! gladly have the wood of Plato's garden, of the Stratford mulberry, to your ancestor? Could you watch, inquisitive, the same growing glance in your child's soft face which so long and tenderly you have worshiped in some portrait of a dear and sainted lady, dead centuries ago?"

Who shall dare deny it? It is not a matter of reasoning. A man is no better merely because the names and deeds of his ancestors are known for long ages, if he chances to be an idiot himself. But may he not be—if he has intelligence and imagination?

Is there no such thing as consciously bearing the honor of a noble name? Is there no spur in the memorial of good deeds? Could a man be quite so mean if his name were Hampden as he might if it

were Monk? Would the children's children of Benedict Arnold care to perpetuate that name?

No; the private, and mystic, and inexplicable bond which unites us to our kindred holds us in thrall forever. The mere fact of ancestry is nothing. Every body came from the first man. But after the stream rises it branches, and some branches stretch away and are lost, but others swell into rivers and roll seaward, stately with extent and majesty of flow, decorated with the cities and the busy fields and work-shops which it has encouraged and occasioned.

So, friend who sends the extract, might it not be with ancestry?

Yes; and if in some retired shire of England, wandering at the will of your fancy through the summer beauty of that lovely land, you too should come upon some deserted mansion, lordly in decay, rich with traces of departed grandeur, and hung with fading, dropping portraits of heroes and queenly ladies, and know that you gazed upon your own blood, would you be all unmoved, all uninspired? or might a more earnest strain in your life—not for the sake of nobleness only, but out of remembrance of those old, half-forgotten parents—betray that the child had gazed upon their portraits, and felt his experience multiplied and enriched.

OUR FOREIGN GOSSIP.

How the Emperor and Empress have made conquest of the Bretons, and won over all that superstitious peasantry, which talks like the Welsh, and has so long worshiped the memory of the Bourbons, for a week past has been staple of the Paris chat.

But is the transfer of allegiance wonderful? Is not the pomp of a living Emperor, and the beauty and tenderness of a living Empress, grander and more wonder-compelling, in the eye of dependent ignorance, than a golden *fleur de lis* or the tomb of a dead king? And the loyalty which is fed by superstition, does it not grow and change with new wonderment?

Besides which, the Emperor, with that rare shrewdness in measurement of influences which distinguishes him, had not forgotten to win over the priesthood of the most priest-ridden district of France. The Bretons all love churches, and surplice, and ecclesiastic tradition; so, when the priests welcomed the monarch, and burned flattering incense before him, what should the well-taught, innocent Bretons do but clap their hands and admire and rejoice?

So much easier this than to be sulky and rebel! Life is so short; fêtes are so rare; an Imperial pageant is so grand!

Therefore, if the *Moniteur* may be trusted, the Bretons have all become Imperialists. At least there is life and energy in this, and not the dead bonds only which have tied them thus far to Bourbon traditions.

Meantime we recall, with a half-sigh for the Imperial hopes, how the Duc de Nemours, in the days that went closely before the Revolution of February, made a tour through Brittany, and how the people shouted welcome every where, and the priests made flattering discourses, which in a month were forgotten, in the trimming of the ecclesiastic ship to catch the breath of Revolution. This French Church may be founded upon a rock, but it has a great many fronts; and they who keep the keys, like the first key-keeper, are prone to deny a fallen master.

The fact is, a good bite from the State crib makes strong Imperialists here, as it does strong Administrativists at home. What right have we to declaim against the zombies, priests and peasants of Brittany?

So, through that green and pleasant country—which is not all plain-land, with stiff lines of poplars—the Imperial family has come back to pass a first Sunday of rest at St. Cloud. In their absence the Napoleon Fête has come and gone, with its thousands of lampions, its red and green arches of waving light stretching from the Tuileries garden to the Arch of Triumph, its free theatres, its mountebanks, its beer, and froth of all kinds.

Count Walewski closed the day (Sunday) with a great banquet at the Hôtel of Foreign Affairs. M. Delangle, the new Minister of the Interior, has made himself far less obnoxious than his military predecessor. Since his advent to the Ministry of the Interior he has not sent the newspapers a single *avertissement*, nor inflicted a single penalty on them; but if he has not adopted unnecessary rigor, he has, on the other hand, shown no disposition to give the press even a moderate amount of liberty. As Minister of the Interior he has addressed a circular to the Prefects, in which he recommends to them the utmost vigilance in watching the Departmental journals, and enjoins them especially to prohibit all the journals from publishing any details on the person of the Emperor and the Empress and on their private life, with the exception of what appears in the *Moniteur*. The Minister also prohibits the papers from publishing any letter from the princes belonging to the ex-royal families, or from the members of the former Legislative Assemblies. To all these prohibitions the Minister adds another—that they shall not criticise the acts of any public functionaries. This silence, which is imposed upon every one, with respect to the abuses of the administration, makes the position of the functionaries a pleasant one. On no side have they to apprehend blame or repression from the public censors, and when their abuses of power come under the eyes of the Government they have always the excuse of their zeal and devotion to the powers that be. The excesses committed by the Government are incessant. The greater number of them remain unknown, and the victims find it prudent to bow in silence under the yoke of the functionaries. Some of these abuses transpire from time to time, when the individuals who are the objects of them are sufficiently powerful to bring them before the Council of State. This has taken place lately. The Council of State had its attention drawn to a number of complaints relative to the last general elections. These complaints allege and show the most incredible abuses on the part of the Prefects; but the Council of State will not censure the functionaries against whom complaints are brought if they have been successful in returning the Government candidates. A few days ago the Council of State had another matter of great gravity brought before it. The Prefect of the Sarthe had endeavored to force a free mutual benefit society to receive a president and secretary nominated by the Government. The society declined to accede to the demand, and was consequently dissolved by the Prefect, who assumed to himself the power of dissolving the society in question and establishing another, to which he handed over the funds of the society which he had dissolved by force. The members of the ex-society brought a complaint *en abus de pouvoir* before the Council of State. A very

warm discussion took place. The Councilors of State, MM. Marchand, Blouet, and Boulatignier characterized the conduct of the Prefect with great severity, as having committed a grave attack on the rights of private property. M. Baroche endeavored to support the Prefect; but, after some very stormy discussions, the majority pronounced a decision annulling the act of the Prefect, and ordering the restitution of the confiscated property into the hands of the liquidators of the dissolved society.

But it is only some party of influence that can succeed in bringing before the Council of State the tyranny of the Prefects.

M. DE LAMARTINE has again appealed to public sympathy, in an elaborate reply to the attacks which have been made on him, and to the objections which have been urged against the proposed subscription in his behalf.

Any impartial reader of this letter must acknowledge that he has fully established the point, that it has been customary in France to offer and to accept pecuniary offerings from literary admirers. It had been said in the *Univers* that Chateaubriand would never have taken a farthing in this way. M. de Lamartine gladly and triumphantly seizes on the instance adduced. He recalls to the recollection of his critic that Chateaubriand opened a subscription in 1818, to sell at a fancy price, by lottery, his estate and residence in the Vallée aux Loups. Of this lottery, it is true, only three tickets were taken, and those by three political opponents. The Restoration paid Chateaubriand's debts twice, while M. de Lamartine never allowed any Government to pay his. It is also to be remembered that Chateaubriand was four times Ambassador and once Minister, with salaries amounting to 300,000 francs in his principal embassies, and that he also enjoyed the pension of a peer. Lastly, he opened a subscription for his posthumous memoirs at the price of 50,000 francs, with an annuity of 20,000 francs for himself and a reversion of 12,000 francs yearly to his widow. Foy, Lafitte, and Dupont de l'Eure have all accepted substantial proofs of the sympathy and attention of their supporters and admirers; and M. de Lamartine may therefore lay an undeniable claim to be only following a well-established method of relieving himself when he lets it be known that he will accept whatever may be offered him.

When, however, we pass from this broad ground to the narrower ground, where M. de Lamartine meets his critics in points of detail, we can not say that he seems to us equally successful. He says it has been objected to him that he contributed largely to the Revolution of 1848. He replies that if this were true, he, at any rate, fairly employed a revolution to overturn a government established by a revolution, and that it ill becomes the supporters of the Government of July to cast in his teeth that he contributed to a revolution. This curious argument takes for granted that all revolutions are equally advantageous. If M. de Lamartine had permitted himself a moment's reflection he must have seen that a supporter of constitutional liberty, although he approved of a revolution by which constitutional liberty was established, need not be supposed to approve equally of one by which it was overturned; and that when asked to give money to help a man alleged to have been distinguished by his efforts to do away with the system

of moderate freedom, the Constitutionalist may button up his pocket, not because the Revolution of 1848 was a revolution, but because it was a revolution that practically tended to a degrading military despotism.

M. de Lamartine has also been charged with squandering considerable sums of money; and to this he replies, first, that at present he lives very economically; and, secondly, that he has only been guilty of a "folly of the heart," and given way to a "madness that may be called holy." This is merely saying that his extravagance has not been of a purely selfish kind. We may form a higher impression of the character of a man who has not spent money solely on his own pleasures; but still extravagance of any sort is an injustice, and M. de Lamartine has been unjust both to himself and to the many persons who have a sincere respect for him and his writings. It may be an injustice that is easily pardonable; but a public man who asks for pecuniary assistance is always in some degree in a wrong position when his embarrassment has been of his own creating. All that can be fairly said is that M. de Lamartine has never done any thing dishonorable, which could debar him from taking advantage of the French custom of accepting this sort of support; and it is impossible not to sympathize with his warmth of language and tone when he declares that he will have no alternative but to quit France if his appeal shall have been made in vain.

OF OPERATIC MATTERS, and the theatres, let us make this mention: Tamberlik is engaged at the Italian Opera, at the pretty large salary of forty thousand francs for sixteen representations; there is an *ut dieze* which does not fail to be productive to its fortunate possessor. There are no longer any children. The collegians of our time permit themselves to get medals struck and to dispense glory. The students of the Collège Louis-le-Grand have just sent M. Sivori a medal, in acknowledgment of the concert which that violoncellist gave them on the 8th of July last, in the hall of their college. The Opera must not be joked with. The singers sing; but they fight also. M. Belval, an artist of that house, has sent his seconds to M. Felicien David, because that eminent composer had given a part to M. Obin which he had promised to Belval, in the *Dernier Jour d'Herculanum*. It is, however, not supposed that the affair will have serious consequences. This new work, promised under the title which we have indicated, by the author of the *Pierle du Bresil*, is no other than the opera promised originally under the title of the *Dernier Jugement*; the decorators not being able to agree among themselves as to the proper mode of representing the Last Judgment (at which, be it understood, none of them have yet been present). M. Méry, the author of the words, was forced to modify his poem, and to descend to a level more within the reach of the imagination of the painters. The Bouffes, under the direction of Offenbach, having left Berlin, are now drinking the waters at Ems, and will resume their position in the theatre of the Rue Choiseul on the 1st of September.

With respect to the other theatres there is nothing new, with the exception of the first representation of a *faerie mirobolante* at the Palais Royal, called *Le Fils de la Belle au Bois Dormant*, written by three fortunate authors, L. Thiborst, Siraudin, and Choller, and played by Hyacynthe and comic

actors, *ejusdem nasi*; the engagement at the Pré-Catalan, since Tuesday last, of a troop of English comic actors; and the plan adopted by the director of the Ambigu to attract—feminine spectators. At the bottom of the bill of this latter house you may read the following notice: "All the ladies supplied with a ticket at the first bureau will receive, on entering, a fan." But this is not all; the bill adds: "representing one of the principal scenes in the drama *Les Fugitifs*." Another theatre is about to present a nosegay to every lady who will please to honor the house with her—money. The successes of the Boulevards are still the same. The Maréchal de Villars, who continues to lose the battle of Malplaquet *à la cantonnade*, and Jean Bart, metamorphosed into a Sgagnarelle, and frothing up the waves of the sea (of the Porte St. Martin) in his pursuit of the putative lover of his wife, while all the time performing his service to the king; but at the fifth act appears a ship of the line, which requires from the patience of the audience an *entreacte* of half an hour to set it afloat, and to get up a tempest—of applause. Here is a good opportunity for M. Raphael Felix, the brother of the celebrated tragedian who died lately, to renew in the provinces the *exploitation* which he has already accomplished, of the ship in the *Fils des la Nuit*; but without doubt he is too busy at the present moment, for he is getting ready for the *quart d'heure*, and is preparing, with the assistance of M. Jules Janin, for the publication of a book, to be called *Mademoiselle Rachel et la Tragedie*. This is a pious labor, on which we can not but congratulate him. Besides this, he is organizing another, which deserves some attention, namely, the foundation of a theatrical and artistical bank, for the purpose of advancing to directors of theatres the funds necessary for the advances required for their artists, and for their traveling expenses. We only hope that love of the arts may be the sole motive which has led to this idea.

The Comédie Française will perhaps have a drama from Madame George Sand. They say that the subject of it is selected from the Roman history. The theatrical works of this extraordinary woman excite particular interest, because it is known that the author of *Consuelo*, *Lelia*, *Indiana*, and so many other remarkable romances, pursues a theory of dramatic reform which has hitherto been received with more or less benevolence by the public and the critics, and been crowned with more or less success. In any case, a drama from Madame Sand can not fail to have the merit of being a literary and well-written work—which, for a long time past, has very rarely been the case at any theatre, not even excepting the Théâtre Français.

Literature having abandoned the boards the dramatic art naturally degenerates. The actors are no longer what they were in former times. On this account they are not going to appoint a new *sociétaire* in place of Anselm Bert, whose death was announced a short time since, and who was the type of noble fathers. The *foyer* of the Théâtre Français is shortly to be ornamented with his bust in marble. This bust, which has been executed by the sculptor Maindron, after a photograph by Richebourg, is to be presented to the Théâtre Français by the members of a society of which Anselm Bert and the two artists in question were also members, and which is called "La Société de Jeudi." This society is simply a club formed of fourteen men of talent, who meet once a week to smoke,

drink, and discourse *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*.

The Théâtre Français has just concluded an engagement with Madame Emille Guyon, who had so much success last winter at the Porte St. Martin, as the mother of Jack Sheppard in the *Chevaliers du Bronillard*. She is the widow of Guyon, who was, in the first instance, an actor at the Ambigu, and afterward at the Théâtre Français. He was an actor of considerable talent, who in his time divided public favor with Bocage, Frederick Lemaitre, and Melingue. The Gaité has, on its side, engaged Madame Doche, the famous *Dame aux Camelins*. She is to play the principal part in a drama entitled *La Légende*, a continuation of the contagion which exists just now in the theatres. In the stage world, just now, marriage is the order of the day. Thus you have seen that at the Gaité they are preparing to perform a double marriage. The Vaudeville is releasing a piece of which the author is the son of a *vaudevilliste* of renown, M. Jaine, fils. His play is simply to be called *Le Mariage*. And the Odéon is to reopen on the 1st of September with *Le Mariage de Vade*, by M. Amédée Roland, the *ex-editor* of a paper called *Diogene*.

THOSE interested in the African explorations of Dr. Livingstone (and who is not?) will read with interest this first report of the arrival of his little squadron off the Zambesi:

"The weather has been delightful; no sign of fever; in fact, nothing can be more delusive than the belief that this is the region of death. We found ourselves off the Great Zambesi, in the *Pearl*, on May 14; but the river being rough and the wind fresh, we did not attempt to land until the next day, when the *Hermes* hove in sight; and as it had been decided by the expeditionists that the great river would be more easily reached by the West Luabo, and less risk run, than by entering the Zambesi at once, where the bar is shallow and the surf heavy, we decided for West Luabo, accompanied by the *Hermes*. It was low water when we reached the mouth of the river, with the sea in a state of fury right across its mouth; so we waited till 3 P.M., when, the water having risen six feet, we made a run for it in the *Pearl* (her captain showing much pluck), and got over the bar (which just broke), two and a quarter fathoms being the least water we found. Upon entering the points of the river a fine sheet of water opened out, the shores of which are densely clad with mangrove and other tropical trees; but the river's banks were quite level, and elevated only two or three feet above the spring tide level. This feature is universal throughout the delta. We anchored for the night, and at day-dawn on Sunday, the 16th, the operation of hoisting out the steam-launch was commenced. I started off with two Kroomen and three of the members of the expedition to survey the estuary, and get astronomical observations, Captain Beddingfield and myself acting as leadsmen. We did our work by 5 P.M., and returned to the *Pearl* just as the centre and heaviest part of the launch, weighing five or six tons, was going out. All went well; and at sunset we gave three cheers, and joined the fore part of the launch to the middle, and so ended the first day. We found a group of eight hippopotami living in a creek just at our observation spot, and they by no means approved of our intrusion. We fired at them, heard

the bullets strike their heads, but they only grunted, sank down and rose again, again to receive another leaden salute with the like indifference. I measured the foot-prints of these animals on the stiff clayey bank of the river, and found them fifteen to sixteen inches and twelve inches. Dr. Livingstone declares their flesh to be delicious, and very similar in flavor and delicacy to sucking-pig. I have made arrangements for a hippopotamus ham. Having got all ready for forward work, such as trying the launch, testing the compasses, etc., we left our first anchorage on the 20th of May, with the launch ahead to lead the way. We soon got aground about seven miles up the river, but did not remain long there, and by 6 P.M. had advanced a good many miles from the sea, where we anchored in six fathoms for the night. We found the river more than anticipation had pictured it to be—broad, deep, and flowing with riverly strength, which raised our hopes far beyond what they had formerly been for success with ease and rapidity. Vain hopes, too soon to be confronted with reality, in the shape of reeds and bullrushes right across the river! The mosquitoes began to be very troublesome. I saw and closely examined six different species, all venomous and brutally ferocious; but we found that by keeping in the middle of the river our sufferings were somewhat alleviated."

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER has just now edited, in London, a posthumous work of General Sir Charles Napier, being a historical romance, entitled "William the Conqueror." In a preface the editor insinuates that Sir Bulwer Lytton was indebted to a sight of this manuscript for the hint and the *matériel* of his story of Harold. A trenchant notice in the *Saturday Review* says: "The development of the butterfly out of the grub is very wonderful; but such a transformation would be a trifle to the development of the truth, the vigor, the magnificence of Harold out of the utter rubbish of 'William the Conqueror.'"

"The whole tale, from beginning to end, is wild, extravagant, and what is called 'melodramatic.' It is ushered in by an absurd preface, under the name of 'Peter Grievous,' which the editor informs us—we should not have found it out for ourselves—has some reference to the real or supposed injustice endured by Sir Charles Napier at the hands of Sir Frederick Adam, when the former was Resident of Cephalonia, and the latter Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. The threadbare device of having found an ancient MS. is repeated for the thousand-and-first time, and the story is supposed to be dictated by William Mallet in his hundredth year to Wace in his boyhood. As the editor tells us, 'sarcastic political irony runs through the romance of "William the Conqueror;" it was excited at the time of writing by the Reform agitation.' That is to say, ever and anon the tale stops for the author—sometimes in his own person, and sometimes in that of William Mallet—to quiz sometimes the eleventh century and sometimes the nineteenth. Now all this is just as it should not be. In such a tale as this we do not want any thing about Sir Charles Napier or Sir Frederick Adam; we do not want any thing about the Reform Bill or the New Poor Law; but we want a true and vivid portraiture of two of the mightiest men that ever walked God's earth—William the Bastard and Harold the son of Godwine. This we

get from the hands of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton—we do not get it from the hands of Sir Charles Napier. In the latter, the real exploits of the two heroes are altogether overlaid by a mass of violently improbable adventures on the part of the subordinate characters. Every man is constantly on the point of being murdered, and every woman of being ravished, only William or Harold, or sometimes William and Harold together, are sure to appear miraculously to rescue them. Now we have no doubt that life in the eleventh century was considerably more exciting than life in the nineteenth; but we do not believe that people, even then, lived the sort of life of perpetual prodigy which Sir Charles Napier depicts. We have no doubt that there were a good many days on which Duke William had nothing to do but ride after his hawks, and the Duchess Matilda nothing to do but sit still at her tapestry. But Sir Charles Napier's tale is at least a commentary on the doctrine that 'neither the greatest of kings nor the best of men are more exempt from violence than from natural death.' The more exalted his personages the greater the scrapes they get into. One ruffian has actually the good luck to carry off at one swoop the wife of William and the mistress of Harold. The mass of errors in names, incidents, and the like, and the amazing extent to which Sir Charles Napier has drawn upon his own imagination, form a striking contrast to the wonderful accuracy of Sir E. B. Lytton."

A VERY spirited and somewhat embittered discussion is occupying the London journals anent the opening of the Sydenham Gardens upon Sunday. A vote of the stockholders has declared in the affirmative; but, on the other side, it is alleged that not one half of the stockholders voted at all, and strenuous efforts are being made to defeat the plan.

A Sunday National League has been formed, abetted by the *Examiner*, *Leader*, and other liberal papers, to defeat Sabbatarian restrictions. This National Sunday League challenge the Sabbatarian or Hebrew-Christian party to prove—1. That the contemplation of beautiful objects of nature and of art has upon Sundays a worse effect than upon other days. 2. To explain by what means the people may infallibly discriminate between a tune good for Sunday and one good for Monday or other week days. 3. To explain why it is good on Sunday to read in the Bible about Nineveh and Egypt, and bad to go to the Crystal Palace or the British Museum in order to see the objects referred to in the sacred book. 4. Why it is good on Sunday to read in the Bible about the lilies of Jerusalem, and wicked to look upon the buttercups of England. 5. To define accurately what may and what may not be done on Sunday. 6. To explain how it is that cooking the hot dinners and making the clergyman's bed, and driving the Bishop's coach on Sunday are pious or permissible actions, while conducting an excursion train or driving the poor man's vans are deadly sins. 7. To show Divine authority for establishing the sort of Sabbath which the Hebrew Christians contend for, on any day or at any period. 8. To show Divine authority for transferring the obligation of any Old Testament Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week. 9. To show Divine authority for altering the old Eastern mode of reckoning the commencement of days, and exactly what change was permitted, so that we may be able to ascertain the

precise hour at which secular things become sinful, and again become lawful. 10. To prove that what they call Sabbath-keeping is a cause of the prosperity of nations, or that Sabbath-breaking is the cause of their decline. 11. To account, upon Sabbatarian principles, for the prosperity of England, when, according to the census on the Sunday investigated, 4,105,797 persons were absent from the morning services in churches and chapels "*without cause of inability*," 5,569,114 were so absent from the afternoon services, and 5,688,830 so absent from the evening services; when the Archbishop of Dublin sanctions the Sunday opening of the Zoological Gardens in that city; when railways and steamboats are crowded with Sunday excursionists during the fine weather; when the Queen employs a military band to play secular tunes on Sundays at Windsor, and the people employ similar bands to play similar tunes on Sundays in the London parks. 12. To explain, upon Sabbatarian principles, how it is that Holland merits the description of M'Culloch—"perhaps no country has so little crime"—when Dutch newspapers teem with advertisements of Sunday concerts. 13. To explain, if Sabbath-breaking leads to national ruin, how it is that Switzerland, though surrounded by powerful enemies, has preserved her liberties and grown in prosperity, although Sunday is the favorite day for rifle-shooting, meeting in pleasure-gardens, and other so-called Sabbath-breaking amusements. 14. To explain how it is that Scotland, where Sabbatarianism is most in regard, is renowned for drunkenness and illegitimacy. In Sabbath-breaking France the illegitimate births amount to 7-1-10, and in Sabbath-breaking Belgium to 6-7-10, while in the rural districts of Sabbath-keeping Scotland, the Registrar-General reports them 11-1-10 in Peebles to 17-5-10 in Nairn!

Two curious pamphlets have appeared in France, under, be it remarked, the régime of a strict censorship. This fact alone causes them to be noticed. One is called "*Aurons nous la Guerre avec l'Angleterre?*" It is not, like other incendiary pamphlets of a similar kind, anonymous. The individual who stands forth as the author prints his name thus—S. Medoros. According to the statements in the journals, this pamphlet opens by saying, that while diplomacy imagines the attention of Europe concentrated upon the Paris Conferences and the question of the Principalities, "it would appear that grave events, of a nature to remodel the map of Europe, are ripening under a mysterious veil." In the next sentence it is stated, in more absolute terms, that "a grand historical event is in preparation." Further on we are informed that "Are we to go to war with England?" is the "simple question" which every body is asking in France, and that the idea of such a war is so deeply rooted in the minds of all purveyors of news, that the splendid fêtes of Cherbourg seem to them rather a parade of force than a friendly demonstration. A little lower down our author says that all the peoples of Europe firmly believe that "Napoleon III. is meditating one of those great deeds with which he has before this astonished the world;" and that "this belief of the people is encouraged by the Imperial silence."

The writer discusses the chances of landing men on English coasts, admits the difficulty of the enterprise, but regards it as feasible to land 300,000 men.

But then he says, the question arises, could they, although they might be the best troops in the world, subjugate 21,000,000 of people who glory, above all things, in their independence? He gets over this difficulty by supposing that Napoleon III. could persuade the masses in England that he came not as a conqueror but as a deliverer. "Bread and Liberty" would be his rallying cry; and the writer is of opinion that the people would not be ashamed to accept benefits at his hand. With all Jack Cade's mottoes on his standard, he would make war in the name of the English people upon the English aristocracy. A war with England conducted on such principles would command the enthusiastic support of the pamphleteer, who exclaims, "When we should see our ships in line and our regiments proudly defiling before Napoleon III., we would say to the Emperor, 'Sire, the English people is not against you; you have only to face all those Sardanapaluses of the Thames who drink in golden cups the sweat of a hundred millions of helots and set up to be the Pachas of civilization. Sire, your glory will not be that of conqueror, but your ashes will be deposited in the temple of humanity.'"

The second pamphlet is called "*Cherbourg et l'Angleterre*." A few passages will give an idea of the work.

"The inauguration of Cherbourg," says its author, "is, for France, a festival of glorification for her navy, for the nations a festival of hope, and for England a festival of expiation." "Long enough," he elsewhere declares, "has England paraded her maritime brigandage, and prided herself on it. The history of England is a permanent scandal; the success of England disturbs the conscience, like the sight of a fortunate bandit. But if the bandit lives too short a time always to meet his punishment here below, it is not the same with a city or a nation. Where now is Carthage? Where will superb England be to-morrow?" Again, "In her heart, England is afraid; and what excites to so high a degree her ill-concealed terror is her evil conscience." "Steam has continentalized England; she is no longer an island, as formerly. We can land on her shores when we please, and where has she soldiers to combat us?" At times, this impetuous and impartial writer, carried away by his patriotic and bellicose ardor, abandons the conditional for the future tense, and talks of what France *will* do when the war he evidently thirsts for shall break out. He also gives us some rather startling intelligence. "England lost nearly all her army in the Crimea; to repair her losses at Inkermann she recalled her troops from India; hence the insurrection; in reality, it was from Sebastopol that sprang the independence of India. . . . The domination of the English in India is finished. Nothing can again lift up English power. They may command days of prayer and of public fasting; they would need to change their souls. . . . They have wearied Providence, and their reign is past. . . . The power of England was never any thing but a usurped power. . . . She remained in the first rank only as the consequence of a surprise. She is descending to her natural place. She will sulk at first; then she will get used to it. If she kicks she is lost; and she will end by listening to reason and by learning justice, for Cherbourg is there." The writer inveighs against the "privileged classes" in England, and predicts that they would find no support from the people on the day when a French General should present himself with the

great Charter of Universal Suffrage in one hand, and, in the other, the Code Napoleon, with all its principles of social equality. "Henceforward it is no longer Heaven alone that the English workman will invoke in his misery, he will turn his eyes towards Cherbourg, seeking, in the mists of the horizon, the liberating fleet."

The reputed author of this extravagant nonsense is M. Jules Lechevalier, some time a socialist refugee in England, now an *employé* in France.

Editor's Drawer.

HOW many thousands of the readers of the Drawer have been exercised with the enigma published in the September number of the Magazine it is impossible for us to say; but the numerous answers we have received are the best evidence that the ingenuity of many of them has been at work with very various results. From the bundle of answers before us, we shall select a few which are so happily expressed that they are well worthy of reading, whether they are or are not satisfactory solutions. A Boston correspondent writes:

"I herewith send you a leaf taken from Knight's *Penny Magazine*, vol. ii., 1846, page 175, which gives the author's own solution, as appears by the allegorical cut accompanying it, viz., 'KNIGHTHOOD.'

"This is, undoubtedly, the author's solution, for his writings were originally published in the magazine conducted by Mr. Knight."

We will copy the enigma with the allegorical solution, and then the answers of our correspondents may be compared with it.

ENIGMA.

Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Sooth! 'twas an awful day!
And though, in that old age of sport,
The rulers of the camp and court
Had little time to pray,
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there
Two syllables by way of prayer.
My first to all the brave and proud
Who see to-morrow's sun;
My next, with her cold and quiet cloud,
To those who find their dewy shroud,
Before to-day's be done!
And both together to all blue eyes
That weep when a warrior nobly dies.

The enigma has often been republished, and many years ago the following solution was offered in the *Home Journal*:

Sir Hilary looked aloft in prayer,
And only said "*Beau ciel!*"
Then rushed into the battle, where
He fought for England's weal.

J. A. K., of Chicago, Illinois, offers another.

To the "brave and the proud" in Agincourt's fight,
Hearts to strike home for God and their right!
Ease, blest ease, to the valiant dead
Who, ere night, "in their dewy shroud" shall be laid!
And the *Heart's-ease* of Resignation meek,
May it chase the tears from sad Beauty's cheek!

A fair friend in Northampton, Massachusetts, sends an answer originally published in the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

When the two hosts at Agincourt
Met in their fierce array,
The rain—so chroniclers report—
Fell fast on forest, field, and fort,
And 'twas "an awful day;"
For on the wet and slippery soil



Horsemen and footmen sadly toil,
And weary in the fray.
"On, on, my men!" the leaders cry,
"The sky breaks in the West—
On, on, ye English chivalry,
For they who, fighting, nobly die,
Shall find a grave most blest;
And they who see 'to-morrow's sun,'
Shall find this weary labor done,
And gain their needed **REST**."
Ah, many of that battle crowd,
Before the day was o'er,

Had found a wet and "dewy shroud"
Beneath the **RAIN**'s "cold quiet cloud;"
But, maiden, I implore,
Cease all your vain regrets and fears,
RESTRAIN, RESTRAIN your bitter tears,
And mourn your lord no more.

'Tis done! St. George's banner now
Floats proudly o'er the plain;
Sir Hilary wipes his dripping brow,
Vows to the Church a holy vow,
Looks sadly o'er the slain.
And then recalls the prayer he made,
When, charging on the foe, he said,
With upward looks, "**REST, RAIN!**"

A lady in New Hampshire very modestly proposes the following classical reply to the riddle:

The coming foe, Sir Hilary eyed,
And, raising eyes to Heaven, he cried,
"*Sol-ve!*"—*absolve* my sin;
Then rushing boldly to the fight,
Arms loudly clashed with warriors might,
And rose the conflicts' din.

Oh, "*Sol!*" bright *Sun*, how dear thy light
To him, who, victor in the fight,
Rose from that deadly fray;
"*Vae!*"—*wo* to him who sleeps beneath;
No morning sun nor victor's wreath
His eyes shall greet to-day.

"*Sol-ve!*"—*dissolve* in tears, blue eyes!
Upon the field the warrior lies;
Well may'st thou weep, fair maid;
Brightly will shine full many a sun,
And many a field be lost and won,
Ere aught *that* rest invade!

From Detroit we have the following *original* solution. The writer says of the riddle:

"It has never before been solved since it was written, which is upward of twenty years ago. You will perceive that, in the enigma, Praed has ingeniously woven its solution into the rhyme of two of the feet of the last verse, thus rendering it both simple and suggestive."

Unto the young and brave he cried,
With arm uplifted, "**ON!**"
They still would live, what'er betide,
How'er the fray might run.
To those enwrapped in Fate's dun cloud
He softly murmured "**DONE**."
The paths to glory and the shroud
Shall meet, alas! in one.
And unto those blue eyes that weep,
Though fame itself be won,
That o'er the cold dead vigils keep,
He only said "**UNDONE!**"

A correspondent in Milton, Massachusetts, sends the following, being another version of one printed above:

When Hilary charged at Agincourt,
Upon that bloody day,
It was no scene of knightly sport,
Played for the pleasure of royal court,
That then before him lay;
And he raised his helm a moment there,
And muttered these hurried words of prayer:
"May all whom Heaven this day shall save
To-morrow **REST** attain;
While on the slaughtered warrior's grave
—(Sweet Nature weeping o'er the brave)—
Descend the gentle **RAIN**;
And may the fair, who mourn the dead,
REST-RAIN their tears, in sorrow shed."

Westerly, Rhode Island, contributes this, which is very clever:

At Agincourt Sir Hilary's charge,
Made on that "awful day,"

Is known o'er all the world at large,
How he his valor, sword and target.

He won his glorious way;
'Tis said that on the martial air
He spoke two words "by way of prayer."

His first to all the brave, was "God,"

Who saw the morning's light;
The next, who ne'er the shock withstood,
But lay enwrapped in death's dark hood,

To them, 'twas eulogies "valiant,"
What better wish than a "Good Knight"
To any blue-eyed lady bright?

And our Westerly correspondent tries again, as followeth:

When old Sir Hilary charged amain
At Agincourt, they say,

Upon the bristling, warlike plain,
Fell fast a furious, drenching rain,
Through all the weary day;

'Tis said that then a prayer he muttered,
Of just two words—'twas all he uttered.

His first to all the brave and gay—

The low-born and the high—

Whoe'er survived that fatal day,

Like traveler on the desert way,

They would, he knew, be "dry."

Then charged he on with furious shock,
As waves descend upon a rock.

The next to those who nobly stood

Upon that "awful day,"

With spears as thick as "Birnam Wood,"

And glistening swords, so sharp and good,

And cast their lives away;

He promised them the martyr's cup,

To heavenly rest should they go "up."

To mourning maidens with blue eyes

The whole can now be spoken,

Who weep when a warrior nobly dies,

And fill the groaning air with cries

Whose cadence is unbroken.

Old Hilary, glancing o'er the plain,

Cried "Dry up!" unto the falling rain.

Out of all these answers the reader will take his choice. We call attention to the fact that all of them whose origin is known came to us from New England, whose people are proverbially good at guessing.

THE sudden transition from the sublime to the ridiculous was never more amusingly illustrated than it is by an actual occurrence in the family of a friend of the writer of this in Georgia. It necessarily trenches on serious things; and the desire of the Drawer to avoid every thing that may justly give offense to serious minds, is respected by all its sensible correspondents. But in the simple story we are about to tell there is so much truth to nature that we shall not hesitate to repeat it as it comes:

"In one of the genteel families of the State, Miss Mollie and Miss Peggie are two sisters. Miss Mollie is the eldest—a very upright and amiable young lady, whose good sense always prompts her to conduct herself with the utmost propriety under all circumstances. She is not a member of any church; but, like all well-bred young ladies, says her prayers before retiring. One night she carried with her to her room a pickle, and laid it upon her bureau, thinking she would eat it after her devotions. She knelt at the foot of her bed for the purpose. Peggie entered the room, and seeing her deeply absorbed, thought to improve the opportunity by appropriating the pickle to her own use. She had bitten off a piece, and in chewing it made

a noise, which her sister heard, who, wishing to know the cause, looked up, and beholding Peggie devouring the pickle, hurriedly arose, exclaiming, "O Lord!—an ornament! Peggie is eating up my pickle!" Peggie told it the next day. We laugh at Miss Mollie about it; but she takes it all in good part, and upholds her conduct admirably by averring that it is when in just such company that we are commanded to 'watch as well as pray.'"

IN Saybrook, Connecticut, of Platform celebrity, lived Roger Green, whose misfortune and vice it was to be a sad drunkard. He was a man of good family connections, but his habits made him a burden and disgrace to all who were compelled to own his relationship. The only good thing he was ever known to do, was to write the following epitaph for himself:

"Here lies a dead man—who do you think?

Poor Roger Green, pray give him a drink.

What! drink for a dead man? Yes. And why?

Because when alive he was always dry."

MANY of the readers of *Harper's Magazine* remember the great race, many years since, between the two famous horses, Eclipse and Sir Henry, over the Long Island Course. Eclipse, being a Northern horse, was backed by Northern men; and Sir Henry, for similar reasons, was the choice of the Southerners, among whom was the celebrated John Randolph, who had been betting heavily. While the decisive heat was being run, all eyes, of course, were intently fixed on the two horses, and the greatest excitement manifested. On the home stretch Sir Henry had slightly the advantage of Eclipse, and passed him, when John Randolph shouted, "Two to one on Sir Henry!" "I take that!" promptly answered a voice from the crowd around him. While this was passing, however, Eclipse recovered himself, and in turn passed Sir Henry. This, of course, was observed by Mr. Randolph, who, turning to the point whence the voice proceeded, said, in his inimitably sarcastic manner, "I didn't speak to you, Sir."

"A FEW months since," writes a correspondent, "two of our well-known citizens, Mr. C— and Mr. S—, were sauntering through the streets of Cincinnati, viewing the sights, and of course looking into all the shop windows. Mr. C—, who is somewhat of a wag, observed a man seated motionless in a show window, resting from his exertions in cleaning the panes, with his left elbow on his knee and his face in the palm of his hand. Drawing his companion's attention to the man, he remarked, in his careless way,

"That's pretty natural; ain't it, John?" and, passing on a short distance, stopped.

"Mr. S—, however, stopped short, and, after viewing the supposed figure a moment or two, said, in a surprised yet confident manner,

"Blamed if that *don't* look natural!" and approached the window for a closer inspection. Resting his hands on the railing, he stared fixedly at the figure; when, to his great surprise and discomfiture, the man, raising his right hand, with outspread fingers, to his nose, made a most significant gesture. Mr. S— left rapidly, and to this day is plagued about the man in the window looking so natural."

"LAWYERS and Judges have to stand the 'brunt'

of a good many jokes, and those of our State [Wisconsin] seem to have as light a load of it upon their shoulders as any in the Union.

"Here is one, recently perpetrated in the hearing of your correspondent by a Judge of the Supreme Bench.

"In a 'Dutch garden,' at the capital, a few evenings since, a few young men, who had been participating rather freely of 'lager,' sang two verses of 'Old Dog Tray;' and, amidst the clapping of hands, was heard the voice of one of the by-standers imitating the musical voice of a mule! The Judge, who sat close at hand, coolly rose, took off his chip hat, and said,

"That is too natural to be artificial!"

"Our man of mulish propensities gave the Judge credit for making the best 'hit,' and silently walked away, while the singers ordered a 'drink' for the Judge. It is needless to say that a deafening roar of laughter followed."

THE Drawer's readers will be certainly under great obligations to the correspondent who contributes two or three things that follow:

"No Pennsylvania kitchens could boast of finer Irish 'maids' than my neighbor's, Mr. P——, and our own, when graced by the respective presence of the two sisters, Bridget and Norah Snoddy. Young, blooming, cheerful, and refined to an unusual degree for girls in their situation in life, they did not lack for plenty of jolly Patricks to pay them the homage so dear to every woman's vanity; but, while Bridget (the younger) laughed, danced, joked and flirted with 'ivery jintleman' who offered his 'attentions,' Norah preserved a dignified composure toward all her admirers, which, while it did not repel, neither excited any hopes as to who should be the favored one. At length Larry Dolan, a fine-looking, dashing, independent son of Erin, appeared upon the field of contest, and soon the claims of all others shrank into insignificance before the might of his powerful attractions. A strong rivalry was excited between the sisters—the one fearlessly, the other timidly attesting her love for him in a hundred little ways; yet for a long time his choice remained undecided. Norah, finally, resolving upon a bold stroke for victory, fell sick. Larry's heart was 'broken intirely;' and in a few days she privately became Mrs. Dolan. Her affectionate nature, however, prevented her from making any joyous demonstration or wifely acknowledgments before the defeated Bridget.

"Norah," I asked of her one day, as, entering our kitchen, I saw her bidding her sister farewell, "where will you live now since you are married?"

"At Dauphin, Miss."

"Why not here, in town?"

"Because *he* has work there, Miss; and *he* says it is the healthiest place."

"Who is 'he,' Norah?" I asked, with a knowing smile.

"Larry Dolan, Miss!" she answered, hesitatingly.

"And who, pray, is Larry Dolan?"

"With a blush that spoke volumes, she said, 'Bridget Snoddy's beau, Miss.'"

"A MAN of 'infinite wit and humor' was Samuel D. Franks, presiding Judge of Dauphin County some thirty years since. Gifted, among other intellectual traits, with powers of memory remarkably strong and active, he as often made it the tool

with which to perpetrate practical jokes upon his friends as for more dignified and useful purposes. It is said of him that, having read a newspaper through, he could immediately afterward repeat *verbatim* every word of its contents. In the city of Reading there resided Mr. Coleman, a well-known stage proprietor and owner of several large livery stables. The Judge happening into a barber's saloon one morning, where Mr. Coleman was getting shaved, drew from his pocket a copy of the *United States Gazette*, and, unfolding it, began to read aloud 'Great Sale of Horses. Will be sold, at Philadelphia, on the 10th of next month, the largest collection of superior and valuable horses ever before offered to the public, consisting of—' Then followed a lengthy and minute description of horses of every variety of color, character, and perfection; the whole advertisement apparently occupying a column or more of the paper. Mr. Coleman having listened to his reading with the utmost attention and eagerness, said, 'Judge, when you are through that paper, please put it into my hat; I must attend that sale for certain!' The Judge did as requested, and soon left the room. After a while, again sauntering into the saloon with some friends, to whom he had told the joke played upon Coleman, they found the latter poring with flushed face and knit brows over the *Gazette*.

"Hullo! Coleman, what's the news?" asked one.

"Oh, don't bother me!" he amiably answered; 'I'm worried enough already. Franks read me an advertisement a few minutes ago about a splendid horse sale, but hang me if I can find it any where! Judge,' turning toward him, 'haven't you left me the wrong paper?'

"Oh I guess not," said the Judge, taking it from him, and coolly running his eye over the fourth page. 'Here's the place; I'll read it again.'

"And commencing, he repeated, *word for word*, the column he had pretended to read half an hour previous.

"Well," said Mr. Coleman, scratching his organ of marvelousness, 'it's the queerest thing that I couldn't find it too. Now just fold the paper up tight and give it here; I'll take it home, and find it this time, *for sure!*'

"But that he never saw it was a fixed fact, since no such advertisement ever existed save in the fertile brain of Judge Franks."

DURING Judge Franks' term of office, he had at one time associated with him Mr. F——, of Harrisburg, a man remarkable for his mathematical talent, but not particularly brilliant in matters pertaining to the judiciary. At a certain morning session in court, a dispute arose between the lawyers and Judge relative to the correctness of some testimony that had just been rendered. Not being able to agree, Judge Franks, turning toward Judge F——, whom he had observed busy with a paper during the trial, said,

"Judge F——, you have been taking notes, I see; can not you set us right?"

"No," answered the surprised gentleman, slowly raising his head; '*I vas no takin any notes; I vas shust makin—a-c-o-w!*'"

TRUE to the life, and true to nature, is this beautiful sketch:

"A wee bit of a philosopher is our little Mary, and the truths which sometimes fall from her cher-

ry lips are quite as good as the 'pearls and diamonds' of fairy-tale memory. A few weeks ago, Mary and her mamma were sitting in the sunshine near an open window. Mamma was sewing, and Mary, not in a very good humor, with slate and pencil on her knee, was trying, with all earnestness, to copy the straight trunk of a locust-tree, whose flower-laden branches almost touched the window-sill. Four or five times she had brought the slate to mamma, asking, as she pointed to strokes as curved as rainbows, 'Ma, ain't it right *this time*?'

"'No, darling,' mamma would say, rubbing out the lines, 'the *real* tree is straight, yours is very crooked; try once again.'

"'No, I won't,' said Mary, at last, petulantly; 'I am sick with trying; nobody could draw *that* old tree straight, and I'll just let it alone.'

"Mamma sewed on very quietly. Mary pouted prodigiously a few minutes, then, without saying any thing, took up her blank slate and again sat down. A golden-breasted oriole was skimming through the leaves like an arrow of light; she watched him a moment, then, as her little white fingers again clasped the pencil, she began to sing, almost unconsciously. Now her eyes once more sought the abused tree; her hand moved slowly over the slate, faster and more merrily she sang, quicker and lighter grew the pencil touches, until suddenly bringing her song to an abrupt finale, and springing to her mother's side, she triumphantly displayed a correct drawing. 'Mamma,' she asked, after it had been sufficiently admired, 'do you know what made it come right this time? *I just worked the music in!*'"

A CORRESPONDENT in Savannah, to whom we hope to be indebted for many contributions in future, furnishes several amusing reminiscences of a distinguished citizen of one of the Southern cities. He is long since dead, and there will be no one more pleased to read the anecdotes than the few who remember him.

"Mr. H—— was a self-made man, and from extreme poverty became one of the wealthiest men in the city, and one of its most esteemed and best beloved citizens. He had no advantages of early education, and was very illiterate. But he was a man of rare good sense, and one of the best financiers in the country. Still, his ignorance of the English language led him into many amusing blunders, a few of which I send you.

"Some years before his death, an English nobleman was entertained by Mr. H——, who, in addition to being a man of great wealth, was noted for his hospitality. He drove his guest over the city, and showed him all its 'lions,' and among other things, informed him that there were a great many descendants of the *Juggernauts* in the city! He meant *Huguenots*.

"Mr. H—— was for many years an Alderman. Soon after the death of Mr. Calhoun, a proposition was made to have a marble *bust* of that distinguished man executed and placed in the Council Chamber. Mr. H—— wanted to amend the proposition and have a *full-length* bust ordered.

"He was an ardent railroad man, and a regular attendant upon all railroad meetings, and his sound, practical sense gave him much weight in these convocations. At one of them he moved, after the business was gone through with, that the meeting 'adjourn *sine die*, to meet again next Tuesday night.'

"Some years before his death he visited Europe. When he returned his friends were anxious to know what he had seen that was remarkable. To one of these he replied that, while in Paris, he had *visited the palace of the Emperors*. He went to Naples, and to Mount *Usurians*, where he saw the burning *saliva* thrown down to the height of many feet."

"There are many other anecdotes of Mr. H——, but I have given you enough for the present. I will give you an anecdote related to me by Mr. Simms, the great novelist, and which, he assured me, was founded on fact.

"In the interior of South Carolina there lived, some years ago, an old man, very rich and very ignorant. His only son was educated at the South Carolina College, and after graduating was sent to Europe by his indulgent parent. On his return his father asked him what he saw in Europe. The son replied that he had seen a great many rare and wonderful sights, and many fine cities.

"'Did you see any place you liked better than home?' asked the old man.

"'Oh yes,' was the reply; 'I saw London and Paris, both very fine cities.'

"'Which did you like best?' queried the father.

"'Paris,' replied the son.

"'You liked Paris a great deal, did you?' continued the old man.

"'Oh yes, very much.'

"'Then I'll buy it for you!' triumphantly replied the old gentleman."

"COOTE was a civil engineer engaged upon one of the new railroads concentrating at Jackson, and when not 'in the field,' camped in his friend Holt's law-office. Holt once went off to an adjoining county on business, leaving Coote in full possession; but while Holt was gone, Coote received orders from his Chief to go to New Orleans after certain instruments. But what to do with the office key, so that others could not, yet Holt might find it, puzzled him. At last he spied a certain place to hide it where no one could ever find it without directions.

"So he writes a letter to Holt all about it, hides the key, and vamoses. Holt came home, but rather than break a fine lock, kept out of his office three days until Coote returned. Meeting him at the dépôt, Holt, quite irate, asked him what he kept him shut out of his own office so long for—why he didn't leave the key, etc.

"'Why,' said Coote, 'I did leave it hid for you, and left you a letter telling you where to find it.'

"'Left a letter?' said Holt, 'where, pray?'

"'Why, where else should I leave it, but sticking in the looking-glass on the mantle-piece, where you couldn't help seeing it.'

"'What looking-glass? What mantle-piece? Where?'

"'In your office, as a matter of course!' answered he, innocently; and he angrily wondered what Holt and all the by-standers 'guffawed' so about.

"Need I add that Coote was an Irishman?"

A KENTUCKY correspondent sends his congratulation to *Harper* on the success of the two great institutions of the age, the Atlantic Telegraph and the Drawer, and then he adds several capital stories, from which we take two or three. He says:

"During the last election in this State, a man

by the name of Johnson was the candidate for Coroner of — County, and found it to his taste to go about the country and burlesque the speeches of the opposition candidates. On one occasion he followed, in his speech, a man who was generally considered half-witted, and who had just given a glowing account of his sufferings in the Indian war, in which *he* and General Harrison figured. Mr. Johnson had also been in the wars. He had served in the brilliant campaign under General Taylor, in Mexico. 'And, gentlemen,' Mr. J. continued, 'at Buena Vista I was wounded—terribly wounded. My friends all thought I was about to die. I guess none of you ever saw such an awful attack of the measles as I had in Mexico. But I finally recovered, was taken care of by my friends, returned to my native mother and rejoicing State to live among you, and to urge you, in consideration of these important facts, to vote for me for Coroner of this county.' At this point he sat down, but to rise almost immediately and remark, 'I forgot to state, gentlemen, that it was not myself but my friend, Mr. Adkins, who was attacked with the measles, and who, I regret to say, never *fully* recovered—for the fact is, Adkins died. Therefore, gentlemen, vote for me. Remember that great truth, which reads—that immortal phrase in the old school speller—that soul-stirring motto which spells—United we stand, *provided* we fall.'

A VIRGINIAN writes to us, and relates one more anecdote of that remarkable campaign when, he says, "Mr. Wise, our present Governor—the man who 'never failed nor quailed'—was on that famous stumping tour in which he killed *Sam* so very dead. [Did he?] He was introduced to a famous character of that county, Mr. F——, when the following conversation occurred:

"Mr. F. 'Glad to see you, Mr. Wise!'

"Mr. W. 'Happy to see you, Mr. F——!'

"Mr. F. 'Sorry I can't *vote* for you, Mr. Wise.'

"Mr. W. 'Sorry for that too; but this is a free country—a man can vote as he pleases.'

"Mr. F. 'But I'll *bet* on you, Mr. Wise.'

"Mr. W. 'Glad to hear that from you, Mr. F——, as you are a man of discernment in all betting matters.'

"Mr. F. 'Let me tell you a story: Some years ago I was at the Richmond races. There were several fine-looking horses entered. Presently they led in the *ugliest, rawboniest, scrawniest*-looking beast that you ever *did* see; but he had *fire* in his eye. I got any odds I pleased, and won every bet. So, if I can't *vote* for you, Mr. Wise, I'll go my death betting for you!'

"Wise laughed heartily, and accepted the remarks of Mr. F—— as a good omen; which was in a few weeks afterward verified, in the most wonderful result of an election that ever occurred in this State, or probably in this country."

THE Tennessee contributor who sends the following to the Drawer vouches for its literal verity, and we hold him responsible:

"An earnest and eloquent divine in this part of the State was holding forth to a very respectable congregation on Sunday night. After the sermon was over he called on his hearers to contribute to the cause of Missions. In the course of his remarks on this subject, he broke forth with, 'You should all have for your motto, "Live or die, *swim* or

sink, perish or survive, I give my heart to this cause!" as Daniel Webster said, *when he signed the Declaration of Independence!*"

Who is not carried back to good old times as he reads this sketch of Connecticut goin' to meetin' fifty years ago? It is a genuine story contributed to the Drawer:

"In the early part of the ministry of Rev. Jehu C——k, who preached many years in one of the pleasant towns in the western part of Connecticut, it was the custom of many of the good ladies from the distant parts of his parish to bring with them food, which they ate at noon; or, as they used to say, 'between the intermission.' Some brought a hard-boiled egg, some a nut-cake, some a sausage; but one good woman, who had tried them all, and found them too dry, brought some pudding and milk. In order to bring it in a dish from which it would not spill over on the road, and yet be convenient to eat from, she took a pitcher with a narrow neck at the top, but spreading at the bottom. Arrived at the meeting-house, she placed it under the seat. The exercises of the day soon commenced, and the old lady became wholly rapt in her devotional feelings. Though no philosopher, she knew by practice—as many church-goers seem to have learned—that she could receive and 'inwardly digest' the sermon by shutting her eyes, opening her mouth, and allowing all her senses to go to sleep. While thus prepared, and lost to all external impressions, she was suddenly startled by a rustling and splashing under the seat. She had no time to consider the cause before she discovered her dog, Put, backing out with the neck of the pitcher over his head, and the pudding and milk drizzling out. Poor Put had been fixing his thoughts on material objects alone; and, taking advantage of the quietness of the occasion, had crept under the seat of his mistress, where he was helping himself to a dinner. His head had glided easily through the narrow portion of the pitcher; but, when quite in, it was as securely fixed as an eel in a pot. Unable to extricate himself, he had no alternative but to be smothered or back out. The old lady bore the catastrophe in no wise quietly. A thousand terrible thoughts rushed into her mind; the ludicrous appearance of the dog and pitcher, the place, the occasion, the spattering of her garments, the rascally insult of the puppy—but, above all, the loss of her 'Sabber-day' dinner. At the top of her voice she cried,

"'Get out, Put! get out! Oh, Jehu! I'm speakin' right out in meetin'! Oh! I'm talkin' all the time!'

"The scene that followed is not to be described. The frightened old lady seized her dog and pitcher, and rushed out of meeting; the astonished preacher paused in the midst of his discourse, while the whole congregation was startled out of their propriety by the explosion; and it was some time before order and the sermon were again resumed."

WELL, we have been "sold," as well as many a reader of the Drawer; but the explanation is the best part of the story. We give it as it comes:

"In your Drawer for August I observe a story about two letters—one directed to Miss Susan *Allen*, and the other to Miss Barbara *Ditto*, both of St. Joseph, Missouri. Now the chief fun of the thing to us out here is, that there formerly lived in this county a lady whose name actually was

Miss Barbara Ditto; and, what is a still more remarkable coincidence, she removed a few years ago to St. Joseph, Missouri. So you see the letters may have been right after all.

"There is a good story current here of John Ditto, Miss Barbara's brother. Once, while going down the Mississippi, he got into conversation with the captain of the boat, and asked his name. 'My name,' said the captain, 'is Smith; and may I ask what is yours?' 'Ditto,' was the reply; and the captain called John Mr. Smith for the rest of the trip!"

A GENTLEMAN in Louisiana writes respecting Colonel McClung's "requiem."

"In the Drawer of the August number of your Monthly, I observe mention made of Colonel A. K. McClung, who delivered the eulogy on old 'Harry of the West,' at the end of which you give his 'Requiem to Death,' from a correspondent, saying that it was written only a few months before his death. I saw the same statement in the New Orleans *Delta*, a short time ago, and thought to correct it, but it escaped me. I now wish to state to you, that the 'touching lines' were written, and at his request set to music, before the war with Mexico broke out, i. e., in 1845, and that the original and only copy of said music extant, is now in the possession of my wife, to whom he gave it, with the request for her to learn it for his sake.

"As there appears to be a disposition to make it notorious, I can furnish a copy of the music, if desired."

THE conceit was well taken out of a dandy preacher in Tennessee on this wise:

"Some years ago, a drunken loafer staggered into a country tavern on the mountains near Sparta, in this State, and asked to stay all night. The landlord refused to admit him, stating that there were four or five Methodist preachers in the house, and he would not have them annoyed by him. The weather was very cold, and the fellow begged so hard that the landlord yielded on condition that he would keep perfectly quiet. After supper he took his seat by the fire, with his elbows on his knees and his head in his hands. In this position he sat for an hour, adhering to his promise to 'keep quiet.' Among the preachers was the Presiding Elder of the Sparta district—a sedate, dignified old gentleman—listening attentively to the *spouting* of a conceited, self-important, young preacher, whom the elder had never met before. The dandy preacher paced the floor, twirling his gold-headed cane, boasting of what he could do, when the elder asked him, 'Brother, are you married?'

"'Yes, I married one of the Lord's children.'

"The loafer, who had not spoken, slowly raised his head and drawled out, 'See here, stranger, I'll bet you my horse you'll never see your daddy-in-law.'"

SOMETHING less than fifty miles from Rochester lives a man, the possessor of great wealth, and who is as penurious as he is wealthy. Mr. Bowne is the father of three children—two boys and one girl—named, respectively, John, James, and Susan. The boys were once what are sometimes called "fast young men;" and the old gentleman, fearful that they have not fully turned from their early ways, is rather suspicious of his "hopes."

Mr. Bowne has never made a will, but has often felt very much inclined to do so. Not long since this inclination reached a crisis, and a will he determined to make. So, calling on his business man, Mr. C——, he made known his determination, and wished him to write as he should dictate.

"I am ready," said Mr. C——.

"Set down \$50,000 for John," said Mr. Bowne; "\$50,000 for James; \$50,000 for Susan"—then a pause.

"Well," said Mr. C——, "what is to be done with the balance?"

"I guess I'll keep the rest myself!"

SUCH curious contributions to the Drawer are always welcome. Our correspondent writes:

"I transcribed, the other day, from a tombstone which may be seen upon the plantation of Charles S. Contee, Esq. (than whom our country contains no finer specimen of a gentleman farmer), near the head-waters of Rhode River, in Anne Arundel County, Maryland, the inclosed inscription. I send it to you for insertion in your Magazine, if you think it worthy of such notice. Nothing is now known with certainty of Major Francis; but there is a tradition in the neighborhood that his house stood near his grave, and that it was the only house for many miles around.

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF
MAJOR THOMAS FRANCIS;
WHO DECEASED YE 15TH OF MARCH,
ANNO 1685. AGED 42 YEARS.

Tho: now in silence, I am lowly laid
Ha! tis that place for mortalls made—
Oh therefore doe not thou thyselfe more gréive
Mourne yu noe more, but doe yerselfe relieve,
And then in time, I hope you'll plainly see
Such future Comforts as are blessing me.
For tho: grim death thought fitt to part us here
Rejoyce and think that wee shall once appear,
At that great day, when all shall summound bee
None to bee Exempted in this Eternitie.
Cause then its soe, gréive yu noe more
In fear that God should thee afflict most sore,
Even to death, and all to lett yu see
Such grieves to him, offensive bee.

ONE of the most accomplished gentlemen in the U. S. Navy sends us a number of anecdotes not more remarkable for their humor than the extraordinary chirography in which they come. Its beauty is not surpassed by any thing that has ever come to the Drawer.

"An account was lately published under the head of 'Posthumous Benevolence,' of a man who bequeathed, by will, his fortune to various charitable institutions, his body to be dissected by surgeons, and afterward his teeth (which were very fine ones), to be drawn, and sold to a dentist, the proceeds to be expended in purchasing food for the poor, his hair to be given to a plasterer, and his bones sold to a button maker, and the price given to a society for the relief of poor needlewomen. But the following instance of *posthumous revenge*, or rather, *intended* posthumous revenge, is not bad, and has never been in print:

"John W. W. Dyes was a master's mate in the U. S. Navy, and was attached to the flag-ship of the Exploring Expedition under Captain Wilkes when a boat's crew of that ship was captured by the cannibals on one of the Pacific islands, and Midshipman Henry killed. Knowing that the savages ate the bodies of their enemies, captured or killed in battle, an armed expedition was form-

ed on board of the *Vincennes* to rescue the remains of young Henry, and Dyes, among others, detailed for the service. When the boat was all ready to leave the ship, Dyes suddenly recollected that he had forgotten something, and, telling his companions that he would return in half a minute, darted back; he soon re-entered the boat, and resumed his seat, apparently much pleased at something he had accomplished, as he, smiling, held his hand on his right vest pocket, and muttered to himself, 'I'll fix 'em, the bloody scoundrels, I'll fix 'em!' Curiosity prompted the inquiry, as we pulled to the shore, of the occasion of his return to his mess-room, and of his subsequent complacency, when he said that he had prepared a small paper of arsenic expressly for that occasion, but in the hurry of preparation, had at first forgotten it, and it was for that he went back. 'And now,' said he, 'I have got it here in my vest-pocket; and if those rascally cannibals overpower and take me, I purpose—the last thing I do before they kill me—to swallow that package of arsenic; and,' added he, with an oath, and an energetic gesticulation to give emphasis to his declaration, '*I will poison every scoundrel that eats me!*'"

"MANY years ago I was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, and had occasion to cross from Norfolk to Portsmouth late one night, when I overheard a conversation between two negroes, which struck me as so racy that I wrote it down at the time, under the light of a lamp-post, as soon as I reached the Portsmouth shore, and now send it you for the amusement of the readers of the *Drawer*. It is quite equal to any of the famed conversations between Cæsar and Pete Johnson, occasionally reported in the New Orleans *Picayune*, and has the advantage of being strictly and *literally* veritable.

"The large ferry-boat that during the day plied between Norfolk and Portsmouth ceased to run after 11 P.M., and its place was supplied by a skiff, in which any chance pedestrians wishing to cross the river at a later hour were ferried over by an old negro of the name of Sam. On the night in question I heard Sam's voice calling out, as I approached the wharf, his well-remembered and often repeated summons, 'Last boat to Portsmouf! Over, over, over!' I ran to the boat, jumped in, and threw myself on a seat in the stern-sheets. There was no other white passenger; but a negro, who seemed to be an acquaintance of Sam's, and whom that worthy greeted as 'Jim,' soon after got in, and assisted Sam to row across the river. I paid no attention to their conversation at first; I had been spending the evening with some fascinating girls in Norfolk, and the music of their voices still rung in my ears, and the light of their smiles still wreathed a halo around my heart; and, drawing my cloak over my face, I leaned back and pretended to be asleep, and gave myself up to the indulgence of rose-tinted fancies, little heeding the conversation between Sam and Jim, until, about half-way across the river, I heard the former say,

"'Jim, I want to ax you a question: Do you love your mother?'

"'Yes, Sam, I do,' replied that gentleman.

"'Jim, do you love your wife?'

"'Yes, Sam, I do.'

"'Jim, do you love your child?'

"'Yes, Sam, I do,' for the third time responded the darkey he addressed.

"'Well, Jim,' continued Sam, 'suppose your

mother and your wife and your child were all drowning, and you could only save one, which would you save?'

"'Why, which one would *you* save, Sam?' said Jim, without otherwise replying to the question.

"'First,' says Sam, 'I would save my mother, and I would save my wife by all means, and I would die before I would let my child drown. But I ax'd you the question, Jim; which one would *you* save?'

"'Sam,' says Jim, and rested on his oar, 'I don't like that circumsunce; no man can tell beforehand what he would do in such affair; them is a fraction which no man can defraction; and I consider it a sinful sense to ax such a question. But, Sam, I'll ax *you* a question: Do you ever pray?'

"'Yes, Jim,' replied Sam; 'I pray to God every night, and I pray to him to save my life.'

"'Well,' returned Jim, 'you've got no right to pray to God to save your life. God has a right to strike you dead whenever He pleases, and you've no *right* to ax him to save your life. You should pray for *light*; and, if you pray for light, God will give you that light, and that light will take you straight up to heaven.'

"'Jim,' exclaimed Sam, 'who told you dat?'

"'Neber your mind,' replied Jim; 'it's truf.'

"'Jim,' said Sam—unable to meet his opponent on such a transcendental platform—'Jim, you hush! You've neber been converted, and you has got no right to talk on such subject, and you has got no right to pray: now I'se been converted, and I'se got a right to talk.'"

"ANOTHER discussion, which struck me for its intelligence and ingenuity, I overheard at a different time and place. I was standing on the wharf in Philadelphia, and overheard two negroes discussing the oft-contested question of whether it was right to say '*to-morrow is*' or '*to-morrow will be*.' One said, 'To-day is Tuesday, and to-morrow is Wednesday; Wednesday is to-morrow *now*, but after to-day it will not be to-morrow any longer, but will then be *to-day*; so it is not proper to say to-morrow *will be*, but to-morrow *is*.' The other said, 'Well, it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. If you can say to-morrow *is* Wednesday, by the same rule you can say yesterday is Monday, and nobody ever heard that expression.'"

A TENNESSEE youngster showed good grit, according to the note of a correspondent in that State, who writes:

"The worthy gentleman who rules the rising generation of boys in this town had occasion to correct a little fellow, named Johnny —, and Master Johnny got into a fit of sulks about having been whipped. The pedagogue, wishing to convince him that he had been justly punished, began to argue thus:

"'Johnny, suppose you were riding a big horse to water, and had a keen switch in your hand, and all at once the horse were to stop and refuse to go any further, what would you do?'

"Johnny stifled his sobs for a moment, and looking up through his tears, replied, 'I'd *cluck* to him, Sir.'

"'But, Johnny, suppose he wouldn't go for your *clucking*, what would you do then?'

"'I'd *get down* and lead him, Sir.'

"'And what if he were obstinate and wouldn't let you lead him?'

"Why, I'd take off his bridle and turn him loose, and walk home, Sir."

"You may go and take your seat, Johnny."

"Johnny could not be made to see the necessity for using the switch."

On the same old, yellow, smoked sheet of paper that contained the lines by Tom Paine recently in the Drawer, came the following, supposed to be by the same pen. We know not to what obliging correspondent we are indebted for the use of them:

ON GENERAL WOLFE.

In a mothering cave, where the wretched retreat,

Britannia sat, wailed with care:

She mourned for her Wolfe, and exclaimed against Fate,

And gave herself up to despair:

The walls of her cell she had sculptured around

With the feats of her favorite son:

And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,

Was engraved with some deeds he had done.

The Sire of the Gods, from his crystalline throne,

Beheld the disconsolate dame;

And, moved with her tears, he sent Mercury down,

And these were the tidings that came:

Britannia forbear, not a sigh or a tear

For thy Wolfe, so deservedly loved;

Your tears should be changed into triumphs of joy,

For Wolfe is not dead but removed.

The Sons of the East, the proud giants of old,

Have crept from their darksome abodes:

And this is the news, as in heaven it was told,

They were marching to war with the Gods.

A council was held in the chambers of Jove,

And this was their final decree—

That Wolfe should be called to the army above,

And the charge was intrusted to me.

To the plains of Quebec with the orders I flew;

He begged for a moment's delay.

He cried, "Oh, forbear! let me Victory hear,

And then thy commands I'll obey."

With a darksome thick film I encompassed his eyes,

And bore him away in an urn,

Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore

Should induce him again to return.

LET the Judge who delivers the following good things sentence the Drawer to receive more of the same:

"The learned and venerable Judge —, who in his time was an ornament to the New York judiciary, heartily enjoyed a joke, even at his own expense and in open court. Once upon a time he was holding a circuit in one of the northern counties, and after he had delivered the usual charge to the Grand Jury, and the clerk had commenced calling the list of Petit Jurors, a juror desired to be excused on account of partial deafness. For the purpose of testing the capacity of his organs, the Judge, in an ordinary tone, propounded to him a few questions; and at last inquired of him if he heard his charge to the Grand Jury? The juror honestly, and with the most unaffected simplicity, answered, 'I stood here while you was speaking, and I couldn't make any sense of it!' An explosion of laughter followed, in which the Judge heartily joined, remarking that it was probably more his own fault than the juror's.

"While the late Judge C—, some twenty-five years ago, was holding the Circuit Court and Oyer and Terminer in the neighboring county of W—, a backwoodsman was arraigned and convicted of an aggravated assault and battery upon his wife. The Judge ordered the prisoner to stand up, and concluded a solemn and appropriate admonition by

sentencing him to ninety days' imprisonment, the last thirty of which he was to be kept in solitary confinement, and upon bread and water only. The prisoner, who lived in a region where luxuries were never known, and even the necessities of life were scarce, reflected a moment, and replied, 'Judge, say *wheat* bread, and I'll go it!'

A FRIEND in Tennessee, after relating two or three pleasant incidents of negro life in that part of the country, goes on to say:

"Old Uncle Anthony, who belonged to a planter in this county, died a few years ago, at a very advanced age. He was born in Virginia, and recollected a great many incidents which took place during the Revolutionary War, and, like most of veterans, was never tired of talking about what he had witnessed. On one occasion he was detailing to a young friend of mine the appearance of the 'Britishers,' and what he had seen in the 'old Revolution,' when my young friend, very much entertained, said, 'And I suppose, Uncle Anthony, all this came under your own observation?' 'No, Sir,' said the old man, '*it did not, for I seed it myself!*'"

AN Iowan writes to the Drawer, and says, "I think the following correspondence—which I assure you is genuine—is sufficiently spicy for the Drawer." We concur:

[COPY.]

CHARLESTON, IOWA, FEB. 19, 1853.

MR. STRIFE ESQ: DEAR SIR.—I have been informed that you have got the apintment from the giniril guverment to make observations and profesy about the whether—I want badly to no what sort of whether we shal hav on the 10 April pleas let me no and what you charg

THOMAS PATTON

March 10. 1853

KEOSAU, IOWA, MARCH 19, '53.

MR. THOS. PATTON: DEAR SIR.—YOURS of the 10th inst., inquiring about the weather, is before me; and, in reply, I would inform you that I have received no apointment from the General Government, and that any one who presumes to *prophecy* so far ahead as you desire must be a charlatan. Yours, etc., W. C. STRIFE.

CHARLESTON, IOWA.

MR. STRIFE ESQ: DEAR SIR.—I am shamed to tribul you any moor but I thought you was the charlatan apinted by the gineril guverment will you pleas let me no who is the charlatan for this county and obleege

Yours etc

THOMAS PATTON.

THE truth of this story is vouched for by the Judge, and he ought to know:

"In the town of G— there lived one Patrick —, and his spouse Biddy, the current of whose lives was frequently ruffled by breakers in the guise of 'whasky' jugs.

"Frequent brawls and bloody noses, mutually given and received, attested the love of each for the 'crather.' In these conjugal bouts victory would perch upon the banner of the soberer—or, more properly, the least drunk—of the two. Finally, Biddy outwitted her lord, and, getting possession of the jug, contrived to get 'elegantly drunk,' while Pat was, *per force*, only able to get 'tight.'

"This was too much for Pat's forbearance; so at it they went, rough-and-tumble, Pat demanding his full share of the drink at every blow, and she returning a Roland for his Oliver with her refusals. But Pat struck one blow too many, and poor Biddy lay a corpse before him. Pat's mind

was haunted by visions of a 'jug' he had not bargained for, but he made a clean breast of it, and was marched off to jail. Then came the trial. Pat plead 'Guilty,' and claimed the mercy of the Court. The Court demanded, 'Prisoner, what have you to say why sentence of the law should not be passed upon you?' This stumped Pat, but clothing his face with a most ludicrous expression of innocent simplicity, he replied, 'Shure, yer Honor, and ye won't be affther punishin' a poor Irishman *jist* for killin' such a baste of a woman as would hide the whasky jug from her husband, and niver give him a dhrop at all at all!'

"His Honor considered Pat's plea, and sent him to the State prison for eighteen years."

A TEXAS correspondent insists that the wrong "Judge" was mentioned in the Drawer in connection with a criminal trial. A man was tried for stealing a pistol. Judge Henderson was said to have been assigned as his counsel to defend him. Our contributor says it was Judge Ochiltree, of Nacogdoches, who had that honor. He made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the prisoner, and convinced Court and jury of his entire innocence. He was acquitted. Taking his deliverer aside, the man said, "I have no money to pay you, but you shall have the pistol!" and handed it to the lawyer.

It seems that the same Judge got another tool in the same way. He was successful in defending a prisoner, who asked him afterward what was his fee. The Judge said an X would be enough. The fellow brought him a beautiful AXE, actually understanding his counsel to name that article as his charge. The Judge took it, axed no questions, but told the story often of the heaviest fee he ever got in his life.

UNCLE NED sends three or four very neat little-boyiana:

"Little Franky, five years and five months old, said, the other day, 'Oh, uncle, I bought a cake at the baker's, with a hole in it, and ate the hole! Yes,' said he, 'I ate the *whole* of it.'"

"Seeing two horses and two cows in the road—"There," said he, "there go two kickers and two hookers."

"I was cutting up a chicken at dinner, the other day, and had already given one drum-stick to Franky, which he had eaten and asked for the other. I looked about, but couldn't find it, and said I didn't think there was another. 'Oh yes, uncle,' said he; 'there are always two sticks to a drum.'"

THE Drawer has often amused itself with men who could not see the point of a joke till all the rest are done laughing at it, and could not hold on to the point of a joke long enough to tell of it when they did come to see it. And the Drawer has another capital illustration from the old North State:

"Mr. Reporter Jones, of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, whose fame is coextensive with that of 'Cousin Sally Dillard,' tells the following with inimitable humor, showing clearly that some of the compeers of Gaston, Ruffin, and Pearson are rather slow at *taking*. Judge Billings, of the Superior Court Bench, was once holding court at Fayetteville. A case was called up for trial in which ex-Judge Strange was counsel. A witness in the case, named Sarah Mooney, was absent.

Mr. Strange arose and stated to the Court that he could not go into the trial of the case without *cere-mony* (Sarah Moony). At this sally the whole bar burst into a giggle of merriment. The Judge was somewhat irritated, and sternly rebuked the members of the bar for their want of respect to the Court. After adjournment of court some member of the bar explained to his Honor that the merriment was called forth by Mr. Strange's pun. The Judge appeared to be satisfied, but still did not see the point of the pun. At the close of the circuit the Judge returned home still pondering on the remark of Mr. Strange, and wondering where the *pun* could be; just before he reached home, however, the *point* occurred to him, and he commenced laughing immoderately. When he entered his yard he was met by his wife, who was amazed at his cacina-tory fit, which had not yet subsided.

"My dear husband!" she exclaimed, "what can be the matter? are you beside yourself?"

"Well, my dear," he answered, after he had become somewhat calm, "at the Cumberland Court there was an absent witness in one of Mr. Strange's cases whose name was Mary Moony, and Strange remarked that he could not go into the trial without Mary Moony," and here he relapsed into a hurricane of laughter.

"Why, Judge," replied the good lady, "I don't see any thing laughable in that remark."

"Well," replied the Judge, after a long pause, "I don't see the point just now myself, but I did a few minutes ago, and you may depend upon its being a rich one if you will only discover it."

Just so; if you could only see it! Well, the joke was not very smart, and the Judge was very excusable for not *taking*: the fun of the thing was the after-clap.

A COMPANY at the residence of the Brownings had been discussing the future state of the dead and the possibility of their communicating with the living. A child of the poet's, too young to speak plainly, being asked if he should be afraid of a spirit, replied:

"I don't think I should be afraid of a little spilit, but if a vely large angel should appear I should be a little afraid!"

As this is the last Number of another Volume—or rather, we should say, as the next Number will begin a new one—the publishers have intimated to the best-natured man in the concern—meaning, of course, the man who tends the Drawer—that he should intimate to his innumerable readers and admirers words to the following import, or as near the following as the Drawer can make bold to say: viz., That the Drawer has been a source of unbounded entertainment to hundreds of thousands, and all those who wish to see it enlarged and improved, running over with more and more entertaining and amusing matters and things so good for digestion, comfort, and health, should signify the same to the publishers by getting up a club of new subscribers on the terms stated upon the cover of this Number, which club will be a striking indication of gratification, and will encourage all hearts and hands; and as the present is the most favorable season of the year for such an amusement, the publishers will expect to hear from something less than half a million of the Drawer's friends in the course of the ensuing month.

An Affair of Honor.



Mr. SPASEM, thinking himself insulted by his Rival, TREMBLETON, consults "a Friend."



Who assures him that, as a Man of Honor, he must "call out" his Rival.



Mr. S. is persuaded to send a Challenge.



Which is promptly accepted.



Mr. S. says that he has never fired a Pistol.



And is advised to practice in a Gallery.



First Trial: Hits the Floor.



Second Trial: Hits the Ceiling.



Third Trial: Shuts his Eyes, and hits the Target plump in the centre.



Now he has "got the hang of it, can do it every time."



Having imbibed sundry Horns of Brandy, writes to Arabella.



On the Ground.—Don't like his Rival's Coolness.—Would like to apologize.



The meeting.—Both fire at the Word, and both fall, mortally—scared.



The Seconds rush up, and find their Principals perfectly uninjured.



When both frantically apologize, and fling themselves into each other's arms.



And leave the Ground sworn Friends.—Arabella is not once mentioned.



